

So Blessed to Give.

Is thy cruse of comfort wanting?
 Use, and share it with another;
 And through all the years of famine,
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.
 Love thyne will fill thy store-house,
 Or thy handful still renew;
 Scanty fare for two will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living gain:
 Seeds, which milder in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden—
 God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many, wounded, round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
 None but God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longing fill.
 Is the heart a living power?
 Self-entwined, its strength runs low;
 It can only live in loving,
 And by serving, love will grow.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

A DEAR girl of eighteen, when told what a true, real, and ever-present friend Jesus is, said: "I have wanted a friend like that for so long!"

Alice had lost her mother when quite a little girl, and she was now an orphan, her father having died a fortnight before this. She had no brothers, and her one little sister lived with friends a long way off. She did not know the Lord Jesus, and was therefore lonely indeed.

But oh! what a change took place in her whole life when she received Christ for her own Saviour and proved the truth of God's word, that "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble" (Nahum 1.7). When she was told how Jesus would never leave her nor forsake her, she believed his word; and he has made himself so precious a friend to her, that she told me, only a week after her conversion, that it had been the happiest week of her life.

Dear reader, have you also "wanted a friend like this for so long?" If so, thank how very much Jesus loves you. He left his Father's home in glory that we might share it with him. He died

that we might live. He bore the awful load of our sins that we might not bear them. He suffered on the cross that we might escape the wrath to come, as a beautiful hymn expresses it:

"I gave my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou mightst be ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave my life for thee:
 What hast thou given for me?"

There is one thing God asks you for, only one thing; he says, "Give me thy heart." What will you answer?

I do beseech you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to come to him now; for he says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

A LIVING ROPE.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and the next moment was struggling in the water.

The accident occurred near the middle of the pond. There was no house near to which the boys could run for help; no rope which they could throw to their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water, and his futile efforts to hold himself up by grasping the treacherous ice.

Suddenly David Small threw himself, face down, upon the ice, and cried: "Quick! Shove me up to the edge. John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Si, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Rob; and when I give the signal, the rest of you fellows grab Si, and haul us out of this."

The brave boy took the post of danger himself, the others followed his directions, and when he had securely grasped Rob, the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will, and the drowning boy was saved.

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

AN Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening, and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said,

"What is the good of doing this useless work! As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we! The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such a fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labour was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test the capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bid the man keep the ring, he said,

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—The *Sunday Hour*.

"THE WEED."

BY J. B. COUGH.

It takes more mind, more strength of mind, more firmness of purpose, more decision of character, to break off a bad habit than it does to acquire one. Some of you, perhaps, have acquired a habit—a little trifle, a small affair, hardly worth mentioning. See that young lady's fingers, marred and unsightly, stubbed, and unpleasant to look at. What is the matter with them? She bites her nails. It is a trifling habit; let her undertake to break it. I know a lady who atone for more than three months before she could break through such a habit. She would say, "When you see me put my fingers to my mouth, cry, 'Fingers!'" and when her friends cried out, down went her hand. A moment after, and she would begin thinking, and set to biting away at her nails again.

A simple habit is hard to break. I knew a man who had acquired a habit of leaning with his hand upon a desk or table, and twisting his hair round his fingers, while he was reading. I said to him, "You will pull your hair out." "Oh," said he, "I have acquired the habit of reading in this way, and I cannot read with comfort unless I am twisting my hair as you see."

I knew a man who undertook to give up the use of tobacco. He chewed it—the best cavendish tobacco. He put his hand in his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco, and threw it away, saying as he did so,

"That's the end of it."

But it was the beginning of it. Oh, how he did want it! He would lick his lips, he would chew camomile, he would chew gentian, he would chew tooth-picks, quills, anything to keep the jaws going; no use, he suffered intensely.

After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his mind:

"Now, it is no use suffering for a bit of tobacco; I will go and get some."

"Now," he said, "when I want it awfully, I'll take some."

Well, he did want it awfully; and he said he believed that it was God's good Spirit that was striving with him as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said,

"I love you. But are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. You are a thing, and I am a man. Your black devil, I'll master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again, 'There is a man mastered by a thing!'"

Every time he wanted it he would take it out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away, and feel easy; but he said the glory of the victory repaid him for all his struggle.

Now, some people say that it is harder to give up tobacco than it is to give up drink. It may be in certain cases. Here is a young man, for instance,— "Charley, have a glass of ale!" "No! I don't care for it; I'll take a cigar." And if a man drinks his glass of ale once or twice a week, but takes cigars three or four times in a day—it will be harder for that man to give up the cigars than the tobacco than the drink. The love of tobacco is a mighty strong love—many know that. Ay, and so do I. A physician in Halifax told me a year ago,

"Tobacco is killing you," he said to him. It made no difference; he smoked his pipe still. At last a tobacco cancer came upon his lip. "Now," said the physician, "you are feeding that by your tobacco." No use! He would smoke. An operation was performed, and a painful one; and said the physician, "I told him I would call in next morning; and twenty-four hours after that operation I found him propped up in bed, with his face bound up on one side, and a pipe in the other side of his mouth."

Now, it is "mighty hard," as we say, to break off a habit of smoking or of using tobacco; but when the appetite for drink lays hold of a man—what then? Do you know what it is? Toomuchly do. The crying, burning, itching sense—as a child said to me, using a homely expression, "I felt as if I had an irritating itch in my stomach, and could not get at it"—day and night crying like the leech—for the stimulant: "Give! Give!"