

We Love in Sunday School to Meet.

BY S. HOWARD.

We love in Sunday school to meet,
And sing, in hymns of praise so sweet,
To him who died on Calvary's tree
To save poor sinners such as we.

We must to learn God's blessed truth,
When guide our feet in tender youth,
Shall come from sin and Satan's power,
And comfort in a dying hour.

While there we pray to God in heaven,
That needed blessings may be given;
He bids us ask and then believe
That we his Spirit may receive.

We like to talk of Jesus' love,
That brought him down from heaven above
To die for us a death of shame,
That we in heaven with him might reign.

We love to learn of home on high,
Above the world, above the sky;
There those we loved are gone before,
To dwell with Jesus evermore.

'Tis good we thus our Sabbaths spend,
Learning of God who breath does lend;
It makes us useful, happy here,
And when death comes we'll have no fear.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

WITNESS-BEARING.

MEN are saved by word and by example. One drives the nail, the other clinches it. To withhold experience is to hide the gift of God which he designs for the enlightenment and purifying of the world. Many a blessing is lost because it will not bear hiding. It grows unpalatable in the darkness, and hides itself from us as we have hidden it from others.

Brother, sister, tell your experience. Tell it to your next neighbor, to the Church, to the world. Tell the parish what Jesus has done for your poor soul. Tell how sweetly he saves you, how completely he keeps you, and with what hope he carries you onward. Speak of his loving kindness. O how great!

There is a prudence about confessing, but we will not dilate on that now. If the Lord has swept through your soul with the breezes of his love, and purified and adorned it with the graces of his Spirit, surely you are fitted for some humble place on the rainbow of his earthly glory. You say you are unworthy, and so you are, but it is not a question of worthiness; it is simply one of magnifying what God has done for you and in you. Your sanctified soul must be a beacon of promise, and your words a glowing invitation, and your life a holy inspiration to lead the unsaved and unsanctified to Jesus. Hide your head if you must while you speak, but fail not to hold up the Crucified and the Holy One to the world.

DIALOGUE ON TURKISH CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE A. SMITH.

AMY—Mamma, is it true that Turkish babies are salted?

Mamma—Yes; they salt them to keep them sweet.

AMY—How queer! What do they do then?

Mamma—Then they dress it in a little shirt and red silk cap, and wrap it up in a quilt until it can neither move hand nor foot, with only its head out, which makes it look just like a mummy.

AMY—Don't they ever cry? Our Harry would scream loud enough if he were treated in that way.

Mamma—They are taught to be very quiet from the first. They are laid in a cradle, which is a long narrow box on rockers, containing a hard mattress, but no pillow. Here baby is placed on his back and tied in, where he is kept and rocked day and night.

AMY—Dear me, how cruel that seems. Is he never fed?

Mamma—Oh yes, when he is hungry, and the rest of the time he contents himself with sugar and bread tied up in a rag. If he is still restless, he is given a dose of opium, which puts him to sleep, or makes him so stupid that he is quiet enough.

AMY—How long is he made to stay in the cradle?

Mamma—Until he grows old enough to kick vigorously; then he is taken out and allowed to creep about. He is also taught to eat. His mother fills a little basket with fruits and sweet things, and baby is allowed to help himself whenever he feels like eating. This often makes him sick, and hundreds of babies die from this cause every year.

AMY—How do the Turkish children dress when they grow older?

Mamma—The boys dress like their father, in loose trowsers, dressing-gown and turban, and the girls like their mother, in silks, embroidery and jewels. They look like very little men and women.

AMY—How do they amuse themselves?

Mamma—As soon as they jump out of bed in the morning, they run and ask their father for money, which they spend for cake and sweets.

AMY—Don't they want to dress?

Mamma—They never undress. At night everyone lies down in the clothes worn all day, on mattresses spread on the floor. When they rise in the morning, they are already dressed, and the mattresses are rolled up and put away until needed again.

AMY—Do they go to school?

Mamma—Yes; after they have had something to eat they start for school with a slave, who goes to take care of them and their school bag, which holds their only book, the Koran.

AMY—Is that all they study?

Mamma—Yes, they are taught nothing but religion, the Koran, and how to read it. The boys kneel on the floor, each holding his book, while they all read their lesson aloud and together. The teacher sits on a mat with a pipe in one hand and a rod in the other.

AMY—Do they have any playthings?

Mamma—Scarcely any at all. The girls have a poor doll made of rags, and the boys have rattles, trumpets and tops. Their great prophet, Mohammed, taught that it was wrong for children to have toys, but in spite of this they have a few toys and games, and try to have a good time when out of school.

AMY—Do the boys and girls spend their time alike?

