

### Keeping Step with Jesus.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Though the way be long,  
We ne'er miss the pathway.  
We can ne'er go wrong  
Keeping step with Jesus  
Straining every limb,  
Onward, ever onward,  
Keeping step with him.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Even in the dark,  
We can hear his footsteps,  
Though unseen his mark  
Though we walk in shadow,  
Treading pathways new,  
Marking time with Jesus,  
Step we ever true.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Nothing can alarm,  
Foes will never hurt us,  
Nought will do us harm  
Walking close beside him,  
His strong arm our stay,  
Oh, how safe our journey  
O'er an untried way!

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Never on before,  
Brighter grows the pathway,  
Shining more and more,  
Till by living fountains  
Bathed in heaven's light,  
We, through fields of glory,  
Walk with him in white.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

### THE BIBLE.

When you see a handsome building taking form under the workman's strokes, you know it is being shaped after a plan of the architect. God's plan for your life and mine is in the Bible. Every verse of Scripture memorized is an invisible workman helping to shape our characters. That is why those who have loved and studied the Bible from youth have made the best men. We may use it for comfort in trouble. It eases pain in the heart as liniment does in the flesh. Then, the Bible may be used to help others. Texts on pretty cards sent to the sick or aged may be a wonderful comfort to them; but in the hands of the thoughtless, they may serve as warnings.—Junior World.

The Bible is the only geography and atlas we have of the spiritual world. We may use it to become acquainted with the country—its laws, ruler, treasures, and inhabitants. It is a photograph gallery in which we are continually surprised at catching glimpses of our own hearts. No wonder the Chinaman insisted that the missionary had written it since becoming acquainted with his faults.

Besides showing us ourselves and whither we are going, the Bible furnishes us spiritual food. Feeding ourselves is a very practical matter. A plump body may hold a very lean soul. If a looking-glass could be made that would show us our spiritual leanness, we would never begrudge time for reading our Bibles. We would rush to them as hungry people rush to a dinner table.

### THE WEAK LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

BY M. E. GUERNSEY.

The young and new teacher in the Indian mission school walked with a companion teacher in the school ground on an autumn afternoon. The pupils, children of Sioux and Dakota parents, played merrily. Their shrill voices rang out in,

"London bridge is fallen down!"

One handsome child, little Henri Dupres, sat apart from the merry players under a cottonwood tree.

"I trust, Miss Hale," said Miss Thorne, an older teacher, "that you are not homesick. You will soon become accustomed to your new work and strange surroundings. It is lonely here for the stranger, our work is hard, and the return is sometimes discouraging. Only the teacher filled with the true missionary spirit can continue patiently and hopefully endeavouring to do these children good. The discouraging feature is the home influence. As the home is, the inmates are likely to be. Our girls leave the schools clad in neat gowns to spend the vacation at home. They frequently return to us wearing the same gowns worn into tatters and incrustated with dirt. If we might make the homes better!"

"Yes," sighed Lola Hale; "in sweet, bright, and happy homes we naturally turn to the light."

"There is one of my dear little boys sitting under the cottonwood, Henri Dupres. How he loves his pet squirrel! Henri is a handsome child. His large, tender brown eyes seem to plead: 'Love me; love a poor little boy.'"

"You tell me his mother is dead. How can I win his child heart and love, Miss Thorne?"

"I have intended speaking to you of Henri, Miss Hale," Miss Thorne answered. "Marie Dupres, his mother, was one of our girls, a lovely young girl. She married Arthur Dupres, a splendid, handsome young Sioux Indian, and an exceptionally courteous, bright man. He has been restless and unsettled since Marie's death. He was fond of Marie, and he is devotedly fond of little Henri. We grieved when Marie died, for we hoped that much good might result from her influence over Mr. Dupres, who is a power with his people. If he were only a Christian! Mr. Dupres is ambitious for his boy, and will educate him. He requests that the little Henri be vigilantly guarded night and day, that his health be carefully looked after. If symptoms of an illness appear, Dr. Bennet is to be notified, and Henri will be removed to the doctor's home. Mrs. Bennet will care for him."

