

Chestnuts.

BY SAHAR K. BOLTON.

Jump together in soft, brown nest;
The prettiest nest that ever was seen,
Shut in a ball of thorny green.

Cold and warm are the wee things pressed,
Till by-and-by in the autumn sun,
Four petals open, and one by one

They fall on a cushion of leaves below;
Ah! who shall tell of their destiny?
One takes root for a stately tree;

One, squirrels garner before the snow;
And one is the gift of a fair, young boy
To a blue-eyed maiden, sweet and coy
Each has its place—who shall say which is
best
For three together in soft, brown nest?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

BY REV. J. O. MERRILL.

(Mark 14, 57-72.)

I suppose most of you boys and girls have never seen a mob. Some of you live in the newer towns of the frontier and may have known the time when the meanest men of the place have gathered together and armed themselves with all kinds of weapons, and gone through the streets determined to do some desperate thing. Usually in such a case, there will be enough people in the town who will be anxious to have the law obeyed, who will come out against the mob, to make them go to their homes and be quiet.

But once in a while it happens that the officers of the law and the leading men of the town side with the mob. This was the case in Jerusalem, at the time when Jesus was killed. In fact, the men who ought to have kept the city quiet and orderly, were the very ones to stir up the mob.

Jesus had to face all this. He did not have a single friend to stand by him. What had he done to merit such treatment?—the whole city against him, and no one to help him! We can all see how such a wretch as Giteau can be without a friend. He does not deserve any. He has been so utterly mean that no one would ever do anything for him, except out of pity. But Jesus had no one to tell him even that he pitied him. He had been about doing good. Had healed the sick, given sight to the blind, raised the dead, preached the good news of salvation—never had he done a single mean or wicked, nor even an unkind act. And yet, the leading men of the city met together in the night and tried to make out that they ought to be rid of him. They tried to find people willing to tell lies concerning him, so that by this means they could have an excuse for putting him to

death. They failed in this. Then they tried to make it out that he had said something against the Temple. This was not much better for them, for they could not find two men to agree that they heard him say anything worthy of being remembered against him.

It is perfectly awful the way they treated him! Some of them spit upon him as though he were less than a dog. Others put their hands over his eyes and struck him, and said impudent words to him. Even the officers of the law joined in the outrage.

Where were John, Peter, Andrew, and the rest of his disciples? John was somewhere in the room. He could hear and see all that was being said and done, but he could not do or say anything to help him. If he had tried to do it, quite likely he would have been killed on the spot.

Peter. O dear! he was out in the street—perhaps had gotten beyond the walls of the city—crying as though his heart would break. Why was he crying? Because Jesus was being treated as he was? No! but because he had been so mean and cowardly as to not only keep quiet, but to say that he had never known Jesus. He had lied and sworn as he denied the man who he knew was the best friend he had ever had. It is not strange that he was crying. Only a few hours before, he had told Jesus that if everybody else in the world should desert him, he would not—

that he would die with him, if need be. But no sooner had he come into danger, than he was scared out of all his bravery. It was a cold night, and to warm himself he had sat down by the fire in the room where Jesus was. The flames shone in his face. One of the servant girls knew him, and told him that he was a friend of Jesus. Peter said he was not. The same thing was said to him again. No, he said, I am not. A third time it was said, by another person, that he was a friend of Jesus. Then Peter began to curse and to swear, and to say, "I never know the man." Just then he looked up, and saw Jesus looking at him. It called to mind how dear Jesus had been to him, and now he was utterly mean to Jesus. He thought it over for an instant, and burst into tears.

I suppose you boys and girls are saying to yourselves, I don't believe I would do any such thing as that. But we do not any of us know what we would have done. We quite likely would have been no stronger or braver than Peter or John. I have seen boys and girls in these days when Jesus has so many friends, who have not dared to own that they were friends of Jesus.

UNCLE ALECK'S STORY.

BY K. S. G.

JACK sat on the doorstep whittling, and Bruno came up and lay down at his feet.

"Get out," said Jack, with a rough push to enforce his words.

Bruno moved rather wearily off toward Uncle Aleck, who sat near by, and put his hand to the dog.

"I don't like to hear you speak so, even to a dog," he said, turning to Jack; "Somehow it makes me feel ashamed of you."

"Why, Uncle Aleck, I should like to know what difference it makes how you speak to a dog."

"A good deal, my boy; a true gentleman is kind and considerate even to dumb beasts. But, I think if you had seen what I did once, you would feel as I do. You've heard me tell, I guess, about the time when the dam gave way and we were flooded out. It was an awful time; the rain came down in torrents, and the river rushed through the village, sweeping everything away in its path. We were washed out with many others; and our house was swept away. I was a boy about your age, but I had never been strong, and had not learned to swim. I found myself in the water, and knew my only hope was to get up on something and hold there until rescue came if I could.

