

Give the Little Boys a Chance.

Here we are! Don't leave us out,
Just be wise we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance:
All the world's before you spread—
Give the boys a chance!

Never slight us in our play—
You were once as small as we;
As it is long like you some day,
Then, perhaps, our power you'll see.
We will meet you when we're grown,
With a wave and a friendly grin,
Don't think all the while of grown,
Give the boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that we must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When those early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small
On our toes you needn't dance,
There is room enough for all—
Give the boys a chance!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1892.

CRIME BREEDERS.

BY A. COMSTOCK.

THE twenty million of youth to-day in this land are fertile fields in the very seed-time or receptive stage of life. Intemperance, gambling fiends, and worse than all else, the publishers of a corrupt literature and dealers in indecent and immoral articles are intent upon destroying the prospective harvest of pure manhood and womanhood. They would choke out sobriety, honesty and purity, and smother future hopes and lofty ambitions in the hearts of the rising generation by their seed-sowing of worse than weeds and tares.

How few there are who realize that as we sow, so must we reap! This is exemplified in every field that is tilled by the farmer's hands. Of the kind of seed he sows, of that kind he reaps his harvest. The millions of youth in our land to-day are in the plastic, or seed-sowing stage—the springtime of life. The germ of life is being developed and growing up, is hastening on quickly to the harvest in each of these youthful lives. But what a seed-sowing from rum, gambling and lust! What a harvest must soon be realized by this nation. If we could realize how the future usefulness of the rising generation is being curtailed; how the welfare of Church and State is being constantly discounted; if we could know what the harvest would be in the lives of each victim crazed by the social cup, or dazzled by the gambler's luck, or whose imagination is defiled by the tainted pages of much of the

literature of the present day, we should mourn, indeed, for the future of our land.

Thank God there are some who realize this danger and are taking precautions against it. All honour to the brave men and women who have counted no self-denial or price too great to be made, or paid, in order to establish sobriety, temperance, honesty and moral purity in the land.

It is for each one of us to stand firm and loyal in the place where duty calls us, discharging our duty as unto God and not unto man, and to his great name be all this praise now and forever more! Amen.

THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity River. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they had caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting, that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. My friend did not expect to buy the fish with money, as we do when we go to market, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things, living as they do away off among the wild forests and mountains of our great country. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They have been so badly treated by their pale brothers, that it is no wonder they feel hateful and want nothing to do with them oftentimes.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwam close by, and this gave Mr. Kay a bright thought. Holding up the string of beads again, he pointed to them and then to the fish and the river, saying in Chinook (a sort of Indian language), "You get us a fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads." Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fish, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian, standing by, seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay told him to follow and he should have some beads too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there, that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting high his fine fish to show what he had done, and perhaps thinking of the dear little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned so nobly.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of an Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try and see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish. We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with the unkindness and disappointment. After awhile, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away toward the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying away up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had been shot with an arrow, perhaps, as he started up from his seat to feel himself all over to find out how and where he was hurt. Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hillside away from the river, and he quickly does so, wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him had he stayed a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must in some way show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string of beads anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket-comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long, black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.—*Christian Observer.*

THE DYING CHILD.

Mrs. B.— sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the fitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant, about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love, soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B.—, her lip trembling with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddie would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma!"

"No, no, my son, my angel."

"No one says cross words, mamma?"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never;" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. O mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off, I s'pose? But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"Hush, Freddy, dear, lie still; you worry yourself."

"Oh, my throat. Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma; just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it;" and, as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.

A LIGHTER HEART.

How often do we feel poor because we have no money to give when we wish to help one we know to be in need; but we should never lose sight of the fact that there are cases where smiles and sweet words go farther than silver or gold. It is related that an old woman with a bundle in her hand was seen to walk down the street, and at last to seat herself upon the steps of an unused church. The children just drifting from school, looked at her curiously. Her garments were neat, though threadbare; but her wrinkled face held a painful tale of suffering, and her eyes seemed to look almost appealingly to the little ones as they drew near. It was thus that attracted a group of little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded; and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest stepped forward and said:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the old woman, a shiver rising in her throat.

"I am awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I've only got two; and don't believe I'd like to span one."

"God bless you, child—bless you for ever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child; "you may kiss us all once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of the children, and they did not hear the old woman's words as she rose to go. "O children, I am only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

HOW HE BEGAN.

A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them:

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory, a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that he must be a boyhood of very hard labour.

But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a piecer to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them in the "jenny," was the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindle and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice gain the end.

He worked at cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and he also was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.