

**A Boy's Belief.**

BY EVA BEST.

It isn't much fun a-living,  
If grandpa says what's true  
That this is the jolliest time o' life  
That I'm a-passing through.  
I'm afraid he can't remember  
It's been so awful long;  
I'm sure if he could recollect,  
He'd know that he was wrong

Did he ever have, I wonder,  
A sister just like mine,  
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,  
Or tangle up his twine?  
Did he ever chop the kindling,  
Or fetch in coal and wood,  
Or offer to turn the wringer?  
If he did, he was awful good!

In summer, it's "weed the garden"  
In winter, it's "shovel the snow!"  
For there isn't a single season  
But has its work, you know  
And then, when a fellow's tired,  
And hopes he may just sit still,  
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,  
From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How can grandpa remember  
A fellow's grief or joy?  
'Tween you and me, I don't believe  
He ever was a boy.  
Is this the jolliest time o' life?  
Believe it, I never eat,  
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy  
As really a grown up man.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1898.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO

BE STRONG.

JULY 17, 1898

(2 Tim. 2. 1, Isa. 41. 10, Eph. 6. 10-18.)

"Be strong," says Paul to Timothy. "In the grace which is in Jesus Christ." That is the right sort of strength. A man may be physically as strong as Samson—and as foolish. A prize fighter may be as strong as an ox almost—and yet have no more sense

Strength of body is, of course, a very good thing. We should all try and get it and keep it, but strength of mind and soul is a great deal better—to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, to be able to say "No" to temptation, and to say "I will" at the command of duty.

We have good reason for being strong in God. Away back nearly three thousand years ago Isaiah said, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The great men in history, as Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Wesley, were strong because they felt they were on God's side, and God was on their side. "A mighty fortress is our God," sang Luther in his great hymn.

In his letter to the Ephesians, Paul tells us how to be strong, to "put on the whole armour of God that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Read the whole passage and we shall see how great and glorious

a thing it is to be like Greathheart and Faithful in the Pilgrim's Progress—to be glad with perfect armour and to be victorious over all the giants with whom we have to fight. Tennyson in one of his splendid poems tells of Sir Galahad "whose strength was as the strength of ton because his heart was pure." So let ours be.

**STANLEY'S FAITH.**

"One faith against the whole world's unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet only echoes the doctrines of the great Teacher. Have a right purpose in life, and faith in that purpose Purpose and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great explorer vividly illustrates this truth.

In the heart of Africa, years ago, two white men met. One was old, gray-haired and ill; the other, young and enthusiastic. The elder man was one whose fame as an African explorer was world-wide, but for years the civilized world had lost sight of him. Scientific associations were asking vainly, "What has become of Dr. Livingstone?" As a correspondent of the New York Herald the younger man had distinguished himself for indomitable perseverance, rapid decision and sterling common sense, and in 1870 he was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its proprietor, to find Livingstone. His story is well known.

"Draw a thousand pounds now," said Mr. Bennett; "and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and so on, but find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M. Stanley started from Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, and for eleven months he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to countless dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances, and gone back, but this Stanley never thought of doing. He had faith in God, in himself and his purpose. In his journal he wrote—and the words glow with an energy that is sublime and deserve a place in the memory of every young man—

"No living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But death—Not even this. I shall not die. I will not die. I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him," and he writes it larger, "Find him! find him!"

Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of faith in God, Stanley pressed on heedless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganyika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveller who for years had lost tidings of his native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley, Dr. Livingstone might have died of starvation and the world remained ignorant of his fate.

**THE KING'S JEWELS.**

What are you doing with the King's jewels?

"The King's jewels?" asks some one. "What have we to do with the King's jewels?"

Much; and what if he should come and ask about them, ask what you do with them on the street and at school?

"On the street? at school?" is another surprised question.

Yes; what are you doing with the King's jewels on the street and at school? You say you have confessed Christ in your youth, and what are patience and love, the peace-making spirit and the self-denying spirit, qualities he has produced within you by his Spirit, but jewels that he, the great King, has entrusted to you? Do others see them in your lives? Do your schoolmates and playmates acknowledge you as Christ's because they see such Christ-like qualities in you? These are the royal stones he plucks out of his diadem, and with them marks you as his. Do your friends see these marks? They can tell a mean bit of glass from a diamond. There are no eyes quicker to tell the false from the real. What about your example at school? Does every one say of you, "That boy, or that girl, is a Christian indeed?" Another school year has opened, and, oh, youthful wearers of the King's jewels, see that no tarais is on them; see that they are not hidden, and to the world deny that you belong to the King.

**THREE LIVES SAVED BY A BOOTBLACK.**

In January, 1882, a fire broke out in a large building in New York. Many lives were lost—but three were saved—by the quick wit and prompt courage

of a boy named Charlie Wright a boot-black. When the flames were raging, three men were observed high up at the corner window in the upper story. What could be done? The longest ladder would scarce reach half the distance. In the great crowd was the boy just named. To this lad came a bright idea.

Looking up, Charlie Wright saw something that set him thinking. He saw that, fastened to the roof of the building, just above the window where these men were, was a rope of wires. He saw that this rope ran across the street to the top of a telegraph pole on the other side. And he knew that if this rope could be cut at the top of the pole, it would fall right across the window, so that the three men could reach it. This was the bright idea that came into Charlie's mind.

No time was to be lost. In an instant he seized a fireman's wrench that lay on the stones near by, rushed across the street, and began to climb the tall, smooth, telegraph pole. To do this was no easy task in the wind and snow, but by hard, fast, desperate climbing Charlie soon reached the cross-bars. And hard and fast he worked when he got there. In a moment he had twisted the wire rope off. Down it fell, right across the window!

