

acter, transforming the nature, transfiguring the life, blessing the individual and the world.

And it shall not be taken away. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, friends may die, the laurels of honour may wither, life itself will wear away. But this treasure is enduring as the mind. Thieves cannot break through nor steal.

"Wisdom divine, who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise."

God will not take it away, for his gifts are without repentance. Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end. Satan cannot take it away. While we put our trust in God, no devil can pluck it out of his hand.

Now, having these two examples before us, which shall we imitate? What shall our choice be? Why be anxious concerning the things of this life? Why be cumbered and troubled about many things? Why be anxious and careful concerning the body more than about the immortal spirit? Concerning the wealth which so soon shall pass away? If we choose wisely we shall have part with Christ on earth, and then shall have part with him forever. We shall there learn fuller lessons of his wisdom, have richer revelations of his love, than we can here conceive. Let the language of our hearts be,

"Keep me from the world unspotted,
From all sin and folly free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Let me live and die for thee.

"Waiting like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till for all thy kingdom meet."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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OUR WORRIES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."—John 14, 1, 27

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I Peter 5, 7.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Psalm 55, 22.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" we see a picture of Christian carrying a heavy burden upon his back. It is the burden of sin. While he is gazing upon the cross it falls from his shoulders. But many who, through faith in the crucified, have cast away the burden of sin still carry a burden of care, and worry, and anxiety.

In one of our recent Sunday-school lessons we had the beautiful teaching of our Lord, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and how "the birds without barn or house are fed." Christ asks his timorous disciples, "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

In the beautiful fourteenth chapter of John, among his last words to his disciples as he was being taken away from them, leaving them orphans, but not comfortless, in the world, our Lord says: "Let not your hearts be troubled," even in such a great sorrow as this. He has promised that in the Father's house he is preparing mansions for us, that even in this life he will not leave us comfortless, but will send the Divine Comforter. He exhorts us to cast our care and our burden on him.

I have read of a poor, bed-ridden, crippled, penniless pauper in England where sometimes the struggle for a living is very keen. She had literally every day to ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." Yet she was full of trust in God, and felt sure that it would come. And he never disappointed her. Her little store, like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, was always replenished. God seemed to take particular care of her, and put it into the hearts of his people to send her help. Sometimes the meal got very low in the barrel, as if to test her faith; but her faith never faltered, and the meal never gave out.

Let us learn to trust him, to trust him without anxiety, without being worried or perplexed. This does not mean that we are not to do our part, that a man may be idle and lazy. The Scripture says that if any man will not work, neither should he eat, and he that provides not for his own house hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. But it does mean that when we do our part that God will do the rest. The Psalmist says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in camp.

"What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen. In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day.

The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, as I'm a sinner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group, as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks; I'll show you how to take religion out of him," said the first speaker, laughing.

He was a large man, the ringleader in mischief; the recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp; then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us," answered the ringleader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire, you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen, he was almost surrounded by the enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up for lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face,

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the enemy, he fought so. I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said in a husky voice,

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian soldier' in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave and again and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he is a Christian soldier if there ever was one. And,"

turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion. "Why, he didn't budge an inch. But what's that to standing our fire for weeks like a man and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him, he did!"

When the regiment marched away, the rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

"COME UNTO ME."

Many persons think that Jesus lives a great way off in a place called heaven, and believe that if we pray to him often and labour to do good he will bestow his Holy Spirit to comfort us and to awaken in us the hope that when our earthly labours cease we may dwell with him in heaven. Most persons, even if they do not say so, certainly think so. But Jesus plainly says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." By this he means that he will give joy to our souls and peace from all our evil thoughts and desires. Then all uneasiness that troubles and all discord that disturbs comes alone through sin. Jesus will take this all away from us, and in its place give us peace and life, but only on the condition that we come unto him.

What shall keep us from going to the blessed Saviour at once after we have heard his sweet words of invitation? Our unbelief is always in the way. Unbelief comes to us under many smooth-sounding names. One of them is called Ignorance; and it says, "I do not know in what way I must come to Jesus." Another time it comes under the name of Timidity; and it says, "I fear I shall not be accepted;" or Caution says, "If I do come to Jesus I may in the end again fall away."

Do not through any such temptations of Satan as these be led away from the dear Saviour, who gave his life that we might be brought from death unto life.

A little blind girl was once taken to an asylum for the blind for one year. Her mother went to visit her once during the time. Without speaking a word she entered the room where the girl was, and seated herself near her. She moved gently nearer and nearer; and at length she put her hand on the girl's head. The child took hold of it and cried out, "Oh, I know you! I know you, mother!"

Thus the Saviour stands unseen near every one of you, children, and leaves the blessings of his hand rest upon every one of your heads. Take hold of it and hold it fast. You will, then, with certainty, soon be enabled to say to him, "I know you."

