

GOD'S WORK.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

GATHERING brands from the burning,
Plucking them out of the fire,
Lifting the sheep that have wandered
Out of the dust and the mire;

Bringing home sheaves from the harvest
To lay at the Master's feet—
Lord, all Thy hosts of angels
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,
Speaking with love for all,
Warning the young and thoughtless
From the wild beast, "Alcohol";
Showing the snares that the tempter
Weaveth on every hand—
Lord, all Thy dear, dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle
With a heart that is true and bold
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbor,
And out of love for his Lord;
I know that the hands of the angels
Will crown him with his reward.

For whose works for the Master,
And whose fights His fight,
The angels crown with a star-wreath,
And it glows with gems most bright.
They wear them for ever and ever,
The saints in that land of bliss,
And I know that heaven's best jewel
Is kept for a soul like this.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1882.

A MISSION BOAT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

ANY of our readers have heard Mr. Crosby describe his long and adventurous mission trips on the Pacific coast.

Last year he travelled four thousand miles on missionary work, sometimes 600 miles on a single trip. These voyages, for such they are, are made in an open boat. It is a large boat it is true, but still it is one hewn out of a single log, out of the huge trunk of some British Columbia pine. It is hollowed out with axes and then steamed, we believe, by filling it partly with water and throwing into this heated stones; and then the sides are spread out. There was one such boat at the Centennial Exhibition, about 60 feet long, and 6 or 7 feet wide.

As the voyage is made in the open sea, where, notwithstanding its Pacific name, severe storms often occur, these

boats need to be very strong. Yet such is the force of the waves that they sometimes split open from end to end, and the rowers are precipitated into the sea, and are drowned.

It requires a large number of rowers to manage such a boat as this. Mr. Crosby used to have from ten to fourteen Indians to paddle the boat. I don't think they use oars at all, only paddles. These good fellows charge nothing for their services. They are very glad to help the missionary by toiling day after day with the paddle, but he must, of course, feed them while on these trips, which costs some \$200 a year.

Now, if he had a large sail-boat with a steam-engine and screw to use in case of head winds, he could get along with two men beside himself. He would be engineer—he used to run an engine in Canada before he became a missionary—and two Indians would manage the sails and steer. He could also do much more work in the same time. A trip that used to take six weeks could be made in two or three. He could also save money to the mission funds in another way. The mission stations are a long way from the towns where supplies can be had, and it costs a good deal to convey provisions and supplies of different sorts. This mission boat could convey these supplies, lumber for building and the like, at very little cost.

A few weeks ago some one, I think in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, sent Mr. Crosby a sum of money—I think \$5—for a mission boat, without I believe being asked at all. Since then several other persons have given generous contributions. One gentleman in London gave \$100 for himself, and his wife gave \$25. A gentleman in Ottawa gave a complete outfit of flags worth nearly forty dollars.

Mrs. Crosby has given us a list of subscriptions amounting to \$14.29 given by sixteen children in sums of from four cents to \$5. The last was a gold piece given to little Bertie Cox of Peterboro', and he generously gave it all for the mission boat. At another place a number of little girls are sewing for a bazaar, for the same purpose.

Mr. Crosby has now got about \$1,000 for this object. He wants \$3,000 more. What a grand thing it would be if the Sunday-schools of Canada would furnish that sum! They could easily do so, if they would try, and we hope they will try. The time is now short before he goes back to his mission, and whatever is done should be done at once. We hope that many schools will take hold of the matter. The money can be sent to Mr. Crosby through the minister of the circuit, or through the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, at Toronto, or if sent to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS it will be acknowledged in this paper, and will be sent to him. We will venture to promise that Mr. Crosby will write for PLEASANT HOURS an account of his first trip in the mission boat, and at least once a year thereafter.

It is not yet decided what the boat shall be called. The "John Wesley" has been suggested, also "The Messenger" and some other names. But let us first get the boat and then a name will soon be found.

Apart from the benefit to be accomplished by such a boat, a great benefit

will be done to the young folk and to the Missionary Society, by their becoming interested in this mission cause, and feeling that they have a share in this glorious work.

