

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER!

WHO is ready, who is willing?
Who will volunteer!
Who will join the gath'ring army!
Who the call will hear!
Right and truth, against the evil,
Surely must prevail;—
If we trust our mighty Leader,
We shall never fail!

Who is valiant, who is fearless?
Who is firm and true!
Who will help us in the conflict!
Who will dare and do!
Reformation is our watchword,
And our sword is truth;
Men of courage now are wanted,
And the daring youth!

Faithful soldiers now are needed
On the tem'rance field,
Who are always firm and dauntless,
Who will never yield!
Who are never faint and fearful,
When the foe is near;—
Such are needed in our army;—
Who will volunteer!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

HELPING POOR SCHOOLS.

A S. S. SUPERINTENDENT from the Muskoka region writes as follows. His letter shows the difficulties under which schools labour in new parts of the country:—Enclosed I beg to hand you \$1 for Sunday-School Extension Fund, from our school. The collection for the day appointed only amounted to 17 cents, which seemed to me too small a sum to send, so have made it up to \$1. Our children up here in this new country have not much opportunity to practise self-denial to give to the Sunday-school fund. As they do not get cents to spend in sweets, etc., with them both cents and sweets are very scarce articles. Our school has been somewhat interrupted for want of a place to meet in. The lumber camp in which we have been in the habit of meeting, being now full of lumber men, we are now meeting in a log-house that is unfinished, the chinks of which are unplastered and we have no stove, but still our attendance is 30 (some, of course, adults.) The Sunday-school papers are greatly appreciated and, I hope, are doing good.

Another missionary writes:—Our three schools started last summer are doing far better than could have been

expected. No doubt the bountiful supply of bright, cheery, instructive papers do very much to keep up the interest. Our public meetings have greatly improved in numbers and interest since starting these schools. Altogether the prospects of this mission are much better than formerly.

A missionary in Manitoba writes:—Dear Bro.,—I received the library you sent, and the Sunday-school papers. Last Sunday I took papers and books to the appointment and organized a Sunday-school. The people were exceedingly well pleased with the donation, and very grateful. The frost has injured, I think, about three-fourths of their grain, and, being lately settled, they have no means to buy such a thing as a book to read. I can assure you of their deep gratitude for the library and papers. If they have a good harvest next year, I can promise a good collection on the last Sunday in September.

A minister of the Guelph Conference writes:—Dear Dr. Withrow,—Enclosed find \$10 from two of our assisted schools. The three schools that with your assistance we started last summer, are all doing well. We may want a little help for one or two for another six months, but I hope not. The weakest of the three gave us a collection of \$1.20 for the general fund. Many thanks to the Band.

DR. POTTS ON PROHIBITION.

At a temperance meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Dr. Potts said: Every Christian Church to-day should be engaged in temperance work. He regarded temperance work as Christian work. There was no church in the Dominion that had not suffered directly or indirectly from intemperance. In all the churches of which he had taken charge he had noticed intemperance, not only among the congregation but among the church members. All the churches should be united on this question because it accomplished a work that the churches could not undertake. The biggest subject before the people of Canada to-day was the temperance question. It was well for men to have their own views on political questions, and he would not give much for a man who had not his own opinion on such matters, but no one should place party matters before the great question of temperance reform. He believed the time was coming when the party or leader who recognized the importance of the temperance movement must stand at the head of the people in Ontario and the Dominion. He believed the time was ripening for total prohibition. The aim of the temperance workers in this country was total prohibition.

THE RESULT OF DRINK.

The concluding clause of the presentment of the Toronto Grand Jury was as follows:—Your Grand Jury are much impressed with the fact that nearly all the cases brought before them during this session, including two cases of manslaughter, one of unlawful wounding, one felonious wounding, two robberies, and two other minor cases, are the direct result of drinking or drunkenness, thus showing that but for the unnecessary number of saloons, or grogeries, scattered all over the city, there would have been comparatively little to occupy the time of your Grand Jury.

THE CROW'S NEST.

