

LESSON HYMN. *Nov. 20.*

JESUS, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6. 23.

A BRIGHT little girl who had a very hot, quick temper, and who was often told by her mother that she must give it to Jesus to take care of, said one day, "Now, mamma, there are some things that I can do and ought to do myself, and I just know that if I try hard enough I can control my temper. I will do it, too, and you shall see!"

Her mother said: "Very well," and all that day and the next and the next, Kitty was as sweet as a little girl could possibly be. And so it went on for nearly a week, and then some very provoking thing happened, and Kitty's sweetness all went to pieces in a terrible storm of temper! Her mother said nothing, but a day or two after Kitty came and said, "Mamma, I see now that Jesus will have to do *everything* for me. I can't do anything but just trust him," and from that time she was really and truly cured of her bad temper. You see she thought she was going to earn by her trying the life that Jesus came to give, and, of course, she failed.

A great many children, as well as grown people, make this same mistake. The thirsty flowers hold up their cups to catch the evening dew. They have not earned it; they can do nothing to pay for it; they can only take it as a sweet gift of heaven, and grow and blossom by it. Just so God wants us to hold up our empty hearts and hands, and take his precious gift.

Sin pays wages—Death—but God offers a gift—Life, and this life is in his son." 1 John 5. 11.

So Jesus is the Gift, and we may have it if we will take it, but we can never, never earn it!

Do you ask what the life in us is?

It is the life of Jesus, tender, patient, kind, self-denying, faithful—that blessed life lived out in us! O how unlike our life! And it may be ours for the taking, for it is a gift! Let us stop trying to give to God, and just simply take his gift to us.

GARFIELD'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

Sung at his funeral.

WHEN reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall leaves lie there, ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low.
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In the service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

READ THE BEST BOOKS.

IN whatever branch of knowledge one reads he should read its best books. It is estimated that twenty-five thousand volumes are published each year. The British Museum contains more than a million volumes, and the National Library at Paris three millions. Only a very small proportion, therefore, of all the books can one person read. One volume read each week in a life of sixty years amounts to less than thirty-two hundred volumes. Since one can read so few books, those few should be the best. They ought to be, as Milton finely says, "the life-blood of a master-spirit."

In choosing the best books it is a good rule never to read a book in history, biography, science or in any department of heavier literature *once*, which is not worth reading twice. Luther said: "All who study with advantage, in any art whatsoever, ought to betake himself to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over." Daniel Webster was distinguished for his knowledge of English literature, and he repeatedly read his favourite authors. He says that in his "boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, viz.: reading and playing—passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over." In those days "we had so few books that to read once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart."

Read the best books; and those books are the best which deserve to be read at least twice.

ONE there is above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his home he safely brought us
O, how he loves!

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MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS.

AT one of the mosques of Constantinople, the pretty scene shown in the picture may any day be witnessed. Mahomet's life having on one occasion been saved by pigeons, it is thought a religious act to care for and protect them. They are fed at a certain time every day, and flock in thousands to the feeding-place—graceful, pretty things, fluttering and hopping about. It would be as much as a man's life is worth almost, if he were to hurt one of them.

A similar custom prevails at Venice. Every day at two o'clock, a great bell is rung to call the pigeons to dinner—and instantly the air is full of the whirl of their wings, as they flock to the appointed spot. Six hundred years ago, the Doge of Venice won a victory over the Turks at Candia, and the news was brought to Venice by carrier pigeons. The grateful senate decreed that they and their successors for ever should be fed by the State—and the custom is kept up to the present day.

SPENDING MONEY.

LAURENCE and Fred are cousins. Their fathers are neither rich nor poor, and the boys are growing up under good influences, in good schools, with good parents and friends to help them along, and at least a head belief in a good heavenly Father who loves them and is seeking to lead them in the right and true way.

But one of these boys has already started on a course that, we fear, will lead him into trouble. Let us see if we can find the point where the two paths separate.

These boys have each a weekly allowance of spending money, with which they are to do exactly as they please. It is not much, to be sure, but it is their own, and is paid to them regularly at the beginning of each month.

Lawrence knows from month to month what he wants to buy with his money. Sometimes, in order to make his purchase, he has to save for two or three months, and this he does, without any difficulty.

When he buys, (it is always with his mother's approval,) it is sure to be something of real use. Sometimes, not always, it is a book. He has some good games, two or three pretty pictures

for his room, a scroll saw, and quite a number of tools, to say nothing of pencils, drawing paper and paints, for Lawrence has an eye for color and form. He has gathered these things gradually, and during the four years that he has had "an income," he has made but two or three unwise purchases. His money is not all spent upon himself, either, but a good many thoughtful gifts have been made from his store, to which he is constantly adding by his own labor.

Fred, on the other hand, is almost always out of money, and often gets into debt. He says that money will not stay in his pocket! That is true, because he will not let it. He spends it for root-beer, nuts, and candies, picture-papers of a doubtful sort, marbles, and such like, and he is always wishing that he could have more money, so as to buy tools and books as Cousin Lawrence does. But he wouldn't buy them if he had, for he has learned to use his money in gratifying his whims, and it is very easy to see that he is already in the power of a habit that will grow upon him.

Look out, boys and girls, for your pennies and dimes. As you spend money now, you will be very likely to do when you are older. Think of the future when you buy! Look ahead, and ask, "Will this do me, or others, any good?"

"I'D JUMP, MASSAH."

A PLANTER once asked a colored slave, if he thought he ought to do whatever God told him.

"Yes, massah," said the slave; "whateber de good Lawd, tell me to do, dat I'm gwine to do."

"Well, Jim," said the planter, "but suppose you should find in the Bible, that God wanted you to jump through a stone wall, what would you do then?"

"I'd jump, massah," replied Jim.

"What! Jump into a stone wall, and break your head?" asked the planter.

"Yes, massah," answered Jim, "I'd jump; for, you see, jumpin' at de wall, dat belongs to me; but gettin' fru de wall, dat's de Lawd's part ob de bargain."

"CALUMNY," says Archbishop Leighton, "would starve and die of itself if nobody took it up and gave it lodging." "There would not," says Bishop Hall, "be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears." The hearer is as bad as the tattler.