

My Neighbour's Boy.

HE seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has done
No mind can remember nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, good and bad;
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbour's lad!
The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way!

The world is needing his strength and skill,
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.
What power is in him for good or ill!
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?

Will he rise and draw others up with him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim.

But what is my neighbour's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbour's boy,
Though I have some fear for what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope, and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod.
He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, his will to do,
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbour's boy.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1893.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

THERE is no other crime that will so besot and imbrute a man as that of drunkenness. A broken-hearted wife appeared before Justice King, of Buffalo, one day not long ago, and testified against her husband that he had not only neglected to provide for her but even stole the tiny shoes and the spare underclothing of his baby as she laid in the cradle, and sold them for five cents, so he could buy drink.

This is what a man comes to who touches a drop of liquor. Misery and sorrow follow inevitably.

It is not alone men and women who drink, but boys and girls as well. Who would believe it? Yet it is asserted that in one year the police of New York arrested 2,248 boys and 1,056 girls, and that these boys and girls were all under fourteen years of age.

It is not too early for boys and girls—even little boys and girls—to decide that they will not touch what ruins the young as well as the old. Dr. Holland has written on this subject to boys and he will give you good advice if you will listen to him.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to be one of them? No, of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as is the sun to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it will never fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way. You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" Or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

THE GYPSY GIRL.

"COME, Lisette! If you stay here at your prayers any longer, Mère Verduchene will send you to bed without any supper."
"No matter, Jeanne; I must ask the good God for strength to bear all my sorrows."

"A little supper will help you to bear trouble too," answered the careless Jeanne. "Poor Lisette! it falls heavier on you than on the rest of us."

"But why?" asked Lisette as she followed her companion.

"Who can tell?" answered the other, shrugging her shoulders; "perhaps you are a lady: as for me I do not know whence I came, but sure am I that neither of us are true gypsies. Hush! our masters have long ears."

The two girls had now reached a large dirty court called the "Court of Miracles," perhaps because beggars who had pretended to be blind here took back their sight, helpless people grew strangely active, and lame people threw away their crutches.

"Well, minxes," cried a sharp voice, "you have been gone long enough to bring us a pretty sum; what have you in your pockets?"

Jeanne produced a few coins, which were received with curses at their small value, but Lisette's pocket was empty. The old woman broke out against her. "Lazy, idle hussy!" she cried, "Is it for this I deck you in fine clothes and put jewels in your ears? Do I not bid you show your fair false face to them that like to look upon such, and sing the money out of their pockets? I do not even ask you to beg; but you will do nothing, you—" The old old wretch struck the girl in the face and drove her away from the pot where the crowd of gypsies were making their supper.

Lisette was very hungry, but she dared not go near the angry woman again. The men were talking in low tones, laying plans, she well knew, for some fresh piece of wickedness. Presently her name was called. Take off these fineries," said the chief, "and put on your rags; go to the house of the comptroller of finance, which I will presently show you, and pretend to faint with hunger. As you have eaten nothing to-day, that will be an easy job: they will take you in for the night. At twelve o'clock steal out to the eastern gate and undo the bars: do you hear?"

"I will not do it," she answered as firmly as her trembling voice could speak. "You will not? Do you hear her?" shrieked Mère Verduchene. Lisette would have been felled to the ground, but Jeanne sprang forward. "She means that she is afraid to do it," cried Jeanne (well knowing, however, that this was not Lisette's meaning). Let me go with her to give her courage; she shall play the part of dying innocence, and I will do your work.

Jeanne meant what she said; she had no other thought in life than of slipping

along with as few blows and as many favours from her keepers as possible. Her proposal was accepted and just at curfew (for it was three hundred years ago) she dragged the really fainting Lisette to the noble's palace. Lisette's pure, sweet face, pale with weariness and hunger, gained them both admittance, and they were given a closet to sleep in. But before the fatal hour of midnight Lisette left her companion's side, and, hastily locking her into the closet, lay till dawn across the door, refusing all Jeanne's entreaties to be set free to do the gypsies' evil bidding.

At daybreak the girl, now brave in the sense of right-doing, confessed all to the comptroller and asked his protection against her masters, who had stolen her when she was a child. Jeanne who was older, remembered Lisette's being brought into the camp, but could not tell from what quarter.

"The good Lord has surely answered some poor mother's prayers," cried the nobleman, "in keeping you pure and true. I pray him grant me wisdom to find that parent for you!"

Mr. Barbier left no effort untried to find the parents of the lovely, gentle "gypsy girl," and his pious endeavour was crowned with success: good Lisette was restored to a happy home, taking with her poor Jeanne, who needed much patient teaching before she could unlearn the evil of her vagabond life.

ABOUT FREDERICK III.

BY W. D. MOONEY.

