

Juniors, Sing On.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—"Stand up for Jesus."

Sing on, sing on for Jesus,
God's Junior soldiers, sing,
Till heaven and earth re-echo
The praises of our King;
Sing on, sing on for Jesus,
Sing lost ones to his feet,
Such harvest-sheaves are precious,
With joy our Lord we'll greet.

Be true, be true to Jesus,
God's Junior soldiers brave,
In Jesus we shall conquer,
For he alone can save;
Be true, be true to Jesus,
Be loyal to our King,
All glory to our Saviour,
With joy his praises sing.

March on, march on for Jesus,
God's Junior soldiers true,
Beneath the fire-star banner—
The yellow, red, and blue;
March on, march on for Jesus,
And all hell's power defy,
By storm we take the kingdom,
For Jesus live and die.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1895.

WORK FOR BOYS.

I KNOW a class of boys who are interested in a poor woman who has a sick husband and six little daughters to provide for. These boys are sons of parents in good circumstances, and many are the glasses of soda-water and pounds of candy which they deny themselves for the sake of "their little girls," as they call them; and frequently on a Saturday before they are out on their bicycles or off for a game of some sort, one or another will go bounding up the four flight of stairs which lead to the tenement where their proteges live, with a special gift for a special little pet.

I know another set of boys who live in the country, and they collect every season crates of delicious fruit—grapes, apples, peaches, and pears—and send them to the poor children in the city. This deserves a story by itself, as I well know, for I sometimes help to distribute the gift, and I can never forget the look of the eager little mouths which are reached up to take it—mouths, sometimes, which have not tasted one single bit of fresh fruit all during the long hot summer.

My dear boys, I think I have told you enough to give you a hint of how to begin being missionaries. You have only to look about you, and you will find somebody to whom you can lend a helping hand. But if you should fail to find an opening for yourself, just go to your pastor

or teacher, and he will soon put you on the track of somebody; and when you have once begun I don't think you will ever care to stop, for the great beauty of all such work is that it ennobles the nature of the one who helps as well as comforts and encourages the one who is in need, for as Mr. Lowell so beautifully says,

"Who shares his bread with a beggar feeds three,
Himself, his suffering neighbour, and Me."

Which is only another way of saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

And I trust there is not a single boy who reads these words who would not run with eagerness to do a kindness to his Lord and Saviour.

ON LAUGHING.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—Shakespeare.

THERE is no more delightful sound on earth than a hearty laugh. One good laugh will brighten the whole day for the laughter and cheer everybody within hearing. But every laugh is not like that. Some laughs hurt instead of helping, and their sting remains long after the careless laughter has gone on his way and forgotten what he was laughing at. I think this is what the Bible means when it gives the kindly warning that there is a time to laugh.

Some time since five of my boy friends were appointed a committee to select the subjects for the coming quarter for the young people's prayer-meeting of their church. Four of the boys were the sons of well-to-do parents. They had plenty of money and good clothes, they were well bred, well educated, and altogether delightful young fellows. The fifth was a lad who had been born and brought up under very different circumstances. Fatherless, motherless, uneducated, and poor, he had struggled for existence from his babyhood, but through all his troubles he had kept an honest and cheerful heart. Naturally intelligent, he was always learning, and all the boys of the Street Church liked and respected Joe.

On the appointed evening the committee met at the house of one of the lads where I was making a visit. They went into the library and held their meeting, and after an hour or so I heard them out in the hall having the last words and giving cordial hand-shakes and good-byes to Joe, who was obliged to leave early. The hall door closed and there was an instant's silence; then the four boys who were left came leap-frogging across the hall and into the dining-room where I was sitting, and dropping on the floor around my sofa, they all went off into peals of long-suppressed laughter. After a while they managed to control themselves and tell me the joke. It seemed that Joe had mispronounced a word in a peculiarly funny manner, and the way in which he applied it made it sound supremely ridiculous to the fun-loving lads who were listening; but not one of them smiled in the slightest, or even moved a muscle, lest Joe should notice and his feelings should be hurt. They controlled themselves perfectly until Joe had gone, and then nature was too much for them, and they laughed till they cried, when it could do no harm. They never repeated the story to any of their mates, so Joe's feelings were carefully guarded in every way, and he never knew that he had said anything unusual or absurd. And I thought to myself that the Master whom those boys were serving must have been well pleased at such an instance of their thoughtfulness and self-control.

Never laugh at a jest on a sacred subject even though the temptation may be strong. All such jesting is a species of profanity, and the influence of every boy who is trying to do right should be against it.

There are a great many practical jokes which do not deserve to be laughed at. Anything which causes inconvenience or

pain to another is brutal and cannot by any possibility be amusing.