This curious contrivance is placed at the mast head of arctic exploring vessels and whalers. There is a hood that may be pulled up to shelter the look-out man from the wind. He sweeps the horizon with his glass for icebergs, or open water, or for spouting whales. When he shouts out "There she blows," instantly all is commotion on the deck, the boats are manned and launched, and in a few minutes are in hot pursuit of the whales. It is, however, anything but hot in the crow's nest. The poor lookout must often be half frozen in the bitter piercing wind.

This cut is one of nearly a score—many of them of a large size—which will accompany a very interesting article by the Rev. W. S. Blackstock in an early number of the *Methodist Magazine*, entitled "Among the Eskimo." It will give a complete account of exploration and discovery in the arctic regions. See announcement on our last page.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

An old proverb says: "Patience and Perseverance conquer all things." Here is a true story which well illustrates the truth of the proverb:

A great many years ago a poor boy named Niccoli began life under a great cloud. His father died when he was but six years old, and four years later his native city was captured by a savage people, who put all the inhabitants they could find to death. Poor Niccoli was severely wounded, and left for dead, but his mother, who had escaped, found him, and nursed him back to life.

He had been so nearly frightened to death, however, that he seemed little more than an idiot. His mind was confused, he could remember nothing, and he stammered so painfully that even his mother could scarcely understand his words. When he was fourteen he could neither read nor write, but he was anxious to learn, and at last succeeded in finding a teacher, but only to be cruelly disappointed, for his teacher said he could never be made to know anything!

Poor Niccoli did not give up. He began to teach himself, and so well did he succeed that in time he became a great linguist and mathematician, and now he is remembered as one of the learned men of Italy.

During his life-time not only wise men, but statesmen and kings, were glad to show him honour, as well they might be, for he was not only a wise man, but a truly good and great man.

Are you about closing your Sunday-school for the winter? Could it not be kept open? Your children will go to the day-school, and will be subject to influences from reading and company quite as dangerous as at any season of the year. Can you not combine with two or three others, and make it an "evergreen" school? Apparent difficulties will be found trivial when once you are in earnest.—*Wesleyan.*



THE CROW'S NEST.

WELCOME HERE.

OUR FRIENDS of Temp'rance, welcome here,
By Cheerful are our hearts to-day;
Tell us—we would gladly hear—
How our cause speeds on its way!
Here we pledge ourselves anew
Not to touch the drunkard's drink;
Proving faithful, proving true,
We will from no duty shrink.

Come and aid us in the fight,
Make our growing armies strong;
Joyfully with us unite,
Swelling the triumphal song.
Then the foe will swiftly fall,
When we take our fathers' seats;
Here we pledge us, one and all,
We will drive him from our streets.

THANK YOU.

It is so easy to say "Thank you." The effort it costs is so slight. The two short words are so quickly spoken, and yet they mean so much. They do not mean only that you are really thankful, but they indicate that you observe the gentle courtesies of life, and that goes far toward making up what we regard as the cultured gentleman or lady. There are things that are of far greater value than mere polish and glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly more consequence. But even the best deeds acquire added worth when performed with gentleness and grace rather than rendered in a rude or uncouth way. The diamond possesses intrinsic value in the rough, but its worth is immensely heightened when the gem is polished. Gold from the mine is valuable, but its worth is increased when it is purified and stamped into coin, or wrought into beauty by the skill of the artist.

A simple "Thank you" to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to any from whom you receive any form of attention or favour, for the slightest acts performed, for a question answered, for a hundred nameless things, will tell greatly upon yourself, in making you more gentle and refined, and encouraging a proper self-respect, and in the estimate of others for you. If once you acquire the habit of saying the words, they will come easy, and you would feel embarrassed at the thought of having omitted to express your obligation for a favour. To cultivate the habit of being polite you should address your mother and sisters and all in the home circle as you would address strangers toward whom you desire to be particularly well-behaved. When the habit of constant politeness is well established at home you will be easy in society, and escape a hundred awkward embarrassments to which young people are subject because of their defective training in the home.