

Save the Boys.

LIKE Dives in the sea I fell  
I cannot break this fatal spell  
Nor quench the thirst of hell  
Nor cool this dreadful, raging thirst  
Take back your pledge!  
You've come too late;  
You cannot save me from my fate,  
Nor bring me back departed joys,  
But you can try to save the boys.

You bid me break the bonds of hell  
And rise and be a man again,  
When every street with snare and spell  
And nets of hell where'er I tread  
No! I must reap as I did sow,  
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;  
But with my latest breath I crave  
That you will try the boys to save!

These blood-shot eyes were once so bright,  
This sin-cursed heart was glad and light;  
But, by the wine-cup's ruddy glow,  
I traced the path to shame and woe  
A captive to my galling chain,  
I tried to rise, but tried in vain.  
The cup allures and then destroys,  
Oh, from its thralldom save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell  
Into whose gilded snares I fell;  
Oh, free man from those foul decoys!  
Arise, and vote to save the boys,  
And ye who license men to trade  
In draughts that charm and then degrade,  
Before you hear the cry, "Too late!"  
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate.

—Selected.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Christian Guardian, weekly	22 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Ouard together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 30c., monthly	0 10
Ouard, 8 pp., 40c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 10
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 40c., weekly, single copies	0 10
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sundean, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; 22c. per 100 per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 311-1/2 Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HERRICK, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I wrote some time ago, for my young readers in Canada, an account of the boys and girls of Egypt and Palestine. I now want to say a few words about those of Europe. I am always particularly interested in boys. It does not seem, at times, so very long since I was a boy myself, though when I begin to count the years I find that it was a good while ago. When travelling abroad I liked to look into the schools, to linger around the playgrounds, to watch the games of the boys and girls, and sometimes I would have liked very much to join them in their sports.

The schools of the East are not, by any means, to be compared with those of Europe or Canada; but the boys and girls seem so bright and quick that they learn with rapidity all that the schools can teach them. But a large proportion of the poor never see the inside of a school. This is not the case in Europe, except, perhaps, in the Turkish Empire, and even there the advantages of education are so well known

that most parents are anxious that their boys and girls should get, at least, a little school training. The picture at the top of this page shows a school at Constantinople, and the noisy, turbulent crowd of youngsters are just as full of fun and fond of play as any group of Canadian boys and girls just let out from school. In one respect the boys of the Levant and Orient surpass those of any other country, and that is the facility with which they learn to speak foreign languages. A donkey boy in Cairo addressed me in half a dozen languages in succession—English, German, French, Italian, Prussian, and Arabic. Another boy in Constantinople, who acted as local guide for a couple of days, spoke English and several other languages well, and I had an extraordinary acquaintance with the city and its places of interest.

It was amusing in Germany to watch the boys going to school. They generally carried their books in a knapsack strapped on their backs like little soldiers, which gave them an erect, firm carriage. Often too, this knapsack was of cowhide with the hair on, which made them look still more like the regular soldiers. Then they went to school at such extraordinarily early hours. I remember at Nuremberg, as I sat at my breakfast about seven o'clock, seeing the boys and girls troop past to school. I asked some other boys at Potsdam what their school hours were, and they said from seven to eleven; but then that was a half-holiday; their regular hours are I think, much longer. They begin to go to school very early and keep it up very regularly for many years. At Salzburg I visited a kindergarten school under the care of some nuns, and afterwards saw an advanced school where the boys learned music, drawing, as well as advanced classics, mathematics and modern languages with a thoroughness probably not surpassed anywhere in the world.

One thing I particularly liked about the schools, and that was the interest the masters take in the sports and games of the young people. I saw a young schoolmaster in the great park of Sans Souci at Potsdam with about thirty young boys from six to eight or ten years old. They were leaping and gambling about the park "like troutlets in a pool," and each of them had a little round tin box on his back for gathering specimens of plants, flowers, and insects. I had a pleasant conversation with the teacher, who said it made him very happy to accompany the boys in their sports and pastimes and at the same time to interest them in the love of nature and the pursuit of science. At Düsseldorf and Kaiserwerth on the Rhine I also saw a lot of boys and girls on a picnic. They scrambled and gambled around some picturesque old ruins and laughed and shouted and played as heartily as any Canadian boys you ever saw. Many of them also had little tin boxes for their botanical and insect specimens.

One of the best things I have heard about the grim old tyrant Frederick the Great, was that he ordered some loads of sand to be dumped on the smooth walk of Unter den Linden, the great public street of Berlin (so named from the four rows of Linden trees by which it is shaded) in order that the little folks might enjoy that dear delight of childhood, making sand forts and earthen pies. And there to the present day the practice is kept up to the great delight of the youngsters.

On the famous boulevards of the Champs Elysees of Paris, and in other public parks, ample provision is made for the enjoyment of the boys and girls. There are broad spaces for playing ball, trundling hoops, and all manner of ingenious toys which provide for their entertainment. Both in London and Paris are large ponds where elegant little yachts and schooners, fully rigged with snowy sails, can be hired for a few pence, and in sailing which endless delight may be had. It was charming to see them skimming over the smooth surface of the pond before the brisk wind, the boys running along the shore or around the pond with long rods to direct their course.

