

The Love of Jesus.

SOFTLY sing the love of Jesus!
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how, walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden, and in dying,
Jesus loved us to the end.

Gladly sing the love of Jesus!
Let us lean upon his arm;
If he love us, what can grieve us?
If he keep us, what can harm?
Still he lays his hands in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

Ever sing the love of Jesus!
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring him to his own more near.
Death's cold wave need not alight us,
When we know that he has died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling from the other side!

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C. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIS,
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, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. J. CRAFTS.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1. 21.

A GREAT king, of whom, perhaps, some of you have heard, had two countries that he ruled. One of them was large and pleasant and beautiful; and the other small and unpleasant and rough. In the pleasant country the king lived, and the city in which he had his palace had streets paved with gold. Its gates were made of pearls; and there were precious stones and gold and silver in the walls of the buildings. The trees bore fruit every month, and their leaves had power to heal disease; but the inhabitants of that country never said "I am sick." The king walked and talked with his people, and they were so happy that they sang very joyfully, and shouted the praises of their king.

The king also loved the other rough country where his people dwelt; but they were very wicked and disobedient; and when he went to live among them at the first, they drove him away by their unkindness. And yet he sent messengers almost every day to tell them that he loved them, and to promise that if they would send messengers to him, he would give them every good thing they desired. He told them he would come near to the borders of the pleasant country, and talk with them across the stream that separated the two lands. But these wicked people killed many of these messengers, and stoned others, and cursed their noble king. But he loved them so that he sent his own

son, the prince of his kingdom, to tell them about his great love for them. This prince put away his beautiful robes and dressed like a poor man, and walked with these wicked people, and slept with them in their fishing boats, and wept with them in their grave-yards, and talked with them kindly everywhere. They had disobeyed the laws of their king, and were to be punished with death; but this kind prince offered to take the punishment in their stead, and died for them, so that the king offered to forgive all who would ask to be forgiven. Who was this great king? (God.) What do we call the pleasant country? (Heaven.) What do we call the other country? (The earth.) What is the sweetest name of the prince who was punished in our stead? (Jesus.) In that part of the Bible which we call Matthew, in the first chapter and 21st verse, we see why the angels told his mother to give him that name: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

MEANING OF NAMES.

Now names always mean something. How many boys here are named John? John means "gift of God," and every John should give himself back to God, to work for him and love him always. Charles means "manly;" Richard, "liberal;" David, "beloved;" Peter, "rock firm;" Abner, "light;" Albert, "bright;" William, "firm;" Alfred, "counsellor;" Ira, "watchful;" Elijah, "Jehovah, my God."

How many of the girls are named Annie? Annie means "merciful;" Ida, "God-like;" Ada, "happy beauty;" Josie, "one who saves others;" Kate, "pure;" Jane and Jennie, "full of grace;" Lizzie and Elizabeth, "consecrated;" Lucy, "daybreak;" Ellen, Ella, Ellinore, and Nellie, "light;" Augusta and Mary, "exalted;" Margaret, "a pearl."

In old times, people called a pearl a "margaret." In an old Bible, the pearl of great price was called "a precious margaret." A little girl named Margaret saw this, and was very happy to find her name in the Bible. All the Marys, Marthas, Ruths, Abigail, Graces, and Charities, can also find their names in the Bible. My name is not in the Bible. But there is a better place than the Bible to have our names, and we may all have our names there.

You see by what I have said, that names mean something. Was Jesus called by more than one name? Yes! he had more than a hundred names. Tell me some of them, and I will put the first letter of each on the black-board. Lamb, Lord, Light, Leader, Rose, Rock, Shepherd, Saviour, Vine, Wisdom, Emmanuel, King, Christ, God.

Which of these names of the Saviour do you like best? (Jesus.) Why was he called Jesus? Read the reason with me: "For he shall save his people from their sins."

I wonder if we all understand that word "sins"? How many of these children ever heard anyone swear, or lie, or speak angrily, or use vulgar words? Is it right to say such things? Did you ever do any of these wrong things? Think, and answer to God silently in your own hearts. What does God call wrong words and deeds? (Sins.) Whenever you or I do wrong, God writes in his book, "John used bad words," or "Mary did a naughty deed." Would you just now like to see God? When we have been doing wrong and have not been forgiven, we wouldn't like to see God. But remember that he sees us all the time. We cannot be happy here or go to be with God in heaven, unless we are clean inside from sin.

