

How He will lead all Gullies astray! But Gullies cared little how far the path turned from the narrow path of the children, so long as it led to life and healing.

Down in the garden below, the children climbed up on the grape-arbour, and peered through the vines at the surging crowds which they would have joined, had it not been for Laban's strict command.

One by one they watched people whom they knew to be, some carried on litters, some leaning on the shoulders of friends, some crawling painfully along on his hands and knees.

After awhile the same people began to come back.

"Look, quick, Joel!" one of the children cried; "there goes Simon ben Levi. Why, his palsy is all gone! He doesn't shake a bit now! And there's little Martha that lives out near Aunt Rebecca's! Don't you know how white and thin she looked when they carried her by a little while ago? See! she is running along by herself now as well as we are!"

The children could hardly credit their own sense of sight, when the neighbours they had known all their lives to be bed-ridden invalids came back cured, singing and praising God.

It was a sight they never could forget. So they watched wonderingly till darkness fell, and the last happy-hearted healed one had gone home to a rejoicing household.

While the fathers on the roof were deciding they would have naught of this man, the children in the grape-arbour were storing up in their simple little hearts these proofs of his power and kindness.

Then they gathered around Joel on the doorstep, while he repeated the story the old shepherd Heber had told him, of the angels and the star, and the baby they had worshipped that night in Bethlehem. "Come, children," called his Aunt Leah, as she lit the lamp that was to burn all night. "Come! It is bed-time!"

His cousin Hannah lingered a moment after the others had gone in, to say, "That was a pretty story, Joel. Why don't you go and ask the good man to strengthen your back?"

Strange as it may seem, this was the first time the thought had occurred to him that he might be benefited himself. He had been so long accustomed to thinking of himself as hopelessly lame, that the wonderful cures he had witnessed had awakened no hope for himself. A new life seemed to open up before him at the little girl's question. He sat on the doorstep, thinking about it until his Uncle Laban came down and crossly ordered him to go to bed.

He went in, saying softly to himself, "I will go to him to-morrow; yes, early in the morning!"

Strange that an old proverb should cross his mind just then. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

(To be continued.)

"GOOD-BYE AND GOD BLESS YOU"

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford University is a most touching record of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of a child.

The lower door of St. Leonard's church, Bridgewater, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount to the upper part and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lad hung, vainly calling for help, for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both gone for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to let loose of you?" asked the lad.

"I think I could," returned the elder.

"Then good-bye and God bless you!" said the little fellow loosening his hold. Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. His companion clambered to a place of safety.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy, Go while it is called to-day; For the years go out and the years come in Regardless of those who may lose or win; Of those who may work or play.

And the troops move steadily on, my boy, To the army gone before; You may hear the sound of their falling feet.

Going down to the river where two worlds meet; They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,

A duty, too, assigned, Step into the front with a cheerful face, Be not for another may take your place, A you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,

That you never can tread again— Work for the loftiest, lowliest men— Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and pen— Work for the hands and brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,

Temptations without and within; And spirits of evil, with robes as fair As those which even the angels might wear, Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy, In the beautiful days of youth;

Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and shield, And the sword the feeblest hand may wield, In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy, With knowledge and grace well shod,

And before high heaven do the best you can For the great reward, and the good of man, For the kingdom and crown of God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1896.

ONLY IN HIS SERVICE.

Every now and then some little event in the life of the great singer, Jenny Lind is recounted, and each new one seems to reveal a worth that hitherto we had not imputed to this woman, noble though we understood her character to be. Perhaps none however, will better serve to endure her memory, than the one we are about to relate. Jenny Lind passed the last years of her life in England where many incidents are still remembered of her goodness and of the simple, devoted piety which ruled her conduct. In the height of her triumphs

she gave up the stage, and sang only in oratorios and concerts, because she believed that her successes as an actress were making her worldly and vain. She was in the habit of urging young musicians to remember that their art was the direct gift of God, and should be used only in his service.

A day or two before her death, she said: "I can bring people near to God when I sing, and when my heart is right," adding, with her heavenly face glowing, "I have tried to put God first. I always tried to put God first, even when I was a child."

