

"Tell Jesus."

WHEN thou wakest in the morning,
Ere thou tread the untried way
Of the lot that lies before thee,
Through the coming busy day;
Whether sunbeams promise brightness,
Whether dim forebodings fall,
Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,
Go to Jesus—tell him all!

In the calm of sweet communion
Let thy daily work be done;
In the peace of soul outpouring
Care be banished, patience won;
And if earth with its enchantments
Seek the spirit to enthral,
Ere thou listen—ere thou answer—
Turn to Jesus—tell him all!

Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall;
But remember, while thou servest,
Still tell Jesus—tell him all!

And if weariness creep o'er thee
As the day wears to its close,
Or if sudden fierce temptation
Brings thee face to face with foes,
In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven with trustful call;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come—in telling Jesus all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1889.

THE QUEEN AND SABBATH KEEPING.

A STORY about the Queen, which is said to be well authenticated, is being circulated, and it is too good to be lost. On one occasion Her Majesty had invited distinguished guests to dine at Windsor Castle; it was therefore necessary that the Court band should prepare itself to perform special selections of music. The leader summoned the men to meet for rehearsal on the Sunday. There were two Germans in the band named Schrader and Gehrman, who were Wesleyan Methodists, and whose consciences would not allow them to spend the Sabbath in a mere musical rehearsal. They told their scruples to the leader, who, however, peremptorily ordered them to be present, on pain of instant dismissal. They did not hesitate for a moment in refusing to attend. On the Monday morning, on presenting themselves at their quarters, the leader, in violent language, ordered them to be gone.

The poor fellows walked sadly away, and, not far from Windsor, met the then Bishop of London driving to the Castle. Stopping the carriage on their signal, he heard their tale, and promised to speak for them to the Queen. Before the day was over the leader of the band was summoned into Her Majesty's presence. The Queen inquired what had become of the two German Methodists, one of whom, as being one of the best trombone players in the country, was a great favourite at Court. The leader explained that he could not allow absurd religious scruples to stand in the way of a soldier's duty. The Queen commanded that the men be immediately restored to their post, and added, "I will have no persecution in my service for conscience' sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on a Sunday."

THE PLACARD AND THE JUG.

A WEALTHY gentleman once issued a large number of temperance placards, which he desired should be posted up on fences and put in conspicuous places in public thoroughfares, and when practicable put in the windows of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested in the good cause said to himself: "I cannot help the cause by public speaking—I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my store every day, I will put one of these placards in my window. I will devote this large pane to placards, tracts, or papers which, by the blessing of God, some may be induced to stop and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jug in his hand on his way to the whisky saloon. He had to pass the tailor's store. His eye rested on the placard. He stopped and read it, and passed on to the saloon. This occurred several mornings, and the tailor from within could scan the man's face without himself being observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the placard increased, and by the twitchings of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised at seeing the man with the jug again reading the placard, and then heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I will!" at the same time, raising the jug high over his head, he dashed it down on the pavement into a thousand pieces. This drew the tailor to the door, when he kindly spoke to the man and invited him into his store, where he encouraged him, and, as he was a Christian man, prayed with him, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted man. A very silent worker was this placard, but it was the means, by God's blessing, of stopping the man from further drinking. Surely we can use to as good purpose the printed page.

LIGHT FOR THE EYES.

A GENTLEMAN passing by a coal-mine over in Pennsylvania, saw a lot of mules in a field near by. On making some remark about them to a boy, the lad answered: "These are the mules that work all the week down in the mine. On Sunday they have to come up to the light, or in a little while they go blind." So the Sabbath became a blessing to the poor, heavily burdened brutes, not only in giving them a day of rest, but in preserving to them their power of vision.

There are thousands of people who are like mules that are never brought up out of the dismal mines. They grope on in spiritual darkness, never



OLD JACK.

once looking up to the light from heaven, which should show them the way of life. The Holy Bible is a sun of light to all who desire to see "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my pathway," said the Psalmist. But there are many who refuse to be guided by its precious light, and prefer to wander in a darkness that must eventuate in eternal night.

When Old Jack Died.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHEN Old Jack died we stayed from school (they said
At home: we needn't go that day), and none
Of us ate any breakfast—only one,
And that was papa, and his eyes were red
When he came round where we were, by the shed
Where Jack was lying, half-way in the sun
And half in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud pa turned and dropped his head
And went away; and mamma she went back
Into the kitchen. Then for a long while
All to ourselves like, we stood there and cried—
We thought so many good things of Old Jack,
And funny things—although we didn't smile—
We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died!

When Old Jack died it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face,
That we had loved to fondle and embrace
From babyhood, no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,
(If sobs had let us) or, as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had no
replied;
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
Deaf, motionless, we knew—when Old Jack died!

When Old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last, sad tribute there, while neighbours craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned
To sigh, "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because
For love of them he leaped to lick their hands—
Now, that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws
And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottomlands,
Wrote "Our First Love Lies Here," when Old Jack
died!

—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

DEAR children, the best place to put anything to keep it safe is in your heart. If you put it in your pocket you might lose it; or in the drawer, somebody might steal it. So it won't do to have a Bible and then think it is all that is needed. God's law is written in the Bible. First, you must get it into your head by studying it, and then in your heart by loving it. Then you will delight to do God's will always.