

now if he will have him; for he said I am the Son of God." To the left John and the faithful Mary look up and hear the words of Jesus, "Woman, behold thy Son!" In the centre the soldiers cast lots for his vesture, while one dips a sponge in vinegar to give it to him.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly..... | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Magazine, Guardian and Onward together..... | 3 50 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly..... | 1 00 |
| Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly..... | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies..... | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over..... | 0 40 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 30 copies..... | 0 25 |
| Over 30 copies..... | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies..... | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards..... | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies..... | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards..... | 0 12 |
| Green Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month..... | 5 50 |
| Lesson Leaf, quarterly..... | 0 06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100. | |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
1176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1895.

A TALK TO SHY BOYS

ONE of my boy friends came to see me a while ago; a very little boy he is, only six years old, but he said something which set me thinking. He is such a shy little fellow that he reminds me of nothing so much as a little turtle shut up in his shell. When he is alone with me, however, he sometimes opens his shell and gives me a glimpse of what is going on inside. He did so on this occasion. He was seated on the edge of the big rocking-chair with his small hands thrust into the pockets of his first knickerbockers. His brow was wrinkled and he looked very unhappy. Being such a little fellow, he could not express himself with much fluency, but to me his very blunders were eloquent.

"I've got to go a-visiting," he remarked gloomily. "I've got to go with mamma to see my grandma. Do you know I have a grandma? I have, and I've got aunts—I've got uncles—and I've got—folks."

He enumerated his relations as if each particular class were an especial affliction. He continued:

"There's an awful lot of people at my grandma's house." Here he left his chair and nestled close to me. "I'll tell you something," he said mysteriously; "I'm afraid of them. Last time I went there I shivered—I didn't say anything, but I shivered."

And I thought of dozens of boys whom I know, who are a good deal older than my little turtle, to whom the hours which they are forced to spend in society are so many hours of silent agony. Like little Jack, they don't say anything, but they shiver.

That very evening Charlie Axtell dropped into the sitting-room, just home from his first trip West as a commercial traveller. Now Charlie is a very domestic, home-loving fellow, modest and unobtrusive, with but a small opinion of himself, and such being the case, I feared he had not enjoyed his Western experiences very much.

"Oh!" said he, in answer to my questions, "at the start it was awful. I walked up and down in front of my first customer's door for fully half an hour without the courage to go in, and when I did get into the store I hadn't a word to say for myself and precious few for my firm. How I did it I don't know, but I

managed to make a small sale, so my first effort was not an absolute failure; but the first two weeks were terrific. I wasn't going to let myself be beaten, though, so I persevered, and take it all in all, I have made a very successful trip."

One little sentence of Charlie's stuck in my head. "I wasn't going to let myself be beaten," he said. Ah! that was it. The boy who is deterred from doing anything by shyness lets himself be beaten. His shyness conquers him when he should conquer the shyness.

One of our most noted humorous lecturers once asked Mr. Beecher what he should do to overcome a certain nervous trembling which always attacked him whenever he faced an audience.

"My boy," said the wise old veteran, "I don't think that you will ever get over it; you had best not mind it."

This habit of shyness, if nursed and yielded to, may come to dominate a man's whole life, and may so fetter his actions that half his native powers may never be fully developed; but if fought with it can be conquered and put down and kept in its proper place. Sam did it when he resolved that he would speak. Charlie did it when he determined not to be beaten, and every boy can do so if he will exert his own courage and self-control.

For My Sake.

For my sake, not thine, O Lord of glory,
Thou didst lay thy regal raiment by;
For my sake, not thine, O wondrous story,
Came to suffer, and for me to die!

Lo, the King, with love supreme and endless,
Did the office of a servant bear—
Crowned with thorns, and buffeted, and
friendless,
That I might be made a kingly heir!

Turn, O man, the world's historic pages;
Scan each noble and heroic deed;
Can ye find, in all recording ages,
Such a love, to meet so sore a need?

Not in old, or new, or mystic story,
Is there that ye may with this compare;
King of Kings! who put aside his glory,
That I might a crown of glory wear!

For my sake, O Lord, this abnegation,
When thine angels stood from thee apart;
For my sake, the death and desolation!
Peace, my wandering and perplexed heart!

Were so much as this to thee unfolding—
More than this the human could not fear;
And the rest, when thou, his face beholding,
Shalt the fulness of his glory share!

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING."

IN visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile said:

"We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire."

She stopped, while her face became grave. Then it lighted up. "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing I ever saw in my hospital experience. I don't need to think very long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate the story, she began: "It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation.

