

Alone.

BY ROSE J. BURDETTE.

SINCE she went home,
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The wintry days till so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe out a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
How still the empty rooms her presence bleat,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely
tears,
Since she went home.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly..... | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 83 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Magazine, Guardian and Onward together..... | 3 50 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly..... | 1 00 |
| Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly..... | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies..... | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over..... | 0 80 |
| Pleasant Hours, 3 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 25 |
| Less than 50 copies..... | 0 25 |
| Over 50 copies..... | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies..... | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards..... | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies..... | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards..... | 0 12 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month..... | 6 50 |
| Berean Leaf, quarterly..... | 0 08 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100. | |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. OSWAIN, 2178 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HERRIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1895.

THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.

THERE is a certain fault which many people do not count as a fault at all—they speak of it as "a defect," "a blemish," "a failing," and yet that little fault injures more characters, spoils more lives, causes more unhappiness, than many another sin which we think far more dreadful. The fault of which I write is thoughtlessness, and I think that boys are rather prone to that habit: but no matter how friendly, how bright, or how obliging a boy may be—no matter how much he may mean to do right—if he is thoughtless, it spoils it all, for don't you see if you cannot depend upon a boy as doing the right thing—if he fails you just at the critical moment—of what good are his good intentions? He may come to you the next day with his face full of honest grief. "I don't think," says he. "I'm ever so sorry to have annoyed you so," and you know that he is sorry, for you count upon Jack's good heart always. But Jack's regret does not help matters at all.

"But," says Jack, "I cannot help it—honestly I cannot. Am I to blame for forgetting?"

"Yes, Jack, you are. You can exercise your memory just as well as you can any muscle of your body, and one will grow strong and serviceable with proper training just like the other."

"But I have tried to remember," says poor Jack, "and I can't do it."

"You have not tried hard enough," I insist. "You cannot break up that miserable habit in a day, nor a week, nor a

month, but in the course of a year, if you set the whole force of your nature against it, your friends will see a decided change in you for the better.

"If you promise your mother that you will be home promptly at three to do an errand for her, be there at the minute, if you have to tie strings around every one of your ten fingers to make you remember your engagement.

"If you promise to buy a copy of the *Tribune* for your Aunt Mary on your way to school and bring it home to her when you come back, and Harry Davison joins you as he did the other day and you get so engaged in chat that you walk five blocks beyond the news-stand before you think of the paper, leave Harry Davison and go back and get it. You will have to run, and you will probably be a little late at school, so that you will have a mark for tardiness, for you will have no proper excuse. Of course your Aunt Mary would forgive you if you did not bring her the paper. True, you might buy her one on your way home from school, if they were not all sold, but do not rely upon any of these ways out of the scrape; go back as fast as you can and get the paper; if you are late at school, take your tardy mark, for you deserve it: but you will have kept your word as a gentleman should, and that is of great importance. If you treat yourself with such severity as this every time you forget anything, your memory will learn to give you the right reminder at the proper time.

"The trouble is, Jack, you do not think these things are of sufficient importance. It seems absurd to you to take all of that trouble for a newspaper, and you know that your kind aunt will accept any apology that you choose to make her. But it is not for your aunt's sake that I am writing, nor for the sake of the paper—that is a little thing; it is for the sake of your own character. It is that you may grow up to be a truthful, reliable, trustworthy man.

"Truthful!" exclaims Jack and his colour rises at that.

"Well in one way I never knew a more truthful boy than you are. I should rely upon your account of any circumstance exactly. I know you would relate it just as it occurred. But you said you would mail that letter at once for me, you know—and did you? Yes, after it had lain all night in your breast-pocket. Of course it was only a trifle, and you were sorry, and I excused you instantly: but the ideal gentleman keeps his word in trifles, you know, as well as in things which are more important. And as it happened that letter was not exactly a trifle, for the fact that it was not received when it should have been, caused some anxiety.

"Indeed you and I never know what are the trifles of this world, for sometimes the things which appear most trivial to our short-sighted eyes are really very serious matters; and the only way for us to live is to do whatever comes to us in the line of duty in the most thorough manner possible; then we shall be sure that no trouble which could be helped will come either to ourselves or to anyone whom we love by our thoughtlessness."

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

JESUS suffered. He suffered that he might personally know what his people have to endure and pass through. He wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like us as he could. He now knows not only what we feel, but how we feel.

No angel in heaven knows this; no angel can, for an angel never suffered. The tenderness, therefore, of Jesus is far beyond the tenderness of an angel; yea, of all the angels in heaven.

He knows what bodily pains are; and he knows what mental agitation, dejection, and agony mean. His nerves were shaken. His soul was troubled. His body suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, and wounds. He suffered in every part and from every possible cause.

And he knows, therefore, the strength necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to sustain. He feels for us. More, he feels with us. He is our Head, and we are his members. The sympathy of the head with the members is quick and constant, tender and perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus.

