

"Shall we Gather at the River."

BY JOSEPH M'KEE.

Shall we gather at the river,  
After we this earth have past;  
Shall we sing with Christ forever,  
When we gather home at last.

Shall the glorious portals open,  
When the hour of death shall come;  
Shall we hear the angels say then,  
Welcome, weary traveller, home.

We shall see our blessed Saviour,  
Listen to his glorious voice;  
We shall rest within his favour,  
For on earth he was our choice.

We shall see the glorious mansion  
That for us he has prepared;  
We shall praise him through all ages,  
For we trusted in his word.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
Where bright angels' feet have trod,  
And we'll sing with Christ forever  
In the city of our God.

Stonewall, Man.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WATHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

If you were near the Bank of England in the evening, you could see a company of soldiers march into that gloomy-looking building. An enormous quantity of money lies in the bank, and every night an officer with some guardsmen is sent there on duty. All night long soldiers keep awake to guard the golden treasure in the strong room of the Bank of England.

God has given to you all a treasure to guard. Your good health; your good conscience; the Holy Spirit within your souls, and many other precious things are treasures which you ought to keep with greatest carefulness. If people lose things, or through carelessness allow them to be stolen, it is of no use to cry. Esau was a man who used to do foolish things without thinking of the consequences, and then cry and wish he hadn't done them. But this is like the girl crying over a broken milk-jug. It is better to think beforehand than to cry afterwards. Watch!

Not far from the Bank of England is the Tower of London where, in a room, the crown jewels are ranged behind strong bars. Money cannot buy and money cannot replace these precious things that belong to our national history. How vigilantly the guardsmen keep that little chamber of treasure.

Your soul is a little room full of crown jewels. The jewels of innocence, and purity and truth, and kind-heartedness are there. The golden crown of self-control is there. You must not lose these pre-

cious things. "Let no one take thy crown." Watch!

And not only for yourselves must you watch. You must guard your brothers and sisters and do all you can to keep them from harm and sin. When one brother or sister is good and true and kind it is well for all the home. You are your brother's keeper. Watch!

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

NED WILLIS was a banker's only son. He had been so petted and flattered, it was a wonder he was not utterly spoiled, especially as he had dollars to spend where other fellows had pennies. But Ned had considerable common sense when it occurred to him to stop and think. One lovely day he went fishing. Going through the woods he passed Judge Allen, who had come out with a surveyor to see about some disputed land mark. Ned was flattered by the pleasant greeting the judge gave him, for Judge Allen was the great man of the village. By-and-bye, when Ned got at his fishing, he began to think:

"That is the sort of man I'll be: the biggest and the most influential in the town. I ought to be mighty glad I have such a grand start. Father is rich, and when I am of age I have a lot of grand-mother's money coming to me. How some fellows have to dig, and when they are forty years old they won't have what I will start with. I shall read and study more, of course, but I shall never grind away at books. I shall travel and see life, and have a yacht to go round the world in, give wine parties, and be somebody. Look at Tom Elders, now! He is bright as any gentleman's son, if his father is only a poor carpenter. Tom is having to work every blessed day this vacation to pay for his school next winter. When he comes of age, if he is college educated, he will be as poor as a church mouse."

Just then the judge's loud voice was plainly heard behind the dense foliage.

"Yes, just about the very worst thing in these days for the average boy is money or the expectation of it. Take that bright little chap that passed us just now. I knew his father when he hadn't a sixpence, but he was bound to be 'somebody.' He studied nights and drove an express-cart daytimes; never spent ten cents he didn't earn until he was a man grown. He got a good education and business habits. His mother then fell heir to quite a fortune, and, knowing how to care for it, he came to be as rich as he is; but this boy of his—what a difference! Ned will know just enough not to be called a fool. He never will learn until the knowledge is of no use to him that money will not buy everything on earth worth having. He will inevitably grow up lazy, self-indulgent, and nine chances to one in ten, depraved. Even now it is cigarettes and every show that comes to town. Soon it will be tobacco and treats and gambling and theatres. What will he care for business habits, even leaving principles out of account? He needs no business habits to acquire money. He has all he can spend without any efforts to make more. Oh, I tell you, money is usually a curse to a boy like Ned. I expect to live to see it has been to him."

"You won't!" ejaculated Ned, jerking his fishing-rod yards above his head. "No, you won't! I walked off to-day because I had a hard algebra lesson. I'll march back and tackle that lesson, and we'll see if I'll only just escape being a fool—maybe not escape, and all because my money was a curse. We'll see, Judge Allen! And I guess tobacco, and some other things will have to go by after this."

JUNIOR LEAGUES.

ALBERT, N.B.—By the influence of our Epworth (junior) League, we can say that there is an increased attendance at our meetings and more interest taken in the Sunday-school. Our practical work has consisted of placing flowers in the church and preparing for an entertainment. On Tuesday evenings we receive instruction in Astronomy and French.

E. M. THOMPSON, Sec.

THE LARK'S NEST.

SOME years ago one of the porters employed at a small station near Darmstadt observed a pair of larks building their nest in an angle in the middle of the railway where two rails crossed. He did not disturb them. The nest was finished, and soon after four eggs were laid in it. Then the hatching began. By this time the attention of all the people employed about the station had been turned to the nest. It seemed to them such a wonderful thing that they resolved to do all in their power to protect it and its owners. Meantime the birds themselves seemed to have very clear ideas as to the dangers that threatened them. It was pretty to see how the hen bird, which was sitting on the eggs, would duck her head down when a train passed, and then look up cheerfully when the danger was over. In due course of time three young ones appeared. One day after they were big enough to move about a little, but not to fly, one of them hopped out of the nest and seated itself on the rail. At that moment a train was seen approaching. The parent bird called and coaxed in vain. The thoughtless little creature remained obstinately sitting on its dangerous perch. Its destruction seemed inevitable. Just as the train came up, the mother bird flew up from the nest, seized it by the tuft on its head and threw it over the line, ducking down again itself until the danger was passed. The lark's first friend, the porter, who had noticed the whole proceedings, now resolved to remove the nest, with all its living contents, from its perilous position. He took it out carefully, and deposited it in a neighbouring cloven field. The old birds followed him, step by step, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, which changed to a loud thrill of joy and one might almost say of gratitude, when they saw the comfortable spot in which their kind friend had put their nest. Could human beings have acted differently?—*Harper's Young People.*

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

LADY MACDONALD, the wife of the lately deceased Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, is a staunch total abstainer. She says she was led to give up wine drinking, on Christmas day, 1867. She had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until that day. Conversation at dinner turned on total abstinence, and a guest said that, practically, total abstinence was impossible for any one "in society." Lady Macdonald combated this, and, as a result of further discussion, she was challenged as to whether she would herself "give up her glass of sherry at dinner." She at once decided to try, saying, "Henceforth I enter into the ranks of the total abstainers, and drink to our success in water." Her ladyship's testimony is this: "Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine."

KEEP LIFE PURE.

AN Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the instruction not to open it until a year had rolled round. Many were the speculations as to what it contained; and the time impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust: the form of something beautiful could be discerned but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words: "Dear pupil: May you learn from this a lesson for your life. His trinket, when enclosed, had upon it a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."