

The Boys' King.

BY REV. F. V. FISHER.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

Let us sing a song, my boys,
As only lads can sing;
Sing us of the Boys' Brigade,
And Christ—the boys' King—
Sing it till the whole wide earth,
With melody and ring,
As we go marching to victory.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll make the welkin ring,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Christ the boys' King.
Sing it as we used to sing it
By the sunset sea,
As we go marching to victory.

Life's glad years before us, boys,
Years with hope and care,
Soon life's battle we must fight;
Whose colours shall we wear?
Oh! the blood-stained banner of our Christ
We'll surely wear,
As we go marching to victory.

Our King's above all kings, my boys,
A Hero, brave and strong;
And true and pure must soldiers be,
Who to his ranks belong;
So join to-day our Brigade, boys,
And forward, boys, against the wrong,
And we go marching to victory.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1895.

A TALK TO RICH BOYS.

THERE is no doubt that to be the son of a rich father is apt to be a disadvantage to a boy. He has all the clothes he needs, made of excellent material, well cut and suitable, his food is of the best, and the house in which he lives has every comfort and luxury. He has no anxiety about his school bills and he has plenty of money in his pockets. He is sent to the best of schools in the winter and goes to pleasant resorts in the summer or takes delightful journeys. His father and mother grant him every indulgence, and when he has finished college, where he has doubtless been lodged like a young Sybarite, he is given every help that money can furnish to establish him in his chosen business or profession. All this is extremely hard on a boy. It is hard on him mentally, morally, and physically, and if he lives through it and comes out a noble man, he is indeed made of excellent metal. He knows nothing of anxiety and care, and he knows nothing of physical labour. He has no need of self-denial, industry, or endurance, and how can qualities which never are exercised be developed? I have read of a wealthy man who felt these things so keenly that after having given his son a liberal education, he shoved him out of the parental nest and made him shift for himself, and when he died left his fortune

entirely to charity. I think he would have done better if he had educated that son as to the care, use, and value of money, and then left him the money as a sacred trust to be used both for himself and for his fellow-men. I feel sure that money was meant to be a blessing and not a curse, and that if we estimate it at its right value and use it as we should, it will prove to be so.

A rich boy, then, ought to be just as fine a fellow as a poor boy. Every virtue which a poor boy is obliged to cultivate if he makes a man of himself, a rich boy ought to cultivate for the same reason. He ought to rise superior to luxuries and to prove that if need be he can do without them. He should resist every temptation to dissipate, and learn to work just as thoroughly and heartily as a poor boy must. Try during next vacation, if you are a rich boy, and see if you have sufficient pluck and knowledge to earn your own living. Insist always upon doing everything that you can for yourself. Play hard, work hard, and study hard, so as to fit yourself for the trust which is coming to you in your manhood. Remember that it is not the one who has the best start that wins the race, but the one who has the best staying power. You may have every possible advantage and help, but if you do not improve them they are of no benefit; for after all you are the one who must make a man of yourself, and if you do not do it no one else can.

The annals of our country bear many honoured names of men who never knew the sharp discipline of poverty, and who, being born with every advantage which wealth and position can give, realized that these blessings were also added responsibilities—for from him to whom much is given much shall be required; and they nobly fulfilled their trust. They have left their mark upon the literature and art of their country. They have been in the van of noble reforms, and their philanthropy has been as wide as the land which they sought to benefit. And if a boy who has money will remember these things and will fit himself for that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him, his wealth will be a blessing to him and to the community in which he lives.

WHY FRED CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY LYDIA L. ROUSE.

FRED BAKER sat one winter evening watching his mother as she patiently stitched away on the garments of her more prosperous neighbours. Mrs. Baker was a widow, and her income was so small that she must needs eke it out by the help of the needle. Fred was almost thirteen, and was the oldest of her three children. He attended school every day, and Saturday he also spent over his books, for he had determined to make a scholar of himself, and so be fitted to make a good livelihood for his mother and sisters.

But other thoughts suddenly crossed his mind. "What if mother does not live until I am a man? She looks pale and thin. I'd better not wait to do great things. I'd better begin now. Mr. Richie needs a boy over at his store. I think that I will speak for the place. He paid Bert Randolph four dollars a week."

He rose up, put on his overcoat, took his hat and went toward the door.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked Mrs. Baker, looking up from her work.

"I am just going over to Mr. Richie's store."

"Very well, that is a safe place for you."

