

Room for Children.

Sweetly o'er Judea's valleys
Sounded far a voice of old,
Like a strain of angel music
Floating down from gates of gold.
"Let them come—the little children,
Hinder not their eager feet,
Sure of such, my heavenly kingdom.
There is service glad and sweet"

We have found there's room for children,
We have found there's work to do.
All our hearts and hands enlisting,
May we to that work be true.
In the great and glorious army,
Battling with the hosts of sin,
We can march with banners flying,
We can help the victory win.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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OUR BLESSINGS, FROM WHOM RECEIVED?

I wonder if we ever stop to think how many blessings we enjoy. When we meet some poor, blind or lame person, or some one very much deformed, does it ever occur to us how thankful we should be that God has given us good, strong bodies instead of afflicting us with some sad infirmity? Then when we read of the distress and suffering of people in dark heathen lands, ought we not to thank our Heavenly Father that he has given us the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But for Christianity we might be as far sunk in degradation and superstition as the poor benighted pagan. Our enlightened civilization is but the result of our Christianity. All the privileges that little girls and bigger ones enjoy they owe wholly to the teaching of Jesus. If it had been that we had not accepted him and become a Christian people, we would have been cursed with all the hideous customs and practices of heathen nations. How thankful we should be that our lot has been so blessed!

And by possessing Christianity we have, as I said before, all the privileges that go with it. What a boon to life it is to live where civilization has made living a joy. I often think we should give special thanks for living in this glorious nineteenth century. And do we always remember, I wonder, from whom our blessing comes? Can we say with David, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits." Let us join in exhortation with David on his one hundred and third Psalm, "To bless God for his mercy. Truly has he been plenteous in mercy." Of all the beautiful gifts that God has given us by far the greatest was that of his only Son. Paul says, "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" He tells us that "All things are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's." And where Christ liveth, there shall we live also.

LOST IN SIGHT OF SHORE.

"Sail on the starboard bow, sir, close into the Old Head (Kinsale)." This was the report of the lookout on board the Royal Mail S.S. City of Manchester one wild afternoon, March 8th, 1867, that vessel having just left the port at Queenstown, bound for New York. All eyes were directed towards the rugged headland, and there, about five miles away, close in, we could see a vessel rolling heavily, most of her sails blown away, and evidently very deep in the water. As we got nearer we could descry the British ensign flying at the middle mast, and on getting within signal distance, we found the ensign reversed, which told us the vessel was in distress. "Man the signal halyards," was now the command given. This was immediately done; one quarter-master stood by them, and another brought the signal flags; these were arranged and run up, asking the question:

"What ship is that?"

In a short time the answer was signalled back:

"Barque Stonewall Jackson; we've 14 feet of water in main hold, and fast driving ashore."

As the intelligence was received, all faces showed the deepest anxiety.

"Man the starboard lifeboat," was the next command. Willing hands set to work, and in a few minutes the lifeboat was speeding away on its errand of mercy, to bring away a crew from a doomed ship. After a time the lifeboat returned with the intelligence:

"The captain won't leave the ship, sir."

"Won't leave the ship," echoed our captain; "why the man must be mad; his ship cannot live—she must founder or go ashore."

"He wants a hawser, sir."

What a pitiful sight met our eyes. We could distinctly see the captain, also his wife and child, together with the members of the crew. And now the reason was manifest as to why he would not leave his ship; it was his earthly all. After much trouble we managed to get a stout hawser made fast to the ship, and succeeded in towing the vessel off the land, and headed towards Queenstown. Hour after hour passed; darkness came on and nothing could be heard but the roar of the wind and the wild hiss of the seas. It was just as if a thousand demons were opposing the salvation of that doomed ship. And now the light at the entrance of Queenstown harbour could be seen, and it appeared likely that we should succeed in bringing the vessel into safety, when the writer noticed the revolutions of the engine, noticed the unaccountable increase in the speed.

"On deck there!"

"Aye, aye; what's the matter?"

"Try the hawser!"

A dozen hands took hold of the hawser, and in it came, fathom after fathom, and last of all—the loop.

"Can you see the ship?" cried the captain to the man on the look-out aft.

"No, sir."

It was thought the captain of the vessel had slipped the hawser, and tried to run for the little harbour of Kinsale.

The steamer now headed for New York, and, after a rough and dangerous passage, arrived at that port. A messenger came down from the British consulate, and the question was asked, "How many survivors have you of the Stonewall Jackson?" (The lighthouse keeper on the head of Kinsale had seen us with the vessel in tow.)

"Survivors," cried the captain, "none; but say, did she go ashore? Were any saved?"

"None," replied the messenger.

KILLING THE MOTHER BIRD.

It was a beautiful June day, the sun was shining brightly and the soft summer air, laden with the sweet odour of flowers, was kissing with tender touch the leaves as it moved them to and fro, the earliest apples had ripened and hung invitingly from the boughs; the happiest season in the life of birds had come, which was shown not only by their merry and cheery notes of song, but by the loving care with which they were feeding their young.

Down in the orchard were some children enjoying with delight the pleasant morning scene. The bright sunshine, the ripe fruit, the soft air, the twitter of birds, the hum of bees, all made them bright and happy.

