

The Little Lad's Answer.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

OUR little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet,
His playtime had been hard and long,
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this, and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then, with the lovelight in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here, that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother-heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given—
That thoughtful, loving, little lad.
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true, and dear—
That they would answer as he did,
"Tis Home, for mother's living here!"
—North-Western Advocate.

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, 62 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	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
Heaven 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. COATMAN, S. F. HUNSTON,
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, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

POWER TO FORGIVE.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLES, WATERLOO, IOWA.

Who can forgive sins but God only? The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—MARK 2. 7-10.

A MAN who had no power to help himself because of a terrible disease called the palsy, was one day brought to Jesus. There were so many people in the house where Jesus was, that they who brought the sick man could not get in, so they took the invalid up on the roof and made an opening, and so let him down just before the Lord. Jesus was interrupted in what he was saying; but after all he was pleased with the faith of the sick man's friends. So he looked kindly on the sick man, and probably saw that the disease had been brought on by a wicked life, and that the poor man was troubled about his sins as well as his sickness. Jesus, therefore, to comfort his heart, said to him, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." When his audience heard that, some of them looked very much surprised and shocked, as much as to say, "Why! why! you have no power to forgive sins!" "Who can forgive sins but God only?"

And Jesus saw what they were thinking, but he went right on to show them that he had a right to say it, by healing the poor helpless man's body whose sins he had forgiven.

He proved that the "Son of man," as he called himself, had the power to forgive sins like God, because he had power to heal the sick. Turning to the palsied man,

he said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." And he who could not move so much as a hand or a foot before, now moved his whole body, sat up, stood up, took up his bed and went away cured before them all. I don't know whether those grumblers were satisfied now. You know it often takes a great deal to satisfy grumblers. But the rest of the people were all glad to think that, like God himself, Jesus had power to heal sick people and to forgive sins. From all this we should learn and remember,

Firstly. That our Lord Jesus has God's power to forgive sins among men. He certainly has no less power now that he is exalted to the right hand of God, than he had then. When we have sinned against God, and brought sorrow and suffering to ourselves or others, our loving Saviour has power to forgive us and comfort us, if we come to him sorry, and determined not to do the wrong any more.

Secondly. Jesus is always ready to forgive. Here he was right in the midst of his speaking, and he broke off to comfort and cure this sorrowing sufferer. Some speakers would have been vexed at such an interruption, but Jesus was glad of an opportunity to forgive sins and restore health.

Thirdly. We see that friends can bring each other to Jesus. This sick man never could have come but for his friends. I have known many a child who has helped bring a sinner to a forgiving Saviour. Often it has been one of their own family, perhaps father or mother. Can't you help bring someone?

Fourthly. We should always be ready to forgive. Jesus sets the example for us all to follow. He even tells us that if we wish to have our sins forgiven, we must forgive those who offend against us. With real kindness of heart for everyone, therefore, let us come and bring others to Jesus, who is always ready to exercise his power to forgive.

THE GENTLEMAN BROWNIE.

BY MARGARET DANE.

MRS. STONE was sick with a cold and couldn't go out of doors.

"Dear me!" she said to herself as she looked out of the window, "I'm afraid somebody will fall on my slippery walk, and the wood is almost gone, and if the pump isn't run down it'll freeze! Dear me! What shall I do?"

Little Fred Crosby stood at his window, right opposite Mrs. Stone.

"I've been a-thinkin' 'bout s'prisin' Mrs. Stone," he said, slowly, "'cause she's sick, you know, mamma, and 'cause she's all alone without any little boys to help her!"

"That would be very kind," said mamma.

"What do you want to do?"

"She's pulled down her curtains and lighted her lamp!" exclaimed Fred, joyfully, "and I can go right over now! I'm going to put ashes on the walk, and pile up her shed wood-box, and then I'm goin' to run down the pump!"

"I can do it," he asserted stoutly, as mamma looked doubtful, "'cause Mrs. Stone showed me how Wednesday night."

He put on his gray ulster and big rubber boots and was across the street in about a minute.

Very softly he laid the sticks of wood one upon the other in the big wood-box till it was full to the top. Then he let the pump down. That was great fun and almost made him laugh out loud because the water gurgled and squeaked so.

And now there was the walk. How fast Fred worked for fear Mrs. Stone might pull up the curtain and see him. But she didn't; and at last the coal-hod was empty and the icy walk was covered.

"Hard at work, Fred?" called Mr. Green, as he spied Fred in the twilight.

"Guess so!" stammered Fred, as he shut the gate hurriedly and ran quickly across the street.

"Mr. Green almost told on me, 'cause he talked so loud," said Fred; "but I guess Mrs. Stone didn't hear him," he added, thoughtfully.

But Mrs. Stone did hear him, and when she found her wood-box full she knew all about it.

"Fred is the dearest little friend I have!" she said, wiping her eyes very hard.

The next morning Fred went over to see how she felt.

"I feel very happy, Fred," she said smiling, "because last night all my work was done for me. I think it must be some good little Brownie who walked out of one of Palmer Cox's pictures to help me, don't you?"

