

Mother's Good-Bye.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy;
You have only a moment I know,
But you will stay till I give you my parting
advice—
'Tis all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my
boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you
meet,
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam!
Oh! forsake not the way of salvation, my
boy,
That you learned from your mother at
home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy;
'Tis the book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, it will help you to
die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy;
I have taught you the best that I knew,
And as long as his mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-bye;
Oh! how lonely and sad we shall be;
But when far from the scenes of your child-
hood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.

I want you to feel ev'ry word that I've said,
For it came from the depth of my love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on
earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1895.

THE PRIZE.

ONE morning before starting to school,
when Katie came in, as was her custom,
to her mother for her good-bye kiss, her
eyes shone brighter than usual, and her
cheeks glowed with excitement.

"Are you not glad, mamma," she asked,
"very glad for me?"

"Certainly, my child," was the reply;
"I should rejoice with all my heart if you
should win the prize."

"If I should win!" cried Katie, in
astonishment; "who else could receive it?"

"Do not build too much on it, Katie,
for disappointment is very hard to bear."

"But, mamma, Anna Schuller is the only
one that can compare with me, and every-
one says that my work is better than hers."

"Perhaps 'everyone' has told Anna
Schuller that her work is better than
yours."

"Oh, mamma, what a funny idea,"
laughed Katie; "but you shall see my
return crowned with the prize."

Scarcely an hour had passed when the

street bell sounded, and the mother listened
with beating heart. But the heavy, tired
step did not resemble the usual light tread
of her little daughter. The door opened,
and Katie, with pale, troubled face, entered.
She paused a moment as if gaining com-
posure, and then, rushing to her mother's
arms, she sobbed as if her heart would
break. There was no need to tell that not
she but Anna Schuller had gained the
prize from the art school; and the mother's
first care was to soothe her disappointed
child.

"Restrain yourself, my dear," she said;
"this is not the worst grief that could
befall you."

"Not the worst?" sobbed Katie; "why,
mamma, you can't imagine how terrible it
was to see all those scornful faces and to
stand there like an outcast."

"Are you not exaggerating, dear?"

"No, indeed, mamma; everyone left me
and crowded around Anna, who, I am sure,
did not deserve the prize."

"Do you not think the art critics have
better judgment than you?"

"But Anna received help."

"Katie," said her mother, sternly, "if
you have worked faithfully there is no dis-
grace in losing the prize; but it grieves me
to see my little girl so governed by envy.
How do you know that Anna received
help?"

A painful pause followed, during which
Katie did not dare raise her eyes to her
mother's. She began to see how foolishly
she had acted. "But," she thought,
"could anyone bear such humiliation
quietly?"

"Forgive me, mamma," she whispered,
softly; "I shall try and drive away these
wicked thoughts; but I am so disap-
pointed."

Her mother kissed her tenderly and said,
"Think, Katie, if you had won the prize,
could you be happy when you knew some-
one was very miserable over losing it?"

"But Anna did not know how grieved I
was. She was in the centre of a great
crowd, praised by all, while I stood at one
side alone. No one seemed to notice me;
so I hurried home to you."

The next morning Katie appeared with
eyes much inflamed by weeping; but she
had thought of a remedy for her sorrows,
and chatted pleasantly with her mother all
during breakfast.

"Mamma," said Katie, when the meal
was over, "I see that it was very wrong in
me to act as I did yesterday. I shall
cherish no more ill-will toward Anna, and
shall try to rejoice in her happiness; but
please promise me that I may give up my
studies in the art school."

"That would be foolish, indeed," replied
her mother.

"Dear mamma, I cannot endure to go
again where I have suffered such humili-
ation."

"My child, you must conquer this
envious spirit and be earnest in your deter-
mination to do right."

Katie was silent for a moment; but she
wondered why her usually indulgent
mamma would subject her to such a severe
trial. Her mother remained firm, although
Katie pleaded hard for permission to aban-
don her art studies. And when the new
term began it was with ill-concealed dis-
pleasure that she entered the school. She
was as late as possible, in order to avoid all
intercourse with other pupils; and soon
after her arrival the instruction began. As
Katie took her seat and bent over her
work every eye seemed to turn toward her,
either in pity or scorn, and she scarcely
dared raise her head to nod to Anna, who
gave her a friendly smile in return. Katie
blushed deeply and looked down. She
heard some whispers near, and thought
they certainly were concerning her and her
disappointment. Her cheeks burned hotly,
and she wondered if the hour would
ever end.

At last the time came to go home. She
had determined to say a few words to
Anna, but was so cordially met by her that
the dreaded task proved an easy one.

"I must tell you, Katie," said Anna,
"how sorry I am that you did not win the
prize. I could not enjoy it at all until
mamma said that you were such a sensible
girl that you would try harder and win
next time."

Katie was deeply mortified. But she
took up her work with new zeal, resolving

that she should deserve the title of "sensi-
ble girl."

That evening, as she sat by her mother's
side, she whispered: "Mamma, I have
conquered now, and I shall do the best I
can without thinking of the prize."

One day after Katie had been working
diligently for several months, she was sent
to a desk for some drawing materials, and
there she saw the model she had prepared
for the last art exhibition. Her now prac-
tised eye readily detected many faults, and
she blushed to think how blind her conceit
had made her. She determined never
again to elevate herself above others, and
to let honest work and untiring diligence
take the place of supposed natural skill.

At the next exhibition Katie
won and deservedly received the prize.

THE TABERNACLE.

