

There's a Boy in the House!

A gun in the parlour, a kite in the hall,
In the kitchen a book and a bat and a ball,
On the sideboard a ship, on the bookcase a
flute,
And a hat for whose ownership none could
dispute;
And out on the porch, gallantly prancing no-
where,
A spirited hobby-horse paws at the air;
And a well polished pie-plate out there on the
shelf,
Near the tall jelly jar, which a mischievous elf
Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse,
Make it easy to see there's a boy in the house.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout,
Above and below and around and about;
A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of
nails,
The building of houses, the shaping of sails,
Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,
For every unfluidable, bothersome thing;
A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs,
In the interest of burdensome business affairs;
And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
Make it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

But, oh! if the toys were not scattered about,
And the house never echoed to racket and
rout;

If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat,
And one need not wipe after wee, muddy feet;
If no one laughed out if the morning was red,
And with kisses went tumbling all tired to
bed;

What a wearisome work-a-day world, don't
you see,

For all who love little wild laddies 'twould be:
And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like
a mouse

From disorder and din—there's a boy in the
house!—*Exchange.*

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. E. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

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FEAR NOT—THE CAPTAIN

WHISTLES.

"FEAR thou not" (Isaiah 41:10),
What! not a little? No; "fear thou not."
But surely I may show some measure of
trembling? No; "fear thou not." Tie
that knot tightly about the throat of all your
unbelief. "Fear thou not," neither this
day, nor any day of thy life. When fear
comes in, drive it away; give it no space.
If God rests in his love, and if God sings,
what canst thou have to do with fear? Have
you never known passengers on board ship,
when the weather was rough, comforted by
the calm behavior of the captain? One
simple-minded soul said to his friend, "I
am sure there is no cause for fear; for I
heard the captain whistling." Surely if the
captain is at ease, and with him is all the
responsibility, the passenger may be still
more at peace. If the Lord Jesus at the
helm is singing, let us not be fearing. Let
us have done with every timorous accent.
—*Spurgeon.*

RUSSIAN BOYS.

RUSSIAN peasants never even learn that
there are other and fairer lands, where
boys can run in the fresh sunshine and
sport in freedom in their boyish games. In
reality the peasant boy of Russia is little
more than a slave. He never learns to
read and write, his wretched hut is more
fit to be a stable than a human habitation,
while his food is coarse and meagre.

In the middle classes a boy's advantages
are greater, and when he reaches a proper
age he is sent to a government school or
military academy, where he is educated for
business or the army.

Among the nobility the children are sel-
dom cared for by the mother. At an early
age lessons in French, music, and dancing
are given, and when a little older a French
maid is added to their train. Their instruc-
tion is all received at home from private
tutors.

It is too cold in the winter for much out-
door sports, but the boys, clad in their fur
skins, have fine fun on the ice. The rivers,
being frozen over for months, are regular
roads of travel, and much journeying is
done on sleds and skates. In northern
Russia the boys hitch dogs to sleds and
race over the snow to gather wood in the
forests, or on their shining skates skim
over the glistening river for miles. Then
the hunting is good and game abundant.
Of course they build snow forts and have
big battles, pretty much in the same way
as our American boys do.

Among the Cossacks the boys are trained
to endure every hardship. The Cossacks
are tribes inhabiting the Caucasus moun-
tains, and are generally the best and bravest
soldiers in the Czar's army. The boy
babies are all strapped on horseback be-
fore they can walk, and soon learn to
regard the horse as their constant com-
panion. In a few years they can stand
any amount of hard life, coarse food, long
fasts, hard riding and fighting. War and
plunder are their natural occupations, and
to these they are trained in early youth by
stern lessons in the school of privation,
obedience and self-control.

Canadian boys can have little idea of the
life of a Russian, for, accustomed as they
are to pleasant weather and perfect free-
dom, they cannot realize the hardships of
the cold winters or the rigid discipline in
the Czar's domain. Even in schools and
academies the surveillance is kept up, and
often boy students are arrested as Nihilists
and rushed away to Siberia without a mo-
ment's warning. If a student is suspected
of having nihilistic sentiments he is thrown
into jail, and escapes are rare.

This, however, does not prevent a large
number of the Russian students from being
attached to the ranks of the Nihilists, and
even among the children of the nobility
many brave boys have suffered torture and
death for freedom's sake.

BEWARE OF HIM.

I WANT to warn our boys against an ugly
customer that I have met with more than
once in my time. He spells his name with

"An upright and a cross
And a circle complete,
Two semicircles perpendicular meet,
The angle triangle standing up on feet,
Two semicircles
And a circle complete."

I would like our boys to learn the name
of this ugly customer, and think whether
they have met with him; also whether
they have learned to love him. Ask your
father whether he has made his acquaint-
ance, and whether he would recommend
you to his friendship and fellowship. I
once knew a beautiful lady to fall in love
with him, and to the day of her death she
never deserted him. I think he makes his
home in your vicinity. Be on the look-out
for him. You may at first find it difficult
to make his acquaintance, but when you
have once formed an intimate acquaintance
with him you will find him hard to get rid
of. I caution you to beware of him. He
gets men's money, he injures health, he
destroys life, he makes men stupid, stolid,
selfish, sleepy, and filthy. He is bad com-
pany. He comes where he is not wanted.
He makes himself too plenty. He stays
too long. Better "get shut of him" at
once. —*Little Christian.*

IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

SOMETHING more than a year ago, as the
writer was sitting in a railway carriage, a
pleasant voice sung out:

"Paper, sir? paper, sir? morning paper,
lady?"

There was nothing new in the words,
nothing new to see a small boy with a
package of papers under his arm; but the
voice, so low and musical—its clear, pure
tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love
and sorrow could make—called up hallowed
memories. One look at the large brown
eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-
brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks,
and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked,
as, half-blind with tears, I reached out my
hand for a paper.