She had a friend named Jantha, a poor woman who had great musical genius, but who persistently avoided notoriety. Once, when urged to come more prominently before the world, in order to gain more fame and money, she said, "What is this world of which you speak? Why should I try to please it? I play because it is Christ's work. I play for Christ."

Jenny Lind heard her say this, and remained grave and thoughtful. Presently she said, "She speaks the truth. He gave her that gift. She is in the right of it."

Guido, Michael Angelo, Haydn, Beethoven, and many other great artists have felt at times that their genius was an inspiration coming from a divine Giver, but none more than this peasant woman, whose voice had uplifted the world. As she approached the end of life, her faith grew more real and childlike.

A month or two before her own death a friend died, and she went to look at her for the last time. Coming home she said:

"It was not her own look that was on her face. It was the look of another. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. I put down my candle and said, 'Let me see this thing. Where are the children? Let them come and look. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.'"

The tones of Jenny Lind's wonderful voice are gone out of the world, but her simple, childlike faith lives on, to make it purer and better.

NO SALVATION IN OUR OWN RIGHTEOUSNESS.

See why it is that you have failed hitherto to find rest. You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have bent on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been on the wrong road. Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the farther he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the farther off you will be from the righteousness of God.

O, sirs, if you could be saved by your own works, and your proud hopes could be fulfilled, then the death of our Lord would be proved to be a gross mistake. What need of the great sacrifice if you can save yourself? The cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put his Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see what you are driving at? Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord.

You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted him, but you do not trust him. Oh that this moment you would end this delay! To trust in Jesus is described in Scripture as looking. As the man bitten by the serpent looked to the serpent of brass hung high upon the pole and as he looked, healing and life came to him, so if you look to Jesus now you will be saved. I see God's only begotten Son, who has deigned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the cross I entreat him to speak to you. Speak, O my Master! He does speak, and these are his words—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God; and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live.—Spurgeon

JUNIOR FFWORTH LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 21, 1896.

Reasons for serving God.—Psalm 27, 4-10

Verse 4. The Psalmist does not concern himself about multifarious things. He has made his choice, and all other things must submit to this one thing which is of paramount importance. The house of the Lord, where God reveals himself to his people, where they behold his beauty, and become so entranced with the glories and manifestations of the God-head, that they feel as though they could dwell there forever.

DIVINE SAFETY.

Verse 5. Trouble comes to all, but when in trouble the divine being is there to act as a pavilion, which is a dwelling-place in time of need. The secret place of the Most High is the place of security in which God hides his people and there they dwell in safety, and will establish them upon a rock, which signifies durability, or that which cannot be moved.

THANKSGIVING.

Verse 6. In view of the character of the Most High as being light and salvation, and keeping in safety all those who abide in him, the good man exults with exceeding joy, and declares his resolution to sing and offer sacrifices of joy. There is not one word of fear or regret, no fear arising from any source of opposition. His confidence is so strong that he feels assured that no evil can possibly befall him. Should even father and mother forsake him, he knows that he will be cared for.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Verse 8. God commands all to seek him, but many disobey the command, they will not hearken to the call, but the Psalmist here resolves to obey the divine mandate—"My heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

God calls you "to seek him." Do you respond as the Psalmist did? Remember you are not too young to seek to know God. They who seek him early will find him.

"IF YE LOVE ME KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS"

One day there was wood and water to bring home, and mother was tired and ill, and John said, "I love you, mother,"—and then he on with his cap and away out to the swing under the tree. And Nell said, "I love you, mother,"—and then teased and sulked till mother was glad when she went out to play. After that Fan said, "I love you, mother; there is no school to-day, and I shall help you all I can." Then she rocked the baby to sleep, and swept the floor, and tidied the room, and was busy and happy all day. Three children that night were going to bed, and all of them said, while mother tucked them in, "I love you, mother." But now tell me which of them did mother think loved her best?

If you love the Saviour, you will not forget him. Some of you tell him in your hymns and prayers from morning to night all Sunday that you love him. And then you go out all the week, and never seem to think of him again till the Sunday after. You just live as if there were no Saviour at all. We shall meet him some day, by-and-bye, and he is going to say to some of us, "I never knew you. You sung my hymns, but you forgot my commandments."—Rev. John F. Dempster.

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in the Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed! Selected.