Mr. Richie was Fred's Sunday-school teacher, and she thought that he wanted to ask something about the lesson, as it was Saturday evening and he had been looking over his lesson leaf. But he did not even think of his lesson. His mind was full of his new plan. He asked for the situation and procured it, but said nothing until early Monday morning, when he was obliged to explain.

Said he, "Mother, I am going into Mr. Richie's store. I knew you would not object, and I had intended to keep the whole thing a secret until I had in my hand four dollars, my first week's wages. But I could not do it, because I must leave

home before seven o'clock, and stay away until nine in the evening. What do you think of my plan?"

Mrs. Baker burst into tears, and replied, "I think that you are a blessed boy, Fred. I never felt the pinch of poverty in all my life as I did last week. My heart was very heavy, although I tried to be trusting. I said, a score of times, 'God will provide a way,' but those thoughts would return: 'The snow and the cold are here, and I have only a bushel of coal, almost no provisions, and but fifty cents in my purse.' Why, Fred, four dollars is more than I can earn in a week. God bless you, my son! I feel that he has indeed provided a way. I had not thought of your leaving school, you were so anxious to secure an education."

"I was, mother, but I am sure it is my duty to give you immediate help. I could not go on making fine plans about being able to help you and baby in a very gentlemanly way, while you were breaking yourself down to keep a big, strong boy in school. A little self-denial at this time may be no bad thing for me. Mr. Richie says that all our education does not come out of books."

He was soon ready, and as he stood with his hat in his hand, he said, "Give me a kiss, mother, to keep me company. The hours may seem long to-day."

She kissed him fondly, and again said, "God bless you," and he went out to undertake his first day's work.

Fred Baker is now twenty-five years old, and he is head clerk at Mr. Richie's store, with a salary sufficient to support his mother and to educate his sisters, who are expecting to become teachers in the near future. He has never regretted for a moment having done the duty that lay nearest to him.

TOBACCO AGAIN.

WARNINGS against the cigarette habit multiply. Some of them are terrible. Every little while physicians furnish testimony of how utterly cigarettes poison and destroy the system. One of the most pathetic warnings against the vile habit was given not long ago by a choir boy in one of the Brooklyn churches, who died in great agony at St. John's hospital. This is the story as given in the *Lives of Life*:

"Almost his last words were: 'Let any boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another into his mouth.' He was a bright boy, an exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother, and worked in a chandelier factory.

"Here is his story as he told it to his nurse, Sister Cornelia: 'To me he confessed that this trouble had originated from cigarette smoking. Some days he said he smoked twenty cigarettes. At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke, the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break it off, and it began to affect his constitution.

"'Why,' I asked him, 'did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?'

"'Oh, I could not,' he replied. 'If I could not get to smoke, I almost went wild. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect me, I would work extra hours instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I kept up this excess, although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden.' His disease took the form of dropsy in the legs, and was very painful.

"Sister Cornelia continues the story: 'During all his sufferings he never forgot what had brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all boys against their use. A few days before he died he called me to his bedside and said that he thought he had not lived in vain if only those boys who are still alive would profit by his sufferings and death.'

There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco, smoked cleaned up to the end, but is taken, unfiltered and undiluted,

into the lungs. It was not the poison in the paper, but the poison of the tobacco which killed Samuel Kimball, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys.—*Epworth Herald*.

COME AWAY FROM THE PRECIPICE!

You have read of the boy who lost his life among the mountains of Switzerland. He was ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The lad stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get another beautiful flower." As the guides rushed toward him to pull him back they heard him say, "I almost have it!" But he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. How many are seeking the flowers of worldly pleasure upon the very precipice of eternity. "There is another flower I mean to secure, no matter what the risk may be," they say. Unspeakably folly! Yes; but they do not realize it. You did not realize it till the Holy Spirit opened your eyes to see your danger and your need. Be patient with those who wilfully close their eyes to the truth. Be patient with those who are risking so much. Be patient with those who smile at your solicitude. Suppose you have met with a rebuff. Go again. Plead! plead! plead! What a wonderful thing it would be, if, after all, you should rescue that soul from the precipice!

Is the eye of some unsaved reader scanning this paragraph? Be warned of your danger. The flowers for which you risk so much will wither in a day. We entreat you, come away from the precipice.—*Epworth Herald*.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

LAST winter a little boy of eight years begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps and walk. He had neither father nor mother, and was anxious to secure any job of work which he could do.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you not afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled expression on his face, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him and does the best he can?"

Brave little fellow! May he never have his faith in God shaken. God promises his care to those who trust him and serve him.

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind, and also was deaf.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depths of winter.

Don't snub anyone, not alone because they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.