

Watch, Mother, Watch.

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ringing collar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant bay.
Never date the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

W. COATES, 4 Henry Street, Montreal. S. F. HURDIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1894.

JOHN 3. 16.

A STORY OF THIS TEXT.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

One cold, wintry night a poor Irish boy stood in the streets of Dublin—a little city arid, homeless, houseless, friendless.

He had taken to bad courses, and become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street at a certain hour.

As he stood there, waiting, shivering, and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark, he could only see a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, "Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour. Go home—go to bed."

"I have no home, and no bed to go to. That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed if I provided you with one?"

"That would I sharp!" replied the boy. "Well, in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place) you will find a bed." Before he could add more, the lad

started off. "Stop!" said the voice; "how are you going to get in? You need a pass: no one can go in there without a pass. Here is one for you—can you read it?"

"No, sir."
"Well, remember that the pass is 'John 3. 16,' don't forget, or they won't let you in. 'John 3. 16.' There, that's something that will do you good."

Joyfully the lad rushed off, repeating his lesson, and soon found himself in the street and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. He could not get in there! Timidly he rang the bell. The night porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, "Who's there?" "Mo, sir. Please, sir, I'm John Three Sixteen," in very trembling tones. "All right; in with you, that's the pass," and in the boy went.

He was soon in a nice, warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep, he thought, "This is a lucky name, I'll stick to it!" The next morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk, before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for a night). He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions, thinking over his new name; when, heedlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over.

A crowd collected, the unconscious form was placed on a shutter, and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered.

It is usual in the Dublin hospitals to put down the religion, as well as the name and address, of those admitted. They asked him whether he was Catholic or Protestant. Sure, he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was John Three Sixteen. This reply elicited a laugh.

After his injuries had been attended to, he was carried up into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft repeated, "John iii. 16! It was to do me good, and so it has!"

These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see to what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another read the precious words, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." ("It was to do me good, and so it has!" the sufferer cried.) Luther called this verse "The Miniature Bible." When those poor sick folk read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment—"It was to do me good, and so it has!"—the Spirit stirred within them, and God the Holy Ghost used that text then and there to the conversion of souls. There was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over sinners that repented. The sovereign power of God the Holy Spirit used this one text from the lips of a poor, ignorant boy in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him: how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said—"John Three Sixteen, and how are you to-day?" "Why, how do you know my new name?" "Know it! You've never ceased with your John Three Sixteen, and I for one say, blessed John Three Sixteen!" This sounded strange to the little lad's ears. To be called "blessed"—he for whom no one cared. "And don't you know where it comes from? It's from the Bible."

"The Bible! what's that?" The poor little waif had never heard of the Bible—that blessed book, God's word to man. "Read it to me," he said; and as the words fell on his ear, he muttered, "That's beautiful! it's all about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always!" He soon learnt the text, saying, "I've not only got a new name, but something to it!"

Days passed on, and there were changes in the ward, but our little friend never felt lonely; he fed on his text and its precious words.

Another soul in that ward was to be won to Christ by his means, and now in simple conscious faith he was to be the agent of blessing.

On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside, and said, "Patrick, how is it with you to-day?" "Badly, badly!" groaned the old man. "Has the

priest been to see you?" asked the nun. "Oh, yes; but that makes it worse, for he has anointed me with the holy oil, and I am marked for death. I'm no fit to die—oh, what shall I do?" "Patrick, it's very sad to see you so," she gently answered; "look! here are these beads, they have been blessed by his holiness the Pope, and they will help you to die happy." She placed them around the man's neck, and then, wishing him good-bye, went out. But how could a string of beads ease a dying man facing eternity, with his sins unforgiven? Poor Patrick groaned aloud. "God, ha' mercy!" he cried; "I'm such a sinner, I'm no fit to die. What shall I do? Oh, what will become of me?"

Our little fellow heard his miserable words. "Poor old man," thinks he; "he wants a pass." "Patrick," he called, "I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me." "Tell me, tell me quickly," cried Patrick. "If only I could find something to do me good!" "Here it is! Now listen, John 3. 16. Are you listening?" "Yes, yes; go on." "John 3. 16—'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hour, and entered into everlasting life—another soul brought to Christ in that hospital ward by means of a single text blessed by the Holy Spirit.

Our little friend recovered. For long, John Three Sixteen was his one text. God-blessed his simple faith; friends placed him at school, and now he is an earnest, hearty worker for the Master. "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." (Luke 11. 28.)

WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

Times have changed. There are now a dozen ways of making a living where twenty years ago even the demand did not exist. Type-writing, for instance, was unknown a few years ago, and now there are thousands who support themselves by it. It has supplied a new and wide field for the employment of women, and has come into almost universal use for legal documents. The invention of the telephone has given employment to thousands in the construction of the apparatus and the attendance at telephone offices, and the number thus employed already rivals the number engaged in telegraphing. Fortunately, a large portion of these are females. It is only a few years since the invention of the district messenger service and the employment of street bootblacks gave employment to an army of boys.

There is a strong tendency toward the practice of specialisms; that is, persons are desired to know one thing, and to know of that all there is. In every profession there are men who get a reputation for some particular branch. Thus there are acknowledged specialists in law, who have almost a monopoly of a certain class of cases. Some lawyers know all about patents, and others all about admiralty; others, all about landlords and tenants; others, all about criminal law; and so on.

Boys will do well to remember that they must each one absolutely master something or other. It will not do to be generally "smart." The time has passed when one is at all expected to be able to "do anything." Some of these things are very small. For instance, there is the occupation of a "tea taster," who sits all day by a table and tastes tea on a salary. No one distinctly has an ambition to be that, yet, as an illustration, it shows the tendency of the times toward special branches of an extensive business.

ONLY HIS MOTHER.

BY PANSY.

"CHARLES HOLLAND, at your service?" A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you will like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him," is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post-office?" "Near enough to be able to serve you,

Mrs. Hampstead," said the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie. But I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh, no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office."

And as he received the letter his hat again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charles Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister as the window closes. "Always so obliging; he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower, and let me whisper a secret into your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him:

"Charlie, can't you run up stairs and get that letter on my bureau, and mail it for me? And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead and a pucker on each side of his mouth, said:

"O mamma! I don't go, how I can't. I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well then, he need not mind, for she did not want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind but let the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go up-stairs. Of course it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and by making an excuse he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. He letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charles Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his head, and say:

"I guess I do love my mother. She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh, I didn't promise to explain Charles' conduct to you; I am only introducing him. You are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?

MARCHING ORDERS.

It is related that a young English clergyman once accosted the Duke of Wellington with the question whether it were not really useless and extravagant to send missionaries to India to preach the Gospel, in view of the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindus. The Duke had lived in India, and knew well all the difficulties of the conditions; but he promptly replied:

"Look, sir, to your marching orders. Preach the Gospel to every creature."

With a man of true military instinct, and training a clear "order" settles every question. There is nothing to do but to obey. So it should be with the orders of the great Captain of our salvation. No one has a right for a moment to raise a question as to the wisdom of properly carrying the Gospel to the remotest regions of the earth, or to the most ignorant and depraved among mankind.

GIVE ME YOUR BOY.

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation of raw material, some of these factories must close out, and their operatives must be thrown on the cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys!" is the notice. One family of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of you boys will it be? The manufacturer of Crete had to have a trireme full of maidens each year; but the manufacturer of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply, for the great public institution which is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has to give more than its share. Are you selfishly voting to keep the saloon open, grind up the boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?