

Prince of Wales." Turning to the Prince, he continued: "You must send this young man to school and pay for his tuition out of your own pocket money. That cannot add to your punishment, but can benefit this poor lad with whom you picked such an uncalld-for quarrel."

Thus it was that Tom Benton met the Queen of England. He was sent to a school about midway between Portland and Dover. After completing his studies there he was taken into her Majesty's service and remained there his entire life. Between Benton and the Prince of Wales there was a strong bond of friendship, such as could exist between a true manly man and the future king of England.

Our Native Land.

An "God Save the Queen."

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night
When the wild tempests rave
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On thee we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family.
The wide earth o'er.

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 20, 1897.

Jonah to Nineveh.—Jonah 1. 1-17.

JONAH

He was a prophet, one of seven, who are called minor prophets. Minor means less or smaller. We are not to suppose that their prophecies are of less importance, but only that they extended over a shorter space of time, or were limited to fewer people, but their prophecies were of vast importance, and even in our day they are the themes of great discussion. Do not think that you are of no use because you only move in a small sphere, or that your talents may not be equal to some of your fellows. Act well your part, whatever your lot may be.

GOD'S COMMAND.

Verse 2. Nineveh was a city of Assyria, whose inhabitants were very wicked. Alas! it is so in our time, that cities are often the centres of the most alarming wickedness. We boast of Toronto being worthy to be called "Toronto the good." Alas! for us, our police officers, and those whose duty calls them into certain streets, even in To-

ronto, where scenes may be witnessed of which it is a shame even to speak. God's mercy is great. When we hear the swearing and filthy conversation in which even boys indulge and practice, we wonder at his forbearance. Do any of our readers ever wonder at God's mercy to them?

JONAH'S REFUSAL.

He started to Tarshish instead of going to Nineveh. Strange that a prophet of the Lord should act in this manner. But many of us, perhaps all of us, have sometimes acted in a similar manner. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," is a divine command. We profess to acknowledge, but we do not always obey. We love to have our own way, and what are sometimes called the misbaps of life, are the consequences of taking our own way, rather than follow the way that God would have us to take.

THE TEMPEST.

A storm arose. The vessel in which Jonah sailed was likely to be wrecked. The mariners were alarmed, and began to pray. Too many sailors swear in the storm, but these men prayed. It is good to pray always. All that the sailors could do was of no avail. Strange that Jonah could sleep under those circumstances. Hear what the shipmaster said to him, verse 6.

NEXT STEP.

They cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah! Poor fellow, his sin found him out. So will yours. Don't try to run away from duty. Don't try to hide your sin. He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but he who confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy. Jonah confessed. Read verses 9 and 10. The sailors were kindly disposed to him. Let their conduct teach you an example. Never scold a man for getting into trouble. Tell him how to get out.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

Verse 17. A great fish was prepared to swallow Jonah. Some have said this was impossible, as they said about Balaam's ass speaking. An old Scotchman told an infidel that if he would make the ass, he, the Scotchman, would make him speak. God can do everything, and so he could make a fish large enough to swallow a man. In modern times a human body has been found in the belly of a shark. Some men claim to be wise, and object to the miracle about Jonah. In thus acting, they are only declaring what others have said many years ago. Jesus Christ acknowledged the truth of this event in what he said respecting his own resurrection.

The clipping in Pleasant Hours for April 24th, which gave an account of the origin of the beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," should have credited it not simply to Mr. Wesley, which is generally understood to mean John Wesley, but to Mr. Charles Wesley, who wrote the very large proportion of the Wesley hymns.

MEXICAN BABIES.

The babies, who have so many pretty things among you, often have absolutely nothing here, or only a calico apron or sack. The mothers do almost nothing to teach the children. How can they when they know nothing themselves? There are few who can read. They do not laugh and play with their children, nor tell them stories, nor sing to them, and so the little ones grow up with stupid and untrained minds. They know very few games, and, lacking plays, they sit about doing nothing or worse than nothing.

One day I visited a sick man on our street. A baby there had just been fed by its mother, and put into a hammock made of gunny sack and hung from the corners by a rope. The baby was not inclined to sleep, so when it cried the mother went and swung it vigorously until she spanked it against the side of the house; then, with a final swing and thump against the wall, she left it, saying: "Now, you go to sleep." When children live in such homes, without tables, chairs, floor, or dishes, with such mothers, we think that they are highly privileged to have a chance to be educated in a mission school taught by a nice Christian girl, where they learn about Jesus and the Bible, and also to keep clean. One morning when I was at school the teacher asked those who had not washed their faces nor combed their hair to stand. Then she began asking why, and some said that they had not combed because they had a cold!—Woman's Work for Woman.

Columbus.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now, speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah,
That night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VI.

A PROMISE KEPT.

About a fortnight later Sir Edward, who always opened the post-bag himself, found there a letter addressed to his little niece, and sent a message to the nursery to tell her to come down to him. She arrived very surprised at the summons, as Sir Edward always wished to be left undisturbed at his breakfast; but when she saw the letters on the table she cried out joyously,—

"Good-morning, Uncle Edward. I know there's a letter from Jack for me, isn't there? I've been waiting for it every day."