Never laugh at a vulgar joke. But laugh at a joke on yourself even if it is a little severe, for it is the best sort of practice. Many people can be very witty at other people's expense, who do not like the laugh to be turned on them. It is a good rule never to give a joke that you would not like to take.

But of honest, wholesome, hearty laughter this world can never have too much; so cultivate a merry heart which is brave enough to laugh at the little cares and annoyances of life, and you will find every day plenty of things both gay and sweet to gladden you. This is the kind of heart which the Bible says "does good like a medicine," it is such a heart that Shakespeare meant when he wrote the jolly little song which I have put at the head of this article, and it is the kind of heart which everybody loves and always has loved since the world began. And if you have such a heart you will brighten the "foot-path" way of everyone whom you meet as you travel on life's journey.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY M. K. H.

As you look at the life-boat of a vessel, what a small, frail thing it seems to be, and yet, if you were wrecked in mid-ocean, you would not hesitate to trust your life in the keeping of this simple craft. Often whole crews have been saved by the life-boat. In fact, people would not trust their lives in vessels that carried no life-boats.

We are all sailing in the ocean of life; a stormy sea, whose waves of temptation and evil will swallow us beneath them if we are not sheltered by the "Gospel's Blessed Life-boat," Jesus Christ. If we trust our lives in his keeping we will safely ride the billows, no matter how high or how rough they are, until we enter the harbour, safe forevermore.

Earthly life-boats sometimes sink beneath the waves, or overturn, and their precious cargoes of living freight are snatched by the jaws of death, but if you have given your life in Jesus' keeping, what matters it when or how death comes to you, for death will then be only "an entrance into life eternal."

As one would not enter a life-boat to be saved by himself while others are left behind, so must you strive to take as many with you to the other shore as possible. Will you?

"TAKE 'EM, JACK."

A VERY pleasing incident occurred on one of our busy streets during the heated term—pleasing because of the unselfish spirit it displayed.

It was a fatiguingly hot day, and only those whose business necessitated were found upon the scorching streets. Presently a little newsboy appeared in sight. He was not alert and bustling as is the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as though each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"So would you, I guess, Tim Ragan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put a foot down it's like to set me crying," the other answered.

Tim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own encased in a pair of shoes that had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them till tomorrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em Jack; it's all right." And away he went crying "Three o'clock," at the top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a brave deed.

ANOTHER LIQUOR TRAGEDY.

Into an elegant Saint Louis home, a few days ago, came the owner of the mansion, to perpetrate a horrible tragedy. Possessed of a large income, a faithful wife and a loving child, there were within his reach many of the elements of social and domestic happiness. On this occasion the man was grazed with drink; his wife, hearing his sleigh-bells, supposed that he had come to take her out for a drive, and sent the servant to the door to inquire whether she was to come. He met the servant with a curse, staggered upstairs, and in a drunken frenzy, twice shot his wife, and then sent a bullet through the head of his two-year-old boy, who had come to greet his father, and had twined loving little arms about the crazy man's neck. This tragic incident is but one out of hundreds like it which are taking place annually all over the country. Its horrible features can be matched almost every day, taking the country at large. The traffic in liquor is the source and foundation of these murderous crimes. Surely the reports made in the press concerning these atrocities ought to prompt all good citizens to resolve to exert some positive, earnest, courageous influence towards the destruction of saloon rule in the land. And if good citizens ought to thus resolve, much more should all Christian people determine to smite the iniquitous traffic, at every opportunity, until it bites the dust.



Epworth League

Clinging to the Cross.

Oh! children wandering far from God,
In sin and misery;
Jesus did shed his precious blood,
That you might all go free.

CHORUS.

"I am clinging to the Cross."

Just now, while you are young in years,
To Jesus give your heart,
Oh! give up sin, and all that's wrong.
For heaven make a start.

Jesus in pity looks on you,
He longs to set you free.
He'll wash you in his precious blood,
Then you shall happy be.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

May 19, 1895.

THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER.—Hebrews 12. 2.

Jesus Christ is the first and the last. With out him was not anything made that was made. He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast. As in nature so in grace. He begins the work of salvation in the hearts of all who believe. He works in us to will and do of his good pleasure. We are prompted to good actions by the desires which he puts into our hearts. When we yield ourselves to him, he leads us into all truth, and guides us by his counsel. He lives in the hearts of his people by faith, hence like Paul they say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I henceforth live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." The Christian life is a life of faith from beginning to end, and the more we trust Christ, that is, the stronger our faith in him becomes, the more we grow up into him our living Head in all things, constraining us to say, "But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed from glory into glory into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord." He completes that which he begins. Like a wise master-builder who has laid the foundation of the building, he raises the structure until it is completed. We are to attain to the full stature of Christians, that is, become as much like Christ as it is possible for the finite to resemble the Infinite.