

None of All.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"Lord, I will follow thee," I said,
" And give to thee, my heart,
And for the world and self will keep
Only a little part
A little part what time my soul
Grows weary, worn, and sad;
A little spot where earthly joys
May come to make me glad."
But on my ear it seemed to me,
I heard a whisper fall:
" I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
Give none to me—or all."

" But, Lord, the world is fair," I said,
" I would not go astray;
Yet sometimes may I pluck a flower
Outside the narrow way?
Yet sometimes may I sit serene,
Nor spirit conflicts share,
Just shifting, for a space, the cross
I am content to bear?"
Yet once again it seemed to me
I heard the whisper fall:
" I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
Give none to me—or all."

" Ah, Lord, my every hope," I said,
" On thee my soul doth rest,
And I am sure the very way
Thou leadest me is best;
And if I've thought too strait the path,
Too slow the limbering pace,
Teach me that naught of real bliss
Thy service disallows."
More softly still, it seemed to me,
I heard the whisper fall:
" I will not halve my heaven with thee,
Then give to me thine all!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1893.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement on our last page of the programme of this Magazine for the coming year. It is, we believe, by far the best and most interesting and instructive announcement that that periodical has ever presented. Many of its articles will be of special interest to Sunday-school teachers, senior scholars, and, in fact, all Bible student and Bible readers. One of these series of papers which will run through the year, or a great part of it, will be "Tent Life in Palestine and Syria," giving a full, fresh and accurate account from notes taken on the spot, of a journey from Hebron to Damascus and from Jaffa to Jeticlio. It describes with pen and pencil all the sacred places, Bethlehemi, Jerusalem, Bethel, Samaria, Nain, Cana, Tabor, Nazareth, Galilee, Tiberias, Capernaum, Dan, Mount Hermon, Baalbec, Mount Lebanon, Bejrout, etc.

The Rev. J. G. Bond, whose "Vagabond Vignettes" of travel have been read with such interest, will also discuss the important question of "The Site of

Calvary—the Traditional and the True," "The Rock City of Petra," and other important Biblical questions. These articles will be illustrated with numerous and striking pictures of the sacred sites and scenes of the Lord's land.

The editor's paper on "What Egypt can Teach Us," will also be copiously illustrated with fac-similes of the ancient wall pictures and hieroglyphics.

Many schools, instead of library books, have taken from two to forty copies of this Magazine, as being fresher, brighter, cheaper and more interesting and attractive reading than can be procured in books, or in any other way for the same amount of money. It will be furnished to schools for this purpose at the rate of \$1.00 each (for six months 80 cents) instead of \$2, the regular price, a great reduction, which is only warranted by receiving large orders from one address.

A special feature of this Magazine will be its beautiful illustrations. If these, some of which are reprinted in this number, will be compared with Harper's, Scribner's, or the Century, they will be found to be much clearer, better engraved. They are specially made for us by a great house at Zurich, in Switzerland, where some of the best engraving of the world is done. These engravings are very costly and cannot be furnished in a periodical of such a low price as this, but we borrow from the forthcoming volume of the Magazine a few to indicate the style of illustration.

UNIQUE MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1893.

OLIVE WOOD FAULT JERUSALEM.

ANY subscriber to the Methodist Magazine who will remit his own subscription for one year, accompanied by another subscription to the Magazine for one year at full rates, will receive, postfree, a beautiful section of olive wood from the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem, polished to perfection by native workmen showing the grain and dark concentric rings, surrounded with its fragrant bark, and stamped with the name of the sacred city in English and Hebrew—a most valuable and interesting souvenir of the Lord's land. About three and three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick, it makes a beautiful paper weight or parlour ornament. A more beautiful or appropriate holiday present cannot be conceived than a section of olive wood from sacred Mount Olives, where the Master taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer, and at the foot of which lies the Garden of Gethsemane; with all its sacred memories. What could be more attractive to any Bible reader than a section of this beautiful olive wood, cut and polished in Jerusalem and shipped by way of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, to Canada? Teachers will find it of great interest to exhibit to their classes and friends.

We are not aware that any sections of olive wood like these have been imported into Canada, except a few specimens procured by the Editor of Pleasant Hours when in Jerusalem. That enterprising editor, Dr. Talmage, found these so popular a premium for his paper that he ordered 50,000 pieces. It was received with the greatest favour. Mr. E. C. D. McMillan, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on receiving a section, writes: "I would not exchange it for a nugget of gold, knowing that it grew on that mountain, where beyond any spot in Palestine God was manifest in the flesh, where the great Intercessor was wont to pray, where Jesus wept over Jerusalem—on whose slopes he blessed the apostle band, and sent his message of mercy to mankind—the mount at whose base lay Bethany and Gethsemane—on whose gentle turf his feet last stood and where they will yet stand again!"

Others speak as follows: "Coming as it did from that holy hill makes it doubly dear." A. M. Cox, Phillipsburg, Pa.

"I will take great pleasure in showing it to our Sunday Bible class." Osborne Reilly, New Albany, Ind.

Some subscribers may not be able to secure another subscription to remit with theirs, and to such we offer this premium for ten cents, post-paid, this amount to be remitted with their subscription for a year. The price is less than cost even when imported by the thousand. We

would much rather dispose of the stock we have ordered in the manner first indicated, but we wish every subscriber to have an opportunity to secure for himself one of these unique premiums. A limited quantity only available. Specimen may be seen at the Book Room. Send orders promptly to William Briggs, Publisher, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A SERMON IN WOOD.

BY J. VAN TARELL.