THE AGASSIZ SOCIETY.

"Will Moore says every boy should belong to 'The Agassiz,' but I don't think it does a boy any good, do you, Murray? I don't know why they call it 'The Agassiz.'"

"Well, Ned, that is one reason you should belong, and I think every town should have an Agassiz class. I, for one, think a great deal of that wonderful man, who did so much for science," said Murray Boyer, a bright boy about fifteen years of age.

"Was it a man they named 'The Agassiz' after?" asked Ned.

"Yes; a man who spent much time in the study of natural objects. We call all these societies after him. The object of these classes is to study and obtain knowledge about the every-day object we see around us."

"Do you really learn anything, Murray?"

"Yes, indeed! The other evening we learned something about the burrowing owl, prairie dog, and rattlesnake. Now, Ned, tell me the truth. Do you know anything about these queer specimens of animal life?"

"No, I do not. But why take these three together?"

"That is what we learned, and I will tell you what I found out that night. Though not one is related to any of the others—beast, bird, and reptile—yet all live in the same underground home, something like a woodchuck's hole. Trappers and Indians who have watched their customs say that the owls keep house for the dogs, while the rattlesnake is a sort of a gentleman boarder, occasionally making a meal of one of the children if he gets hungry before dinner is ready."

The prairie dog, as we frequently hear it called, is not a dog, but belongs to the marmots. The marmots come under the division of animals called mammals, which is one of the four divisions of the vertebrate family. The

term vertebrate is applied to all animals which have a back-bone, or a succession of small bones called vertebrae.

The marmots are found in large numbers along the Missouri River and its tributaries. They will gather together where the soil is such that they can easily burrow; for the marmot is a burrowing animal. They so tunnel the ground where they live that it looks like a honeycomb. An odd thing about these dog towns is the streets, which the little marmot leaves by not burrowing all the ground in his little village. One dog generally acts as a leader, and when the other dogs come out he gives the signal of danger, and back go the little marmots to their homes under the ground."

Though the burrows made by the marmots are inhabited by the burrowing owl and rattlesnake, it is not to be supposed that this queer family enjoys each other's society. Almost all students of natural history say that the marmot has no choice in the matter, and that their dominions are invaded by these strange visitors because they do not like the trouble of burrowing. The owl and the marmot could live quite harmoniously together, but neither care for Mr. Rattlesnake.

"If the burrowing owl alights in a country where the marmots have not been, he burrows with his claws and bill. Mr. Owl belongs to the bird family, which is another division of the vertebrates. The burrowing owl is not a nocturnal bird, but goes out in the bright sunshine. Its cry is a short bark, very much like the marmot's."

In this strange family we have still another division of the vertebrates, called the reptiles. To this family belongs the poisonous rattlesnakes. He belongs to the viperine snakes, which is called the crotalidae. The rattlesnake is a native of North America, and takes its name from the peculiar way in which the tail terminates. It is furnished at the end with a number of loose joints, which rattle when the snake is annoyed or angry. It is supposed that these joints show the age of the snake."

"Well, Murray, I do think you learn something at 'The Agassiz,' and I think I will join your society."—S. S. Herald.

A BOY IN A MISSIONARY COLLECTION.

A great many years ago, in a little town in Scotland, there was a missionary meeting held. Some very interesting idols were exhibited, and a description was given of the customs of the heathen land from which the missionary came, and there were a great many strange dresses which he tried on in turns.

There was a little boy way up in one corner of the gallery, whose soul was intensely working within him as he listened to all this description of what the heathen suffered, and what the heathen wore and of all the opportunities which God had given to the missionaries to turn many of them from their dead idols to serve the living God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. And as he looked and listened, his little heart beat high within him. He said within himself, "If I live I will be a missionary. I will go to the heathen myself, and I will try to do something for them to win them to Christ."

By-and-bye, when the meeting was about to close, it was intimated that there would be a collection. The little fellow felt in his pockets, but he had not anything. He had not a single penny. He felt very sorry, very much ashamed of himself, and he did not like to go down and pass the plate at the door putting nothing in, so he waited up in the corner of the gallery until all the people had gone and the two men that were standing at the door should have had time to carry away the full plates into the little room behind, to count up the collection; then with stealthy step he began to descend the stairs.

But the quick ears of one of the men heard a step coming, and true to his duty the man remained, and when the little boy came he held out the plate to him. This was something he had not expected, and his little face flushed all over; but with a quick thought he said to the good man, "Hold it a little lower, sir." The man held it a little lower. "Lower still, sir." He put it down lower yet. "Please lay it on the floor, sir." The good man, not knowing what he meant, put the plate on the ground, and the little fellow stepped in to it, and said, "I have no money, but I will give myself; in God's name I intend being a missionary." That was the biggest contribution had that night.