

Cinquefoil.

BY MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

In other days, the story goes,
A carver wrought an oaken rose;
And piercing through the slender line
That held the sculptured form in place,
He saw the light, a glow divine,
Fall shining through the empty space,
And lo! the labour of an hour
Was fairer than the carven flower.

Unnoted in the shadowed aisle,
A score of oaken roses smile;
But through the cinquefoil, placed on high,
The form from which the rose was wrought,
There falls the radiance of the sky
With many a rainbow glory fraught.
It had no beauty to the view,
But for the sunlight shining through.

Oh, lesson to the doubting heart,
That faith and love are more than art!
What mimic forms we fashion forth,
With patient hands, our lives to grace,
And find them rude and little worth!
While yonder symbol's empty space,
With God's own blessing shining through,
Is more than all our hands can do.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

IN THE TREASURY.

THE Lord sat in the treasury and saw what the worshippers gave; and his estimate was sometimes different from theirs. He sits in the treasury still, and "weighs the gold against the giver's thought," as of old.

The people came to the temple not only to offer sacrifices and pray and receive instruction, but also to give money for the service of God; and Jesus looked on. The rich men dropped in their gold coins or their handfuls of silver, with a flourish and a jingle. But a poor widow put in two mites; it was all she had, and she gave it all. And the Lord Jesus was better pleased with her offering than with all the gold of the rich men.

A very few years ago, in Montreal, a poor young man, far gone in consumption, lay in the hospital. He had no friends. Somebody put a few words in *The Witness*, asking assistance for him. Two days passed, and only a dollar or two came in. But a poor Scotch woman, living alone and supporting herself by her own work, saw the notice and went to the hospital to see him. She had no money to

give him; but what he needed was not so much money as care and love and tender nursing; and she took the young man home to her poor hired room and nursed him tenderly till he died.

The treasury is open still, and the widows and the poor still cast in "all that they have."—*Selected.*

THE TRUST OF CHILDHOOD.

ONE of our present recollections of childhood is that it was a time when we were confident of being taken care of. We took no thought for raiment but to wear it when it was provided. We went to sleep without anxiety; no distraction came into our dreams: we did not spend our dream hours in carrying impossible burdens up interminable hills. It was but a moment from "good-night" to "good-morning," and the new days always blossomed out in original freshness and sparkle.

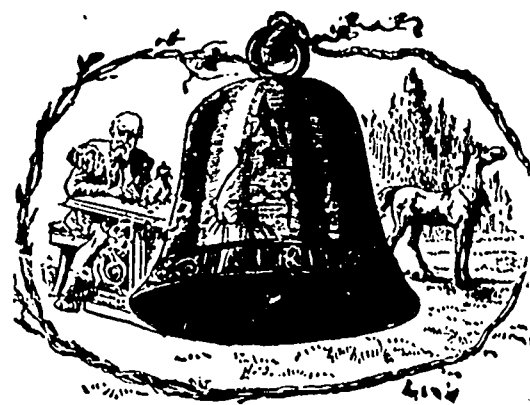
The quietude of our young years was due, more than we thought of them, to the fact that we had a father and mother to go to when in trouble. They used always to help us out of our little difficulties. When the child comes in from outside the first question he is likely to ask is, "Where's mother?" He may not want her for anything particular, but he wants to know she is there. Having father and mother under the same roof makes the child sleep more quiet at night. And so among the larger difficulties that throng and swarm around us as we move along into older years, there is nothing we need so much as to feel that there is some one that stands to us in just the same relation now as father and mother used to stand to us years ago. That is the first idea of God we want to have formed in us when we are little, and the last idea we want to have of him as we move out and up into the place prepared for us in the Father's house on high. The first recorded sentence that Jesus spoke called God his Father, and his last recorded sentence on the cross called God his Father.

THE WAVE OF PROHIBITION.

GENERAL FISK, one of the Christian noblemen of Methodism, never spoke grander or more eloquent words than these in a recent address at Woodstock: "The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and politicians and statesmen who fail to heed it are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Prohibition is in the air. The nation's heart is beginning to throb to its music. Its coming is whispered on every breeze. The rising tide breaks all along the shore, and each succeeding white-fringed billow washes farther up the strand.

"Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We are beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

"Nothing can resist the onward march of a genuine reform. Every such movement enters into and becomes a part of the Messianic purpose to set judgment in the earth. Agitation on this question is the duty of the hour. Let it go on from press, platform and pulpit, in the prayer-meetings, and at the ballot-box, until every patriot who loves his country, every Christian who loves his God, every philanthropist who loves his race, every father who loves his child, every son of the Republic will, a marshalled host, uplift the Constitution as a banner of reform, and under its folds march to the ballot-boxes of the land, and under an avalanche of freemen's ballots bury beyond resurrection the American saloon."



THE BELL OF ATRI.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

A BEAUTIFUL story is told that in one of the cities of Italy the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city to ask and receive justice.

And when in course of time, the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to wander into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, and drink, and stable.

The poet Longfellow thus tells the story of the Knight of Atri and his steed in verse:

He sold his horse, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear!
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half articulate jargon, the old song;
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or he thought he saw beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the beast."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast