

"Tell Jesus."

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily cares that come
To-day?
Trials which, little though they seem in God,
Oh free thy life as water from the stone?
Tell Jesus.

And there a chord within thy aching breast,
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That of it is struck by cruelty and wrong,
Until thou fain wouldst cry, "O Lord, how long?"
Tell Jesus.

And see thy spirits grieve o'er doubts and sin,
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within?
Thou tempted one! There is an eye above,
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.
Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll,
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
Oh, think, amid the tempest's might, of One
Who cries, in that dark hour, "They will be done!"
Tell Jesus.

And dost thou moan in solitary mood
Sighing because thou art not understood;
That in the world there is no spirit tone
To echo the sweet music of thine own?
Tell Jesus.

Oh, may this thought sustain thee in thy grief,
That earthly sympathy gives no relief;
Yet there are only his hands from courts above
To sound all depths of human woe and love.
Tell Jesus.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1893.

"THOSE THREE CENTS."

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would, they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman, who was telling us the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the coins which had been looking for." The snow which had covered them the night before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when conscience wouldn't keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of us, and, above all, what God thought of

me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie B— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, and so my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him, and, finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now, perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then those three cents would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were those three cents right in the way.

"At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charlie B— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, he could not bless me. So then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, enclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me.

"Boys and girls, a very little thing may come between you and God. What are your 'three cents'? God will show you if he has not done so already. Don't eret let any sin, however small, come between you and him. Confess it right away, and he will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you will be blest."

ONE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

This following instructive incident is related by Bishop James in a letter to his daughter, which may be found in his biography. It deserves to be repeated and needs but little explanation:

"I remember the first year I was in the ministry I visited an aged and poor colored woman. I found her very happy notwithstanding her many infirmities. I asked her, 'Are you always so happy?' She replied, 'Yes, always happy.' 'But are you never unhappy?' She replied with great earnestness, 'No; I won't be unhappy.' I presume I have thought of that visit a thousand times. I am persuaded the will has much to do with our happiness."

This is certainly true. We can command our thoughts. We can turn resolutely away from the consideration of disagreeable topics. We can look at the bright side. We can refuse to take offence with God, or with our fellow-men. We can get rid of our own self-will, and accept God's will in its stead. Then how can we help being happy?

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BERR and Johnnie Leo were delighted when their little Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland, and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play, when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely. At length, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer. "Tom!" When Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during that day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; and then I lent a steel pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will; or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I'd tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit amount us if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his own account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight," oftener than they used to; yet the school-room seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace.

Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves—just the scolding that this sturdy blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story tellers. They talked him over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite"—he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and he tried very hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man snuffed up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden; but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean, eh? I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so low on the credit list had made true noble in their eyes.—British Ecologist.

HANUMAN, THE MONKEY GOD.

HANUMAN is a Hindu deity. His figure is that of a man with a monkey face, several arms, and a long tail. The Hindus pray to him on their birthdays for a long life, which he is supposed to have the power to bestow. As the god of enterprise offerings are made at his shrine by night.

A missionary in Jabalpur writes: "There are a great number of very ugly idols here; the favourite is a hideous, red-coloured idol supposed to represent a monkey. The monkey is worshipped in India, and many of them are kept in the city and do a lot of mischief. They are great thieves, but no one dares touch them, as they are sacred, so they have a good time, as they steal anything they can put their paws on."

LAYING UP MERIT.

A MANSIONARY in India writes that the people acknowledge the terrible consequence of sin, and think they can find a remedy in storing up merit.

He illustrates by the following incident: "The other day I met a Hindu, and asked him about his religion. He replied, 'I believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers every morning and evening. I can get thr'ugh them in a little more than ten minutes.'"

"I said, 'What else does your religion require of you?'"

"He replied, 'I have made a pilgrimage to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and

bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended the step and repeated my prayers.' "Then I descended again to the pool and bathed, and ascended to the second step and repeated my prayers a second time. Then I descended a third time in the same way; and so on for the whole eighty-five steps, eighty-five bathings, and eighty-five repetitions of the same prayers. It took me six actual fourteen hours."

"I asked, 'What good did you expect to get by going through this task?'"

"He replied, 'I hope I have laid up a great store of merit which will last me for a long time.'"

Book Notices.

Hammill's Hair Lock. By Skelton Campbell. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a tale of school-boy life in England; and very odd the boys look in their raffish board jackets, turn-down collars and mortar-board caps. But boy-life is pretty much the same in any part. But the mortar-board is evidently an inconvenient head gear for a boy to wear at sea. The boys will follow with interest the adventures of young Hammond, when summoned before the headmaster for his too perfect Latin translation and his subsequent adventures.

Young Travellers' Talk. By Abbott R. Hoyle. With six full-page illustrations. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book consists of nine stories of adventure in many lands, the Tyrol, Africa, Switzerland, Corsica, Holland, and elsewhere. The young heroes pass through strange adventures, and a good deal of information may be obtained as well as fun enjoyed.

The Whispering Winds and the Tales That They Told. By Mary H. Debringham. London: Blackie & Sons, Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

These tales of romance and fairy-land will possess a fascination for young readers. The conception and execution of the tales are decidedly poetic, and the sumptuous printing and twenty-five illustrations add to its fascination. Longfellow's beautiful poem to Agassiz forms a suitable introduction to the volume.

And he wandered away and away, With Nature, the dear old Nurse, Who sang to him night and day, The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long, Or his heart began to fail, She would sing a more wonderful song, Or tell a more marvellous tale.

Dulce King: a Story for Girls. By M. Corbett Seymour. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is harder to write a good story for girls than one for boys. The stirring adventures that fascinate the latter has little attraction for the former. The story of Dulce King "fills the bill." It is a charming picture of English home life. Girls of all ages will read it with pleasure. The illustrations are very beautiful.

Things Will Take a Turn: a Story for Children. By Beatrice Harradine, author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

This writer has recently attained a wonderful vogue by her rather pessimistic story with the poetical name. In this cheery child story, with her center aimed to better advantage than in her rather sombre tales for older folk.

THANKFULNESS.

SAID a very old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather; but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

We may smile at the simplicity of the old man; but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be always complaining of things as they are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and his glory, he will give you many more. At least, do not make yourself and those about you unhappy by your ingratitude and complaints.