Mamma—Until she is eight years old, the girl does pretty much as her brother. She runs out and plays and goes to school, but when she reaches eight years, she begins to feel grown up, leaves school and puts on a veil, and lives in the harem with the other women.

AMY—Does she never go out any more?

Mamma—Yes, she goes to the public bath, visits, and shops, but she can never go without her veil which covers her face, as it is a disgrace for her to be seen by any man except her father or husband.

AMY—Her husband! Does she marry when she is eight years old?

Mamma—Not quite so young, but her mother begins to arrange for her marriage,

which takes place when she is eleven or twelve. She has nothing to do with it, and must marry the boy who is chosen for her, and go to live in her new home, away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all the associations that are so dear to a child's heart.

AMY—Oh, mamma! it is dreadful to think of my going away to live with anyone but you. It would break my heart; and I shall always feel thankful that I was born in a land where children can live happy lives in their own homes as long as they wish.

CITY OF DELIGHTS.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART,

Superintendent of Methodist Missions, China.

II.

THE City of Delights rises gradually from the river until the crest of the hill is reached. Here are temples of ancient date—now in bad repair—and enormous flowering trees. We climbed to the highest point, and from an old battered Taoist temple could see the whole city and country, near and far. Away to the southwest was Mount Omei, and nearer by two rivers could be traced as silver threads, winding in and out among hills, through rich valleys until we could see them unite and flow on, a broad river, past the city wall.

A breast were the beautiful bluffs 400 feet high, covered with sub-tropical forests out of which peeped temples and pagodas, and upon the face of one of the cliffs could be seen the mighty statue of *Mehadr Buddha*, over 300 feet high, carved from the solid rock. As I gazed, Cape Town with Table Mountain came to mind, and I saw, in fancy, the wonderful panorama which burst upon my view when half way up its side twenty-six years ago; I recalled Quebec and the world renowned view from its wonderful pinnacle; I thought of Naples, as seen from San Martino, and other views that I have had, but somehow I could not conjure any picture more beautiful than the one spread out before me.

We called a rowboat and went across the river, and landed at the lower bluff, and walked to its summit, shaded by a wealth of trees and flowering vines. We visited great temples, saw many large idols, chatted with the priests and abbot. The buildings were very fine and cool.

Our one thought was to reach

THE GREAT BUDDHA.

In going, we passed a vast number of Mantz caves. What is a Mantz cave? Long centuries ago there were semi-savages living all along these rivers, and they dug and hewed and chiselled themselves homes in the sandstone cliffs. They are of all sizes, and plans. Some small and low, barely large enough for two or three persons; others seventy feet deep, with large side rooms and small recesses seven to eight feet high, and beautifully tunnelled into the solid rock. These aborigines went so far in some instances as to ornament the doorways with fantastic designs. These caves are reckoned by the thousands, showing that once this country had a large population of cave-men.

I found some ancient inscriptions upon the sides of the openings, but none that would throw any light upon their age or character of the people that first inhabited them.

At last I saw the curly-headed giant—the Buddhist messiah—towering in stately grandeur among the forest trees upon the edge of the cliff. From feet, at the surface of the river, to crown of head, is considerably over 300 feet. His head, or crown, carved in thirteen tiers of stones, represents the hair of the god. I leaped over the palings and stood upon the centre of his moss-grown head. The head is not far from thirty feet in diameter and with face quite sixty feet long. What a head and face! I durst not look over the abyss, and after a hasty survey betook myself to another quarter, and their studied the monster in stone. Where is his equal?

TEACHER: "Can you define 'drink,' Tom?" Tom: "No, mum." Teacher: "Well, can you tell me the future tense of 'He drinks'?" Tom: "He is drunk."

FRANK JONES' SUCCESS.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Now, let me tell you a good story about a boy, and all of you try to remember it and profit by it, too. "It was the best boy's story I ever heard," was what a lawyer said of the one I am about to relate to you.

"We have had a good many boys with us in our business from time to time," said Mr. Alden, senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market Street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business. But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one on whom the establishment that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us for eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out when, according to agreement, we should have been paying him \$500 a year, we paid him \$900, and he never said a word himself about an increase of salary.

"From the very beginning he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if he kept a little over time at night, it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was, and if any information was wanted it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the names of everyone who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?'

"I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer."

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases that he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfil to the letter everything he promised.

"Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded that it would be greatly to our interest to take him in the firm's partnership. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco or beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was at the very lowest he paid his mother \$2 a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was very probable that he had saved up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him an offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, he replied:

"If ten thousand dollars will be any object, I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred."

"I can tell you that I never was more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and the most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in a bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two passages in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is much;' and on the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of those texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy will always succeed."