

Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us, it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Half-n
Christian Guardian weekly	\$1.00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 26 pp. monthly illustrated	1.00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	
Sunday School Banner, 72 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies 5 copies and over	0.60	0.40
Pleasant Hours, 6 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0.30	0.25
Less than 20 copies	0.25	
Over 20 copies	0.24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Happy Day, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0.07	
Hereon Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20	
Hereon Leaf, monthly	0.05	
Hereon Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.05	
Quarterly Review Service (by the year, 24 a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter 6c a dozen; 40c per 100)	0.05	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
W. COATES, 8 F. HAZEN,
217 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1898

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

FEBRUARY 6, 1898.

Listening to Jesus on the mountain.—Matt. 5, 1-12.

LISTENING TO JESUS.

This was a grand scene. Jesus Christ, the God-man, who "spoke as never man spake," was surrounded not only by his disciples, but also a great multitude, who were glad to hear him. We should always be ready to do good, whether it may be by the spoken word, or the benevolent act. In this way we exhibit the Christ-life.

THE THEME.

The word "blessed" means "happy," and in this memorable sermon it would be an improvement to adopt it, as it is a word far better understood than the word "blessed." Happiness is what everybody wishes to possess, but only a few would regard themselves as being "happy" if they were such as Christ here mentions, and yet none else are "happy," no matter how vast their possessions, or dignified their stations. Consider whom the Saviour describes as being "happy."

THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

The meaning of this is to be "humble," not proud and haughty. Humility is the first step in religion. Proud persons are sure to fall. Solomon, the wisest of men, says, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." We have a fine illustration of humility or poverty of spirit in the case of the Publican, who smote upon his breast in token of the anguish he felt in his heart, while he stood afar off, that is, far off from "the holy place" in the sanctuary as though he was not fit to come near the place of sanctity, and prayed, "God be merciful to me," not "a sinner" but "the sinner." Such is the language of every penitent soul who sees himself as he is seen by God.

Verse 4. The mourners. To mourn means to be sorry or feel grief or sadness for something wrong either with ourselves or others. "I beheld the transgressors," said David, "and was grieved." If we hear men blaspheme, or do any kind of wickedness, and yet not feel as David did we are not as we should be. As we think about our past life, do we not mourn our want of love to God?

Verse 5. The meek. They who are not easily provoked, but in the midst of persecution and temptation can keep themselves calm and patient are the persons here named. Moses excelled in this respect.

Verse 6. Those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." That is, those that

are all the while labouring to the utmost of their ability to become better and better, as the Chinese boy said, until there is no bad left, and they feel so desirous to become more righteous, that they feel like those who are hungry and thirsty.

Verse 7. "The merciful," that is, kind, loving, disposed to help as far as they have ability.

Verse 8. "Pure in heart," that is, those who love God above every creature, and the love to others is subordinate to their love to God.

Verse 9. Peacemakers. Those who by their life seek to promote peace, not peace breakers, such as indulge in evil speaking and slandering.

Verse 10. "Persecuted for righteousness sake." Good persons are often persecuted. Woe unto you when all men speak well of you

THE PROMISES.

The humble are entitled to the kingdom of heaven, the mourners will be comforted, the meek will inherit the earth, satisfaction will be given to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the pure in heart shall see God, and the persecuted shall enjoy the kingdom of heaven. How precious are these promises made by him who cannot lie; they are yea and amen to them who believe.

JAMIE'S POST.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and have forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie-to mean?"

"A—what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger after the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a 'o-tie-to.'"

"Oh! Jimsey, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that seem to convey to one a very clear meaning, are, after all, not easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsey. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some brush," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd run away and drag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going out into the water, and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

"Yes. I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions, and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions

not altogether comfortable; but, after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie suddenly looked up from his plate and remarked: "Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed? Well, that a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fibre, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable and useful."

Everybody laughed at the pretended gravity with which Jamie's funny speech was answered, but into Rob's face came a look of earnest purpose. He liked the description.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."

STANLEY AND THE CAT.

According to a writer in The Ladies' Kennel Journal, there is a cat story connected with the name of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. When the African traveller was writing his book entitled, "Through the Dark Continent," he was living in Sackville Street, and used often, from want of a flat surface, to spread his maps and charts upon the floor. One day the cat of the house, which had taken an extraordinary liking for the great explorer and passed most of her time in his rooms, went to sleep on the chart that was spread out on the hearth rug.

By-and-bye the chart was wanted, and one of Stanley's assistants was going to turn puss off it, when the man who found Livingstone stopped him. "Don't disturb the cat," he said; "we can get on without the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that English cat, cosily curled up in front of a fire, is to me, you would never let her move from where she is."