Little Kitty said one day to her mother: "Papa calls me good, aunty calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said her mother.

"And so am I; but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?" asked her mother.

"My think is naughty inside of me."

Her mother asked what she meant.

"Why," said she, "when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or anything; but when you was gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad. I thought all kinds of naughty things. Nobody but God knew it, and he cannot call me good.

Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

Who can save us from our sins? (Jesus.) Yes. He was punished in our stead on the cruel cross, that we might be forgiven. He was not put on the cross because he was naughty, but because we were naughty, and he didn't want us to be punished, and so he was punished in our stead. Let us offer together right now what the little girl called the "Snow Prayer": "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Another little girl, who had been very sad because her sins were not forgiven, became very glad; and when people asked her why she was so happy, she said: "Oh! I was so wicked, and God was angry with me; but now he has forgiven me, and that is why I am so happy." God had written all her wrong words and naughty deeds, all her "bads," on his book; but when she prayed he rubbed them all out for Jesus' sake, for he has promised to those who pray to be forgiven: "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" and also, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." When our hearts are forgiven and made clean, we shall want to see God, and be glad to think that God is near us now, and that by-and-bye we may be near him in heaven forever. Let us all bow down and pray that God will forgive all our sins, and help us to love and obey him always.

THAT DEATH-SONG IN MATABELELAND.

A MATABELE savage, who led the assault on the English soldiers, has given the description. The soldiers, numbering thirty-four, held the six thousand Matabeles at bay until their ammunition gave out; then stood up and sang "God save the Queen," and then died. The *New York Tribune* makes the following eloquent comment on that death-song in Matabeleland: "Your latter-day materialist may sneer at it as fustian, or as mere brute desperation. It was neither. It was the sense of duty conquering the sense of fear. It was the courage of soul triumphant over impending dissolution of the body. It was a 'crowded hour of glorious life' that indeed was 'worth an age without a name'; worth it, not only to the actors in it, but to the whole human race. Those men had no reason to think, and did not think, that their death-song would ever be heard by other ears than those of their destroyers. Their deed was not bravado, but modest, loyal duty. But their voices will henceforth live in countless throbbing hearts, and their valour makes life and the world seem nobler to all their fellow-men."

THE "STOP AWHILE."

WHEN Dr. David Livingstone was travelling through Africa he was shown by the natives a queer looking thorn that was known by the name of "stop awhile." The name had been given it because it was of such a formation that when a person had become entangled in it he could not escape without having his clothes torn to shreds. So thick, so sharp and so strong were its spines, that the more one would try to get free, the more firmly he would be held.

How many of you, boys, are being entangled and held by something a hundred times worse? Nay, do not look so astonished. Is it not true?

The first evening you went to that place—I won't say what place (for you know)—against the wishes of your parents, and with that crowd of bad boys, you were finding your way into the entanglements of something far more dreadful than this.

When you lingered, "for just a moment," to enjoy the sinful pleasure, was not the thorn taking hold on you? And did you not find it harder after that first participation to break loose from it?

The time to keep one's self from being entangled in sin, is to keep out of reach of it. And the present is a good time to renew our determination to keep entirely free from its enticements.

"MAMMA, I want some raisins." "Well, take a handful." "Won't you get them for me, mamma? Your hand is bigger'n mine."

The Czar and the Dead Soldier.

UNARMED and unattended walked the Czar
Through Moscow's busy streets one wintry
day;
The crowd uncovered as his face they saw,
"God greet the Czar!" said they.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary
man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the wintry
wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent beneath his load
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped, and beckoned to the
man:
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he
said.
"Only a soldier, sire"—the short reply—
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar,
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave."
"Move on, I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonoured to the grave."

He bent his head, and reverent raised his cap,
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Followed the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers in the street, all wondering,
Looked on the sight, then followed silently:
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore,
Till thousands stood around the friendless
grave,
Led by that princely heart who, royal, true,
Honoured the poor but brave.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

MARY CANDER's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time was passed in bed in acute pain. She had learned to read and to cut out figures from paper with much skill, but there, perforce, her knowledge and acquirements stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary wished to help also, but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Send me little Phil, at least. He can do me no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was brought to her bedside. She showed him pictures, cut marvellous groups in paper and told him stories day after day, until she had won his confidence. Then she taught him to know her Friend, who, through hard lessons, was making her like to himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in Iowa, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in a city of that State. They are honourable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellow-men with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith has grown to a mighty tree with widespread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word because "it is too small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?