

The Boys We Need.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid,
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

PASS IT ON.

THE Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells us that when he was a lad of fourteen years he was returning to his home in Cornwall from school in Germany, passing through London on his way. After spending a little money there, he took train to Bristol, and then went on board a ship going to Cornwall, the railways not running so far in those days. The passage money, which he thought included his meals, exhausted the whole of his cash, and his surprise was great when the steward, toward the close of the passage, brought him a bill for his food. He told him he had spent all his money. "Then," said the steward, "you should not have ordered the things you did," and ask him for his name and address. Directly the lad had stated who he was the steward looked at him intently and exclaimed, "I never thought I would live to see you!" Then he told how that years before, when a fatherless boy and his mother was in great distress, Mr. Pearse's father had befriended them, and he had resolved if ever opportunity afforded he repay the kindness thus shown. So now he paid the lad's bill, gave him five shillings, and saw him safely landed. When Mr. Pearse told his father the incident, his reply was: "My lad, I passed the kindness to him long ago in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you; mind, as you grow up, you pass it on to others."

And Mr. Pearse did not forget. Seeing a lad one day at a railway station in trouble, because he had not enough money by fourpence to pay for his railway fare, Mr. Pearse gave him a shilling, and when the lad brought him back the change he told him to keep it, and that he was going to ride with him. And then in the carriage

he told the boy the story of how the steward had treated him on the boat. "And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others." Mr. Pearse got out at the junction, and as the train left the station the lad waved his handkerchief and said, "I will pass it on."

How much brighter and better and happier the world would be if everybody would only "pass on" the little deeds of kindness shown to them. Are you doing this, or do you only pass on unkind actions instead of kind ones?—*London Free Methodist.*

THE CANADIAN BOY.

BY CLAREMONT.

I.

THE Canadian boy is a fine subject for study. There is a healthiness and breeziness about him that captivates both old and young. You expect him to whistle and knock the toes out of his boots; and from the moment he slides off his mother's knee, and assumes the perpendicular without outside help, you have only to follow the sound to find out where he is.

The Canadian boy is generally a little unmanageable. He begins to develop his tastes early, for gladiatorial combat. His strength is in a state of constant ebullition; and when he is not eating or using his lungs, he is knocking something over. It could be more truthfully said of him, than it ever was of anyone, "that he is turning the world upside down." He is antagonistic to restraint; and, while in petticoats, flings dolls to the uttermost corners of the room; hitches up the chairs, rides the rocker as a locomotive, establishes depots all around the room, and steams up to the stations with a shrill whistle that echoes throughout the domicile; while the cats and dogs and younger members of the family are utilized as passengers.

The Canadian boy revels in coat and pants at the early age of four years; and every pocket bulges with tops, strings, buttons, balls, jacks, peach-stones, nails, screws, papers, pencils, cakes, apples, candies and carrots. There is nothing, short of the pump or a horse-power, that he will not try to stow therein. There is one thing, however, seldom found there; and that is his pocket-handkerchief; and the whole family bend their energies, every hour in the day to make up this lack; and dive suddenly, with well-intentioned effort, in the direction of his nose.

HIS APPETITE.

About the same time that it comes to his knowledge that he has a nose, and that it is incumbent upon him to attend to it; he also has a realizing sense of his appetite. This is a distinguishing feature of the Canadian boy. There is nothing precarious about it. It is one of those inexplicable, incomprehensible, immeasurable things, that puzzles all the inmates of the home; and forms a problem for scientific study, that the medical profession own themselves utterly unable to either elucidate or simplify. It strikes you as the ocean does, with an idea of its magnificent boundlessness, its vast infinity.

The Canadian boy's appetite is a paradox; for while your mind is dwelling upon its stupendousness, it is yet so meagre, that he is perfectly satisfied if he can compass one meal in the day. He begins as soon as he opens his eyes in the morning on the apple he left unfinished when he dropped asleep the night before; and generally fills odd moments of time from the dried apples or prunes that lie safely among the nails in his pocket. At breakfast the consumption continues until the father declares the day's business can be delayed no longer.

The Canadian boy has often been known to secrete twenty apples in the bagginess of his smock, for use during school hours. He only ceases from lack of provision; or the pressure of other business; or a sense of the fitness of things; or from respect to his mother or sisters who do the cooking; but never from satiety or because he feels exhausted with his subject. There is a grasp and keenness about the Canadian boy's appetite that lifts him above trifles.

The Canadian boy is a demonstration of, as well as a direct and unquestioning follower of, the advice of the apostle Paul:

he eats whatsoever is set before him, asking no questions for conscience sake. If I were a cook and had my choice of boarders, give me the Canadian boy, whose appetite would cut its way through untold difficulties, whether under or overdone, thick or thin, fresh or stale. The Canadian boy's appetite is indomitable, and this utter regard of non-essentials prepares him for volunteer soldier life; to sleep in the open camp or feed on hard tack.

The Canadian boy is above the low animal tastes of those who live to eat. He reaches out and lays hold of the nearest resources, with a business tact, and an all-pervading sense of the law of self-preservation, that causes him to eat that he may live.

AT PLAY.

With his school life begin his mercantile transactions; barter and exchange.

His military operations are also brought into full play; and there are few contests in which he does not take a part. Every Canadian boy finds a world in the school ground, and poses as an Alexander.

