

Junior Epworth Song.

Let junior guards be starting—  
We're marching our youth  
To join the royal army  
And battle for the truth!  
We're arming for the fight  
I wist error and the right,  
And with constant prayer and watching  
We'll keep our armour bright.

Let a battle still before us,  
But we have naught to fear;  
Christ's banner floating o'er us,  
His gentle voice we hear.  
He says: "Be not dismayed,  
Nor ever be afraid,  
For I am ever with thee,  
On him our trust is stayed.

'Tis true no marshalled army  
Confronts us in the field,  
But Satan ever tempts us  
Our lives to him to yield.  
But with the Spirit's sword  
Of God's unchanging Word,  
And faith's bright shield to guard us,  
We battle for the Lord.

We'll guard our tongue from evil,  
Our lips from speaking guile;  
We'll guard our hands from doing  
Whatever would them defile.  
Our lives we give to thee,  
Lord Jesus, thine to be,  
We'll guard them for thy kingdom  
Of love and purity.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOLAR.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

THE Sunday school, if its true ideal be realized, is the Helping school. It helps the child, the Church, the pastor and the parents. It is not designed to be a substitute for parental diligence in the religious culture of the child, nor an excuse for the pastor who neglects to feed the lambs of his flock, nor an adjunct but rival institution to the Church. The school is the ally and auxiliary of the home, but it does not possess its sanctities and cannot do its work. It is the nursery and drill room of the Church, but it cannot take the place of the pulpit or the pew, nor of any of the services of the sanctuary.

If, then, it belongs to Christian parents to guard their children against the poison and perdition of alcoholic drinks, if it is the duty of the Christian Church to stand with its Sabbaths, its sacraments, and its solemnities against the sin and scandal of intemperance, so, likewise, it is demanded by the character, scope, and object of the Sunday school that the great temperance reform be through its agencies effectually promoted.

The Sunday school has some special facilities for doing this work. The enthusiasm of numbers, the charm of youthful associations, the inclination of pupils to follow the lead of their instructors, the books and papers distributed, the songs sung, the prayers offered, and the very mottoes and pictures on the walls may be used to excite and strengthen the principle of self-denial and to induce a habit of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks. The pupils will determine, if they do not promise, under such influences, to shun those places and practices which lead to intemperance, and to seek as taught in every part of God's word the great reward of sobriety and godliness.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "Tis sad to see a man sadder, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." The sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty months I was engaged in hospital nursing at a Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life.

Can anyone help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more of those who (also, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering.

Imagine a pleasant airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with, "Oh, Nursie, come and kiss me first." No, me first, Nursie, from all sides! and so I move from bed to bed complying with their request, and feel so many pair of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care I know will come during the day. At eight a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing." After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one of the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little Bertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nursie, I don't think it will be so very bad to-day, do you? 'cos I asked God not to let it be"; and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, Nursie, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away. Dinner is served at one o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets give themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in, looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have very carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?" "Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here always?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the tea-bell rings at five o'clock, and by half past six the duties for

the day are all finished, and the families comfortably settled for the night, asking for what, to be nurse and children in the best time of all the day, "the night time." What a turn from the organ-work of the morning! What shall it be first, children? The requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the door and stillness of the ward there rises from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Lead the little lamb to-night,  
Through the dark to the light,  
Keep me from all morning light, etc."

None knowing ere the coming-morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

And as the days pass into weeks, and the weeks into months, each day leaving behind it some sweet memory of work done for the Master, we nurses, too, are drawn closely together by the one common bond of sympathy and hope in the work of love.

"DON'T YOU KNOW?"

BY J. B. GOUGH.

A MAN who was considered in every respect a very good sort of man, except for an occasional fit of intoxication, went into a rum store and took a drink: he took another and another; and in the evening, in the madness of drink, he staggered home and struck his wife blows that killed her. He was promptly arrested, and spent the night in the lock-up. In the morning the keeper of the prison woke him as he lay sleeping off the effects of the drink.

"Halloa!" he said, "you have got me in gaol, haven't you? This is a gaol, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the man, "you are in gaol!"

"What have you got me in gaol for?"

"Don't you know?"

"Don't I know? I know I never was in gaol before in my life; and this is an awful disgrace, isn't it? But what have you got me in gaol for?"

"You are in gaol for murder!"

"What? You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do."

"You are joking!"

"No, I am not."

"For murder?"

"For murder."

"Have I killed somebody?"

"You have."

"Oh, my God! what will become of me? Tell me, does my wife know of it?"

"Your wife! Why, don't you know?—it is your wife you have killed!"

He fell like a log on the floor. Now the keeper of that prison holds a license to sell liquor. The sheriff of the county, who will hang him, if he is hanged, owns the grog shop where he got the liquor, and receives the rent of it. The law does not touch these men. Here is the victim; he must pay all the penalty. Now, I say that is not fair; I say it is not right! and I pray God I may never see the day when I shall say it is right.

I believe that all antagonism between labour and capital, and capital and labour, is ruinous. But with all my heart, and soul, and might, and mind, and strength, do I advocate a universal persistent strike against this drink traffic. Strike against it at home; strike against it at the social circle, and sweep it out of your house; strike against it at public receptions, and refuse to drink the health of any man or woman, be it even of royalty; strike in the name of humanity—strike in behalf of wretched wives and wretched children; strike against it when you go to the ballot-box—strike against it in your churches; strike against it when God sends you revival—do as Brother Moody did with it in his work; strike against it in your prayer-meetings. Let us all strike till we die; and by God's blessing, we shall do something towards destroying one of the greatest national monsters of the nineteenth century—the drink traffic.