

Sin No More.

WHEN the calm of night is falling,
And the carols of day are o'er,
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Go to him and sin no more.

When the heart is sad and troubled
He alone can peace restore,
By his love is life ennobled,
Go to him and sin no more.

When the soul in grief and anguish
Mourns the evil done before,
Let your faith no longer languish,
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! for he can only
Soothe the pain and heal the sore;
All who are distressed and lonely
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! lay down your burden,
At his feet his love implore,
Ask in penitence for pardon—
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! he hath invited
All to enter heaven's door;
Simmers, by his love united,
Go to him and sin no more.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

THY SAVIOUR.

JESUS.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus."
Matt. i. 21.

THIS was a common name among the Jews, its Old Testament form being Joshua, who is called "Jesus" in the Book of Acts.

But it was an uncommon name in him who was called "Jesus of Nazareth." When he took it up, it became the name above every name, at which every knee will yet require to bow. It was given to him, as Matthew tells us, not because it was a family name, but because of its meaning—"He shall save his people from their sins." And his whole life, but especially his death on Calvary, showed how worthy he was of the most precious name of Jesus—as the "Saviour," who came to deliver us not only from

punishment and misery, but from our sins—to save us from bad hearts.

It is told of a famous general that he used to take his boy in his arms, and speak to him about Jesus. The little fellow was greatly pleased; the "old, old story" seemed always new to him. One day his father said to him, "Would my little son like to go to heaven?" "Yes, father," was the answer. "But, how can you go to heaven! Your heart is full of sin," the father said. "All are sinners, papa," the boy answered, deep in thought. "But only the pure in heart are to see God. How can my little boy hope to be among them?" The child's face grew for a little unspeakably sad. Perhaps he was for the first time realizing his own sin. With full heart and tearful eye, he laid his head upon his father's breast and sobbed, in penitence and hope, "Papa, Jesus can save me!"

That little boy was right. He is the "mighty to save." Can you call him, "Jesus, my Saviour?"

He did not come to judge the world, he did not come to blame;

He did not only come to seek—it was to save he came;

And when we call him Saviour, then we call him by his name.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

SOMETHING about it struck Teddy very forcibly; I am not sure whether it was the text itself or the minister's reading it the second time in a very earnest manner. He was a new minister, and was preaching to the children this morning. His text was, "And another book was opened, which is the book of life;" and, as I say, he read it over twice. The book of life—the book of each one of our lives—do you ever think of that book, children, and what you are writing in it? Every morning you start with a fresh page, and at night what do you find written there? Temptations met and overcome, kind words spoken, little acts of helpfulness performed? or is it a record of temptations yielded to, cross and fretful words, and no kind actions? Think of it, when you are tempted to do what is wrong, that it will be written in your book of life, and at that last great day it will be opened and read.—*Children's Friend.*

MISSIONARY POTATOES.

AT Little Bay, in Newfoundland, a little boy, anxious to help the Missionary Society, obtained from his father a little piece of ground, in which he planted some potatoes he had given him. He was very small, but was a good gardener; for when the potatoes were dug he obtained three dollars, and gave it to the missionary cause.

Belonging to the same school, a boy was asked by the minister, "How often ought we to pray?" He expected the lad to say, "Morning and night;" but the answer was, "As often as we get the chance, sir."



SCENE IN THE DESERT.

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THIS is a graphic picture of what sometimes happens in the desert. The Arab sees a group of horsemen riding hard. He knows not whether they are friends or enemies. He must prepare for the worst, protecting his wife and child as best he can, and bravely awaiting the onset. It is this lawless state of society that makes the eastern salutation "Shalom" or "Peace" so important. It is the first thing one wants to know of a stranger whether he comes in peace or in hostility. This usage explains many passages of Scripture.

JESUS CAN TAKE AWAY THE TASTE FOR LIQUOR.

THE following impressive testimony was given by Mr. F. R. Winfrey, of Columbia, Kentucky at a children's meeting, three weeks ago:

"Boys, I wish to say a few words to you. I want to warn you not to lead the life I have led. I have wasted so much time. You have seen me walk through the streets of Columbia a miserable drunkard. I was in hopeless bondage to the demon drink. I wished to reform, but I had such a craving for alcoholic drink that I ran mad if I tried to do without it. I would think, 'It is useless for me to try longer to reform; I will give up the struggle.' Then I would think of the prayers of my sainted mother, and hope would spring up again. Twice I joined different churches in my frantic efforts to regain my foothold, but in vain, I could not stand. Down, down I went to degradation and ruin. Lower I sank, and still lower. Almost every vestige of hope was gone. Oh! how I longed for some Christian to speak an encouraging word to me. But during these long, dark years, not one cheering word was ever given me by a Christian. Oh, Christian friends! I beseech you, never consider a fellow creature so depraved, so low, so completely wrecked that you cannot admonish him to come near to God.

You don't know the dreary darkness of a soul given over as too far gone to try to save.

"My mother's God did not utterly forsake me. Ten months ago to-day I came into this church and bowed down at that altar there, feeling myself to be the most hopeless sinner in the world. I cried to God for pardon of sins, and a release from the bondage of drink. Glory to his name, he gave me both. He gave me a new heart. He put a new song in my mouth. He removed the desire for drink. From that day to this I have not tasted it. I have no desire to taste it. Jesus did it all for me. Glory to his name!"—*Union Signal.*

FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold! The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said with sobbing: "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him without a cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke on the following day, and found myself closely guarded. They told me that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains. Whiskey had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"—*The Word and the Way.*