If he is a strong, muscular boy, it is not long before he finds his natural antagonist; and the school is divided and placed in battle array. The armies are mobilized, the powder noiseless; but the shouts of victory first from one side and then the other show the tug of war, and give proof of active service and undaunted courage. The whoop and battle-cry ring in the fresh Canadian air; the ringing laughter sends the blood coursing through their veins, when suddenly the clang of the school-bell calls for a cessation of hostilities; but neither side has won the fortress, and the campaign is renewed the moment that school is dismissed again.

AT SCHOOL.

The Canadian boy is full of interminable go, both physical and mental. He enjoys to perfection all kinds of games. Football, baseball, lacrosse, tennis, skating, sledding, and winter sports call out all his energy and develop his muscle.

School hours are moments of persevering industry. The Canadian school system is second to none in the world; and while the young boy sees little use in grammar; the teaching of it is so entertaining, and the helps so perfect, that he is soon interested in spite of his own natural resistance; and his mind expands. Indolence is succeeded by activity; sluggishness by alacrity; lethargy by eagerness; and disinterestedness by intelligent inquiry.

Mathematical problems, drawings, geographical maps, physical geography, book-keeping, grammar, composition, botany, chemical physics, literature, and history, are all brought before him in attractive form. Every moment is utilized. Home work supplements school hours; and scribblers and exercise books fill with a rapidity that astonishes those who are called upon to furnish more supplies. There is no period of a Canadian boy's life from the cradle to the grave that is more filled with diligent, painstaking industry than the few years he spends in the school-room.

CUTS HIS WISDOM-TEETH.

At the age of eighteen, the Canadian boy thinks he knows all there is to know. He can teach the professors, and criticize the criticism of the learned. At twenty-one, he is not so confident of himself; at twenty-five, he finds out that he is only beginning to learn; at thirty, he has reached an altitude that widens his vision, so that he feels he has only been able to gather up crumbs of knowledge; at forty he owns it, and at fifty he feels that if life were to live over again, he would make a better use of his college days; at sixty he realizes there is so much he would like to do or see done, that he is conscious there is no time left to accomplish; at seventy, he feels more like resting than working; at eighty, his hair is white, the almond tree is in blossom, his presence is a benediction, and all the family gather round to hear the stories of his boyish sports; at ninety, the wheels of life move slowly; life's hurry is over; he has leisure and companionship with the children; he completes the circle of his years and comes round to where he began; he is a child again, a Canadian boy once more.

BLESSED be the memory of disappointment.

LET THE JUNIORS ANSWER.

In what ways are people cruel to horses?
How do some people treat dogs and cats cruelly?

What is wrong with a man when he is cruel to animals?

How do you think Jesus treated animals?

If boys and girls are cruel to animals, what kind of men and women will they make?

Why is it wrong to wear stuffed birds on hats?

What are some of the lessons men can learn from animals?

What should we do when we see people treating animals cruelly?

If we keep animals as pets what are some of the ways in which we should look out for them?

What do you know about Henry Bergh?
Have you ever read "Black Beauty"?

Will you tell something about it?
What can we Juniors do for the abused animals in our town?

A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHILE I would warn you boys and girls against too close an intimacy with your young friends, let me suggest one friend in whom you need not fear to confide fully and that is the dear mother. Open your hearts to her. She is wise and patient, and loving, and will guide your feet safely by her tender counsels. The boy or girl whose "most intimate friend" is mother is pretty sure not to go very far astray. She will teach you of the Heavenly Friend, whose love alone surpasses hers, and living in close and intimate friendship with him, all your life shall be shining with blessing and peace.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW A PRODIGAL CAME HOME.

ALL day Saturday Thomas Stanhope lay in the upper room of the deserted log house. The windows had long since been taken out; the light came through chinks in the rough stone chimney; no sounds were heard but the chirr and whirr of grasshoppers and crickets, the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell, or the wind sighing through a grove of pines near at hand. Twice in his feverish uneasiness Thomas went out to the spring for a drink, and ate freely of the blackberries that hung in great clusters from the unvisited vines. He had a biscuit or two in his pockets, but he suffered no hunger, only feverish thirst. At sunset he felt as if he must crawl out once more to the spot among the sumac bushes where he could see his former home. Perhaps he could get a distant view of those dear faces, the right to whose love-light he had forfeited. He dragged himself along to his post of observation in the field opposite the cottage. As before, all was singularly still, the house open, but no one visible.

Presently a horseman appeared coming up the road, and at once a tall young girl came from the house and waved a kerchief. She must have been watching for the horseman. He dismounted, allowed his horse to graze—bride on neck—at the roadside, while he himself sat down on the mounting block. The girl put her kerchief in the pocket of her white apron, and came to the swing, in which she seated herself. Her gown was of light blue, her hair, fair and shining, was piled high on her head, and gleamed like gold in the departing sunlight. Once the young man who talked with her removed his hat and bowed toward the house, as if to some one within; once he waved his hand in sign of good fellowship in the same direction. After twenty minutes of conversation, during which the youthful pair maintained between them the same distance, the young man remounted his horse and rode toward Ladbury; the girl watched him out of sight from the porch, and then went into the house.

Who was this girl? was it his little