

His Coming.

I THINK I would not care to be
Waiting in great expectancy
For my dear King,
For if I kept my eager eyes
Always uplifted to the skies,
Some little thing
Beneath my feet might dying be,
That needed tender care from me.

I would not dare be listening
With bated breath for echoing
Of angel song,
For I might lose the feeble cry
Of some lost child that only I
Could lead along.
Enough for me each setting sun
Brings nearer the Beloved One.

How sweet to labour some day long,
With busy hand and cheerful song,
And then to see
His presence turn the evening gloam
Into a golden pathway home
As he draws near.
Not by my merit, but his grace,
My King will find my lowly place.

—Angelus.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

THE MASTER'S LADDIE.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, P.H.D.

There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes.—John 6:9.

It seems natural for girls to be good. Boys seem to be born for this world and to live a busy, romping, happy life. There are more girls than boys in attendance at church and Sunday-school, and they study their lessons better, and so people somehow have come to think that boys are hard to win for God and to become followers of Christ. Read your Bible and count the number of boys whom God has used, and you will learn that the Great Master does not think as some people do. There are stirring tales of brave lads who loved God, and were members of the Boys' Bible Brigade. Many of the finest stories have been told about these young heroes. Who has not read with delight about Moses in Egypt? Isaac nobly permitting his father to bind him on the altar. Joseph in the pit. David the shepherd laddie. Samuel hearing the voice of God, and Daniel with his companions refusing the wine and dainties of the king's table. God loves to encourage boys to be good, so he has placed these things in the Bible for them.

There was a wise man among the Apostles who had a strong brain, a keen eye and a boy's heart. He had the happy knack of finding people, and helping them to help themselves. Andrew was his name. He was a plain man with a noble name, which revealed his character.

ANDREW MEANS MANLY,

and so you have this Apostle who was a manly finder, because he was brave and loved

men. It was he who brought his brother Peter to Christ, saying, "We have found the Messiah." When the people followed Christ in crowds, some of them ran quickly to reach him. Christ was tired and he wanted his apostles to have a little rest, so he took them in a ship to a quiet place near Bethsaida, and when the people saw them going away, they ran along the shore of the lake, and overtook them. They all gathered on a mountain, and when it was getting dark, Jesus, always anxious to help people, said they must have something to eat before they went home. The apostles did not know what to do, and, none of them except Andrew seemed to have known about a laddie in the crowd, who had some bread. Andrew came to Christ and said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

I wonder how this manly Apostle found out the laddie in the crowd, for there were at least five thousand people there. It would not have been surprising if he had discovered some great man in the crowd, but to discover a poor boy shows that he was a lover of boys.

I have said this laddie was poor, and so he was, for had he been rich, the son of a noble, he would have had nice sweet bread. He had nothing but barley bread, which was the bread of poor people in those days. This was the Master's laddie. When Christ wants a laddie to help him in his great work he does not choose one because he has a good education, or has fine clothes or lots of money, but he takes the boy who has what he needs. Christ wanted bread, and he chose the laddie who had bread. When he wanted a man to go to Africa he chose a poor weaver boy who had given him his heart and wished to save men, and he sent David Livingstone there. When he wanted a man for Fiji, he sent John Hunt, the Yorkshire ploughboy. When he wanted a man for India, he sent William Carey, the cobbler, there. These were poor boys who loved God and wished to bless men, and they were ready to do the Master's will and go anywhere for him.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN FOLLOW CHRIST.

The Master's laddie was in the crowd that followed Christ. We do not know what led him to join the company, but he was a follower, and he did what some grown-up people will not always do, he gave the bread to Christ when he wanted it. He gave not one loaf and one fish, but all he had to give. Now that is consecration. That is devotion as great as can be shown. Some people give God nothing, others give half and keep the rest for themselves, but Christ must have all we have and not a portion. When Christ takes all he sanctifies it. It increases in value and is multiplied. In all that crowd of five thousand people the most prominent persons, besides Christ, are Andrew and the Master's laddie.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN WORK FOR GOD.

This laddie did his best for Christ. His loaves and fishes in the Master's hands fed five thousand people. You can love God and set an example of godliness. You can cheerfully perform your duties at home helping father and mother, and thus honour God. You can lead your companions to Christ. You can practice self-denial and send what you save to help the heathen. You can collect money for missions. You can study your Bible and strive to be like Jesus every day.

God recognizes boys and girls and makes use of them. Very few in the crowd would know the Master's laddie, but it was sufficient for him if the Master recognized him. The recognition of God is good pay for any servant. Some people would pass this boy by, but Christ employed him in his work.

LITTLE THINGS IN GOD'S HANDS BECOME GREAT.

The laddie became the instrument in Christ's hands of feeding a multitude. A little Syrian maid became the bearer of good news of health to the great captain, Naaman. One small man named Athanasius was more than a match for multitudes of wicked men, because God was on his side. Martin Luther was victorious in his battle for truth against princes and potentates because God was with him. Five loaves and two small fishes in Christ's hands fed five thousand people, and each apostle took up a basket full of frag-

ments. There were twelve baskets left, one for each apostle. You may be small but God can make you great. You may be poor, but the Master can employ you in doing noble things for him.

GOD WANTS BOYS AND GIRLS IN HIS SERVICE.