THE Israelites, while on their way from
Egypt to the "promised land," encamped
near Mount Sinai. It was there that God
gave Moses the Ten Commandments and
showed him how to build the tabernacle.
The Israelites had a long march before
them, so God directed them to build a
tent church which they could take apart
and carry with them when not in camp.

When the tent was pitched and ready
for worship it must have been something
like this: First there was a yard, or court,
seventy-five by one hundred and fifty feet,
fenced with canvas screens seven and a
half feet high. Inside the fence, and near
the only gate, stood an altar for sacrifices
and a water tank. Back of these was the
holy tent itself. It was not a very large
church—only fifteen feet wide and forty-
five feet long, and a linen curtain, gorge-
ously embroidered, cut it into two rooms.

The front room was called the Holy Place,
and in it stood the small altar of incense,
the seven-cupped candlestick of gold, and
a table on which each Sabbath the priests
laid twelve fresh loaves of "showbread"
—one for each tribe. In the little inner
room, called the "Holy of Holies," there
was but one thing, the precious chest, or
"Ark," a picture of which we print to-day.

The Israelites looked upon the taber-
nacle as the very house of God. They
gave their gold and gems and fine cloth to
make it the most beautiful building in the
camp. They went to it to worship God,
to confess and make sacrifices for their
wickedness; and once a year their high
priest went all alone into the Holy of
Holies, and obtained God's pardon for the
people's sins. For several hundred years
the Israelites had no church but this, but
at last King Solomon built the famous
stone temple at Jerusalem, and then the
old tabernacle was forgotten.

A HOME FOR MOTHER.

It is delightful to turn from the too
frequently sad example of dime-novel
bitten runaway boys, bringing themselves
and their parents to grief, to a picture of
filial love and duty like this. Says a letter
written from a Western city:

"Business called me to the United
States Land Office. While there, a lad
apparently sixteen or seventeen years of
age, came in and presented a certificate for
forty acres of land.

"I was struck with the countenance
and the general appearance of the boy,
and inquired of him for whom he was pur-
chasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

"I then inquired where he got the
money. He answered, 'I earned it.'

"Feeling then an increased desire for
knowing something more about the boy, I
asked about himself and his parents. He
took a seat and gave the following nar-
rative:

"I am the oldest of five children.
Father is a drinking man, and often would
return home drunk. Finding that father
would not abstain from liquor, I resolved
to make an effort in some way to help my
mother, brother and sisters. I got an axe
and went into a new part of the country to
work, clearing land, and I have saved
money enough to buy forty acres of land
there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you
going to do with the land?"

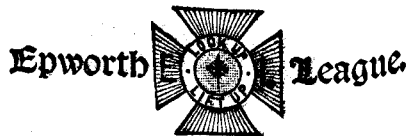
"I will work on it, build a log-house,
and when all is ready, will bring father,
mother, brother and sisters to live with
me. The land I want for mother; it will
secure her in her old age."

"And what will you do with your
father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get on the farm he
will feel at home and be happy, and I
hope become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing at-
tend your efforts to help and honour your
father and mother."

"By this time the receiver handed him
his receipt for his forty acres of land. As
he was leaving the office he said, 'At last
I have a home for my mother.'"—*Canada
Presbyterian.*



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

July 14, 1895.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

PRESERVED BLAMELESS.—1 Thessalonians
5. 23.

When a man is born of God, by reason of
having become a new creature in Christ Jesus,
the evidence of that new creation is to be seen
in the man's life. He may declare that he
has believed and received salvation, but this
is an evidence which those around him cannot
see, but they can see the upright life. They
can observe the godly conversation, and if his
actions and manner of life harmonize with his
profession, his works are thus evidence of his
faith.

Blameless means such a state and manner of
life as onlookers cannot gainsay. Nathaniel
was such a person. There was no guile in him.
He was a consistent man. He brought forth
the fruits of holiness. His character testified
that he lived righteously, soberly, and godly in
the world. Religious persons study to do
that which is right toward God and man.
Never take advantage of the circumstances of
others that they may enrich themselves. They
do not fret nor complain because they do not
acquire wealth as rapidly as they could wish.
Nor do they murmur when called to suffer
losses in business. However keenly they may
feel the disappointments of life, they will act
in all things as becometh those who are the
followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, so that
even their enemies may see nothing in them
but what is praiseworthy and consistent.
They not only abstain from evil, but from the
appearance of evil. Everything the tendency
of which is evil they abhor.

JUNIOR SUGGESTIONS.

Avoid monotony in Junior meetings.
Sometimes teach a marching song.

A certain leader has found a field for
work in the learning of the books of the
Bible in their order, so that the children
may be able to find any certain book
quickly.

Juniors should remember that their
meeting is a kind of school, in which they
are to learn valuable lessons.

Does he
have an idea that it is simply a place where
he can have his noisy time? To be sure
he should have a happy time, the work
should be most joyous, but he should come
to it in the spirit of reverence, feeling that
in God's house his service is expected of
him.

It is an excellent thing to train Juniors
to carry on the business of their society.
All this training tells when they graduate
from the Junior society and go into the
young people's society. Do not make the
mistake of allowing the few capable ones
to do all the work. Find something that
weak ones can do which is of some account
in some other way besides giving strength.

"Let me tell the Juniors how a Junior
band has made a nice lot of money by
making iron-holders and selling them."
They take two or three thicknesses of
very heavy cloth and bind them around
with different coloured tape, leaving a
loop at the corner with which to hang
up. It makes a very pretty and service-
able article, and one that the Juniors could
easily make. They can be sold at five
cents each."—*Watchword.*