

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

LET others praise the bright
In the red wine a sparkling glow
Dearest to me is the diamond light
Of the moon and the rarest flower
The feeble of earthly men have tried
The juice from the bleeding vine
But the streams come pure from the hand of
God
To fill this cup of wine

The dew drops lie in the flower's eye
How rich the perfume now!
And the fragrant earth with joy looks up.
When the rain falls on her brow,
The brook gives forth a pleasant voice
To gladden the vale along.
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice
To hear her quiet song.

The lark soars with his lighter strain,
When a wave has washed his wing
And the sturd fledge back his flying mane,
In the night of ory al spring.
This was the drink of paradice
Ere blight on her beauty fell,
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss grown well
W. W. BATHURST.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

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For the Year 1886.

TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE
TO GO TO MY SUNDAY-
SCHOOL.

- I. BECAUSE I am ignorant, and want
to be taught.
II. Because I shall get no good by
spending the time in idleness and play.
III. Because God has commanded
us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.
IV. Because, by improving the Sab-
baths which God has given me, I wish
to become wise in the days of my youth.
V. Because good boys and good girls
love to go there.
VI. Because prayer is offered to
God there, the word of God is read
there, and the praises of God are sung
there.
VII. Because there my mind is im-
proved, and I learn my duty to God
and man.

VIII. Because my teachers kindly
tell me of the love of Christ to the
young, and point out the way of salva-
tion through his sufferings and death.

IX. Because when I grow old I
shall not be able to go, and therefore I
ought to improve the present time.

X. Because I wish to go to heaven
when I die, and at the Sunday-school I
shall learn the way thither.—Selected.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.

It is painful to see how some children
and often elder people too clutch their
papers, clumping them up and creasing
them all over as though they really
wished to rotten them, spite their appear-
ance, and wear them on as soon as possi-
ble. Boys and girls, please don't do so.
Fold your papers carefully and neatly,
and as few times as possible. Then
when you have read them, put them
carefully away to keep for others to
read, or for you to read again. It is
nice to look at old papers once in
awhile. Every child who gets a copy
of any of our nice Sunday-school
papers, week after week, should read
every word in it, look well at the
pictures, and then put it away till the
end of the year, and then stich all the
numbers together, with a cover on, and
have a nice book to keep. Those who
are too small to do it, can get some one
to do it for them. Some, however,
after they have read their papers, give
them away to those who do not take
them. This is a good way to use them;
but be sure and don't have them torn
up or wasted. They are far too good for
that.
J. LAWSON.

OUR SIN BEARER.

ONE day a missionary in India was
going out into a country village to
preach. He did not take the horse-
cars as people in one of our cities would
do, but called his native servant to
bring the palanquin. This is a kind
of carriage borne by two or more
natives on their shoulders by means of
a pole firmly fixed in each end. When
he reached his journey's close, he said
kindly to the men who had brought
him: "Now you have carried me so
safely over this rough way, I want to
tell you of One who will carry all your
sins and burdens for you."

They listened eagerly as he told
them of Jesus and his death on the
cross.

A few weeks afterwards one of the
men came to the missionary's house
and begged to be the bearer of his
palanquin for life. It was a strange
request, and the missionary inquired
what it meant.

"Well," said the man, "I want to
help you preach."

"Help me! How can you?" was
the next question.

"In this way," replied the man;
"many will not go to hear you, and
while I am waiting they will gather
around me, and I can preach too."

So now he accompanies his master
in all his tours, and tells the Gospel
story to such as will listen to him.

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AWARDS OF THE JUDG-
MENT DAY.

THERE is a machine in the Bank
of England which receives sover-
eigns as a mill receives grain, for
the purpose of determining whole
sale whether they are of full
weight. As they pass through,
the machinery, by unerring laws,
throws all that are light to one
side, and all that are of full weight
to another. That process is a silent
but solemn parable for me. Foun-
ded as it is upon the laws of nature,
it affords the most vivid similitude
of the certainty which characterizes
the judgment of the great day.
There is no mistake, or partiality
ties to which the light may trust,
the hope lies in being of standard
weight before they go in.—Arnold

GIVING.

THE great and good Martin
Luther loved to give. The fact
that he was himself poor did not
hinder his giving. "God is rich,
he will provide for our wants," he
would say, when reproached for
giving away what seemed to be
needed for his own comfort.

Once a poor student came to
him who was about to leave
Wittenberg. He had no money,
and was in great need. Luther
longed to help him, and in real dis-
tress looked about to see if there
was anything he could give. His
eye fell upon a silver cup which
had been presented to him by the
Elector.

His wife was present and looked
her disapproval, but Luther seized
it and, crushing the sides together,
pressed it upon the young man,
saying, "I have no need of a silver
cup."

God always gives to those who
give to his poor. If we will trust
him, he will never let us suffer on
account of gifts made in the spirit
of love. The little child can give
love and kind words and helpful deeds,
and by and by, as God sees the willing-
ness to give, he will trust his child
with other, though not larger, gifts to
distribute.

A STAR IN HER CROWN.

A YOUNG lady was preparing for a
dancing party, and stood before a large
mirror arranging silver stars upon her
head. While so engaged a little fair-
haired sister climbed into a chair, and
put up her tiny fingers to examine the
beautiful head-dress, and was accosted
thus:

"Sister, what are you doing? You
should not touch that crown."

Said the little one, "I was looking
at that and thinking of something
else."

"Tell me what you are thinking of,
you, a little child."

"I was remembering that my Sab-
bath school teacher said that if we save
sinners by our influence we should win
stars for our crown in heaven; and
when I saw those stars in your crown
I wished to save some soul."

The eldest sister went to the dance,
but in a solemn meditation; the words
of the innocent child found a lodgment
in her heart, and she could not enjoy
the association of her friends in the
dance.

At a reasonable hour she left the
hall and returned to her home; and



OIL WELL ON FIRE.

going to her chamber where her dear
little sister was sleeping, imprinted a
kiss upon her cheek, and said,
"Precious sister, you have won one
star for your crown," and kneeling at
the bedside, offered a fervent and
effectual prayer to God for mercy.

TOBACCO.

SURE we are that no one thing starts so
many boys on the road from Sunday-
school to jail as tobacco. Prison re-
cords show that a large majority of
crime has had its root in the use of
strong drink. Honest and able inves-
tigation shows that as large a majority
of intemperance has its root in smoking.
The writer feels called on in this con-
nection to give his personal experience.
He was the son of a Presbyterian min-
ister, and tenderly and prayerfully
reared. In his teens he began smok-
ing, and soon found himself often using
malt and fermented liquors, and occa-
sionally stronger drink. He knows
whereof he speaks. He believes that
because his sainted mother was sent as
his ministering spirit, he was saved from
ruin. Otherwise his first cigar might
very likely have been the spark that
would have kindled serious trouble for
him in this life and eternal fire in the
next.

I TRY to make my enemies transient,
and my friendship immortal.