

A Mother's Gift.

The following lines were written by a mother inside a Bible which she gave her boy when he left home:

REMEMBER, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The guide to light, and life, and joy:

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that gift aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy:
A mother's gift. Remember, boy!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

THE LORD'S NAME DAY.

BY THE REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

"When eight days were accomplished, his name was called Jesus."—LUKE 2: 11.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is sometimes called the Lord's Name Day, because the Saviour, eight days after his birth, was called "Jesus"—the name which the angels had told his mother to call him; and New Year's Day is eight days after Christmas—the time when we celebrate the birth of Christ, reckoning both days as the Jews did. Let us make to-day a Lord's Name Day, by thinking about the names of Jesus as a sort of rosary in our hearts.

I hold in my hand a rosary of beads, such as is used by the people in the Roman Catholic Church, and also by some heathen worshippers of idols, to count their prayers. They put the thumb and finger on one bead, and hold it while they say the prayer as fast as they can mumble; and then they take hold of the next bead, and hurry through another prayer; and so on till they get around where they started. Then they know they have said as many prayers as there are beads in the rosary. They think God will be pleased if they say a great many prayers with their lips, even

though they do not stop to think what they are saying in their words. God tells us that he would rather have us pray a few words, and think about them, than to say a great many words without our hearts talking to him.

Prayers that we say without thinking what we are saying, fall to the ground. God does not hear them. Only the prayers that have the love of our hearts behind them fly up to heaven. Our loving thoughts about God make wings for our words, so that they may reach the throne of God. But there is a kind of rosary that we may have in our hearts, out of sight, that would be pleasing to God, and very appropriate for this Lord's Name Day. This rosary would not be made of beads, but names of Jesus, of which there are more than a hundred. Please hunt them out in the Bible, and stop over each one as if you were holding a bead, and say: "What does this mean? What does it tell me about Jesus, and what he can do for me and for others?"

The first name you will find that was given to the Saviour, was that which God spoke to Adam and Eve when he called Jesus "the seed of the woman," so that they might know that Jesus would be born as a little babe, that he might win the love of children.

One of the other names that was first given to the Saviour was this: "A Star out of Jacob;" a name that was given him by the prophet Balaam. That was to show men that as the star sheds light in the darkness, so Jesus would bring joy and forgiveness to the sad and sinful hearts of men. Moses called Jesus our brother, when he said: "A prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you from your brethren, like unto me. Him shall ye hear." This tells us that Jesus is like a big brother who loves us very much, and is wise enough to teach us and guide us, and strong enough to protect us against those who would do us harm.

David called Jesus a King, because all over the world the hearts of men and women and children would learn to love Jesus, and then to obey him as their Ruler. Isaiah called the Saviour by many beautiful names. He said, "His name shall be called Wonderful," because of the wonderful words Jesus would speak, and the wonderful works he would do; and he said he would also be called "Counsellor," because when people did not know what was best to do, they would come to the words of Jesus in the Bible, and learn there just what ought to be done. And Isaiah said Jesus would also be called "Mighty God," because God would live in his soul in such a wonderful way that he could still the storms upon the sea, and make a little bread enough to feed a great multitude, and could heal people who were sick in a moment, and raise to life those who were dead. And Isaiah said Jesus would be called the "Everlasting Father," because as a father pitieth his children, so Jesus would pity the hearts of men.

So Malachi called Jesus "a Refiner and Purifier of silver," because as the refiners take the silver when it has come out of the mountains all mixed with lead and rock and dirt, and get all these impurities out of it, to make it pure and precious silver, so Jesus would drive badness out of the hearts of those that loved him, and make them pure and precious in the sight of God, so that he would rejoice over them as the woman rejoiced that found the lost piece of silver.

John the Baptist called Jesus a Lamb, because he would be gentle as a lamb; and because as the lambs were killed upon the altars, so Jesus would die upon the cross, that men might be forgiven. Peter often called Jesus "the Christ," a word which means "anointed;" because when a man was made king, precious ointment—much sweeter than Cologne—was poured upon his head, and filled the room with fragrance; so, when we speak of Jesus as Christ, it means that he is a king. James called Jesus "the Lord of Glory;" because he is Lord of all the angels in heaven, as well as of the people on the earth. John called Jesus the "Son of God," because long before the world was made, or the first man lived upon it, Jesus was with the Father as his only Son, and by him God made the worlds.

Paul usually called the Saviour "our

Lord Jesus Christ." He calls him by that name ten times in ten verses of one of his letters. He seemed to rejoice to write the name as that of his dearest friend. That name reminds us that Jesus is Lord in heaven and King on earth; and the word "Jesus"—the most precious of all the Saviour's names—means that he shall save his people from their sins.

Something that happened one New Year's Day—as the Jews measure their year—will show you how Jesus saved the people from their sins. The Jews were slaves in Egypt, and were made to work very hard without any pay; and were whipped and wronged in many ways, and all their little boys were killed as soon as they were born. God told the wicked Egyptians to let the Jews go free—to go to another country.

The Egyptians would not obey God, and so he sent the Angel of Death through their towns and cities, to kill one in every house. And he told the Jews—his own people—how they could save themselves from being killed. In every house they were to kill a little lamb, and take some of the blood and sprinkle it on the outside of the door, so that the destroying angel would see the mark of God's people, and pass over them. That was called the Pass-over. Jesus, the Lamb of God, died on the cross in our stead, that we might not be punished, and saves us from sin, and from the death of the soul.