"Look out, boys! here comes a blue-bird with a worm in her mouth. Let us watch her and find out her nest," cried one, as the mother bird flew by with a nice morsel in her beak for her young ones in their little home nest.

"Yes, yes, there she goes! she's gone into the hollow of the old apple tree.

Listen to them as they are crying while she is feeding them. Now give me a push up the tree and I will get them out."

The boy climbed up the tree and frightened away the mother bird that alighted on the tree close by and with pitiable cries flew to and fro trying to protect and save her little brood, but was afraid to venture nearer. It was enough to touch the hardest heart to hear her cries of distress and to see her pain.

But a merciless hand was thrust into the little nest, and out was drawn a poor little bird fluttering and screaming with fright; its cries of distress pierced the mother's heart, and she, wild with pain, flew at the boy and seemed to entreat him for her poor offspring; but he cried to his companions, "Get a stick! Get a stick, boys, and when she flies down to her bird you can knock her over and catch her."

In an instant it was done, and as the poor bird in her grief and distress flew to try to help her young one, a blow was aimed at her and the poor bird's pain was over, for it killed her dead. The boys picked her up, looked at her; there she was, a poor dead mother bird, killed while trying to save the little ones she loved so well.

There was a moment of silence as the boys held the dead bird in their hands; it was a painful scene. One said as he held the dead bird in his hands, and looked at the limp, lifeless form, "What shall we do with the young bird? If we put it back in the nest it will die, and so will the others, for there is no one to feed them now. I will put it back into the nest, anyhow." And he put it back into the nest, and as he did so the young ones in the nest cried out for joy, for they were hungry, and thought it was the mother bird come to them with food. But they were never to hear her loving chirp again—no more to be warmed by her soft breast and sheltering wings. That night through cold and hunger they died.

The boys did not stay in the orchard much longer. The sun had lost its brightness, the fruit its sweetness, the air its soft caress; their consciences accused them of meanness and cruelty and nothing seemed pleasant to them now.

Did not the great God who made heaven and earth make them conscious that the bird was his bird? That in wanton cruelty they had taken the life of a little creature that he cared for and for whose preservation he had given a law (Deuteronomy 22. 6. 7) to his people? Was not the shade that came over their spirits caused by his displeasure at their cruelty?

They were enjoying the beautiful summer morning which God had sent, eating the delicious fruit which grew on his trees, and repaying his kindness by killing his mother bird!

HOW AND WHY THE OCEAN BULGES.

BY PROF. GEORGE H. DARWIN.

According to the law of universal gravitation, the moon attracts matter which stands near to her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the earth which is nearest to the moon, must be greater than that exercised on the solid earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the moon should apparently repel the water lying on the further side of the earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the moon, but results from the fact that on the further side the moon must attract the solid earth more strongly than it does the water. On the nearer side the moon pulls the water away from the earth, and on the further side she pulls the earth away from the water, thus producing an apparent repulsion of the water to an extent equal to the attraction on the other side. In this way there arises a tendency for the ocean to bulge equally toward and away from the moon, and to assume an egg-like shape.

"THOSE NASTY CHILDREN."

A drunkard went to the public-house for his glass. While drinking at the bar he heard the landlady angrily exclaim, "There are those nasty children again; turn them out!" He chanced to peep through the window, and saw they were his own children at play with the children of the publican. Ragged and dirty they were of a surety, and certainly unfit to be associate-companions of the boys and girls, well-fed and well dressed, of the public-houses where he spent

his money that they might be so. Seized with a sudden terror of remorseful shame, he laid the half-emptied glass on the counter and passed out. From that hour he resolved that ere long his children should be as clean, as duly fed and better dressed than the children of the publican and publican's "lady;" fitted to be the playmates of children of a higher social grade than theirs. And, God aiding him, he kept his word. It was his last visit to the gin-palace; the first and only lesson he had learnt there; and long afterwards, when he told this story to Mrs. Hall, it was with thanksgiving and prayer, when his children occupied positions much more respectable than those the children of the publican filled when the incident happened which changed the whole current of his life.

"ONLY BROKEN GLASS."

Many years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking pieces of art, works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose duty it was to clean up the shop and tidy up the floor after the day's work was done. He always did his work well and was a quiet little fellow. That was all the artist knew about him. One day he came to his master and asked timidly, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you wish with them."

Day after day then the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and, in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and, to his surprise, found it a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?" he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the room. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you throw away."

The child, with an artist's soul, had gathered up the fragments, and, patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art. Do you see a lesson in this?

A NEWFOUNDLAND HERO.

Wednesday morning Ranchman Sam Dodge, who lives in the Osage country, went to Vinita on business, and shortly after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old daughter, wandered away and, falling to find the child, notified from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered her absence about two hours after Sam's departure. She made a thorough search of the premises, and, failing to find the child, notified the neighbours of her disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day, and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late Thursday evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep, just south of Post Oak creek in an old road known as the "Whiskey Trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and yesterday Sam Dodge ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.—Our Dumb Animals.

"I've just been looking over a list of the New Yorkers who are descended from kings." "Well?" "Well, I infer that a man has to have at least a million before he can afford to be descended from a king."