"Tell me," he said, bravely, "am I to live or die?"

"The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We must hope for the best; but it is extremely doubtful.'"

"As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite

of himself, the tears forced themselves down the smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man.

"As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating-room, he summoned up his fast-failing strength, and said:

"If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her I would. I have kept putting it off all this while."

"We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on:

"I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die."

"We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was despatched at once for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating-room. There we laid him on the table. By this time, the minister had arrived hatless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses and others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began:

"I believe—' he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said:

"I believe in Jesus Christ—His Son—Our Lord—and Saviour—"

"He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips; thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating-table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly:

"I believe—' With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away.

"The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician had taken the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing I have seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."

Book Notices.

Withrow's New Harmony of the Gospels. Third edition, with map of Palestine in the time of Christ, with geographical description. Price, 50 cents.

It is exceedingly gratifying to find that a third edition of this "Harmony of the Gospels" is called for within nine months. The new edition has some features which add much to its value. It is printed on a larger page and heavier paper than the first edition, and is more handsomely bound. It has also an excellent map of Palestine in the time of our Lord, and a short geographical description. For these improvements no extra charge is made. For the closing scenes in the life of our Lord described in the lessons of the current half year, such a harmony is described by the *Sunday-school Times* and other high authorities as being "almost essential." It will be mailed, post free, from our Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, for 50 cents.

Grettir the Outlaw, A Story of Iceland. By S. Baring Gould. With six illustrations and map. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

The author of this book is a remarkable personality. He is a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, an accomplished scholar and author, a country squire and magistrate, and lives in a fine old manor-house. When master in an English school he began to read *The Saga of Grettir in Icelandic*. As he told the story, chapter by chapter, to the school-boys, they were so fascinated with it that he resolved to give it to the school-boy world at large. He went to Iceland and went over nearly every bit of the ground described in the book. This is a stirring tale

of the hard-fighting Norsemen, and of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland. The story is strictly historical, although doubtless, somewhat embellished by the family pride of the kinsfolk of Grettir.

To Greenland and the Pole. By Harry Stables, M.D., Surgeon Royal Navy, with eight full-page illustrations and map. Price, \$1.50. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

The story of Arctic adventure will always possess a strong attraction for English speaking readers. Nowhere has Anglo-Saxon valour and fidelity been more conspicuous than in seeking the Pole, from the time of Willoughby and Frobenius, down to Sir John Franklin and Lieut. Peary. Surgeon Stables has himself had much Arctic experience, and he vividly describes the privations, adventures and heroisms of the perilous quest for the North Pole.

The Congo Rovers: A Tale of the Slave Squadron. By Harry Collingwood, with six full-page illustrations. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Britain has done much to expiate her crime in so long prosecuting the slave trade by now vigorously suppressing it. Dr. Livingstone declared that it was the open sore of the world, the greatest wrong of Darkest Africa. No more abominable thieves and scoundrels go unchained than those who still attempt to prosecute this nefarious traffic in human flesh and blood. British cruisers, however, have well-nigh driven it from the sea. The stirring incidents of the slave trade are strikingly set forth in Collingwood's volume.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

APRIL 7, 1895.

SIN AND SHAME.—Romans 5. 12.
How wonderful was the introduction of sin into the world. It all came by one man; one man can be instrumental of such an enormity of evil, how every man should dread the commission of evil. Juniors as well as seniors can commit evil. One sinner, whether young or old, destroyeth much good.
You cannot mention an evil that exists that is not the fruit of sin. Reckon them, if you can, and the number will frighten you to look upon, but they all are the fruit of sin. The greatest of the evils which have befallen our world by reason of sin is death. Alas! for us death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned and therefore all must die. Let everyone prepare for the dread summons of death.

Gethsemane.

GETHSEMANE! Gethsemane!
What saddened memories cling to thee!
Within thy garden walls I see
My Saviour's deepest agony
And bloody sweat.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
O scene of weakness, scene of power!
Thou witnessed that decisive hour
That made the ranks of Satan cower
And, conquered, flee.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Scene where the Saviour's soul was pained
Spot where the bitter cup was drained
Till not a single drop remained,
E'en to the dregs.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Thou place of sadness, place of prayer,
I see the strong disciples there!
Their Master's woe they cannot share
A single hour.

Dear Saviour, should it come to me
To pass through dark Gethsemane,
Oh, help me to remember thee
And do thy will!

So may I do as thou hast done,
There may I go where thou hast gone,
Though heaven should be from Calvary
I follow thee.