Every boy or girl who will kneel to-day before God and ask him for pardon in Jesus' name, will be forgiven; and if you love, trust, and obey Christ, as a good child loves, trusts, and obeys his father and mother, then Jesus will be your Saviour and King forever.

NELLIE'S GOLD-WEED.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"FRANK, Frank," cried Nellie, from the corner near the old mine, to which she had strayed, in one of their rambles for flowers; "I have found the prettiest green weed with a flower wearing a row of gold buttons down one side, and wearing gold bands around it."

Frank ran to look. "Why, it is brighter than gold," he said, "and looks like a bell hung on a stalk. Here are more of them; we must carry some home to Auntie Nell."

The children carried their "gold-weed" home, feeling that Auntie Nell would be sure to have the explanation ready for them. "Place it away in my room till morning," she said.

Next morning Nell retreated from the room with an exclamation of dismay, "My pretty flower has all dried up!"

Sure enough, there seemed to be nothing left of it but a shrunken skin, until Auntie Nell said, "What is that on the window-sill, Nellie?"

Nellie looked and saw a beautiful, bright butterfly. Its yellow wings were banded with black, and a black border ran around them. In the outer corner were spots of yellow, and when they looked closer, they saw that the black border was dotted with white spots.

"Where did it come from, Auntie, and what has it to do with my beautiful flower?"

"It has had a great deal to do with your beautiful flower, which was not a flower at all, as you might have seen had you looked more closely, but a chrysalis hanging to a weed-stalk. I want you to notice the markings of this one closely, because it is called the Monarch, or Milkweed Butterfly. It comes from a grub that feeds on the milkweed, and belongs to a family that are destructive of vegetation. To-morrow we will look for some of the baby "gold-weed."

They found a few eggs which, when placed under a microscope, showed the most curious little baskets. "Oh, Auntie!" cried Nellie, "is this the cradle the butterfly rocks her baby to sleep in?"

"That is the butterfly's cradle, and a prettier one you could not buy for your baby brother in any of the stores. See what pretty weaving! The slats run up and down and around and around as regularly as in the finest hand-work."

"It is too small and fine for hand-work, Auntie."

"Yes, or loom-work, either," said Auntie admiringly.

"Then what kind of work would you call it?"

"The most delicate and perfect of all work, which is Mother Nature's magic work," said Auntie.

"And that, I know, means God's handiwork, which I read of in the Bible." And the children were right.

At the King's Feast.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

ALPHONSO, fitly named The Wise,
Had, as kings should, observant eyes,
And seeing, when his pages fed,
They asked no blessing on their bread,
He thought it not beneath his state—
Since kings must have an equal care,
Like the good God, for small and great—
An object-lesson to prepare.

So all the rosy troop one day,
Half in delight, and half dismay
(For this was an unheard-of thing)
Dined with His Majesty the king.
As royal guests each had his place
According to the deep design,
And each was served by royal grace,
With meats, and sweets, and dainties fine.

But while they feasted sumptuously,
Another guest of mean degree,
A ragged, rude, unbidden guest,
Pushed himself in among the rest;
And with no reverence to the king,
Or word of thanks or look of shame,
Took of the best of everything—
Then went as careless as he came.

A dozen pairs of boyish eyes
Looked on, the while, in dumb surprise;
But, the man gone, a righteous rage
Swelled in the breast of every page.
"Ungrateful! Shameless! Impudent!"
They cry aloud; and all agree
That sharp and sudden punishment
Should follow such a wretch as he.

But the wise monarch, having heard
Their hasty judgment, spake his word:
"Wherein do you," he asked of them,
"Excel the beggar you condemn?
You scorn his base ingratitude,
Yet owe in God's sight is your share,
Who owe to him your daily food,
And never give back praise or prayer."

Oh, wise Alphonso! centuries dead,
Still be thy searching lesson read:
For we, in these ungodly days,
Have equal need to mend our ways.
We eat and sleep, we come and go,
As though our God was deaf and dumb,
Neither had eyes to see. But, oh,
The reckoning day that's yet to come!

A HEROINE AT A FIRE.

A MOTHER'S concern for her son was heroically displayed at a fire in New York recently. The fire was in a large tenement-house, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp on the first floor. An alarm was sent over the wires and loud shouts warned the tenants on the upper floors to make their escape. All did so except a widow, who, with her son, occupied rooms on the top floor. The son, who is twenty-one years of age, was confined to his bed, being ill with consumption. The mother found it was hopeless to get him out of bed and down the stairs by herself, and presently the stairs took fire, cutting off her escape by that way effectually. She managed to drag the young man to the window, where he could get air, and she waited with him for help to come. Her position was described from the street, and some firemen made their way through the scuffle of a neighbouring house to the roof of the one on fire. Lying down on the roof they lowered a rope to the window at which the widow was, and told her to tie it around her body and they would draw her up. Instead of doing so, she tied it around her invalid son, and waited patiently while the firemen drew him up and lowered the rope again for her. Both were saved, but while the son was being rescued, his mother was in imminent danger. What love that must have been that, in the face of death by burning, could prefer that another should be saved rather than herself! How infinitely greater must have been the love of Christ for a lost world, when he voluntarily laid down his life for its salvation. (John 10: 18.)