

## Barabbas.

BY HENRIKIAN BUTTERWORTH.

BARABBAS, in his prison-cell,  
Gazed on the heavens fair,  
And saw the paschal moon ascend  
In night's empurpled air.  
The hours crept on; with awe and dread,  
He waited for the morn.  
He heard at last the soldier's tread,  
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

"Barabbas," so the soldier spake,  
"I bring thee news of grace,  
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,  
To-day shall take thy place.  
Without the gate shall Jesus bear  
The cross prepared for thee;  
Go thou to the atoning feast!"  
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth  
When came the hour of noon,  
And slept in peace when Jesus slept  
Beneath the paschal moon.  
O man of sin! in thee I see  
Myself redeemed by grace;  
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee  
Took every sinner's place.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1895

## THE TWO WAYS.

Six young men once took a journey to a far-off country. They could not stay where they were, but were compelled to move onwards. They had not gone far when they came to two roads; one very wide and pleasant, with fruit trees and flowers, and fine birds, which sang beautifully, in fact, it looked so well that our friends were going to enter into it.

But there was a man at the other gate, who told them not to go in there, but through the gate where he stood. He told them the wide road led to deep pits, into which they must fall if they went along; that they would not die, but that their limbs would be broken, and they would lie in agony forever, crying for help, but getting none. They must, moreover, either go by that way or by the road at the entrance of which he stood. "This narrow road," said he, "will lead you to a very beautiful city, where there is neither want nor distress, but where you shall sing praises to the king. You shall all have golden harps and crowns, and this state of things will never cease to exist."

"Well," said the young men, "this narrow road seems to be the best; let us have a look at it." They looked, but saw only a number of thorns and sharp stones strewn about the path. There were also great hills to climb, but they could not see the great city. They were afraid to go by the narrow path, on account of the difficulties

they had to encounter, and by the broad way, because of the fearful end.

Another person now came up, and advised them to go by the broad way. He told them how pleasant it was to travel among the fine trees, how sweet the fruits were, and of the happiness they would feel. He pictured in terrifying colours the miseries they would have to encounter before they got to the great city, if they journeyed thither; and at last he enticed them away.

The man at the narrow road shouted, and warned them, with tears in his eyes, of the consequences of their conduct, and entreated them to take his advice. One of them returned and took his counsel, notwithstanding the jeers and threatenings of his comrades, who went by the broad road. How jolly they seemed to be, for the birds sang so merrily, they could dance so pleasantly on the green sward and eat such sweet fruits. They wished they might stay there always; but they must move on.

After travelling along some time, one of their number was swallowed up in one of the pits of which they had been warned. They could not hear or see his agony; but they knew that what had been told them was perfectly true, and they felt very miserable for the moment. But this feeling wore away in a great measure, and they went along their journey as if nothing had happened.

The road was now not so pleasant as it had been. The leaves of the trees were withering; birds did not sing so sweetly; and they did not now enjoy the dance. They dropped off one by one into the pits, and there they lay, suffering fearful agony, and cursing the hour of their birth.

But let us now take a look at the one who went by himself, and see how he fared. At first he had great difficulty in walking among the thorns and stones, and he was continually falling down and bruising himself. But he never wished that he had gone with his companions, because he knew what would be their fate, and he comforted himself with the thought of his glorious end.

As he went on, however, the path grew more pleasant; he could now walk some distance without making a stumble, and the path became quite smooth. He could sing merrily as he went along, and eat of the sweet fruits which grew on the trees that were now springing up on every side.

At last he saw the great city; the mists which hung around it prevented him seeing clearly; but he saw enough to satisfy his most sanguine hopes. He at last entered the gates with a numerous company, and he is now rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

You have been shown two ways, one of which you must all tread on your path through life. Oh, listen to the words of Jesus, who stands at the narrow path, and take his advice. Although it is very difficult to bear the jeers of your companions, yet how glorious the end is!

## A LITTLE TRAVELLER.

A PALE little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry child were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours?"

"Yes, I am going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of "mothering."—*New York Tribune.*

## Epworth League.



## Fighting for Jesus.

JUNIOR soldiers, fight for Jesus,  
Though the devil tempt you sore;  
Jesus will be always near you,  
Many a victory you will score.

## CHORUS.

Keep on fighting, keep on fighting,  
Keep your banners wide unfurled;  
Many a heart and life you'll brighten,  
Of some homeless boy or girl.

Many dear ones now are walking  
Down the road that leads to hell;  
Juniors, let us be more earnest,  
Of our Saviour's love to tell.

Call them of a loving Saviour,  
Who will save them from all sin;  
Let us put forth every effort,  
Coax the wanderer to come in.

Juniors, let us lead the homeless  
To the Saviour's bleeding feet;  
Juniors, let us bring the helpless,  
Lead them to the Mercy-Seat.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

## PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

May 12, 1895.

## THE HUMBLE SUFFERER.—Philippians 2, 7, 8.

Here we see the humility of Christ in submitting to become man, that he might redeem mankind from their sins, and reconcile them to the friendship of God. In thus becoming man, he submitted to all the indignities connected with humanity. He was poor, despised, rejected of man, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Tempted in all points like ourselves, yet without sin. If any of Queen Victoria's sons was to leave his home of royalty and array himself in the garments of the poorest of the people, and take up his abode in the slums of our cities, or the shanties of the poorest, and live on coarse fare, and work like a labouring man, that he might confer some benefit upon the poor of the land, we would be amazed. But Jesus Christ, the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, vacates the throne of heaven and lives a life of suffering and dies the death of a malefactor, that mankind may be saved. There have been some astonishing instances of benevolence performed by men on behalf of their fellows, but there never was such an instance as that here recorded. If all the sacrifices made in the realm of humanity could be rolled into one, the manifestation of love by Jesus Christ is greater than them all. John says, "Heaven is love," as much as to say you cannot find love anywhere else.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing so divine  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

## JAPANESE LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

NEXT to their frugality and exquisite neatness, a remarkable thing about the Japanese is their great love for their little folks. They have an extraordinary talent for making their doll babies happy. They are forever inventing novel toys and de-

signing fantastic little playthings to amuse them. With us the grandfathers and grandmothers are the children's playfellows and best friends. Over in the sunny little empire all the world has nothing more important to do than to provoke the pleasure of his own child or the Mr. Little Boy or Miss Little Girl of his neighbour, as they are always called. At the bazaar on *fete* days, at festivals and concerts, the indescribable little creatures are seen pickaback, with their sweet, round yellow arms tightened lovingly about some big sister's or big brother's neck. They have peppered jam, iced beans, and pickled sweetmeats to their hearts' content, delicious tarts jellied to laurel or lemon leaf, and as many dolls, kites and coloured lanterns as they can possibly carry away from the booths.—*Tokyo Letter.*



## JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

Our picture represents a Jewish high priest as he appeared when, in the days of Israel's prosperity, he offered sacrifices in the temple for the sins of the Hebrew people. The clothing that he wore was very beautiful and very costly, and nearly every article had some significant meaning. He wore a long violet-coloured robe fastened with a belt or girdle which was richly embroidered. The skirt of the robe was fringed around the bottom with a row of little bells and pomegranates, and on his breast he wore a golden breastplate which sparkled with jewels. The turban on his head was snowy white and on the front of it, in golden letters, were these words "Holiness unto the Lord."

## THE BOOTBLACK.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes:

"One step and then another,"  
until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.