The great traveller had just come back from a weary and trying time among uncivilized tribes, and among wild and rough surroundings, the very opposite of refined and cultivated England, and the sleeping cat, resting so comfortably before the hearth, was to him the symbol of comfortable security, of peace, and of home. So puss slept on and finished her nap, all unconscious of the pleasure the sight of her comfortable figure afforded to the travel-wearied explorer on whose property she was so unceremoniously trespassing.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

In 1866 a ragged street urchin strayed into a ragged school. The school was held in a disused donkey stable in London, and the teacher was a poor young medical student with but few friends.

It was a raw winter night, and when the rest of the scholars had gone, Jim remained behind and looked longingly at the fire. He pleaded earnestly to be allowed to stay in the room in the stable in which they were. "I won't do no 'arm," he begged. But the idea seemed impracticable to Doctor Barnardo, the teacher.

"What will your mother think?" he asked, "or your father? Or friends?"

"I ain't got none," was the comprehensive answer.

"Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere."

The teacher, who was sceptical as to the truthfulness of a street arab, questioned the boy sharply, but he insisted on the truthfulness of the sad story. He had absolutely nowhere to go, and begged piteously to be allowed to sleep by the fascinating fire. The medical student finally concluded that possibly he spoke the truth, and that in the great city there might be others who were homeless and destitute. "Tel' me," he said, "do you know of other boys in London like you, without home and friends?"

"Oh! 'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count," said Jim.

To tell the story in a word, that same midnight the boy led his new friend to the gruesome places where the "Don't-Live-Nowheres" sleep. The young man saw piteous sights such as he had never before seen. By the hand of this puny messenger God had pulled aside the curtain which had hitherto concealed the miseries of child-life in a great city from Christian observation.

What was the outcome of Jim's appeal? Doctor Barnardo, supremely affected, prayed that it might be given to him to provide shelter for these destitute children.

A little later the answer to his prayer came. It was at a dinner, where he introduced the subject and told the guests about little Jim.

"Do you mean to tell us," some of them asked, incredulously, "that, raw

and cold as it is, there are children sleeping absolutely in the open air in London?"

"I do," said Barnardo.
"Can you show them to us?"
"I can," was the stout reply.

Cabs were called, and the guests in evening dress drove to the lowest slums near Billingsgate Market, where the young doctor had learned that outcasts slept; but not a boy was to be seen, and his heart fell.

"They'll come out if you'll offer them a copper," said a policeman, near by.

"A ha'penny apiece, boys, if you'll come out!" shouted one of the gentlemen. Then there was a rustling and a moving. Out of boxes and crates, from under tarpaulins and out of holes, like poor abandoned puppies, as if by magic, many children appeared, clad in utter destitution and abandonment. A more sorrowful sight was never seen, and Lord Shaftesbury, for he was one of the party, said, with other philanthropists, that such misery must come to an end.

Since then, after years of struggle, discouragement and effort, Doctor Barnardo has rescued over twenty-eight thousand children from homelessness. There are now established eighty-five homes for destitute boys and girls and babies, distributed all over the United Kingdom. At present, Doctor Barnardo's family numbers five thousand. It is the largest in the world. Homes and houses, brigades and agencies multiply so rapidly that it takes an expert to keep track of the growth of this marvellous philanthropy.

But the best part of the story is that the State has learned a lesson from this huge private charity. Doctor Barnardo has taught not only Great Britain, but all the governments of the world, the right way to treat the children of the State. He has been a creator of method in a great social movement, which it is not too much to hope will spread intelligently to every city in this country.

Little Jim was in his way a messenger like St. John, crying in as dreary a wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" God does not always send his messages to us by the ordinary avenues of spiritual communication. The Christ-like heart recognizes God's call for service, from whatsoever quarter it may come; and a little child may lead us.

The Tyrant of the House.

BY EVA LOVELL.

While Baby sleeps—
We cannot jump, or dance, or sing,
Play jolly games, or do a thing
To make a noise. The floor might creak,
If we should walk! We scarcely speak,
Or breathe, while Baby takes a nap,
Lest we should wake the little chap!
A strict watch Nurse always keeps,
While Baby sleeps!

When Baby wakes,
But little gratitude he shows,
When other people want to doze!
At night, when folks have gone to bed,
He rouses them all up instead,
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp,
And warms milk for the little scamp!
Pa walks him up and down the floor,
Sometimes two hours and sometimes more.

And Nurse comes running, in a stew,
To see what she, for him, can do!
And Will and Harry, at the row,
Call: "Wha's the matter with him now?"
And I'm waked up at all the clatter,
To wonder what on earth's the matter!
Such uproar in the house he makes,
When Baby wakes!

So if asleep, or if awake,
The house exists but for his sake,
And such a tiny fellow—he,
To be boss of this family!

BETTY AND HER KINSMAN.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story:

Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sabbaths in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience, and blurted out, "We end dae wi' less o' yer manners, an' mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining, on one occasion, at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over-well pleased tone, said:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?"

"I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."