

We Will Gather the Wheat.

When Jesus shall gather the nations,
Before him at last to appear,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
When summoned our sentence to hear?

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his garner,
But the chaff will be scatter away;
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
Oh, how shall it be in that day?

Shall we hear from the lips of the Saviour,
The words, "Faithful servant, well done;"
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
Be banished away from his throne.

He will smile when he looks on his children,
And sees on the ransomed his seal;
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,
As low at his footstool they kneel.

Then let us be watching and waiting,
Our lamps burning steady and bright,
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding,
Our spirits made ready for flight.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

BY REV. ROBT. WILSON, D.D.

SOME years ago a man and his wife and three children left the old land to seek a home in far-away Australia. The voyage was a long and tedious one, the usual discomforts and inconveniences of life in a passenger ship were experienced, and when at length the welcome cry was heard of "Land Ahead," the ringing cheer that went up from all on board showed how glad they would be to find themselves once more on solid ground.

Having secured employment with a sheep raiser, the father removed his family to a place where he could occasionally see them. This proved to be a very sparsely settled section of the country. The neighbours, if such they could be called, lived miles away and widely apart. Intercourse with the great outside world they had none, and letters and papers came at long and irregular intervals.

As the father was away the most of his time the mother led a dull and dreary life, for the children were yet too young to take in the situation. With none of the luxuries and few of the comforts of life, and sometimes the commonest necessities not in abundance, and with home surroundings of the most primitive character, we need not wonder if at times the poor mother felt sad and lonely, and thought of the happier days gone by. But buoyed up with the hope of better days these discomforts were uncomplainingly submitted to, and while the father did his part abroad the mother nobly did hers at home. The children, two girls and a boy, Jeannie, Bella, and Willie, were aged respectively eleven, nine, and

seven years. The elder was a remarkably clever child, thoughtful and intelligent, and very motherly in her manner. The others were gentle and affectionate, and quietly submitted to her authority. Her influence over them was something wonderful and the little ones rarely resisted her wishes.

As wood was scarce in the neighbourhood the children were wont, on the summer afternoons, to go out and gather the dead branches of a species of underbrush called scrub. One day the mother, more than usually busy about her many duties, did not notice till late that night was coming on and the little ones had not returned. Thoroughly alarmed, she went in search of them, but darkness settled down upon the land, and for the first time in their lives the children were without a mother's care. The agonies of that night can only be imagined by those who have passed through similar experiences. As the weary hours slowly passed away hope and fear would alternately be in the ascendant—at one moment trying to persuade herself that morning would restore to her the missing ones, the next shuddering at the possibility of their having been stolen by the natives or devoured by some ravenous beast of prey.

Morning dawned, but it brought no comfort to the stricken one. Having made a thorough search of the immediate surroundings without finding any trace of the wanderers, she made her way to the home of the nearest settler and told her sorrowful tale. Despatching messengers to the few families within reach, the search was renewed, but the sun went down on the evening of the second day without having obtained the slightest clue to their whereabouts.

Word was sent to the father who, accompanied by a number of his fellow workmen, repaired to the scene with a determination to recover the lost ones if that were possible.

The story spread rapidly, and from every ranch and settler's home great strong men with kind hearts came to offer their services and aid in the search. Each thought of the little ones in his own home, and did what he believed others would do for him if the circumstances required it.

But despite all their efforts the whereabouts of the wanderers still remained a mystery. Day after day was spent in unsuccessful search, and every expedient ended in failure. Hope had about died out in every bosom. On the evening of the fifth day it was proposed to abandon further effort, as all were of the opinion the children had either been devoured by wild animals or carried off by some of the natives. To this the father would not agree.

"I believe," he said, "my children are yet alive, and something tells me they will be found, but dead or alive I will never give up the search until I know what has become of them."

And more in pity for him than with any idea of finding them it was decided to continue the work for another day.

With the first streaks of day all were astir and, forming themselves into line somewhat after the fashion of pilgrims in the Great Desert in quest of water, the labour of the sixth day was entered upon. But the hours went by all too fast, and noontide brought no word of comfort. The afternoon was wearing away and the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and still there was no trace of the missing ones. It was nearly sundown when a native a little in advance of the line, raised his hand in token of having made some discovery. Word was quickly passed along from one to another, and eagerly, but with a feeling of dread, all drew near, expecting to see some mutilated remains or, perchance, only some fragments of their clothing. But a very different sight met their gaze. They were all there and alive, half hidden in the underwood, the two younger ones on their knees before Jeannie, repeating, as had ever been their custom, the old familiar prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Looking up, Jeannie saw her father gazing spell-bound at the scene before him, and in a voice weak but joyous she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, I knew you'd come."

