

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm,
God bless its every rood!
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood—
Can from the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil!

God bless each meadow, field and nook,
Beguimed with fairest flowers;
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning showers—
God bless them all—each leaf a gem
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards that, in early spring,
Blush rich in fragrant flowers.
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruit in golden showers,
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod—
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign.
No happier spot neath heaven's high dome
Does this broad, beautiful earth contain,
Than where, secure from care or strife,
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mould;
Then scatters on the golden grain,
And reaps reward an hundred fold—
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm!

—Exchange.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

There are a great many of the young readers of PLEASANT HOURS, it is hoped, who have given their hearts to the blessed Saviour. Every year there is a larger number of them reported as meeting in class and having their name on the record of the Church. It is hoped that a great many of them have their names written in heaven. They are subjects of the Kingdom of God. And such a king as he is deserves loyal subjects. Jesus expects his subjects, young as well as old, to stand up for him. Jesus is the Captain of our salvation, and he wants all his soldiers, the little ones as well as the big ones, to be true and brave.

And children do not know how much good they may do by honouring Jesus in this way. A little girl from one of the cities of the sunny South was converted while on a visit to an uncle in Philadelphia. Her father

was a great man in the city where he lived, but he was not a Christian. He was a lawyer and a politician. He lived in a fine house, and had everything very elegant around him, only there was no prayer in the house. But in the home where his twelve-year-old daughter had been visiting there was worship every day, and she wondered why it was not so at her father's house.

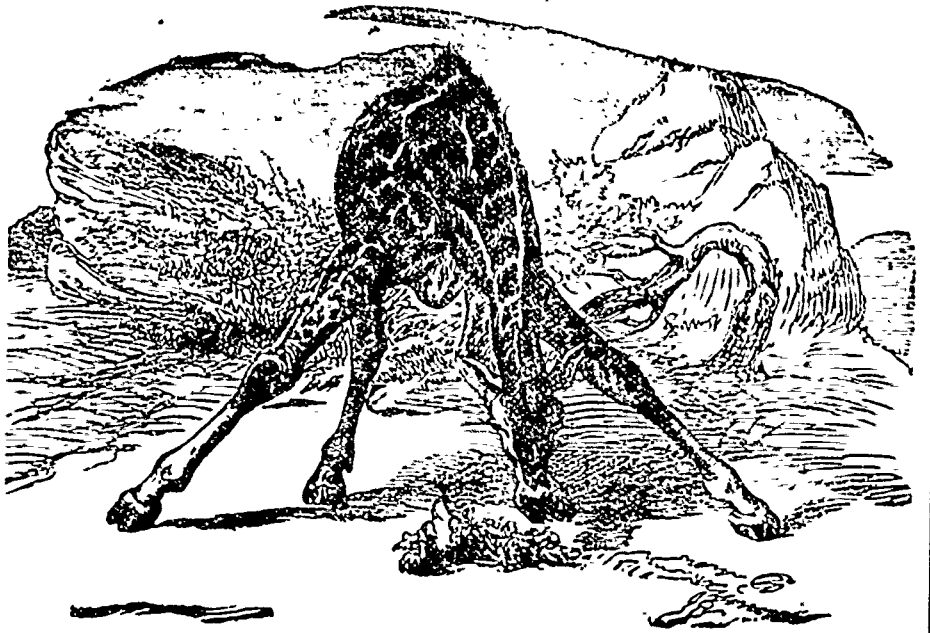
When she came home she thought she would try to find out why their house was not, in this respect, like her uncle's, and see if they could not have a Christian home as he had. When they sat down at the breakfast table, the morning after she came home, she said, "papa, why don't you ask a blessing as uncle does?" "Oh, my child, I am not a professor of religion as your uncle is," was his answer. "Please, papa," said she, "may I ask a blessing?" "Certainly," said he, "if you want to." Then she asked the blessing.

After breakfast was over, this brave little girl said in a very polite and lady-like manner, "Please, papa, why do you not have family worship as uncle has?" "Oh," said he again, "uncle is a professor of religion and a member of the Church, but I am not." "Then," said his little daughter, "papa, may I have family worship?" Papa could not answer that question. It was too much for him. He could only weep and sob. He saw the greatness of his sin in not having given his heart to God long before, and that he had been living all this time in a prayerless home. He asked God to have mercy upon him for Christ's sake. The Lord saved him. And after that his little daughter had not to ask the blessing, or to conduct the family worship. Papa did all that himself, and they had a Christian home just like uncle's. That little girl stood up for Jesus, and in doing so not only honoured the blessed Master but was instrumental in saving her own father.

FEED MY LAMBS.

The Lord Jesus is the Good Shepherd, and his people are his sheep. They know his voice, and they follow him. They hear him speaking to them in his word; and by the help of his good spirit, they trust him and obey him. The Good Shepherd loves his sheep. He died for them on earth, and he lives for them in heaven. In both these senses "he giveth his life for his sheep." When he was going away from this world he gave very strict orders to his Church as to the care of his sheep.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, has lambs, too, as well as sheep, in his fold. The little children are his lambs. These he carries in his bosom. They are very near his heart. They are in his thoughts and his affections. He thinks about them, and loves them, very much. He likes to see them coming to him for a blessing. When the mothers brought their little babies to him to be blessed by him, his disciples rebuked those who brought them; but Jesus was much displeased, and told them to allow the little children to come unto him, and to forbid them not. Jesus loves to see them coming to him.



GIRAFFE DRINKING.

He has given orders, too, about the care of his lambs. He said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." And what he said to him he says to his whole Church. This refers to the feeding of the soul, rather than the body. He cares for the body, it is true, but he cares a great deal more for the soul. He wants to have them fed. He desires to have them instructed. The truth is the food of the soul. But to feed, in the sense in which Jesus would have his lambs fed, does not mean merely to supply them with food. It means to act the part of a shepherd toward them. What he wants his Church to do for the lambs is just what he would do if he were personally present with them on earth. He wants it to love them, care for them, carry them in its bosom, and do everything that can be done to make them wise, and good, and happy.

Blessed Jesus! How he loves the little ones! How the little ones ought to love him!

SWEETNESS OF SPIRIT.

There are some Christian men who somehow carry the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure to see them. Even when one differs in judgment with them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn and fascinated by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other hand such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, however conscience may compel conclusions on matters of mutual consequence unlike those which they have reached.

Those are not weak men, either. What people like in them is not that, with the everlasting unvaryingness of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so are always on agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition, because they are so true and just that their respect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when he gives him a sunny dis-

position, a candid spirit, and the instinct of fairness in a controversy. It is exceedingly hard for some men to be just. They are jealous, suspicious, and morose in their natural bent. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It is easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems as if it were almost more than grace can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice.—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SOME of the answers of English school children in the examinations on paper conducted by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, are very amusing. The following were recently among the written answers in examination on scripture:

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark maid of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizen snakes, and he het nothin' but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was korb by the 'air of the 'ed 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. Wun was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He kep' wun 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 Jerlsam to Jeriker, and he fell among thawns and the thawns sprank up and choked him. Weren upon he gave tuppins to the host and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he passed bye on the hother side."

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh! yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and oh! ma, can I go?"