

**What I Live For.**

I LIVE for those who love me,  
For those I know are true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me  
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel that there is union  
Twixt nature's heart and mine  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction—  
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,  
For those I know are true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that I can do.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**THEY ALWAYS FIND HIM.**

SUPPOSING you could win the world, what would you do with it? Would it be worth as much as Christ? Let everything else be laid aside, and make up your minds that you will not rest until you have sought and found the Lord Jesus. I never knew any one to make up his mind to seek him but he soon found him. At Dublin, a young man found Christ. He went home and lived so godly and so Christlike, that two of his brothers could not understand what had wrought the change in him. They left Dublin and followed us to Sheffield, and found Christ there. They were in earnest. But, thanks be to God, you have not got to go out of this hall. Christ can be found here to-night. I firmly believe

every one here can find Christ to-night if you will seek for him with all your heart. He says, "Call upon me." Did you ever hear of any one calling on Christ with the whole heart, that Christ didn't answer? Look at the thief on the cross! It may have been that he had a praying mother, and that his mother had taught him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. He had heard Christ pray that wonderful prayer, "Father, forgive them." And, as he was hanging on the cross, that text of Scripture came to his mind, "Seek the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." The truth came flashing into his soul, and he says, "He is near me now; I will call on him. Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." No sooner had he called than the Lord said, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That was his seeking opportunity, his day. My friends, this is your day now. I believe that every man has his day. You have it just now; why not call upon him just now? Say, as the poor thief did, "Lord, remember me." That was his golden opportunity, and the Lord heard and answered, and saved him. Did not Bartimeus call upon him while he was near? Christ was passing by Jericho for the last time, and he cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And did not the Lord hear his prayer, and give him his sight? It was a good thing Zaccheus called—or, rather, the Lord called him; but when the Lord called, he came. May the Lord call many here, and may you respond, "Lord, here am I; you have called, and I come." Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! His word stands forever, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—*D. L. Moody.*

**WHITEFIELD AND HIS MOTHER.**

WHITEFIELD'S mother early told him that she expected more from him than from the other children. He says, "I tried to make good my mother's expectations, and to follow the example of him who was born in a manger belonging to an inn."

She encouraged him in his education. She prepared the way for his collegiate course. She inquired, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" He replied, "With all my heart."

She made sacrifices for him, but was amply compensated for all in living to see him universally esteemed and honoured far beyond her highest hopes. In the midst of his popularity, when his name was crowned with a garland of imperishable verdure, and crowds were thronging to hear him, he did not forget his aged and worthy mother.

A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The moment he discovered this he wrote, "I should never forgive myself were I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you a

moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you! Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do anything for you. I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God that I have a house for my honoured mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to anything my house affords as long as you please. If need were, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than that you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O may I sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

**I CANNOT UNDO IT.**

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had laboured so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed. With tears in her eyes, she cried:

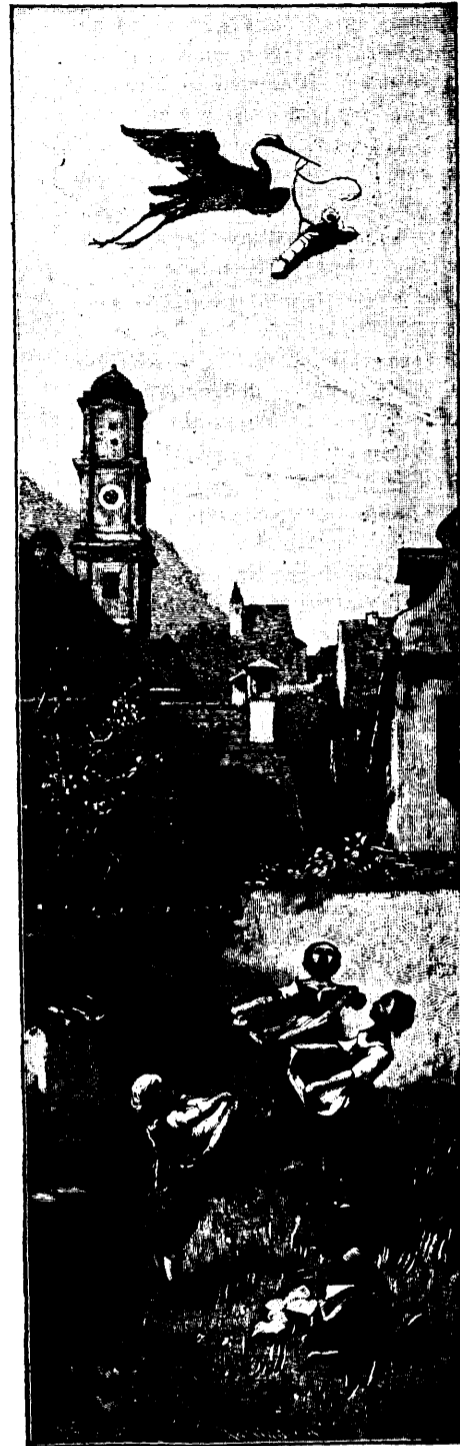
"Oh, mamma, I cannot undo it!"

Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo.

You know something of the desire to undo, and of the sorrow that you cannot. And now, where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our Heavenly Father. Anything we do under his guidance we shall never wish to undo.

**PULLING THE COAT TAILS.**

A YOUNG man in the north of Ireland, who had signed the temperance pledge, was tempted by his old associates to go and have a drop of whiskey. He bravely withstood the temptations and jeers for some time, till one day they said they would force him into the public-house. They got him as far as the door, and had pushed him inside, when he held fast to the door-posts; then, twisting himself round, while they held to his coat, he pulled himself away and ran home, leaving his coat tails in his tormentor's hands.



STORK AND DOLL.

From that time to this, his comrades, seeing he was so firm, have left off tempting him, and now respect him for his adherence to the pledge.

Young men, mind not the jeers and temptations of your companions, but stick to your principles, and let them see that you will, with God's help, be stanch, notwithstanding all they may say and do. You will find they will soon leave off, and respect and admire you the more for being firm in saying "No."

**STORK AND DOLL.**

THESE children are in great trouble because a stork has carried off their doll. You will notice that the doll is dressed just like the babies in Germany, wrapped in swaddling clothes, till it can hardly move hand or foot. Dolly has evidently been snatched out of its cradle. The stork will soon have to let it go; and, notwithstanding the fall it shall have, dolly will be none the worse.