What followed can be better imagined than described. Every man in that crowd of searchers felt a great load lifted from his heart, tears flowed freely from eyes unused to weeping, and the shout that rang out on the evening air told how richly each one felt rewarded for the part he had played in the matter. Over the father's joy we draw a veil. No words of ours can give any adequate idea of the wild tumult of feeling of which he was the subject as he hugged and kissed the recovered ones. Nor will we attempt to tell how the mother, after her days and nights of sleepless agony, came nearly dying from excess of joy when assured of their safety. Such experiences are untranslatable into speech, and refuse the drapery of language to voice them.

Only a few more words are necessary. From Jennie's story it appeared that, having wandered beyond their usual place of play they were unable to find their way back again. With her motherly instinct she had cared for her sister and brother as best she could, gathering wild fruit with which to satisfy their hunger during the day, and covering them with boughs and leaves to protect them from the cold at night. Fortunately the weather had been fine and they had suffered but little discomfort from exposure. At first she had been considerably alarmed, but her anxiety for the others had driven away that feeling. And all through those dreary days and drearier nights she had an unflinching faith that help would come—a faith that found appropriate expression in the touching words:

"Oh, papa, I knew you'd come."

St. John, N.B.

SOUND OF A SUNBEAM.

ONE of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. According to Milling, a beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, coloured silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the coloured light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the coloured lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colours make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colours, and utters no sound in others.—*Electrical Review.*

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY LETITIA YOUNG.

LITTLE Willie sat bolstered up in the big rocking chair in the comfortable sitting-room of the farmhouse. His mother, seated by his side, was industriously plying her knitting-needles, casting occasionally a sad glance at her little son; his pale, thin face and sunken eyes denoted advanced disease, his eyes wandered alternately from the clock to the window. At length the little invalid broke the silence by asking:

"Is it nearly time for father to come?"

"Yes, my son, he will be here shortly; the polls close at five, and it is now nearly six o'clock."

The door opened and the father entered. He came directly to the side of his sick child. Willie looked anxiously into his father's face and inquired:

"Did you vote for the Bill, father?"

"No, my son, I did not," was the reply, "the Bill is not what we want. If it had

been entire prohibition I would have voted straight."

"But wouldn't it close the bar-room, father, and wouldn't that help a grand deal?"

"Yes, I suppose it would."
"Well, can't you vote to-morrow, father?"

"Yes, if it was worth while; for this election lasts several days, one day for every four hundred votes in the country."

"Well, father, may be I might get better and live to be a man, and if I should get to be a drunkard wouldn't you be sorry you didn't vote?"

Tears filled the father's eyes as he said:
"Willie, I'll put in the first vote to-morrow morning."

When the vote was taken a year afterwards in Prince Edward, to repeal the Dunkin Bill, that father was one of the most effective speakers at one of our meetings. He related with choked utterance the circumstance already described. He added, "Had I not voted, I would never have forgiven myself, for not many weeks after we laid little Willie's body away in the churchyard. Many a child in Prince Edward urged the father to vote, and many a wife who could not vote herself to protect her children, pleaded earnestly with the one who is their natural protector to go and do his duty. Little Willie 'being dead yet speaketh' to the boys and girls of Ontario. Children, talk Prohibition, sing it, pray it."

THE LAUGHING CORNER.

THE following were collected from examinations in Scripture in certain board schools: "Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a bark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and he let nothin' but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was korted by the 'air of his 'od while ridin' under a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."
"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. One was called Hismale and the other Haygur. He kept one at home, and he hurried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."
"Write an account of the Good Samaritan."
"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jerike, and he fell among thaws, and the thaws sprang up and choeked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said, 'Take care on him and put him on his hown hass.' And he passed by on the hother side."

"YOU WON'T EAT ME, WILL YOU?"

A LITTLE girl six years old climbed up on the knees of that old cannibal king of the Fiji Islands, and stood up, and put her hands upon his shoulders and looked confidently into his face, and said: "You won't eat me, will you?"

This was in the year 1875, and the cannibal chief was visiting at the house of her grandfather in Sydney, New South Wales. Old Thakombau (for he was so named) was greatly pleased by this question from this lively little girl, whom he now loved, although twenty years before he would likely have looked upon her as something nice to be cooked for his dinner.

The Fijians were terrible cannibals, and Thakombau was one of the worst of all. About fifty-five years ago some native Christians from Tonga, landed in Fiji. In spite of many difficulties they won many converts to Christ, and prepared the way for Wesleyan missionaries that came from England. Fiji is now a Christian country. In 1860 Thakombau became a Christian, and in 1874, he prevailed upon the chiefs of the other islands to unite with him in asking our Queen to accept the government of Fiji; and it is now under the supervision of a British Governor. When Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, ratified the treaty, Thakombau went with him when he returned to Sydney; and it was in his house that this little granddaughter, who had heard about Thakombau's history, with such child-like simplicity reminded him of his old habits.