"Not far away from me was a high knoll that was out of the water; if I could reach that I might be saved; but how was I to get there? I was clinging now to this, and now to that, when our old Lion swam past me for that very point I wanted to reach. I was fond enough of the old dog, but,

somehow, like you, I had gotten an idea that it was manly to be rough with dumb beasts; only the night before I had kicked him from me for no cause whatever. I thought of it even as I was struggling in the water—would he remember it also? I'm afraid I should if I had been in his place; but Jack, when I called him, he came back to me; and with his help I reached the point of safety.

"It was an awful time. I made many a resolution as I clung there and saw some of my friends and neighbours go down under the water never to come up again; and all the time I did not know if any of the rest of my folks were saved. Poor old Lion was finally hit by a floating timber and killed, and, as I saw his dead body washed away, I promised solemnly never to be rough or unkind to a dumb beast again.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

A JUNIOR ADDRESS.

THE following address was delivered by Miss Anna Worden before a great congregation at the Michigan State Convention recently held at Saginaw. She is the young president of the Junior League of Central Church, Detroit.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE THROUGH YOUNG EYES.

I hardly know what to say about the Junior League through young eyes. My eyes must be young eyes, because I am young, and my eyes are no older than I am; but I always thought that young eyes saw things just the same as old eyes did. When I asked my papa what I should say about the Junior League through young eyes he asked me what colour my eyes were, and when I told him that they were blue he said that he supposed the Junior League must look blue through blue eyes. But I believe that he was joking, for he asked me afterwards if I took my eyes with me when I went to the League, and when I told him yes he then asked me how it appeared to me when I got there, and when I told him he said, "Well, then, tell the people that in your speech." So I suppose that you want to know just what I think of the Junior League.

Well, I don't go to the Senior League very often, but I go to the Junior League every week. I like it better than I do the Senior League because I know more about it, and I think we do things better there. We don't make such long speeches, and we don't use so many big words as they do; and when we have business meetings we don't make so many motions and get mixed up so that we don't know where we are or what we are trying to do, as they do in the Senior League. We love the same Jesus, and try to work for the same Christ as they do, but some way or other he seems a good deal further off in the Senior League than he is with us.

Before our Junior League was started very few of the boys and girls that go there used to know each other. Some of us girls are in the same Sunday-school class, but of course we are only a few of the Junior Leaguers. Then a few of the Leaguers go to the same day-school. But it was not until the League had been started quite a little while that we found out it was a good place for boys and girls to get acquainted.

There are over seventy members in our League. We have a department called the social department, for the very purpose of helping us to get acquainted, and after we are once acquainted, to make each other better in a social way; and when I was thinking about how the Junior League looked to me, the first thing I thought of was that it helps us all socially.

But I think the best thing about the League is that it helps us to be better boys and girls. Of course, I suppose we ought to be good anyway, but it's awful hard to be good all by yourself. When we go to Sunday-school we have to listen most all the time. First, the superintendent talks to all of us, and then the teachers talk to their classes, and then there are the other exercises; and about the only chance we have to talk is to answer questions about the lesson—and, while it is a good thing for us, I like the Junior League bet-

ter. We can talk there just as we think. There are not many old people around, and if we have any troubles, or want to tell about our love for Jesus, and what we want to do for him, we can get right up and do it.

It seems to me that when we pray to God or talk about him, he wants us to talk to him or about him just as we would talk to our fathers and mothers, or about them. We wouldn't be ashamed to ask our parents for anything when other people are around, and when we are in League meetings we can pray to Jesus and talk about him in just the same way, for we are not afraid there, and I think when we do that we know him better and love him more.

I know that I am a good deal better girl than I was before our Junior League was started. I think better thoughts and want to do better things than before, and I do really think that it is because of our League meetings.

I will not have time to tell you about our business meetings or our literary entertainments, and the good we are getting out of them. But I am sure that our Junior League has been a very good thing for us in a great many ways, and we would not go back to the way things were before we had it for anything.—*Epsworth Herald.*

When I am a Man.

When I am a man grown, I'd stand
With a clean heart, soul, and hand,
An honour to our land.

I would be good and true,
I would not smoke or chew,
As many grown men do.

Tobacco is vile stuff,
Hogs root it from their trough,
And serve it right enough.

I wish I'd every seed
And plant of the bad weed,
I'd make one fire, indeed!

And these two lips of mine
Shall never taste of wine,
Though it may glow and shine.

No wine, no beer, no gin,
No ale, no rum—within
Each drink lurks shame and sin.

And I'll not swear! 'Ah, when
We boys grow into men,
You'll see true manhood then!

For we shall be and do
Just what I've said, and you
Had better try it, too!

QUEER CONVEYANCES.

SOME birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop into the water. Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble to wait the coming of cranes from the north, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast, the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to sit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes—those who go and those who stay! No tickets have they, but, all the same, they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this arm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese, travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By-and-by they reach the beautiful south country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer time. Indeed, God cares for the sparrow.