He needs them and he employs them as his agents in blessing men. This laddie was on the mountain at the time Christ needed him. He was ready for the service of Christ. That is what you ought to be, ready always to serve God. It is wise to be punctual to God's time. The laddie might have been on the mountain with his bread and fish at some other time, which would not have been Christ's time. To be ready for Christ is wisdom. God may want you now to work for him. Are you ready? Follow the example of the Master's laddie and give what Christ wants. Do not refuse him. He wants your heart. Let him now have it. God is now calling young hearts to him, and you are among the number. Yield now to him your heart, and obey his call.

Port Arthur.

DAFFY'S DANDELIONS.

BY ANNIE M. L. HAWES.

THE Junior Society of the Bonnyborough church was a wide-awake, go-ahead, ready-for-work band of boys and girls who attended their weekly meetings with enthusiasm, and tried to bring in all their friends and persuade them—no, they did not have to persuade very much, for when the friends found how thoroughly delightful the meetings were, and how manly and womanly the members became, they were quite sure to ask the privilege of joining.

But one of the members had visited a junior society in an adjoining town where the singing was led by the music of a beautiful parlour organ, and his account so fired the hearts of our Bonnyborough young folks that they decided that an organ was the one thing lacking to perfect the usefulness and joyfulness of their meetings.

The Juniors felt that they could not wait for the regular business meeting, and Miss Lyons, their president, had a conviction that it would be well to strike while the iron was hot. Therefore a special meeting was called. The committees were all there, and as each member of the society was on a committee, the society was out in almost full force. Only one was missing—little Daffy Denison, who had recently joined them.

They were sure that dear Miss Lyons would think of some way to get an organ, and when they saw her face as she stepped upon the platform they knew that she had something "nice" on her mind.

"Well, children," said she, "I have the promise of an organ for just half-price—forty dollars—on one condition—that you earn it!"

Then some of the faces brightened and some fell according to the amount of courage their owners possessed; but they all brightened when Miss Lyons said resolutely: "I know you can do it. I have been to your parents, and they all think you can. You are twenty strong, and you have three months in which to earn it, and berry-time is coming and lots of ways to get money. All in favour of earning an organ, manifest it by rising."

Every Junior rose enthusiastically, and meeting was dismissed.

Daffy Denison was standing by the window when Lou and Alice Elwell came by.

"Why," they exclaimed, "Daffy Denison wasn't there! We must tell her."

Daffy listened wistfully. "It'll be lovely," she said, "but—but—we haven't been here long, so you didn't know that mamma's an invalid and can't walk, and her hands are all stiff. Papa is dead now. He was a soldier, and mamma has his pension, and that's enough to support us, but—there's never anything left. And—and mamma has bad spells, so I have to stay where she can call me. When I come to the meetings Auntie Gray sits with her, but she can't come very often, so I can't go berrying, or—"

The tender-hearted girls stopped her. "You shan't pay a cent. We can do it!"

Miss Lyons said the same, but Daffy was not satisfied. She longed to do her share, but how? It was the first of May, three

months were all before her, but what could she do when the dear mother needed her little daughter continually within call?

She had been thinking harder than ever one bright morning as she gathered dandelion greens on the sunny bank that sloped away from the back of the cottage.

"I think I'll go around the front way so as to see my hyacinths," she said to herself. As she opened the gate she stood face to face with a bright-eyed old lady.

"Them's master nice dandelion greens, little miss; they look bee-u-tiful!"

Daffy blushed and hesitated a moment between polite generosity and an aching back. Picking greens was not easy work. But generosity triumphed.

"Wouldn't you like 'em, ma'am?" she said smiling.

"Why, now, I would, reely. Thank'ee kindly!" And the little woman opened a big satchel that held them, every one.

Next morning a big market waggon stopped in front of the cottage, and a big, cheery voice shouted: "Hello, the house!"

Daffy ran to the door.

"Are you the little girl who gave an old lady some greens yesterday?"

Daffy blushed and nodded.

"Well, that's my mother. She's master chirk and fond o' takin' long walks. I keep a grocery and provision store in town, and I'll pay ye ten cents a basket; that size, for all ye pick for two weeks. I'll come around for 'em mornings. Haven't seen such dandelion greens for years."

He drove away and Daffy rushed into the house.

"Oh, momsey," she cried, "I'll pick an' pick, an' let's put the money in my bank, and not open it till dandelion season is over!"

"I'm so glad!" said mamma.

And when at last the little bank was emptied, guess how much there was—\$3.10!

"That dandelion bank is a real gold mine," said Daffy.

But I think the real gold-mine was the generous, unselfish heart that made it all possible. Don't you?

A Little Sermon.

NEVER a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some ragged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings, at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 20, 1895.

THIS IS RIGHT.—Exodus 20: 12.

This command has reference to our duty towards our parents; and is the first commandment with promise. Jesus Christ set an example in this respect which is worthy of imitation. He was subject to his earthly parents until the time for him to enter upon his public ministry. The duty of parents is to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They are to care for their children by providing for their temporal wants and preparing them that they may become good citizens. Surely therefore children in return should "obey their parents in the Lord," for the "Good Book" tells us that this is right. Children should honour the opinions of their parents, and even when they attain to the age of maturity they should not act contrary to the wishes of their parents unless there is good reason for doing so. The writer knew a gentleman in England who was invited to become a candidate for parliamentary honours, but it was several weeks before he gave an answer to the memorialists. The reason for the delay was, his aged father would not give his consent sooner. Such a man was a noble son of a noble father. Let all our juniors for whom this lesson is specially prepared never forget their duty to their parents.