

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

WOULD you hold the key of knowledge,
And unlock its treasures rare?
Are you thirsting for true wisdom,
With its wealth of truth so fair?
You may win the prize you're seeking,
In a fair and honest way.
You must conquer if you simply
Learn a little every day.

Starting first from small beginnings,
'Tis the steady growth that wins,
In life's battles here, no matter
Where our "step by step" begins.
If we yield our hearts to Satan
Step by step we're led astray,—
All, while here, in good or evil,
Learn a little every day.

Every day is fraught with lessons—
Youthful minds find daily food
In the teachings of surroundings—
Parents, are their teachings good?
"There's no royal road to learning,"
But there is a better way,
Simply this: In truth and goodness,
Learn a little every day.

—Pupil's Companion.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1885.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

It is very gratifying to observe the high appreciation of our Sunday-school papers and other periodicals in the United States. At a Sunday-school convention held near the borders a short time since, one of the American delegates said that our papers were the best and cheapest he had ever seen—far ahead of anything at the same price in his own country. Indeed most papers of the same size are just twice the price, and some only half the size are twice the price.

Our Magazine is also very highly appreciated. One gentleman from Maryland writes urging that its handsome annual announcement should be sent for distribution to every postmaster in the United States and to many of the city and country papers.

The Rev. Dr. Wentworth writes in the *Buffalo Christian Advocate* as follows:

Though this monthly has now been published over ten years, I doubt if it is known to many of the readers of the *Advocate*. And, should a specimen copy be placed in the hands of the few who have known of the fact of its publication, I doubt not the most of them would be greatly surprised to learn, by its actual perusal, of the high character and worth of this Magazine

From a somewhat careful examination of the numbers of February and March, I have conceived a much more exalted opinion of this publication than I ever entertained before,—simply because I am now better prepared to appreciate its worth.

This Magazine is an honour to Canadian Methodism. It occupies, I should say, about the place in the periodical literature of the Dominion that our defunct *National Magazine* was designed to fill in the periodical literature of the United States: and it much more successfully accomplishes its purpose. It is edited with unusual skill, and contains something to edify all classes of readers: although it maintains throughout a high literary tone, and, in its subject matter, is very instructive. Some of its articles would do honour to any quarterly; while others are manifestly designed for the amusement and benefit of the young. That it is conducted with skill, good taste and literary ability, finds sufficient guarantee in the fact that—here follows a personal compliment to the Editor that our modesty prevents us reprinting.

Nor is the reception in England less cordial. The *London Methodist* says:—"The volume for the past year is before us; and we must congratulate our Canadian cousins on the spirit and enterprise of their monthly Magazine. Its contents are varied, morally excellent, and some of high order, with every right kind of incentive to family readers. It will command a wide circulation, and we wish for it God-speed."

The *London Quarterly Review*, the leading organ of English Methodism, says: The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated upon its Magazine.

Many similar opinions might be quoted.

COMING TO JESUS.

WHEN I was young if our minister finished his sermon by telling us to come to the Saviour, I used to think, he has left off just where I want him to begin.

What is coming to Christ? and how am I to tell if I have come? Have you ever felt puzzled with thoughts of this kind? Well, let me try to make it plain, though it really is so plain it is hard to make it plainer. Suppose a person is suffering from a painful disease, and I say to him, "You have only to go to such a physician and you will certainly be cured." Next time I meet my poor neighbour I ask, "Are you better?" "No, worse." "Did you go to the physician?" "Yes." "Have you taken his remedy?" "He gave me none." "Why, how was that? What did you tell him?" "O, nothing! I went and sat in his hall among the other patients, and saw him talking to them; and when they came away, I came too." "Why, when I told you to go to him, of course I meant you to tell him all about yourself, and answer all his questions, and carefully follow his advice. You will get no good by only seeing him cure others, if you went to his house for twenty years. But if he undertakes your case and promises to cure you, then you may trust yourself completely in his hands, and expect to be cured."

Now, in this simple way you are to come to the Lord Jesus. Tell him



PRAIRIE DOGS.

what you want him to do for you. Tell him all that troubles and hinders you. Trust yourself in his hands to be saved. "Him that cometh to me," he says, "I will in no wise cast out." Ah, say you, that would have been easy when he was here on earth. Not easier than now, perhaps not so easy, for Jesus was a "man of sorrows," walking about and talking, eating and drinking, like other people, only different from them in his look and voice and manner, and wonderful works and words. Surely it must have been harder then to believe that he was the Son of God and Saviour of men, than now when he is reigning as the Lord of glory in heaven! You know that merely going to the place where Jesus was, to see and hear him was not coming to him, for the unbelieving Pharisees and Scribes sometimes came many miles to see and hear him; but yet he said to them, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." They did not believe what he told them, nor they needed the salvation he offered, and so did not trust him.

So, you see, to think it would have been easier to be a real disciple of Christ if one could have seen and heard him when he was here on earth, is a great mistake.

THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

"Joy to the thirsty! Joy to the faint!
Come to the fountain for every complaint;
Burdened with sorrow, temptation, and sin,
Its waters are healing, O haste to step in!"

THIS fountain is the blessed fountain of Jesus' blood. O how it cleanses from all sin, and makes pure and white within the soul! Long since this fountain was opened, and opened for all. And still it flows so freely to cleanse from all uncleanness. Yes, healing and cleansing, it washes away all defilement, and makes the polluted heart by sin even whiter than snow. The blessed waters of this fountain are ever free and exhaustless. Nay, not any price need you bring when you come to Jesus for healing and salvation.

Come, then, thirsty one, come without further delay or invitation, and share the riches and plenitude of his grace. "For all things are now ready," and the waters of life go flowing on forever to satiate and cheer. "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" Plunge into the blessed fountain of a Redeemer's blood and be clean. Yes, wash and be made perfectly whole. O with the trumpet's voice gladly pro-

claim a crucified Saviour, "able to save even unto the uttermost." Tell it to all, even unto the ends of the earth, that this cleansing fountain is open still, and it is your wisdom to hasten and be healed. Let us everywhere and to all tell to the weary, thirsty, and faint that they may come at once to Jesus, while he invites, and be saved from thirsting for the pleasures of sin evermore. O come "and take the water of life freely!"

PRAIRIE DOGS.

HERE is a picture of prairie dogs, just as they look in their own homes. They are queer little things, somewhat larger than a squirrel.

Often you will see fifty or more of them sitting on the tops of their houses and gazing around. But when any person comes near them, they give a feeble little bark, and dart into their holes, without stopping to say, "How do you do?"

To keep them company in their house-keeping, they take as boarders rattlesnakes and owls. All live in the same hole, and make a happy family, for they never disagree.

Sometimes these little prairie dogs are caught for pets, but they always run away the first chance they get, to their home on the plains. They like their friends, the rattlesnakes and owls, better than little boys and girls.

THOUGH we are a peace-loving people, there has been the greatest readiness and enthusiasm on the part of our Canadian volunteers, in responding to the call to active duty in the North-West. The Toronto volunteers were most enthusiastic. All would have cheerfully gone, and those who were left envied those who went to face the hardships of a long journey and a rough and dangerous campaign against wild Indians and hardy Half-breeds. The sight of the detachments of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers marching through the streets to the station, with bands of music playing, roused and thrilled the tens of thousands who gathered to witness the spectacle. The sons and brothers of many in the crowd were in the ranks. This brought the event home to every heart as a matter of deep personal interest. Most of the young men have not been accustomed to hardships or dangers of this kind, and many anxious hearts are left behind.—*Guardian*.