

Jesus is Waiting.

BY ARTHUR E. HARRIS.

ARE you halting between two opinions?
 'Tis danger, dear friend, to delay
 Your decision for Jesus, or Satan;
 Decide—just now—while you may.

Oh, trust in the Father, dear sinner,
 Just come—and believe on his Son;
 He may call for you any moment;
 He gathers us—all—one by one.

And should your turn be now, dear sinner,
 Are you ready to meet him to-night?
 Have you trusted on Jesus—your Saviour?
 Have you come out of darkness to light?

Unsaved one, why trifle thus longer?
 The time is too precious to lose;
 Accept your dear Saviour's Redemption;
 You may have but one moment to choose;

Come now—and receive this dear Saviour,
 Just now—he waits to receive;
 Oh, will you not trust on his promise?
 He'll keep thee—brother, sister, believe.

May the Spirit so strive with you, sinner,
 That down at his feet you may fall,
 Saying Jesus—my Saviour—I give thee,
 My love—Lord, myself and my all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1889.

SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS in Sabbath-school was asked one day: "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us, now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor, and mixed with much of sin, but if they come really from the heart, he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian who had done the state great service, in which he lost a hand. His brother, for some offence, was tried and condemned, and about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced, the other came into court, and, without speaking a word, held up his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven and made dear children of that blessed household above.—Selected.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

THE whole Psalm is a spiritual song about sheep and their shepherd. David no doubt had in his mind his own early experiences. Perhaps he wrote it and first sung it when a shepherd. East of Bethlehem and beyond the corn-fields of his ancestor Boaz, the country grows rough and barren, with tremendous gullies a thousand feet deep, and sometimes only a few yards wide. Now here is David with his few sheep in the wilderness; and he has made up his mind that there is better grass on the other side of one of those profound ravines or gullies, and he will take his sheep across. There are sure to be wild beasts in such places. And I think I see him casting down great stones, and making all the noise he can to frighten lions and other wild beasts away, and then carefully guiding his flock down some dangerous zigzag path, carrying some weak lamb in his arms, and getting quickly across the miry bottom through the gloom of the place, and clambering up the other side, glad to have got safely through.

And then he thinks that is the way God takes care of him. In the terrible risk of being devoured by spiritual enemies; in the death-like shade and gloom of doubt and failing faith; in death itself, his Shepherd will protect him and bring him safely through to pastures green and fair on the other side. Thank God for such a hope and confidence.

KIND WORDS.

KIND thoughts will leads to kind words. An ounce of praise is worth a pound of blame, any day. Yet in many families we hear more of the latter than we do of the former. I have seen children who could truly say, as one said to me once, when I asked him how he was brought up. "I was not brought up," he said; "I was kicked up." Not only are parents sinful in this regard, but older brothers and sisters are too often culpable as well. Many a young heart has bled because of the lack of some word of kindly encouragement. There are some of the teachers who can easily remember the longing which they had as little children, for that praise which would have cost very little, but would have gone a great way in helping them to bear the burdens of childhood. Kind words are like oil, but harsh words are like sand. The one oils the machinery of life, and makes it run smoothly; while the other causes friction, and may even bring the whole machine to a stand still. Besides this, kind words are so cheap; they cost absolutely nothing. Yet I have seen persons who seldom used them that their lips moved as reluctantly for a kindly word as a door that has not been opened for years swings on its hinges. "Say so" is a good text from which to preach to such people. If you feel kindly toward any one, say so. If they have done anything that really merits praise, say so. You say so if they are worthy of any blame, do you not? Well, then, why not do as well by them when they have deserved an encomium? There is a great difference between flattery and well merited praise. The one is harmful and disgusting; the other is very helpful. Many a son has said kind things about his mother after she was dead, which if said before she died, would have prolonged her life for years. Kind words are tonics better than any doctor can administer. Out with them, then, and, as you go, try in this way to bear the burdens of others.



STAY AND SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY.

"STAY AND SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY."

THE accompanying engraving illustrates a touching story in the early career of Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York. It is given in one of the early numbers of the magazine now published by the Century Company of New York.

In its account of "Mr. Henry Bergh and his work," the article states that one day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to draw a rickety waggon. The poverty-stricken driver walked behind it. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said to the driver:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but," said he, "look at the horse and the harness and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken arm, past use; and, besides that, I have a wife and two children at home as wretched as we are here, and just as hungry. Come and see them."

So they went, both together, and saw the wife and children.

After a brief conversation, the wife, with the natural and untutored eloquence of grief and want, put the case even more touchingly to Mr. Bergh than did her husband, who stood by while she told their whole pitiful story.

"Come with me," said Mr. Bergh to the man, "I have a stable down the street. Come and let me give one good square meal to your horse, and something to yourself and family."

So they went, and Mr. Bergh placed hay and oats before "the stay of the family," and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"O, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of; more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.