The following verses were written upon one of the sections of olive wood described here:

Only a beautiful block of wood,
From the branch of an olive tree;
Whose leaves kissed a spot where Jesus stood
In the garb of humanity.

I place it upon my open palm,
And gaze on its radiant face:
Till my heart o'erflows with joyous psalm,
To the praise of redeeming grace.

It tells of the Mount most sacred made,
By the pressure of holy knees,
Bending in prayer in the silent shade,
Of its friendly old olive trees.

It tells me of yonder sunlit height,
Last touched by the wounded feet
Of him who thence took homeward flight,
To the city with golden street.

But He is coming to stand some day,
On Olivet's sunny slope;
And I for its dawning fervently pray,
While watching and waiting in hope.

Blessings upon the reverent hand,
That brought it from over the sea;
Souvenir dear of the Holy Land!
Sweet sermon in wood to me!

A CHEERFUL TEMPER.

SOME one has remarked, "It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness." We should add, especially if the straw be not in the hands of a mischievous boy, and becomes a means of provocation rather than of amusement. The thought, however, is, that even the smallest things can become sources of pleasant feeling, of sunny humour, of merry laughter.

The possession of a cheerful disposition is doubtless in part nature's gift in birth. And a rich inheritance it is. Its value is above rubies and gold. The latter may deck the person of a snarl, who seldom contributes anything to the sum of general happiness. The former, like the sun, brightens everything it touches. But it is also in great part a fruit of cultivation. One may cultivate a sunny disposition, and also a morose temper. Each will grow and strengthen by practice. Hence it follows that every one is responsible in no small degree for the kind of tempers that are indulged in, whether sunny and sweet, or sour and forbidding.

We are always glad to meet people of sunny and cheerful disposition. Their presence is an inspiration and source of gladness. They brighten not only their own lives, but the lives of others as well. They are among the truest benefactors of the race.

MEXICAN CHILDREN.

IN Mexico a group of lads from seven to twelve will meet, and each boy will decorously lift his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the fun, and the laughter, the same as anywhere. Boys here treat their elders with respect. An old man or woman is not the butt of the youth in Mexico; but rather for the old people are reserved the shaddest seats under the trees in the park. A Mexican boy or girl on entering a room walks around among the company, shaking hands with all, and on leaving the room does the same. Urbanity is taught in the public schools as arithmetical at home. There is no one jostled on the streets; the best seats in the horse-cars are promptly given up to the ladies, who never fail gracefully to acknowledge the favour. I have never seen a Mexican gentleman fail to give his seat to a woman, whether she was richly or poorly dressed.—Rural Home.

THE BOY WITH A GOOD HEAD.

BY J. J. BOWAN.

ALONG the hillside the boys followed a broken-down and grass-grown embankment which resembled, in some respects, a miniature railroad grade.

"Wonder who took all the trouble to make such a path as this?" muttered John, half to himself; "I wouldn't have done it!"

"Ho! I guess you wouldn't," retorted James; "you're not that fond of making paths. But you see this doesn't happen to be a path: it's the old mill race."

The boys were cousins and John was on a visit and did not know the exact lay of the land as well as James. There was another difference between John and James; both were bright and capable, but where James was full of push and activity, John was indolent and slithful.

"I don't need to be poking over that old book," he had said to James only that morning; "I'll be all right in some way when I come to recite. Haven't I heard people say that I have a good head, and I guess a boy with a good head will come out all right?"

"John, you are getting very careless about your hands," his mother had said to him; "I want you to be a gentleman, if you are in the country."

And John had answered: "Oh, I'm all right: I am aware of every boy in the school in mathematics; the teacher said I had the best head for arithmetic of any boy in the school."

"... you sure you are telling the exact truth about the matter?" his grandfather had been obliged to ask him of a certain report he was giving that morning.

And John's answer had been, in rather a careless tone; "Oh, guess that's near enough; surely I imagined part of it: you know Mr. Williams said once that I had imagination enough to make a success as a story writer. He said I had a good head on me."

And every day John had grown more and more arrogant about his good head, until things had gone about as far as grandpa thought they ought to go.

"Where's the mill?" John asked of his cousin after they had gone a little farther.

"Tumbled down long ago; they have a steam mill over in town that does twice the work in half the time."

"But it isn't as cheap, is it?" suggested the other boy.

"Cheaper, because the water mill didn't have head enough."

"Head enough! What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, I mean there wasn't fall enough in the water: the stream didn't come from high enough up, and so there wasn't head enough, you see."

John did not see after a little more explanation, and he went home thinking about it, and asked lots of questions about the water mills of the days gone by.

"Why yes," said grandpa by the fireside that evening; "there are no water mills that are a success; but a water mill is like a boy; it takes a good head to run it and make it pay."

"Haven't I a good head?"

"No, not the kind of a head that is carried around under the hat; but the head that gives strength and persistence to every good purpose—the power that comes from on high."

"From 'on high,' grandpa?" questioned John.

"Yes, it's only the streams that rise way up in the mountains nearest the clouds that can afford a good head of water to turn a mill wheel."

"But couldn't the Mississippi do it, or the Hudson?"

"No, they have water enough, but they have not the head. It has to come from above: that is the only way."

John was silent the rest of the evening, but by and by when he was ready to go to bed, he stopped a minute by grandpa's chair, and said:

"Do you think, grandpa, that I could get that kind of a head that I don't wear under my hat—the head that comes from 'on high,' I mean?"

"I'm sure you could, boy," said grandpa; "and it's better than being a smart boy—having a good head under your hat. Remember, a small stream that has the head is better than the river without it."