A great shout of joy went up from the crowd, as one after another, the three men came down this strange fire escape safe to the ground.

To this brave lad the American Humane Society voted a medal. Even across the sea people heard of him and praised him. From England came a gold medal, sent by the Royal Humane Society, on which were stamped the words: "Presented to Charles Wright, for saving three lives, January 31, 1882."

So you see that what all the firemen of New York, with their ladders and other expensive apparatus, failed to do, a little boy accomplished by his wits.

And if you are ready, looking out for opportunities to do good, you may be used of God to save some souls which would not be reached by ministers or other older workers. We hope you may always be ready to help and quick to see how help can be given.—Priestly Record.

**SMOKELESS POWDER.**

At the time of the Franco-Prussian war it was estimated that, for every man who was killed, the enemy expended ammunition enough to equal his weight. A hotly contested field was almost a battle in the dark, because of the smoke-clouds that masked the combatants and made their missiles ineffective.

In the warfare of the future—to some extent, in that of the present—the use of smokeless powder is likely, especially in naval conflicts, to give good marksmanship an overpowering advantage.

Smokeless powder was invented in America, some twenty years ago, but France was the first nation to utilize it. She made vigorous attempts to keep the composition secret, even holding each soldier responsible for the number of cartridges served out to him! But that did not deter experimenters elsewhere; and, as a matter of fact, the ordnance bureaus of every nation are still experimenting.

The problem of the best composition is complicated by the curious fact that each class and calibre of gun seems to require a special sort of powder. Smokeless powder has, however, been adapted to the thirty-calibre rifle and carbine used in our army, and to the navy's breech-loading rifles and rapid-firing guns of all calibres up to six inches.

Gun cotton is the base of this powder, which is so far true to its name that it gives off only a light, bluish-white vapour. It is safe to handle, yet in some respects it has the qualities of a "high explosive." For instance, it takes five hundred and fifty pounds of brown prismatic powder to charge one of the Indiana's thirteen-inch guns; but three hundred and fifty pounds of smokeless powder would suffice for this, and give the projectile much greater velocity.—Youth's Companion.

The war vessels of the powers would very often become useless hulks if they were not accorded the privilege of using the British dry-docks and coaling stations. The latest instance of their dependence is found in the case of the German battleship Deutschland, which ceremoniously left for Chinese waters in command of Prince Henry of Prussia several weeks ago. On reaching Hong Kong the vessel was at once put into the British dry-dock, where it had to stay three weeks while undergoing serious repairs to the machinery.

**With the Whale Fishers.**

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER X.

"LED FORTH."

Skirting a bluff headland of bergs, after miles of toilsome walking, the party came in view of the Hesperus, heeled over as the men had described, and partly sheltered by one of the monarch icebergs at the head of the sound. Her position indeed looked most perilous, and many of her people were encamped on the ice.

The condition of her sick was found to be even worse than was supposed, for scurvy in its worst form was preying upon not a few, and there were frost-bitten limbs, for which amputation was the only remedy.

This was serious work to attempt under such circumstances, and with no fellow-surgeon to assist; but the young doctor's calm courage was equal to the emergency, and making the best arrangements possible, amputations were performed that might have claimed the help of a whole bevy of surgeons.

"Why, sir, it's as terrible for you as for the poor fellows themselves," said Fyfe, who with deep concern looked on at the doctor's efforts as the fifth operation was completed.

"It's most as bad as a battle-field to look on. Don't know how you can do it, sir."

"We have help out of ourselves when the time of need comes, and I think you know that too, Fyfe," replied the operator.

It was most true; for this series of operations was often referred to by Arthur in after days, as "a scene of blood." Some of them, too, as he knew, simply involved a possibility of life instead of certain death, so that he was deeply anxious for the poor fellows, and while caring for their bodies he did not fail to point them to the Great Physician of souls.

"You don't know what we've got in our doctor. I'd give my right arm for him, I would," said Mike, talking to one of the sick men.

An early return to the Walrus on the morrow was necessary, for some of her men were still needing help, and no greater relief could well be imagined than when news reached the Hesperus that evening by some stragglers from the ship that their consort, the Orion, was within a possible distance.

Searching about for some traces of their missing comrades in the great ice-wilderness, they had mercifully been guided in the right direction, and thus the two parties had met.

It was news that brought a stir of gladness into every heart; and Arthur could now hope that his poor patients just operated upon might even yet do well, with constant medical help.

That night saw a little band of listeners gathered round him in one of the cabins of the Hesperus, where the floor became almost a wall from the heeling over of the vessel. Arthur read from the Word of Life—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them;" "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him;" and then went on to quote and explain the blessed promises to returning, repentant sinners given in the New Testament Scriptures. And there was many a poor fellow among the men of the Hesperus who now for the first time heard the Gospel freely and fully declared. Some among them were deeply touched, and the seed thus sown amid the dreary solitudes of the Polar regions bore fruit in the years that followed.

"Now, then, my men, we must be travelling. See that you have all taut, and that muskets are well primed," said Fyfe, as he marshalled his little band for the return journey.

"We're not a very strong party if Mike's 'half-dozen' should appear," remarked one of the men.

Arthur found his patients of the previous day in quite as hopeful a condition as might be expected, and, having given careful injunctions as to treatment until their own doctor should arrive, they set forth.

The silence of the great wilderness seemed wonderful to him; that dumb, dead stillness, bespeaking the absence of all living things, both animal and vegetable, which strikes the traveller in Arctic regions.

"If he isn't blinkin' there, behind that there hummock, I'm a sorry judge of bear's flesh," called out Mike, as they approached the ice-headland before named. "Now, then, mates! We