

## If I Were You.

If I were you, and had a friend  
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,  
I'd be polite enough to say:  
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll  
play,"  
That's what I do  
If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school,  
I'd never break the smallest rule;  
And it should be my teacher's joy  
To say she had no better boy.  
And 'twould be true,  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd always tell  
The truth, no matter what befell,  
For two things only I despise—  
A coward heart and telling lies;  
And you would, too,  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd try my best  
To do the things I here suggest;  
Though since I am no one but me,  
I cannot very well, you see,  
Know what I'd do  
If I were you.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1895.

## WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

WHEN Bert dropped in to see me the other afternoon he looked rather troubled, and after a while he told me what was the matter.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "there are things going on in our school that I don't like."

"What is the trouble?" said I, "tell me about it."

"You know what the academy is supposed to be," he answered. "Any fellow who goes there is supposed to be all right; but somehow this past year or two the tone of the school is lowered. There is a great deal of cheating done in one way or another about lessons. Lots of boys copy each other's examples and exercises, and so on. And that is not all, there is something worse still—they are playing cards for money there every day. Of course if the Doctor knew it there are some boys who would be expelled at once; for they are the ringleaders, and it is they who are at the root of all the mischief. Now, personally," continued Bert, looking me frankly in the face, "I am all right, I'm not in any scrape, you know; but that is not enough for me, for it seems as if I ought to do something to stop this nonsense if I can."

I liked that in Bert, for if we are Christians, it is not enough for us to merely keep ourselves in the right track; it is a Christian's business to help others. So Bert and I began to consider the subject.

"What do you think, Bert," I asked,

"since matters have got to such a bad pass, of going to the Doctor and telling him about it? Surely he ought to know."

Bert looked grave. "Oh, yes," said he, "he ought to know; in fact he ought to know that there is something wrong without being told, but he does not seem to." Bert paused awhile; he was thinking. "But I couldn't tell him," he resumed; "no fellow could. It isn't the square thing, you know. If the Doctor asked me about anything, I could not lie out of it, I would tell the truth so far as I know it; but as for deliberately going to the Doctor and telling him—that would be impossible."

"Well," said I, "I think you are right Bert. I do not believe in telling, myself, though some very good people do not agree with me on that subject."

"That is because they don't know," said Bert with decision. "If they had 'been there' themselves they would think as we do."

"Well," said I, "could not the senior class be induced to take hold? Are there not enough honourable, right-minded boys among them to cure the mischief? Every time they know of any lying or cheating or card-playing among the younger boys, couldn't they stop it?"

"Yes," answered Bert, "I believe they could, and they could do it without complaining to the Doctor too. They could just take hold and shake it out of those fellows, and nobody could say there was anything mean about that."

"And," said I, "if they found that the matter was too bad for them to cope with unaided, after a thorough investigation and a fair warning they could go to the Doctor in a body, and lay the case before him, and he could deal out justice, and dismiss the ringleaders if necessary. You cannot let the academy government go to smash for want of a little plain dealing."

"The bother of it is," said Bert, looking grave again, "I am not a senior, and of course the seniors have nothing to do with us, nor we with them."

"Oh yes," said I, "I know the etiquette. But you are not the only honest boy in your class. Talk to your chum about it and see if he does not wish that things were different. Get as many of your class as you can to say that they wish these bad practices were put down. Get them to sign their names to a paper, so that you may be sure of them, then two or three of you take this paper and go to one of the seniors and lay the case before him. Choose your man carefully, be sure he is an honourable, conscientious fellow, a Christian if possible, and I think he will be willing to help, for the honour of the old academy is dear to most of her sons, I know. If the first senior you speak to will not co-operate with you, try another, for there must surely be some one who is willing to start the plan, and the others will join when they find it is for the honour of the school."

"Well," said Bert, as he arose to go, "I believe your plan is worth trying. I will see what I can do. Thank you for telling me."

And to other boys who may read this, and who are in such trouble as Bert was, I will say that I have seen the plan tried, and it has worked with the happiest results. It takes courage to start it, and patience and wisdom to carry it through, yet it does solve one of the knottiest problems that ever confronts a schoolboy's life.

## ADVICE TO BOYS ON THE FARM.

BY HARRY BULMER, WHITEWOOD, N.W.T.

Boys, take the advice of one who knows and stick to the farm. I know from experience it is hard sometimes, but go where you will you will meet with obstacles far more trying and numerous than any to be encountered on the farm. I know what it is to be called from a warm bed at four o'clock in the morning, and, with halters on your shoulder, start back to the pasture field for the horses. But they, poor innocent creatures, do not consider the fact that it would be far more agreeable to the still more innocent youth, should they be near the bars. But no! With bare feet you must tramp to the farthest corner of the field, and then you fully make up your mind you won't have

to tramp back "anyhow." You sneak up, holding the halters behind your back with one hand and with the other extending your old straw hat towards the brute to attract his attention till you can get hold of him. But "Old Bill" has been deceived before. He knows the old hat, and starting off, leads you through the wet grass back to the bars, where, on your arrival, he stands switching off a mosquito, looking the picture of injured innocence. I also know what it is to be running through a field trying to "head off" a runaway cow and get the stalk of a large Canadian thistle between your first and second toes, and with the next step strip it from bottom to top, leaving between said toes a bouquet of beautiful green thistles. Many times have I stubbed my toe and had stone-bruises. I've had a young calf ram its head into the bottom of a pail with sufficient force to almost dislocate my arm, while, with my fingers in its mouth, I was teaching it the art of drinking. But all the little troubles are nothing compared with the uncertainties to be contended with off the farm. Boys, stay with the farm and it will stay with you.