"I think there may be, judging from the writing on the envelope. Come here and open it."

Milly too: the letter, and her little fingers fairly trembled with excitement as she opened it, saying softly to herself as she did so,—

"I knew he would keep his promise. I knew he wasn't a thief."

A postal order for seven shillings and sixpence dropped out.

"Well," said Sir Edward, "you were right, little woman, and we were wrong. Would you like me to read it for you?"
"Yes, please, uncle."

The letter read as follows:

"I am as good as my word, little Miss, in sending you back what you lent me with many grateful thanks for the loan, as I reached London safe and have never touched a drop of liquor since I saw you, and am in work at my uncle's, which is good of him to take me, and am getting twelve shillings a week and goes to church again. And my uncle has a chum which is a street preacher, and comes along of plenty of fellows like I was, and I told him of your young fellow, Tommy Maxwell, and he will keep a look-out for him. Tell the woman that fetched you sharp away that I'll hold up my head with her yet, and every night I asks God to bless you, for I hopes I am getting on the right track again, and thank you kindly for your talk, which is sticking to me.

"Yours obediently,

"Jack Gray."

Sir Edward laid the letter down in silence when he had finished reading it. Milly's face was radiant.

"I've never had a letter in my life before, uncle, but I don't quite understand all of it. Will you explain it to me?"
And this her uncle did, sending her

upstairs at length to show it to nurse, but sitting wrapped in thought himself and leaving both his letters and breakfast untouched for some considerable time.

That same day he went out driving in the afternoon with a young horse, and returning home met a traction engine, at which the horse instantly took fright and bolted.

For some time Sir Edward kept steadily to his seat, and though powerless to check the animal's course, was able to guide it; but in spite of all his efforts the trap was at last upset, and he was thrown violently to the ground. He had no groom with him, and the accident took place on a lonely road, so that it was not till an hour later that help came, in the shape of a farmer returning from market in his cart. He found Sir Edward unconscious, and the horse still feebly struggling to extricate himself from under the trap, which was badly broken.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when Sir Edward was brought home, and he had three ribs broken, besides some very severe injuries to his head. The doctor wished to telegraph for a nurse from London, but Sir Edward had a horror of them, and having recovered consciousness shook his head vehemently when it was suggested; and so it ended in Milly's nurse volunteering to assist his valet in nursing him. Poor little Milly wandered about the house with Fritz at her heels in a very woe-begone fashion. What with the anxiety in her heart lest her uncle should die, and the absence of her nurse—who could spare little time now to look after her—she felt most forlorn, and her greatest comfort was to go down to the keeper's cottage and talk to Mrs. Maxwell.

Sir Edward was soon out of danger, but he was a long time recovering, and required most careful nursing. Milly begged and entreated to go in and see him, but this was not allowed. At last permission was given by the doctor for a very short visit, and the child stole in on tip-toe, but insisted upon taking a large brown parcel in with her, the contents of which were unknown to all except herself.

Softly she crept up to the bed and looked at her uncle's bandaged head and worn face with the greatest awe.

He put out his hand, which she took in hers, and then she said, her brown eyes fixed wistfully on his face,—

"I've wanted to see you, Uncle Edward, for so long. I wish you would let me come in and help to nurse you."

Sir Edward smiled, then shook his head.

"I've been asking God to make you better so many times," she continued, softly stroking his hand as she spoke, "and he is going to make you live again; now isn't he? I wasn't quite sure whether you mightn't like to die best, but I didn't want you. Nurse says I mustn't stay a moment, but I've brought you a present. Maxwell went to the town and got it for me with the money Jack sent back to me. May I open it for you?"

Reading assent in his eyes, Milly eagerly removed her brown paper, and then lifted on to the bed with difficulty a picture of the Prodigal Son, in a plain oak frame.

"Isn't it a lovely one, Uncle Edward? There's the prodigal son—I've learned to say it properly now—all in rags hurrying along the road, and there's his old father in the distance coming to meet him; and can you see the words underneath?—'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.' I thought you would like it to look at whilst you are in bed. May I rest it against the rail at the bottom of your bed?—then you can see it beautifully."

Nurse came forward and helped the child to put the picture in the place she wished; and Sir Edward tried to look pleased, and said in a low tone,—

"Thank you, little one, I can see it well from there;" but under his breath he muttered, "Has she a purpose in bringing that everlasting subject before me? I'm sick to death of it. I shall get rid of that picture when she is gone."

But he did not. His eyes grew somewhat wistful as he gazed upon it, and later in the day, when nurse asked him if he would like to have it removed, he shook his head in the negative.

No one could know his thoughts during those long days and nights of weariness and pain; the restlessness of body did not equal the restlessness of soul, and the past came back with a startling vividness. The wasted years, the misused talents, and, above all, the fast-closed heart against its rightful Owner, now seemed to stand up in judgment against him. Often in his wretchedness would he groan aloud, and wish for an-