Fred's eyes danced.
"I 'spect it was," he answered. "Which one do you s'pose it was, Mrs. Stone?"
It was such fun being a Brownie that Fred smiled and smiled.

"It wasn't the dude," said Mrs. Stone decidedly, "nor it wasn't the king! I think it must be the gentleman Brownie!"

"I don't think there is any gentleman one," said Fred, doubtfully.

"Oh, there must be?" answered Mrs. Stone, knowingly, "for this particular Brownie was a true little gentleman."

"I'm very glad you think so," said Fred, "very glad indeed, Mrs. Stone, and the Brownie is, too."

And then he smiled again.—*Youth's Companion.*

RESCUE THE HEATHEN CHILDREN.

Most of you have read or heard of the lost boy Charlie Ross, and of the long search made for him by his loving father, made, alas! in vain. Many inquiries have been made, many wearied miles travelled, large rewards offered and much money expended, but all in vain: the boy remains lost and the parents' hearts are still aching. And you have read of other children in crowded city or thick forest or wide prairie who have been lost: how the news has spread from house to house: how men and boys have gone up and down crying, "Lost child, lost child!" How people, even strangers, have left their work and joined in the march day after day, night after night: and how at last, when the little wanderer has been found, he has been carried home in triumph, and strong men and tender-hearted women have wept for joy. At such a time no one thinks of saying, "It's only a child." Every heart is moved with sympathy and every hand is raised to help.

There are many children lost—in India, China, Japan and other heathen lands. Like their parents they have wandered far from God, far from home; they are groping in the darkness; they are lonely and desolate—lost. They must be saved. Let no one say, "They are only children, uneducated, degraded, superstitious." They have souls to be saved, hearts to be purified, natures to be changed. They are worth saving, wicked though they be. Many of the boys who to-day are gambling in the streets of Lucknow and Canton may ten years hence be preaching the gospel.

What is to be done? Missionaries must continue their efforts to save the children; Sunday-schools in heathen lands must be multiplied, the Christian world must hear the plaintive cry sounding out over the wastes of heathendom. "Lost child, lost child!" And hearing, they must fly to the rescue. No time should be lost.

What can you do? Continue to pray and love and give. These lost ones are your brothers and sisters. The more you love them and the more you do for them the more richly will your own hearts be blessed.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle; "that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he had gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as for eternity.

A Cigarette.

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

I AM small. So small am I,
That many hundreds snug would lie
Inside an old-time carpet bag,
Or pocket made for burglar's swag;
So delicate am I that one
Who squeezed me somewhat, just for fun,
Would crush me so that I no more
Could go through life as oft before;
So light am I, that it would take
Some thousands of my weight to make,
Composed of pure, mixed with alloys—
A hundred pounds, avoirdupois.

I'm small and delicate and light,
I'm not accounted much for fight;
They say I'm insignificant,
And am not worth a copper cent,
Just give me a chance, and I will meet,
At home or on a crowded street,
A sturdy and light-hearted boy—
His father's hope, his mother's joy—
And let me his companion be
From now till his majority;
Then please examine us again
And see which has the strength of men.

I'll pledge my word you'll find him there,
Not sturdy, but pale-faced and spare;
His intellect shall be upset,
His health 'll be almost gone; and yet
He'll cling to me, as if I'd been
The kindest friend he'd ever seen;
Nor can he then bid me "Away."
For I've been given too long a stay
In his companionship; and now
To me, as in the past, he'll bow;
And yield his life up with regret:
And all for me—a cigarette.

INSECT POWER.

THE power of insects is wonderful, and if their size was proportioned to their strength they would be more terrible to man than the fiercest wild beasts of the desert. Providence, however, has kindly restricted their size, or they might have been the tyrants of the globe and the destruction of all terrestrial animals, and beings.

The common flea, for instance, without apparent effort, jumps two hundred times its own length, and the same proportionate strength would enable a man to take a single leap over a thousand feet. For a man to run ten miles an hour would be thought good pedestrianism, but a fly, so small as to be almost invisible, was observed to run nearly six inches in a second.

Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr. Newport, who tells us that the great stag-beetle, which tears off the bark from the trunks and branches of trees, has been known to know a hole an inch in diameter through the side of a tin canister in which it was confined, and on which, as shown by the microscope, the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. The common beetle can, without injury, support ten times its own weight, and still make its way easily, almost as if under no pressure. And the insect known as the Atlas, as has been proved by experiment, is able to bear and escape from a load of over twenty ounces, while its own weight is less than as many grains. Taking man again as the standard of comparison, it is as if a person of ordinary size should raise himself from the ground when to do it he had to lift a weight of between forty and fifty tons.

As one more instance, illustrating both the speed and strength of insects, the engineer of a railroad has recently told us of a swarm of flies, that not only kept side by side with his train while going forty miles an hour, but, as if in sport, flew round the train, coming back with no apparent effort to the side from which they had left, and easily keeping up with the cars for over ten miles, until a stop was made at a station, when they left and disappeared.

"I seem to be considerably pushed for cash to-day," muttered Rivers, reluctantly squaring an account of \$5.25 with the wheeled-chair man.

"It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." "No; he told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."