

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
For his is its domain,
And his is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign:
To him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
His banner be unfurled
Wide as his great commission,
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
The messages of peace,
Lo! I am with you always
Till time itself shall cease."

The whole wide world for Jesus;
O Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy post of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

CHRIST AND CHILDREN.

METHODISM has had its discussions and its committees on the relation of infants to Christ and his Church. On this subject, as on many others, social and religious, opinion changes. We will not discuss it now. The little ones are God's children, and from their birth are the objects of his care and the subjects of his grace. As to the majority of the children in our schools and congregations, parents, churches and pastors have formally recognized this pre-existent fact by the administration and acceptance of the baptismal sacrament. But no one will question that so soon as responsibility begins, personal obedience must also begin. To say that a child is not a partaker of the blessings of the Covenant until it has fulfilled its conditions would be utterly unscriptural. Many of those blessings are conferred before any such fulfilment is possible, and before and in order that the fulfilment may become possible. But whether those blessings shall remain after the child has entered upon its personal responsibilities depends upon the fulfilment of conditions, just as in the case of the adult it depends upon a similar fulfilment whether the grace of to-day shall

be equally realized to-morrow. To present the truth in a form which shall be proportionate to the child's development, is one of the chief difficulties. Definitions and forms of doctrine which may be healthful to one of maturer years, may be utterly confusing and repulsive to one of more tender age. As for the vast majority of the scholars in our Sunday-schools, they have had so much contact with the world, and have so much knowledge of its ways, that truth may be spoken and duty plainly enforced. Yet with the most precocious of them all, authority and reason may do much, yet love will do the most.—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE LAMP WITHOUT OIL.

LATELY whilst spending a week in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady of his acquaintance. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful.

One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it, suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the Five Foolish Virgins, who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies away from the hunter. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp. My God! what will become of me? I have not the grace of God in my heart!" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and God opened her eyes and showed her her lost condition in his sight. Very soon she was enabled to accept him who came to seek and to save the lost, and to know that in him she had eternal life. Dear reader, you may have the lamp of profession and nothing more; soon the cry may be heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Will you be left outside when the door is shut?

KIND WORDS.

AN editor's work is for the most part done in the dark. He does not see or know those whom he writes for, and seldom hears from them—unless he happens to offend some one—and then he hears promptly enough. A word of appreciation is therefore always welcome, and imparts new vigour to jaded brain and weary pen. The following has just come to hand from a sympathetic reader, to us personally unknown:

"Have just finished reading your book, 'Life in a Parsonage.' I read it through in two sittings. I have shed tears and laughed alternately while so doing. The story of parsonage life is true to nature. I have had a similar experience to Lawrence with Rev. Karl. May you be long spared to wield your pen in giving to our young people books so elevating in tone."



EASTERN WATCHMEN.

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THE ancient Jews employed watchmen to patrol their cities during the night, to prevent disorder arising in the streets, or to guard the walls against the attempts of a foreign enemy. This custom may be traced to very remote times. So early as the departure of Israel from the land of Egypt, the "morning watch" is mentioned. In Persia, the watchmen were obliged to make good the losses of those who were robbed in the streets, and even to make satisfaction with their own blood for those who were murdered. They were also charged to announce the progress of the night to the slumbering city. Thus we read in Isaiah (xxi, 11, 12), "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night."

The watchmen in Alexandria and Cairo at the present day place themselves in pairs, each with his piece of matting or carpet at the side of the street. They are within hail of another couple, and during the night several times in the course of an hour, they call "Allah il Allah" ("God the true God.") This is caught up and passed on to the next, and so on. The cry, coming by degrees from afar, grows louder and louder, until the climax is reached underneath the window; it then passes away again into the distance. By this it is known whether the watchmen are awake. In the intervals between their cries they lie covered up on their carpets.

I hope my readers do not forget to commit themselves every night in prayer to the protection of that ever-present Watcher of whom it is said, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

So we say that we never need try to prove anything that the Bible asserts. We are to preach the word to the people and the Bible will take care of itself. The Bible was the guide of my mother. It was the stay of my father's life; it was a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path, and he bequeathed it to me as his richest gift to his wayward boy, and I say to you to-night, take all other things from me and my home, but leave me my Bible.

The precious book I'd rather have
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone
Or on their diadems.
And were the seas one chrysolite,
This earth a golden ball,
And gems were all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Ah, no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eyes of grief;
Gold cannot purchase health.
But here's a blessed balm
For every human woe,
And they that seek that book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

I HAVE tried both ways: I speak from experience. I am in good spirits, because I use no spirits. I am hale, because I use no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance, I sought only the public good, I have found my own also, since I became a total abstainer. I have these reasons for continuing to be one—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

I NEVER heard praise ascribed to a drunkard, but for bearing of his drink, which is a commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman rather than a gentleman.—*Dodd Burleigh.*