We received the other day an order for 100 copies of *Pleasant Hours* to be sent to the Antipodes—to New South Wales, in Australia—also for the *Guardian*, and *Melthodist Magazine*. The latter goes to Japan and Bermuda, to nearly every State in the Union, and recently was sent to New Zealand, and the Island of Ceylon. The English-speaking race are to be found everywhere. We have also had orders for large quantities of the *Banner* to be sent to New Orleans, Newfoundland, and even Australia.

CLEFT FOR ME.

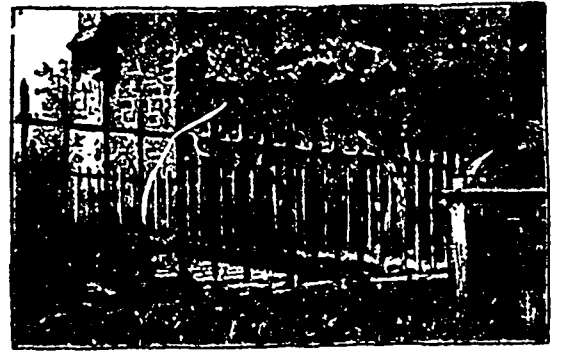
ONE of the "Jubilee Singers," a student of Fisk University, was on a steamer that took fire. He had presence of mind to fix life preservers on himself and wife, but in the agony of despair, when all on board were trying to save themselves, some one dragged off from his wife the life preserver, so that she found herself helpless amid the waters. But she clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders as he swam on. After a little her strength was exhausted. "I can hold on no longer," was her cry. "Try a little longer," was her husband's agonized entreaty; and then he added, "Let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" Immediately they both began to sing, and their strains fell upon the ears of many around them, while they were thus seeking to comfort each other. One after another of the nearly exhausted swimmers was noticed raising his head above the waves and joining in the prayer,—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," etc.

Strength seemed to come with the song, and they were able to hold out a little longer, still faintly singing. A boat was seen approaching, and they did get strength enough to keep themselves afloat till the crew lifted them on board. And thus Toplady's hymn helped to save more than one from death by sea, as it has often helped to save souls ready to perish.

"SHUT THE TRAPS THAT CATCH US."

A FEW years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sabbath evening from ministerial duties, a minister was accosted by a man who, though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship; but then the public-houses are open. I get past one or two, and



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED, OLD GREY FRIARS' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.—(See First Page.)

at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to work hard all the week, and to struggle, at the same time, with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober, they should shut up the traps that catch us."

Remember this, boys, and when you are old enough to put in your vote, always let it be against the rum-shop.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

WHAT, detest the care to be spotless as a lily, sweet and fresh as lavender, a blessing to those who see her, a part of all fair and comely scenes, instead of something discordant, marring them? I refuse to believe it of any girl who reads this. Now let the Wise Blackbird drop a bit of wisdom in your ears which will take the harshness out of every disagreeable duty in life. In Dr. John Todd's "Letters to a Daughter" he wrote: "Whatever one does well she is sure to do easily," and words to the effect that what one goes at thoroughly ceases to be disagreeable. I know a girl of twenty years ago who took these words into her heart and they have made work the pleasure of her life. All the careless people who watch her cry out at the trouble she takes with everything she does; but they are very apt to say, after all is through, "You have such an easy way of turning off things and things always stay done for you." Of course they do. Thorough is the Saxon for through, and anything that is thoroughly done is through with. It is a queer paradox that if you try to do things easily, to shirk and slur them over, you will always find it hard to get along; while if you put all sorts of pains into your work and never think how easily it can be done, but how well it can be, you find it growing easier day by day.—*Wide Awake*.

AN EASTERN FABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE Evil One, allowed to kiss An Eastern king, a double hiss Was heard, and from each shoulder, stung By fiendish lips, a serpent sprung. The monarch strove with might and main To tear them from their hold in vain; Part of himself they now had grown, Their helpless victim all their own. With smiles the cup a friend may pass; A serpent springs from out the glass; You learn with horror, stricken dumb, Part of yourself he has become!