## Junior Hymn.

TUNE—We are out on the ocean sailing.

BY SARAH RUTHERFORD (Aged Eleven Years).

We are Juniors in the Army,  
We are battling for the right,  
And we'll fight until we conquer,  
And always keep our armour bright.

## CHORUS.

When the battle here is over,  
And we reach the shining shore,  
We will sing His praise forever,  
And be happy evermore.

Jesus Christ, he is our Captain,  
And our ever faithful Friend;  
He has promised still to help us,  
And to keep us to the end.

When our warfare here is ended,  
Soon we go to dwell up there;  
We will meet with all our loved ones,  
And the joys of heaven share.  
Kingston, Ont.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

June 16, 1895.

## PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOT OF OURSELVES.—Ephesians 2. 8.

The word "grace" means mercy, favour, kindness. It is an act of mercy on the part of God that he saves at all. No person who has a proper idea of his own sinfulness, and the purity and holiness of God, will for a moment think that he can do anything to merit divine favour. Man is naturally proud of himself and entertains the idea that he can make himself righteous, but while he entertains such thoughts he is far from the kingdom of God. He must lay aside everything that he has been accustomed to regard as meritorious. The blessing of pardon or forgiveness of sin is freely bestowed by God the Father of the human race. There is no price which we can render for such an invaluable gift. It is beyond all price. However skilled we may be in arithmetic we can never estimate the monetary value of this boon. Even angels who possess intellects far surpassing those of which God bestows when he saves us from our sins. He is a great God, and he alone retains the power to forgive sins. No human being, however exalted in position, possesses the right to exercise this authority. We may subject ourselves to suffering, and even sacrifice the life of our bodies for the sin of our souls, but this will be of no avail. We may weep and subject ourselves to all kinds of torture, but no favour will be obtained by any such proceedings. We must let go our hold of everything and cling solely to Christ, saying—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

## THE BOY IN THE JUNIOR SOCIETY.

JESUS was not the only boy that grew and became strong in spirit and wisdom. Many boys have, and all boys may, though they may not attain that strength that Jesus did at the age of twelve years. What a delightful thought, that Jesus did not, when a child, walk the ways of sin. His parents went to the yearly sacrifice—to church—and took Jesus along. It seems that he got lost from them, and they did not miss him till they had gone a day's journey homeward. Then they were sorry, and started to find him. He was a good boy, and they loved him dearly and could not bear the thought of losing him in the great throng at Jerusalem. Were you ever lost? And were your parents quite anxious to find you? If you are not a Christian you are lost now, and Jesus is hunting you. They found Jesus, however, and he was at church talking with the wise men—the teachers of the law. Why was he not at the parks or fish ponds, or out seeing the sights of the city? He no doubt loved play as other boys. No; he had a great work before him, and he was getting ready for that work.

There is no Junior but has a great work before him. If he commences as early as Jesus did he will do a great work in this world. What wonderful possibilities lie before these Juniors! They will take the world for Christ if they go at it. The saving of the world is largely in the hands of the young. Boys, "quit you like men; be strong." Did the wise men learn of Jesus? They did. Many useful lessons are learned from boys.

When his mother came Jesus did not complain or dispute. He told her it was his Father's business. Jesus' mother learned a very important lesson from him—that is, a lesson of submission to the Heavenly Father.

Was not Jesus a good Junior? Who will be nearest like him? If he were here now as a Junior worker he would attend every meeting; and if others would refuse to lead he never would. He would be thoughtful, careful, prayerful. He would use no bad words, neither smoke nor chew tobacco. He would be an example for all the Juniors. He wants you to be just such a boy.—Onward.

## THE ROMANCE OF COAL.

IN the reign of Edward I. the aversion to coal was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, etc., were forbidden to burn coal on pain of a fine, loss of furnace, etc. The proclamation was brought about by the nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal.

Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was even sod or roasted with sea-coal."

It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.

The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth. Toward the reign of Elizabeth, coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, chiefly owing to the difficulty of obtaining a cheap and plentiful supply of wood. A strong prejudice, however, lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited the burning of coal in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that the "health of the knights of the shires might suffer during their abode in the metropolis."

In the days of Charles I., the use of coal became very general, and as the demand increased the price went up to such an extent as to preclude the poor from obtaining it. Not a few died from cold for the want of fires.