"Why is the child to be guarded so carefully?" asked Miss Hale.

"The two old grandmothers fear that we will exert an evil influence over him," Miss Thorne replied. "Marie's mother attributes her daughter's death to our evil influence. You may have seen two old women waiting near our grounds. They are Henri's old grandmothers, waiting an opportunity to steal the child. They are extremely opposed to his being taught white people's ways. Do you see that tall, sly, and cunning-looking girl who is now walking toward the cottonwood? That is Sarah Yellow Hawk, a relative who is waiting an opportunity to assist in stealing Henri. You had better go to the child now."

Sarah Yellow Hawk stood sullen and silent under the cottonwood.

"Henri, will you show me your squirrel?" Miss Hale said kindly.

"I can't, teacher. Jackey is gone."

"Henri wants his good grandmothers; he is lonesome for somebody kind and good," Sarah complained.

"No, not grandmother; I am lonesome for Marie and dear papa," Henri sighed.

"Suppose you come with me, and we will talk of Marie and papa," said Miss Hale.

"Henri hates school an' teachers," Sarah persisted.

Miss Hale held the lonesome little boy in her arms, telling of a day when a loving Master held little children in his arms.

"Did the good Man hold little ones as you are holding me, teacher?"

"Oh, I cannot hold you, Henri, as Jesus held those dear children! He loved them so tenderly!"

"Will he hold me some day? Will he hold me if Marie wants me? A good man must carry me if I find Marie. Mine papa don't know the way."

"If you will listen, Henri, I will sing."

"For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me,  
An' carries them himself to his ain countrie."

When the song was finished the weary

little boy lay in "teacher's" arms, fast asleep.

As the winter's storms swept the Dakota fields the grandmothers became more bold in their efforts to steal Henri. On a stormy winter night the matron discovered that the child was not in his bed. Sarah Yellow Hawk too was missing.

"It looks like those old women have succeeded in stealing Henri. They should know that Mr. Dupres will not permit them to retain him," said Miss Thorne, looking into closets and dark corners.

"Teacher, teacher, come and get me! I am cold—here in the pantry. Sarah said she would play hide and seek," piped a familiar little voice.

"Sarah has a window open. No doubt we are just in time," cried the matron. "The child is shaking—the effect of two or three hours' exposure to the cold air. He is a delicate child. Sarah, you go to your bed; and, Miss Thorne, will you wrap Henri in a warm blanket? I fear he will be ill."

As the matron feared, an illness resulted from the exposure to the chill air. Henri was unmistakably ill, so ill that Dr. Bennet removed him to his own home. The little presence was gone never to return.

A few days spent in patient endeavour wore on. Mrs. Hale listened eagerly for the messages sent out from Henri's sick room. "It is a mystery to me," the young teacher said to the older one, "that this little stranger has so entirely won my heart. I seem to hear his sad little voice every day. Dr. Bennet has notified me that Henri has asked to see 'teacher,' and I am going to him this afternoon."

"Yes; you had better go," advised Miss Thorne.

In Henri's sick room the young father sat beside the little white bed. He held in his strong hand one tiny, weak, brown hand. Recognizing Miss Hale, Henri opened his beautiful brown eyes, speaking weakly: "Teacher, are you come? Marie has called and called. Mine papa does not know how to go to her. I am not lonesome now. Teacher, teacher, can you sing of the good, good Man who carries little ones?"

Miss Hale's voice failed. Again and again she endeavoured to speak. Then she softly chanted:

"For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me,

An' carries them himself to his ain countrie."

In a clear, sweet voice Henri cried: "Teacher, tell mine papa of the good Man that Marie loved."

The tall, splendid young man held a tiny hand to his lips. His grief and pain were pitiful to witness.

In the kitchen the two grandmothers wailed piteously, and Dr. Bennet said gently: "Miss Hale, we will leave them for a little time. You have entirely won Henri's child heart; he desired to see you. I thank you for coming. This little one's death may accomplish a blessed result. Some deaths are blessed in their mission. We should rejoice that the lonesome little Henri has been carried safely home. Perhaps his weak little hands have led Arthur Dupres into the kingdom. This young man is a leader, a wielder of power among his people. Arthur Dupres redeemed will be a greater power for good. He loved his wife and little son fondly."

