

THY FATHER WAITS FOR THEE.

WANDERER from thy Father's home,  
So full of sin, so far away.  
Wilt thou any longer roam?  
Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?  
Wilt thou! Oh, He knows it all,  
Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!  
Wilt thou! Hear His tender call,  
"Return, return" while He is near.

He is here! His loving voice  
Hath reached thee, though so far away!  
He is waiting to rejoice,  
Oh, wandering one, o'er thee to-day.  
Waiting, waiting to bestow  
His perfect pardon, full and free;  
Waiting, waiting till thou know  
His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

Rise and go! Thy Father waits  
To welcome and receive and bless;  
Thou shalt tread His palace gates  
In royal robes of righteousness.  
Thine shall be His heart of love,  
And thine His smile, and thine His home,  
Thine His joy, all joys above—  
Oh, wandering child, no longer roam!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

EVERY Sunday-school should have some direct connection with Foreign Mission work.

The sympathy of teachers and scholars should be secured for those who are gone and going to distant lands to win them for Christ. The romance of the work will have a charm for the young, and the duty of it should be deeply impressed upon them.

Already very much has been done by our schools on behalf of Foreign Missions. The Juvenile Association, Class Collections, Christmas Offerings, and Blake System have realized a very handsome sum of money towards the funds of the Society. Indeed, the juveniles of Methodism have raised since the year 1841 not less than three hundred thousand pounds for this noble, Christ-like work. That is a magnificent result, but during the next forty years, with better organization, a much larger amount may be collected and given by the same class.

But what is everybody's business soon becomes nobody's. In each school some one earnest lover of missions should be charged with the care of this particular department. As Missionary Secretary, he should keep the school well supplied with mission-

ary literature; the periodicals issued by the Society should be carefully distributed; he should organize good plans for collecting offerings and receiving the money; he should see that the money is promptly remitted to the treasurers; he should stimulate interest in every class; he should arrange for holding Juvenile Missionary meetings, and induce superintendents and others occasionally to give addresses directly bearing on Foreign Mission work.

It is well to encourage the children themselves to give, and not merely to collect from other people. They will so be trained to a good habit, and to the performance of a Christian duty; and they will, perhaps, be saved from swelling the ranks of those disagreeable people who never cease to beg for almost any cause from their neighbours, but never are known themselves to contribute. That easy sort of benevolence that never sees a case of need without wishing some one else to relieve it, is often very eloquent and very persistent, but it is somewhat disgusting.

Still, scholars should be encouraged to collect. The selection of such collectors requires care. No slight moral mischief has been done by the indiscriminate distribution of collecting cards. The Missionary Secretary of the School should be wide-awake, prompt, and very systematic in securing the regular payment of contributions from the young collectors.

Our schools make richer gifts to Foreign Missions than gifts of coin, they have often given life; they have sent forth missionaries; they have enlisted youthful piety, enthusiasm, and dedication. It is well to remember that every Sunday we are teaching future missionaries; and, as that is so, it cannot be unimportant to work the class and school so that these boys and girls may be helped in their training for their great work; and so that when they are away in the far-off lands, and among the strange people, they may remember the missionary tone of the school, and feel that they are blessed with the sympathy and the prayers of those who are at home.

It may stimulate teachers to remember that the result of their work in their own small classes may be found in years to come among alien, distant people; in Ethiopia with its dark nations; among the crowded millions of China; in vast, gorgeous India, or populous Japan, for the boys and girls in whose young hearts they are quietly burying holy seed and blessed truths, may become Christ's confessors, the messengers of the churches in the midst of the billions of fallen and darkened souls, who are moving through a dark present to a darker hereafter.

We would earnestly recommend the formation of a Branch Missionary Association in every one of our Sunday-schools; and that it should be made as effective as possible, so as to enlist the hearty sympathy of officers, teachers, and scholars in our Foreign Missionary Society. Heaven looks down on no grander or truer work than that of its toilers—work done for no record but that of the Book of Life; and it is well, indeed, to train our children to help to support them who endeavour to win the world for Christ. —Wesleyan Methodist S. S. Magazine.



THE SKYLARK.

H. D. 88 Feb 4

THE SKYLARK.

HARK! the lark is singing  
In the clear blue sky;  
Now I scarce can see him,  
He has flown so high.

Yet his glad song floating  
Downward still to earth,  
Shows his little heart is  
Full of joy and mirth.

Little lark, what is it  
Makes your heart so gay?  
Do you love the sunshine  
This bright sunny day?

Do you know who made us,  
And the earth so fair?  
Have you flown to thank him  
For his love and care?

MORAL COURAGE.

IN every school the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral courage and the boy who is a mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No." The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything that is pure and fresh and manly in his character, and dries up into a premature hardness of heart.

Five lads were once gathered in a room at a boarding-school, and four of them engaged in a game of cards which was expressly forbidden by the rules. One of the players was called out. The three said to the quiet lad who was busy at something else:

"Come, take a hand with us. It is too bad to have the game broken up."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference," exclaimed the players. "We'll show you. Come along."

Now that was a turning point in that lad's life.

He nobly said:  
"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I will not disobey him."

That sentence settled the matter, and settled his position among his associates. He was the boy who could say "No," and henceforth his victories were made sure and easy. I will

remember the pressure brought to bear in a college upon every young man to join in a wine drink or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned. Some of the other sort got well rotted through with sensuality and vice. The Nehemiah's at college have been Nehemiah's ever since. The boy was father of the man.—Band of Hope.

THE TICK OF THE CLOCK AT MIDNIGHT.

THIS is the click of the clock at midnight, Solemnly, startlingly clear, Like the throb of a fevered pulsation Made audible to the ear. Through the house reigns a death-like silence,

The death-like silence of sleep, While the fragments of time, like meteors, Pass flashing across the deep.

From the coming eternity rushing, They illumine for a moment our sky, But no power can stay their departure, They touch us and hover by.

They touch on the heart of the watcher, And utter these words in his ear:

"Can you not watch for one hour, And our soul stirring messages hear? We are God's messengers, speeding With swift and invisible flight, And we speak to you best in the silence Of the quiet dead-hush of the night.

Remember we carry our message Of what ye are doing on earth To the Bountiful Father in heaven, Who endowed you with souls at your birth.

What are ye doing, oh, mortals! With that glorious gift of a soul?

For what are your strongest earnings, And what is the longed-for goal? Pleasure, and power, and riches, Leisure and freedom from care—

Is it for these you are striving? Such strivings must end in despair.

Like a butterfly crushed in the grasping, So pleasure is crushed when caught, And power must end in weakness

And riches must end in naught, While indolent leisure lies basking, Sleepily, selfishly glad,

Till the adder of conscience stings it, And the terror drieth it mad.

Soon the dawn will streak the horizon And herald the fateful day; Prepared! Lo, the kingdom of heaven Approacheth! Watch and pray!"

Heaven will pay for any loss we may suffer to gain it; but nothing can pay for the loss of heaven.