Suffering one, Christ alone can suitably sympathize with thee, because he alone can so sympathize as to sustain, sanctify thy sufferings, and certainly and honourably deliver thee. Jesus always has his eyes upon thee. He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. He will not lay on you more than you can bear, nor will he allow anyone else to do so.

Look to Jesus under all your sorrows, sufferings, and pains, and draw comfort from this—Jesus feels for me, Jesus feels with me.

'JUST AS I AM.'

ONCE a boy came to a city missionary, and, holding a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir?"

The little page with a single hymn on it had been cast on the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

AN INDULGENT MOTHER.

BY M. B. DRIBOND.

JET was an old black cat whose wise ways and looks caused much amusement in the family. She had one bit of pride about her: she would not eat with the other eight cats—although she ran with them to meet the pails of fresh milk, morning and evening—but would wait for a saucer by herself while they lapped theirs from the flat rock which had been hollowed out for the purpose. She also had one lazy habit; she would not lie on a chair without a soft cushion in it. Besides these things, she was a very hard-working, patient mother to large families of kittens, which it is feared she did not bring up very well, since they always left her to furnish them with mice and ground-squirrels, of which she was a skillful hunter.

In her old age she adopted a white kitten, which was found and brought home by one of the children, in a weak and bedraggled state; and though she was perhaps too indulgent to him in some ways, she kept up strict discipline in the matter of cleanliness, washing his face herself every day. Moses did not like this very well, and would watch a chance to get away, but his new mother would hold him down with one paw while she worked, and if he succeeded in running off would run after him and box his ears until he was willing to be good and have a clean face.

He grew to be a handsome cat, much larger than his foster-mother, but did not seem to grow ashamed to let her still earn his living for him. At last I think Jet must have remembered that she would not be here always to take care of this spoiled child, and that it was best to undo the effects of some of her indulgence. So she took him one day and started for the woods to teach him to hunt for himself. She went on very cautiously, showing him just how to creep softly and slyly after the game. But Moses was a foolish and trifling fellow, who had never been taught to do anything but play, and so he followed behind, making fun of his poor old mother behind her back, catching her tail and jumping in the leaves to make a noise.

At last Jet's patience was quite gone at this foolishness, and she turned back and gave him such a whipping that he ran home sulky and she went to the hunt alone. When she came back, however, she brought him a fat mole to make peace with him; and I think he would easily forgive one who was so very useful to him.

At last old Jet died, and the children buried her where a clump of catnip made a head for her grave: and now poor Moses, who does not like to live without the fresh game he is used to, has to catch it for himself; but, not having been willing to learn, he is not very skillful. The first time he sprang at a mouse he fell downstairs, nearly breaking his neck. He kept hold of the mouse, and no doubt found it better than other mice, as we generally do what we ourselves make an effort for. Perhaps his success made him proud, for the next time he saw a mouse he ran after it so fast that both mouse and cat went into the fire on the hearth, and Moses had to run on three legs for several weeks on account of burning one paw so badly. I think the foolish puss, like many people who walk on only two legs, has found out that life would have been much easier and pleasanter if he had learned when he was young to do things well.

Epworth League.



Juniors.

Our Junior soldiers brave will be
To fight for Christ our King;
Our hearts we'll give, for Jesus' love,
And lost ones to him bring,
And lost ones to him bring.

CHORUS.

We'll march, we'll march,
With banners wide unfurled,
We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring
And tell to all the world,
And tell to all the world.

Our battle-ground's the field of sin,
Our foes are millions strong;
We never, never will give in,
For victory is our song,
For victory is our song.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

June 2, 1895.

FORBID THEM NOT.—Mark 10. 13-16.

Jesus loves young disciples. John was the youngest of the Saviour's early disciples, and we see how greatly he was attached to him. He loved the young man who came to him with the inquiry as to what he should do that he might inherit eternal life. The Bible abounds with encouragements relating to early piety. Some of those who were the most conspicuous members of the Church in every age commenced their Christian course in early life. See Joseph, Josiah, and Timothy.

In the lesson which we have now to consider Jesus encourages even children to be brought to him. The mothers of these little ones were desirous to obtain some mark of favour for their loved ones, and pressed hard to get an interview with the great Teacher. The disciples, probably with a view to prevent their Master being troubled, sought to hinder the women from getting near the Saviour. But see how Christ resented their interference. He disapproved their conduct and blamed them for thus acting, a clear proof that he loves children. All members of Junior Leagues should therefore come to Christ without delay, he will not cast them out.

The Master here states, how persons are to receive him, or become members of his family. They are to possess a child-like, humble spirit, not proud or haughty, but to be "humble, teachable, and mild." No person will be made a Christian who is proud or arrogant and entertains the thought that they possess any worthiness in themselves. All are to accept salvation on Gospel terms. "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to thy cross I cling, must over be their cry. Jesus loved me and gave himself for me. By his stripes we are healed."