

Our Little Gardens.

Who has a garden to plant! I know—
Each little boy and girl; and so
Each little boy and girl must get
Good seeds to sow, good grafts to set;
And when they have set and sowed, take care
To trim them and weed them till they shall
bear

Such good and beautiful fruit that they
Will be glad for all they have done some
day.

Each little garden is each little heart,
Where the good seeds with the bad will
start;
And we all must strive to destroy the bad
And protect the good. And the lass and
the lad

Who work the hardest to plant and sow
In their little hearts good seeds, may know
That their future lives will prove what care
They took, and what seeds they planted
there.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together..	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies..	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month..	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COVINA, S. F. HURSTIS,
5 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

**LORD AND LADY LANSDOWNE
AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**

SUNDAY, May 22nd, will be remembered by the Sunday-school of the Metropolitan Church as a red-letter day in its history. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne, accompanied by Captain Streetfield, kindly accepting an invitation to visit the school, made their appearance shortly after three o'clock, when they were cordially received with such quiet applause as became both the day and the occasion, the children all joining in the singing of the National Anthem. In introducing their Excellencies, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Stafford, expressed the pleasure it gave him to introduce their Excellencies, whose presence, not as members of the Methodist Church, but as members of the Church of England, showed their broad views of Christi-

anity and their willingness to recognize as members of Christ's flock others than those of their own particular fold. His Excellency, who upon rising was warmly applauded by the school, expressed the pleasure it gave him and Lady Lansdowne to be present; and his delight with the reception given him in the greeting of the school and the words spoken by the pastor. He referred to the agreement between all Christians in the great fact of worship rendered to the same God, and that, brought together upon such occasions, there was a point of unity which made them feel as though they were all members of the same Church. They then visited the church, which they inspected, and also listened to selections on the organ, which were played by Mr. Torrington, the distinguished organist of the church. Before leaving, their Excellencies wrote their autographs in the visitors' book, and expressed themselves highly delighted with their visit.—*Guardian.*

**HOW THE SUNDAY STONE WAS
MADE.**

In an Oxford museum may be seen a strange stone. It is composed of carbonate of lime, and was taken from a pipe which carries off drain water in a colliery. The stone consists of alternate layers of black and white, so that it has a striped appearance. This was caused in the following way: When the miners were at work, the water which ran through the pipe contained a good deal of coal-dust, and so left a black deposit in the pipe. But when no work was going on—as, for instance, in the night—the water was clean, and so a white layer was formed. In time these deposits quite filled the pipe, and it was, therefore, taken up. Then it was found that the black and white layers formed quite a calendar. Small streaks, alternately black and white, showed a week, and then came a white streak of twice the usual size. This was Sabbath, during which there was, of course, no work for twenty-four hours. But in the middle of one week there came a white streak of twice the usual size. On inquiry it was found that on that day a large fair had been held in the neighbourhood, and no work had been done at the colliery. Every change in the ordinary course of work had left its mark on this strange stone, to which has been given the title of "The Sunday Stone."

PRAY, AND HANG ON.

A VENTURESOME six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load.

When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a very steep hill.

"Yes; a little," said he, "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!"

The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray but do not hang on; some hang on but do not pray.



GIANT SPRUCE TREES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

**DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE
BIBLE.**

A WELL-TO-DO deacon in Connecticut was one day accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of Psa. xli. before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."—*Anon.*

THOUGH thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives.

SAVE ME NEXT.

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The barque of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debauchee, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the rum-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."