One evening, a few years after Henri was carried home, a college graduate—one in a college band of Christian workers—occupied the platform during a convention attended by delegates from our own country and foreign lands. One of the most eloquent speakers in the number was the tall, stalwart Indian. The weak little hands had performed their mission. Love and the Holy Spirit subdued and softens the proud and imperious, and God is no respecter of persons; all may love him if they will.

### "HOW DULL!"

Elsie Holt sat in a hammock which was hung in the porch of her father's country house. The afternoon was warm; the shadows of the clouds drifted lazily over the fields. Elsie's bright face wore an expression of discontent, for the dress-maker had failed to send home her new gown, and the last pages were missing in the soiled paper novel which she held. She yawned drearily.

"How tiresome and dull the world is!" she said.

Overhead a pair of birds were twittering near their nest. They had just come from the far South. The story of their lives, their habits, their wanderings, their enemies, was more curious than any novel ever written. Elsie knew nothing of it. Their calls, their love-

songs, their cry of warning, their lullabies over their young had no more meaning to her than the rattle of dry sticks together.

The woods were full of these marvelous winged creatures, each with its history, which she might have read. She was blind to them all.

Close at hand grew countless great trees, each of which had its laws of life. There was not a weed or a blade of grass which had not some peculiar wonderful fact to tell, of interest and strange significance. To Elsie they were dumb. Below the grass the great earth lay with mystic meanings written on each stratum of clay and rock. The meanings were plain, so that he who ran might read. Elsie did not know one letter of their alphabet.

A common plant grew below the hammock; her foot crushed it as she swung to and fro. There was a powerful microscope in the house. If she had examined the plant through it, she would have seen upon each leaf a fairy forest of plummy growths, and, creeping through it, tiny creatures which no eye had ever yet discovered, violet and red and gold. Here one shone with an emerald light; there another twinkled with opaline hues. Elsie saw only a dingy weed.

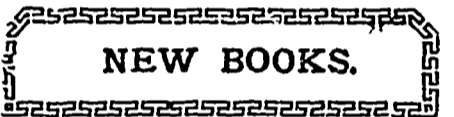
As evening lowered, the great trees bent over her with a friendly calm. Behind the woods the lights of the village shone. In every one of its poor houses were human lives, some of them bare, strained, crushed lives, full of pathos and meaning, into which she could have brought hope and cheer.

Overhead the stars came out; Arcturus, which brought to Job its message from God, and the other distant orbs that have told to listening souls, in all ages since, the eternal truths of faith and love.

But Elsie saw and heard nothing.

Her new gown was not finished; the last page was lost from her cheap novel!

Therefore she sighed, "How dull and tiresome is this world!"—*Youth's Companion.*



### NEW BOOKS.

"Roundabout Rhymes." By Mrs. Percy Dearmer. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour, decorative title-page, and cover design in two colours. Imperial 8vo. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Sons, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

A charming volume of verses and our pictures for little folk. Mrs. Percy Dearmer has the rare gift of writing excellent children's verse and illustrating her own work. The twenty full-page pictures in the volume are sure to delight the little ones, for they are interesting and amusing in subject, are quaint in design, and printed in bright but tasteful colours. There are rhymes and pictures about most of the everyday events of nursery life—we have all of us met them, probably before we were two years old.

"The Troubles of Tatters, and Other Stories." By Alice Talwin Morris. With sixty-two charming illustrations in black and white by Alice B. Woodward. Square 8vo, decorated cloth boards. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Sons, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The author of these little stories is evidently able to talk with beasts and birds in their own language, and here puts down the important information gained, in a style that children will find absorbing, and their elders tender and sympathetic. We learn how the Troubles of Tatters ended in happiness. Moreover, underlying each story is an unobtrusive lesson, to be found by him who will. Miss Woodward interprets the author's dainty imaginings with wonderful grace and sympathy. The sixty-two pen-and-ink drawings in the present volume have been universally admired.

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