

Dead At Thirty.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the scepter and the sword,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your rich
wines and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day, 'neath the sod
in your shroud!

Just for the sake of being called clever—
dashing
By human legs living outside of a pen,
The rain on your cold bed is carelessly
splashing,
While you should be living—a man among
men!

Just for the sake of being pointed at—looked
at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the folios of weak brains—
like yours—fat,
You are as dead as the dreams your boys
soul knew.

You feigned a contempt for the eagles of
yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boi-
sterous mirth—
Just for the sake of being called a good
fellow!

You are nothing, to-day, but a boxful of
earth.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY MRS. BEBBINGTON.

LET me here relate an incident which occurred in connection with the Mercy and Help Department of our League, and in which two of our boys figured. I have a number of members of the Junior League in my Sunday school class, and on a Sunday some weeks ago a message came to me that a certain poor family that I had seen, and who lived near the church, was on that day in need of food.

This was mentioned in the class. I said I would go and see them at the close of the Sunday school. I was detained a few minutes at the close, and then hurried off to make my visit. It was the third story of a business block. I walked right into an inner room, there the mother lay sick, and there I found two of my Junior League boys, they having just before come in, bringing a large basket of food hastily obtained from their homes. These were of the Mercy and Help Department, and this is but an instance out of scores.

I would like to relate another incident in connection with the Mercy and Help Department. We have a flower committee, the members of which distribute to the sick in their homes and hospitals, bouquets of flowers accompanied by some comforting Scripture message from the Junior League.

Some two or three months ago I had a sick woman on my list of calls. She had not been a member of any church for years. Many sad circumstances surrounded this poor woman's illness. The case was reported to our pastor, and he visited her, and the members of our flower committee paid their visits. There came a time when the end was very near, no hope of recovery. Our boys made their calls, presented their flowers, and left their message at the poor woman's bedside. She was unable to speak to them, but she received the flowers, took them in her hands, and so held them till the end. Oh how significant is their fragrance and beauty to the sick! "They have lived and must die, are dying as I am. They have fulfilled their mission, their beauty and fragrance have given glory and honour to their Creator, and what has been my life! Perhaps these were the thoughts of the poor sick woman.

I saw her before the end came. She still held the flowers, exclaiming frequently, "Oh how sweet!" She said, "tell those dear boys I cannot thank them here, but I hope I shall meet them in heaven."

I have only to add, that I believe that this poor woman died a believer, and those two boys are now members of our Church on probation.

We do not forget the entertainment. How beautiful this is when pure and elevating. We believe in having a good time, and we have had it. We believe in laughing and romping and everything that gives pleasure, when not in conflict with our allegiance to the Church to which we belong. We have had a number of most instructive and entertaining lectures on a variety of subjects, all tending to improve the mind and instruct the understanding. We have had our concert and stereopticon entertainments, and then the friends and parents join us in considerable numbers, resulting in a stronger desire on their part to encourage the young people.

Last Sunday our pastor received four Junior Leaguers in the church on probation, which is one of the best evidences of our spiritual activity.

In all humility I would make a few suggestions with respect to the management and work of the Junior Epworth Leagues, which I trust will be of some service to workers from every district represented here to-day.

I would say encourage a spirit of manliness and womanliness in the young people, and to do this they need to feel some responsibility on this line in the management of their League under superintendence.

Again on all matters connected with the development or management of the League, I always consult our boys and girls, and take them into my confidence.

In our League we pay particular attention to the devotional services and also to instructing our young people in the Discipline of the Methodist Church.

Singing is one of our most delightful exercises, and I would suggest that every effort be put forth to encourage boys and girls in this direction. It will be one of the greatest attractions of every meeting of a Junior League.

Finally, I believe no one should undertake the management of a Junior League who is not a fully consecrated servant of Christ, and who will not resolve to leave no stone unturned to bring about the conversion of every boy and girl in their charge. To this end should be all instruction, all routine duties, all committee work, all singing, in fact, everything should be devoutly pointed that way, and then with God's blessing, the Junior League must be a power in the Church.

We give in this and following number a true story of stirring interest from the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the noblest characters of English history. We hope our young readers will turn up the story of his life in their history books and read the account of his heroic death by being beheaded after a long imprisonment in the Tower of London. His martyr-like choice of death rather than dishonour reminds us of the brave saying of another Elizabethan hero:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

TRAIN BOYS FOR BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility.

In many households boy's lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from an enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact, having nothing to do but to enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experiences have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline. He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtasked, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it.

BLESSING THE ANIMALS IN MEXICO.

BY ANNIE COCHRAN BEALL.

TO-DAY is St. Anthony's day. I went with the children to the famous church of Guadalupe to see the animals blessed.

