

WEARINESS.

LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires,
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white,
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1882.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

LONGFELLOW was especially the poet of children. He wrote a good deal for them, and they can understand *everything* he wrote, which is more than can be said of some other poets, over whose writings even grown folks have to puzzle to find out what they mean.

The poem on "The Children's Hour," was addressed to his own three little daughters. We give in this number several of his poems, and articles on Longfellow, that the young people of Canada may know how kind a friend all children have lost by the death of the great poet. Every boy or girl who can, should have a copy of his poems. They can be had complete in one volume for \$1, (Houghton and Mifflin's Diamond Edition), which will be sent for that price by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Publisher of PLEASANT HOURS.

A few years ago the children of Cambridge made the poet a present of a beautiful chair made from the wood

of the "spreading chestnut tree" of which he sings in "The Village Blacksmith." He wrote in return for the gift a fine poem, which I cannot find in my edition of his works, and so cannot quote it. Only two days before he died two young lads called to see him, and he took them through the house, and showed them his treasures including "the children's chair." The pretty verses which follow this notice refer to this chair.

So far as we are aware no special memorial number of any periodical has been devoted to Longfellow. We are glad to have the opportunity of devoting to his memory this number of PLEASANT HOURS, that thus a hundred thousand Canadian young people may be brought into closer sympathy with the greatest recent poet, not merely of America but we think, of the English speaking race. All the poems in this number, unless otherwise indicated, are by Longfellow.

THE POET'S EMPTY CHAIR.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FROM the chair the children gave
him where he sat as on a throne.
While they clustered round him fondly,
claiming him as all their own,
He has gone, the poet stately, aureoled
with snowy hair;
If we looked, we could not find him in
this wide world anywhere.

If we called, he would not answer—he,
so swift to smile and bless
Every little child who sought him with a
gracious tenderness;
Though we wept, he would not hear us:
he has gone too far away,
And the children's chair in Cambridge is
a vacant throne to-day.

And he slumbers, oh, so deeply! all his
earthly labors done,
Never more a care to vex him 'neath the
ever-circling sun;
Of all sweet things said about him, this
shall farthest fragrance send,
That the poet, sage, and scholar was the
children's loving friend.

Like his Master, he would suffer tiny
hands to touch his gown;
Fearlessly the small feet thronged him,
unrebuked by word or frown;
Surely he was met in heaven by a white-
robed shining band,
Since before Our Father alway do the
children's angels stand.

MISSIONARY heroism has not yet
died out of the Church, as will be seen
from the following account of the
death of a faithful missionary to the
Indians at Cape Croker on Lake
Huron:

Brother Bawtonheimer has been gradually sinking for some weeks, so that his death was not unexpected. I visited him a short time ago, and found him calmly and confidently trusting in Christ as his personal Saviour, waiting to learn all the good pleasure of his will. So much was the head and heart of this missionary in his work, that, when so prostrated by sickness as to be utterly unable to walk, he requested the Indians to carry him to the house of God, and there, though in great weakness and suffering of body, he proclaimed to his eager and sympathizing audience that glorious Gospel that gives peace, and joy in life, and strength, and comfort, in weakness and suffering. Our dear Brother Bawtonheimer sleeps in Jesus. I earnestly solicit for his bereaved family, the prayerful sympathy of our people.

CHAS. FISH.

THE Rev. J. C. Seymour, author of "Voices From the Throne," etc., has prepared a volume of Temperance Readings under the title of "The Temperance Battle Field and How to Gain the Day." A new book for the young of all ages, full of humorous and pathetic stories. We have read the greater part of this book in MS. and can commend it as one of the most interesting temperance volumes we have ever seen. It has not a dull page in it. It abounds with incidents and anecdotes which will move alternately to smiles and tears; with arguments that will convince the judgment, and appeals that will arouse the conscience and influence the will. The book is now passing through our Connexional press, and will be ready by the Conferences. We recommend it for Sunday-school libraries, Bands of Hope, Temperance Societies, public readings, etc.

ONE of the accompaniments of the tenth anniversary, recently held, of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Sunday-school, Toronto, was somewhat novel. Anniversary sermons were delivered on Sunday, April 2, and the anniversary meeting on Monday, April 10, when tickets to the Toronto Zoological Museum, available during the Easter vacation, were presented to the officers, teachers, and scholars, by the superintendent, Mr John N. Lake. The invitation was largely accepted by the scholars.

We regret that we are unable to use the following articles written for PLEASANT HOURS: "Little Amy Payne," "The Refining Fire," "The Use of the Four Senses." If the writers wish the MSS. returned and will kindly send their address they will be sent to them.

AFTER Longfellow's visit to Windsor Castle, in 1857, the Queen said to Sir Theodore Martin: "I noticed an unusual interest among the attendant and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understand who he was. When he took his leave, they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him, as he passed."

QUEEN VICTORIA is punctilious in the recognition of the devotion of her servants. The old couple who had charge for many years of her Swiss cottage at Osborne died last year, and over their graves the queen has placed a stone inscribed with the record of their service, with this addition: "This stone was erected by Queen Victoria and her children, January, 1882. 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'"



SPRING.

SPRING.

PLEASANT it is, when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs be-
tween,
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn
Alternate come and go;

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, soft and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodland hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
But distant voices seem to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

"Hark! I hear their voices sweet,
And the echo of their little feet,
Tripping lightly down the street.
Oh! golden childhood, fair and meek,
How vain are words, how faint and weak,
Of youth and purity to speak."

Kate Wood.