

**The Kobold in the Flame.**

THERE'S a queer little kobold that lives in the flame,

A merry hobgoblin that nothing can tame.  
He crouches, bent low,  
On the black, broken ledge where the soot-bushes grow;  
Or through the long seams works his intricate way;  
And crackles with laughter, emerging in day.

Like a firefly that carries his lamp through the dark,  
He bears in his hand a wand tipped with a spark.

Magician-like, he  
Shows marvellous things by his weird tracery.  
He rears in a moment his palaces high;  
As quickly their ruins in gray ashes lie.

Oh, gay little kobold, we laughed at thee well

When low in the grate all thy masonry fell!  
Yet touch not, we pray,  
Those structures we toiled upon day after day.

When float thy red banners above wood and stone,  
We weep and we tremble—thou laughest alone.

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly .....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated .....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together .....	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together .....	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly .....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly ..	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies .....	0 60
5 copies and over .....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies ..	0 30
Less than 20 copies .....	0 25
Over 20 copies .....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies .....	0 15
10 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Happy-Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies .....	0 15
10 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Pereau Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month .....	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

**CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.**

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Mothers brought him their babes, and he sought him,  
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,  
To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,  
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands, he said, slowly,  
"Of such is my kingdom;" and then  
Took the brown little babes in the holy  
White hand of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to his heart, and caressed them;  
Put his face down to theirs, as in prayer;  
Put their hands to his neck, and so blessed them,  
With baby hands hid in his hair.

THERE were some of Jesus' grown-up friends who thought he would not like to be interrupted when he was teaching the older people and healing their diseases, by having the children come for a blessing; and so, when they saw the little ones and their mothers coming, they told them they had better keep back, because Jesus had something more important to do than to attend to little children. But the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go

to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she asked, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned in school.

"Well, whom is this for?"

In an instant, Carrie clapped her hands for joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? For you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

"Wonderful things in the Bible I see—  
This the most wonderful, Jesus loves me."

A little girl said to a minister one day, "Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?"

He saw that she was in some kind of trouble; so he took her hand and said, "Certainly, my little maiden. What do you want?"

Her lip quivered and tears filled her eyes as she said, "It's a dreadful thing, but I don't love Jesus."

"And how are you going to love him?" asked the minister.

"I don't know, sir; I want you to tell me." She spoke sadly, as if it was something she could never do.

"Well, John, who loved the Lord almost more than anyone else ever did, says, that 'we love him because he first loved us.'

Now, if you go home to-night saying in your heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I think that to-morrow you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears, and said, very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began to think about it as well as say it—

about his life, and his death on the cross—and began to feel it, too. So she went home. The next evening she came to the minister, and putting both her hands into his, she said, with a very happy face:

"O sir, I love Jesus to-night, for he does love me so!"

Ought we not all of us to love him who first loved us?

But I must tell you how you can come to Jesus in these days. When Jesus was on the earth, children ran to him and were led to him by their mothers to be blessed; but we don't see Jesus with our eyes now, and so we have to come to him on our knees by praying. Every little child that prays to Jesus is sure of being received.

During a great revival, a little girl remained one evening with many others in the inquiry room. The preacher spoke to the others, and when he finished he said to her, "Well, little girl, isn't it time for you to be in bed? Are you waiting for anyone?"

"Yes, sir," she said, "I am waiting for mother," pointing to one of the women.

"Do you think mother will give her heart to Jesus to-night, sir?"

He was much surprised, and said to the child, whose name was Ada, "Why, Ada, are you a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been one?"

"Ever since last night, sir."

"And how was it, Ada?"

"Well, sir, last night Mr. Moody was preaching, and he said, 'Young man, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night? Young lady, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night?' And then he said, 'Little girl, what are you going to do with Jesus?' and he looked right at me. After the meeting was over I wanted to speak to Mr. Moody, but mother was very cross, and dragged me home, and put me to bed; but when she had gone downstairs I got out of bed again and knelt down and gave my heart right up to Jesus." He asked her what made her think Jesus had made her his child. Ada answered, "Because I went to him, and he has promised never to send anyone away who comes to him."

"Hear now his accents tenderly say,  
Will you, my children, come!"

AVOID any action or word which may not be in harmony with the will of God.

**BENNIE AND THE TIGER.**

A BEAR little English boy, named Bennie, lay sleeping in the verandah of his Indian home. The nurse who had been trusted with him had neglected her charge, and left him when he was asleep. A great, fierce tiger, prowling in search of prey, finding the village very quiet, had ventured in among the dwellings. The English gentlemen were all absent; the natives were in the rice-fields; and the ladies were taking their rest during the heat of the day.

The tiger crept noiselessly past the quiet house until he saw the sleeping child. Then, with one bound, he sprang upon him, grasped the white robe of the child in his teeth, and darted on with it to his native jungle.

Having secured his prize, he laid it down; and, as the kitten often plays with a captive mouse before devouring it, so the tiger began sporting with the child. He walked round and round him; laid first one paw and then another gently on his plump little limbs, and looked into the boy's beautiful face, as if his savage heart was almost melted by its sweetness.