On the promenade we saw many people, principally of the poorer classes. Boys were leading dogs with bits of bright-coloured paper sticking all over them and twisted into the tail; men were leading sheep and goats with paper, ribbon, an artificial flower, or a great patch of blue, red or yellow paint on the head or side. There were horses with wide bands of the national colours about the body and bits of fancy paper on their heads; and there were birds in their cages without number. One small maiden carried a gaily-decorated cage in her hand, and on her head was perched a large green parrot. All this crowd was moving toward the church.

When we reached the circular walk around the fountain, just in front of the church entrance, we found it swarming with people. There were fruit-vendors, candy-sellers, and tables with smoking hot dishes of meat, onions, pepper, and garlic. Boys balanced trays of nice-looking cakes on the top of their heads or on the palm of the raised hand. We drove round to the side of the church where the priest's house is, as the ceremony was to take place at the door.

The crowd there was a fascinating picture, a mixture of all classes and conditions ranged along the whole length of the church. Right down through the middle of the crowd was a perfect stream of women with bird-cages decorated in every conceivable way, with all sorts of ornaments—flowers, feathers, paper, bits of cloth, ribbon—everything bright.

On the outskirts of the crowd were the horses, cows, oxen, donkeys, sheep, goats, and pigs, each one decorated. Some comical little dogs were wound round and round with fancy paper ropes, others were trimmed with any quantity of paper fringe; chickens and birds were painted on the wings, and roosters were gay with bright streamers on their tails and artificial flowers on their heads or necks.

There were cats and chickens of a bright purple, blue or green. One great black ram had his horns beautifully gilded, and some white dogs were painted one colour on the head, another on the back, and still another on the tail.

You can fancy what a noise there was, each animal giving his own note to the general concert. I saw one funny gray donkey kick his neighbour over and over again. He seemed to do it just for the fun of it. Once a rather frisky horse began to charge round generally, whereupon there was a grand stampede towards a place of safety.

About five o'clock the priest came out—an old man with two lighted candles—and he had a bucket of holy water borne before him. All the hats in his neighbourhood were taken off, as he mounted a bench near the door, and the ceremony began.

He took the water in a gourd-like dipper, mumbled a few words, and sprinkled as many as he could reach. The people laughing and joking, crowded up near him, some almost throwing others out. They climbed up on the bench and fairly ran over each other in their eagerness.

The blessing is supposed to keep the animals from sickness, disease and death, and the immense number that flocked to the church show that many people believe in this foolish superstition.

How I did wish that you boys and girls could have seen the picture! I am sure you never have seen such fancy-looking dogs, cats, chickens, and pigs as we saw this afternoon, nor such very, very ragged people. One mite of a boy was leading a scraggy black dog by one hand and hitching up his tattered trousers with the other at every step.

But I must not make my letter longer. When we left it was after six, and not more than half the animals had yet been blessed.

The Bottle of Gin.

BY ELIZABETH A. VOSK.

Once a bottle of gin,
In a smart, flashy inn,
Looked craftily out on the street;
Till a boy happened by—
(Like "he " spider and fly"
Is the tale I'm about to repeat.)

Said the bottle of gin,
"Come in, come in,
Young sir, and be friendly with me."
And the youth came awhile,
At the bottle's bland smile,
"I'll stop but a moment," thought he.

Then the bottle spoke up,
"Take a sup, take a sup,
Young sir, and make merry with me."
And the boy took a drink,
(Oh, children, just think '
It was dreadful as dreadful could be.)

Cried the bottle of gin,
With a bad, mocking grin—
"Tut! tut! my young sir, oh, I say!
Your nose is too red,
And too light is your head,
You are really in quite a bad way!"

Then the bottle of gin
Looked as ugly as sin,
And laughed in a demon-like glee:
For he well knew he had
Enchained the poor lad,
Till a slave of the bottle was he.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH COPYING

A SPEAKER at a temperance meeting lately, related the following incident which occurred at one of the stations of the Underground Railway in London:

Two gentlemen, an Englishman and one who seemed a native of India, were pacing the platform together, as they approached the refreshment bar the Englishman, thinking to beguile the time of waiting for the train, said to his companion:

"Will you have a drink?"
The foreigner returned him the answer we trust you also would have made.
"Thank you, I never take strong liquors."

His friend then offered him a cigar, but was told, "I never smoke."

The Englishman gazed at him with astonishment; whatever did he find to occupy his time if he neither drank nor smoked. "Why, whatever do you do?" he asked, a little impatiently, perhaps.

The quiet reply proved that his companion, though a stranger to England, understood the highest wisdom of all, and had learned the secret of joy and blessedness—"I try to serve my God, and help the people around me."

Is not this an example worth copying! Boys and girls, if you shape your lives after this fashion, yours will be the gladness unknown by those who live for self, and forget their neighbours and their brethren.