THE following beautiful anecdote is told of the late German emperor, Frederick III., father of the present emperor, when he was still crown prince. In midsummer, 1865, the crown prince was stopping at Carlsbad. One day there happened to meet him a pale-faced girl of twelve years, who, looking at him, begged a gift.

"My child, who sends you to beg?" the crown prince asked mildly.

"Oh, my sick mother," replied she, weeping.

"Where is your father?" continued the prince.

"Alas! he is dead; and we have no bread, and are very hungry," was the answer.

"Come, and lead me to your mother," said the prince; and then he followed the child through streets and alleys to a remote dilapidated tenement.

"Sir, we live here," said the child as she gazed trustfully on the stranger.

They entered the house, going by two ladder-like stairs to an attic room. As his little guide opened the door the crown prince started back in horror as he perceived a young woman with a babe at her breast lying on straw and rags. As the sick woman saw the stranger she raised herself a little and said—

"Doctor, my child has done wrong to call you when I have not a penny to pay you with."

"Good woman, I am no physician," replied the prince. "Have you no one to care for you?"

"No, sir. I have no relatives and the people in the house are very poor. So long as my husband lived and could work we had a modest support; but now that he is dead and I am very sick, I must go to ruin with my children."

At this moment the crown prince noticed at the door a servant of his who had followed him without being observed. He gave him a nod; and the man, understanding his master, ran quickly away, while the prince secretly drew out his purse, gave the child a piece of money, and whispered, "Run quickly and bring bread and wine."

The child soon returned, her face radiant with joy, and brought with her a loaf of bread and a flask of wine. The prince took his knife from his pocket, uncorked the flask, and handed it to the sick woman, who with trembling hands conveyed the bread and wine to her mouth. When she had gained a little strength, with tears in her eyes she said to the strangers, "God will reward you; without you we should have starved."

Then the prince placed a treasury bill of large value on a stool in front of the straw bed, and said, "Here, good woman, is money for further supplies."

Just as he turned to leave, in came the doctor whom his servant had summoned. He went to the pallet and examined the sick woman, while the crown prince went out softly and unnoticed. The physician prescribed for the woman, and told her he would settle for the medicines at the apothecary's.

The sick woman asked him, "Who was the stranger?"

"That was Frederick William, crown prince of Germany," replied the physician.

A Modern Prodigal.

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

GREATLY to Samuel's disappointment Uncle Barum refused to stay all night; he said that he never slept out of his own house. Shortly after supper he asked Achilles to bring him his horse and he would be at home by nine o'clock. He bade them all good-bye kindly, saying to Mercy:

"I have nothing against you any longer, Mercy." To Letitia he said, "You are like your mother when she was of your age, only you have more stability in you, I think. You shall never be sorry that you agreed to come and live with me."

"Letitia," said Samuel the next day, as he lay on the floor of the porch, resting himself from stone-wall building by kicking up his heels and rolling over and over, for Samuel was never still for long at a time, "do you think you'll have a nice time living with Uncle Barum?"

"Not so very nice, and not so very bad," said Letitia, who was making buttonholes.

"Why did you say you'd go?"

"I have to be somewhere in the village for three years, so that I can graduate and be able to get a certificate and teach. I don't feel as if I even earned my board at Friend Sara's, because she keeps a kitchen-girl, and all I do is to help sew and dust, and sweep a little. At Uncle Barum's I shall do a good deal, and earn my board and clothes. That will give mother and Achilles a chance to save more. Besides, Uncle Barum is old, and may soon be quite helpless; he took care of mother when she was little and helpless, and I think we ought to pay it back. It says, too, in the Bible, that if we don't care for our own flesh and kin, we are worse than infidels. I think I ought to go."

"Do you suppose he'll let you come home and see us?"

"Of course I shall come. That is my right and duty. I shall come often, and get Uncle Barum to come."

"Letitia, do you always do what you know is right?"

"I think I try to."

"Letitia, isn't it real hard sometimes to know what is right?"

"Sometimes it is, Samuel."

"Letitia, don't you think it's about right-doing as it is with the stones in the fence? Sometimes I don't know which ones I ought to put top, and which ones at the bottom. First I think one way is best, and then I think another is best. Sometimes I think one thing is right, then that something else would be righter."

"That must be about little things; Samuel; most things have the right and wrong in them clear and plain. It is right to speak the truth, to obey, and to be industrious, to keep Sabbath."

"Yes, 'course," said Samuel, "but, Letitia, don't you wish you had lived in the days when the Lord spoke out and told the people clear and plain what he wanted?"

When he wanted Abraham to go away from his first home, he came and said "Go." When he wanted Moses to go to Egypt again, he said, "Go," and told Moses just what to do. Letitia, don't you wish those days were back? I do."

When Samuel thus began gravely with "Letitia" his sister understood that he had settled himself for a long conference on themes which were important to him.

"Friend Amos says the Bible is a clear guide-book, Samuel, and that if we study