There was a brave little heart in Bennie, for he did not seem to be at all alarmed by his strange companion. He was well-used to Nero, the large, black house-dog; and he felt inclined to look on the tiger as if he were only Nero's brother. And when the tiger glanced at him with his great fiery eye-balls, or when the sight of his teeth made his heart beat for a moment, he only returned the gaze, saying, in baby language: "I'm not afraid of you, for I've father! You can't hurt Bennie—Bennie's got a mamma!"

Oh, if we could only have the same trust in our Heavenly Father, how well it would be for us!

All this time, while her darling boy was in such dreadful danger, his mother was sleeping. The faithless nurse returned by-and-bye, to find the child gone! In her fright she flew from house to house, in search of him. But the Eye that never sleeps was watching that dear child. The best shield was stretched over him. An aged native had heard the tiger give a low, peculiar growl, from which he knew that he had seized some prey. Taking his gun, he followed in his trail till he came near him. Then he hid himself carefully behind the bushes. He saw the terrible creature playing with the child, and dreaded every moment to see him tear it to pieces. He watched his opportunity to fire, fearful lest the ball intended for the tiger should hit the child. The proper moment came. He took his aim, and fired.

The tiger leaped, gave a howl of pain, ran a few steps, and fell dead by the side of the now frightened child.

He who said: "I am thy shield," watched over and protected that little one in such an hour of fearful danger. Let us make him our friend. Let us put our whole trust in Jesus as our ever-present and loving Saviour. Thus trusting him, we shall be safe and happy for time and eternity.—*The Sunlight.*

**A DOLL TOWN.**

IN the little town of Sonneberg, in Thuringia, says an exchange, twenty-five million dozen dolls are made every year, each one of the twelve thousand inhabitants of the place being in the business.

The children on their way to school call for or deliver work; the shoemaker makes the tiny shoes; the barber works on the dolls' wigs; the butcher sells suet to the dolls' gluemaker; the tailor and seamstress sell "pieces" to the dolls' dressmaker, and so on through the whole list of tradesmen. Five large firms control the business; and through these, sales are annually made in America to the amount of twelve million dollars.

But this vast amount of business is far from pleasing or profitable to the poor mechanics who work at this trade. A girl who goes into the factory at the age of fourteen receives seventy-five cents a week, and ten years later considers herself fortunate if she attains the maximum of \$2.50 a week; and the man who receives a dollar a day for making dolls' eyes is said to be an object of envy.

**My Neighbour's Boy.**

BY MARIANNE BARNINGHAM.

It seems to be several days in one,  
So much he is constantly everywhere!  
And the marvellous things that boy has done  
No one can remember, nor mouth declare.  
He fills the whole of this share of space  
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,  
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,  
A brute and a hero! Who will save  
The best from the worst of my neighbour's lad?

The mean and the noble strive to-day—  
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill,  
He will make hearts happy or make them ache,

What power is in him for good and ill!  
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?

Will he rise, and draw others up with him,  
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbour's boy to me  
More than a nuisance? My neighbour's boy,

Though I have some fears for what he may be,  
Is the source of solicitude, hope, and joy,

And a constant pleasure. Because I pray  
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me with a smile and nod,  
He knows I have hope of him—guesses too,

That I whisper his name when I ask of God  
That men may be righteous his will to do.  
And I think that many would have more joy  
If they loved and prayed for a neighbour's boy.

—*Christian World.***"CASH" IN JAPAN.**

A PENNY in Japan will go a longer way than a penny in America, for in Japan are real "mites," which are called "tempos" and "cash," all less than a copper cent. The tempo is a heavy, flat piece of copper, or bronze, two inches long and like an egg, except that both ends are the same size; in the centre is a square cut hole, and on both sides are characters indicating the value. The tempo is about four-fifths of a cent in value. Very often are seen boys drawing handcarts in which are piled up tempos strung together on straw rope, and so carried about from place to place.

Children and grown people in Japan use their long, wide sleeves for pockets, and often boys and girls take out cash from their sleeves. But not tempos, because they are too large and clumsy to be comfortable in a sleeve. There are several kinds of cash; they are round bits of bronze with a round hole in the centre. The smallest cash is called "rin" (pronounced *reen*), and ten of these equal a cent.

**UZA, A GOD IN JAPAN.**

THERE is the land they call Sunrise. In this land there is a god whose name is Uza. They think more of him than all the gods they have. They think that a long, long time since, he was the first to set out the rice plant and make it grow. You know rice is their main food, and you may have seen the chopsticks that they throw it into their mouths with. I say throw, for that is the way they eat. They make the chopstick fly so fast it throws the rice in a stream to their mouths.

They show the god Uza in the form of a fox. They fall down on their knees and pray to him. Some gods are made of gold, some of wood, and the priests put rice in bowls and set it in front of them to please them. If a live fox gets in a house or barn the priests bring food each day and give him. They like to have him stay near, so that good will come to them while he is there. They would not dare kill one, though a fox will eat their hens and spoil their vines; they would think Uza would kill them at once for it.

When you hear these things, does it not make you want to send the Word of God to them, so they may learn the true way?