"Johnny ————," the last name I
did not catch.

"You can read?"

"Oh yes; I've been to school a little,"
said Johnny, glancing out of the window,
to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother whose name was
Johnny. He had the same brown hair and
tender, loving eyes; and perhaps it was on
his account I felt very much disposed to
throw my arms around Johnny's neck, and
to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was
something pure about the child, standing
modestly there in his patched clothes and
little half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but
spotlessly white, his hands clean and
beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle,
however, with another, short and peremp-
tory, and Johnny must be off. There was
nothing to choose; my little testament,
with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp,
was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a moment—we were off. I
strained my eyes out of the window after
Johnny, but I did not see him; and shut-
ting them, I dreamed what there was in
store for him—not forgetting God's love
and care for the destitute and tender-
voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey
and passed over the same railroad. Halting
for a moment's respite at one of the many
places on the way, what was my surprise to
see the same boy, taller, healthier, with
the same eyes and pure voice!

"I've thought of you, lady," he said;
"I wanted to tell you it's all the little
book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done it all. I
carried it home and father read it. He was
out of work then, and mother cried over it;
they quite frightened uncle, who lived with
us. At first I thought it was a wicked
book to make them feel so bad; but the
more they read the more they cried, and it's
all been different since. It's the little
book; we live in a better house now, and
father don't drink, and mother says 'twill
be all right again."

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so
fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling,
and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now; and
father says maybe I can go to school this
winter."

Never did I so crave a moment of time.
But now the train was in motion. Johnny
lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book," sounded in my
ear; the little book that told of Jesus and
his love for poor, perishing men. What
a change! A comfortable home; the man
no more a slave to strong drink. Hope
was in the hearts of his parents; health
mantled the cheeks of the children. No
wonder Johnny's words came brokenly!
From the gloom of despair to a world of
light; from being poor and friendless the
little book told them of One mighty to
save, the very Friend they needed, the
precious Elder Brother, with a heart of
love and tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnys who sell
papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers
that weep over the ruins of once happy
homes, took to their wretched dwelling the
book that tells of Jesus and his love! And
not only these, but all the Johnnys that
have no parents, living in cellars, and sleep-
ing in filth and wretchedness—would that
they could learn from this little book what
a friend they have in Jesus.

ROBERT RAIKES.

BY UNCLE MINOR.

FROM Prag's history of Sunday-schools
we learn some interesting facts about
Robert Raikes and other earnest workers
for the children in Sunday-schools.

About the year 1780, Mr. Raikes, of
Gloucester, England, was publishing a
small paper called the *Gloucester Journal*.
Not unlike many editors and publishers,
he was anxious to gather news, and notice-
ing the large number of ignorant and vici-
ous children who made the streets of that
city hideous on the Lord's day, in the
goodness of his heart he decided to try and
teach them better. So at first he employed
only one lady to assist him, and afterwards
employed three others at a shilling a day.

He not only taught these children how
to read, but taught them the rich lessons
from the inspired word of God. This
good man rented a large hall and soon had
it filled with earnest pupils.

The children were required to come at
ten o'clock in the morning, stay until
twelve, they then went home and were
given time to eat their dinners. At one
o'clock they assembled again, and after read-
ing their lessons they were conducted to
regular church service where they remained
until half after five repeating catechisms.
They were then dismissed and told to go
home without making any noise, and not
to play on the streets.

This was the beginning of what is called
the modern Sunday-school. Robert Raikes
was not the originator, nor the founder of
church Bible schools. It is true at that
time, the idea of teaching children the
word of God had well-nigh passed from the
old church members. But a revival of
gospel work among the young was needed,
and God in his providence raised up this
good man to do his part.

Church schools or Bible Sunday-schools
were organized more than three thousand
years before the days of Raikes, which I
promise to tell you more about some time.

HOW AN OCEAN CABLE IS MADE.

LET us first see what a submarine cable
is, and how it is made. To do this a visit
must be made to the enormous factory on
the banks of the Thames a few miles below
London. Here the birth of the cable may
be traced through shop after shop, machine
after machine.

The foundation of all is the conductor, a
strand of seven fine copper wires. This
slender copper cord is first hauled through
a mass of sticky, black compound, which
causes the thin coating of gutta percha,
applied by the next machine, to adhere to
it perfectly, and prevents the retention of
any bubbles of air in the interstices between
the strands, or between the conductor and
the gutta percha envelope. One envelope
is not sufficient, however, but the full
thickness of insulating material has to be
attained by four more alternate coatings of
sticky compound and plastic gutta percha.
The conductor is now insulated, and has
developed into "core."

Before going any further, the core is
coiled into tanks filled with water and
tested, in order to ascertain whether it is
electrically perfect—that is, that there is no
undue leakage of electricity through the
gutta percha insulating envelope. These
tests are made from the testing room,
replete with beautiful and elaborate ap-
paratus, by which measurements finer and
more accurate than those even of the most
delicate chemical balance may be made.
Every foot of core is tested with these in-
struments, both before and after being
made up into a cable; and careful records
are preserved.

After all the core has been tested and
passed, the manufacture of the cable goes
on. The core travels through another set
of machines, which first wrap it with a
thick serving of tarred jute, and then with
a compact armouring of iron or steel wires
of various thickness, according to the depth
of the water in which the cable is intended
to be laid. Above the armouring, in order
to preserve the iron from rust as long as
possible, is applied a covering of stout
canvass tape, thoroughly impregnated with
a pitchlike compound; and sometimes the
iron wires composing the armour are
separately covered with Russian hemp, as
an additional preservative against corrosion.
—*Scribner's Magazine.*