I was greatly interested in the orphanage and school at Kaiserwerth, begun by good Pastor Fleidner, of which I shall give an account at some future time. I had not very much opportunity to visit Sunday-schools, although I saw some interesting ones in the

East and heard the children sing charmingly in their own language many of the sweet Sunday-school hymns to the same tunes that we use in Canada. But the Sunday-school system has by no means the magnitude nor thoroughness in the Old World, and especially on the continent of Europe, as it has in Canada. Even in England it is apt to be regarded as a school for the poor instead of, as here, a school for everybody.

It was to me exceedingly touching to see at what an early age many boys and girls have to earn their own living in the crowded countries of the Old World. I saw little lads and lasses who ought to be at school carrying great burdens on their heads up steep mountain paths, or dragging waggons through the streets of the cities, sometimes harnessed with a big burly dog. Even the dogs have to earn their living in these countries. It was pitiful to see women toiling in the street, sawing and splitting wood, mixing mortar and carrying bricks like hod carriers in this country.

The most pathetic sight I saw while I was abroad was a representation at Paris of scenes in the life of the young Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI. You remember that during the terrible French Revolution, one hundred years ago, Louis XVI. and his wife, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, were both beheaded, as were many thousands of others, in the great square, or Place La Concorde, in Paris. After the death of the king the young prince was given up to the care of a harsh, cruel shoemaker and his wife, by whom the poor boy was probably done to death, for he disappears from history and no one knows actually what became of him. The groups of figures that I referred to show different scenes in the closing days of the king and queen, such as his taking leave of his family, his being sent to execution, and the like. But most pathetic of all, and one that brought tears to my eyes, was the group of the little boy who had been born in the purple, the heir of a kingdom, a refined and delicate child, eating his scanty meal of bread and water while his cruel taskmaster and his virago of a wife looked vindictively on. The dear little fellow looked so wan and wistful, was so utterly forlorn, without father, without mother, without sister or brother, without friend or old acquaintance to protect or help. Oh, it was pitiful, and as I thought of my own dear boy across the ocean whom I so yearned to see more to see, I could not keep back the tears which would well up in my eyes. Well might Madam de Stael exclaim "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" Shakespeare has well said "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Not only did the unhappy king and queen themselves suffer bitter wrong, but the revenge of a merciless mob was wreaked upon this unhappy boy. Fortunately it is for the boys and girls of Canada that they live in a happier land enjoying the protection of just and righteous laws, none daring to molest them or make them afraid.

SIMPLE TRUST.

We are to obey God when we do not understand his design. A clergyman visiting the great pyramid in Egypt in 1880, ascended the great gallery. The descent was along a narrow and slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by an Arab guide. As they came to a sharp corner, where the path beyond was lower, narrower, more slippery and over a deep chasm, the candle went out. The guide directed the minister to get on his shoulders that he might be carried thus over the chasm. The minister said, "Let me rest one hand on you and the other on the rock." "No, you must rest both on me," was the answer. "I will try myself and you shall help me." "No, you may lay all your weight on Arab," he continued. "But wait till I see what you



SCHOOL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

are standing on." "No, you are quite safe resting on Arab." Seeing there was no alternative he yielded and was carried safely over. Implicit trust in God is never a risk.—Dovec.

THE POOR MAN'S WELL.

Among the Azores is situated the beautiful island of Fayal, with its orange groves and profusion of flowers. But notwithstanding the fruit and flowers, there is one thing which Americans who live there miss sadly, and that is fresh, cool water. There are no lakes or ponds, such as we have here and so the people have to use rain water, which they save in large tanks or cisterns.

There are a few wells on the island, which, as the water rises and falls in them twice in every twenty-four hours, are called "tide wells." But there was a "no-many years ago" when the people had neither cisterns nor wells, and were obliged to get water from hollows in the rocks. And this is the story of the first well:

The year 1699 was a year when scarcely any rain fell. The grain did not grow, the cows and sheep died from thirst, and many of the poor people starved. Now, there was a rich man on the island, who had come here to live many years before from another part of the world.

Though he was rich, and might have done much good with his money, he was so stingy and so hard, that the people did not love him at all. But his bags of silver and gold did not buy him water; and at last the thought came to him, "Why! I will dig a well, as people used to do in my country. I will dig it on my own land, and no one shall have a drop of the water but myself."

So he hired men to come and dig the well; but he paid them only a little money and was very unkind to them. They dug and they dug—but no water came. At last they said they would work no longer unless their master would promise them some of the water; and he promised them the use of the well for half of every day.

Now, they dug with more patience, and one morning as early as six o'clock, they suddenly found water. The men claimed the privilege of using the well the first six hours, and the master dared not refuse. As they were drawing the water, they noticed that it began to grow lower and lower in the well; and at twelve o'clock, the master's hour, none was left.

He was very, very angry, and said he would never give the men any work again. However, at six o'clock that night, they again demanded the use of the well. He mockingly asked them if they expected the water would come for them and not for him. Nevertheless they went to the well and, to the master's awe and wonder, it was full of water.

At midnight the master again tried to get water from the well; and, as before, found it empty. He now felt afraid, believing that some divine power controlled the action of the water. He went to the church and vowed before God, that if the water should come again next morning he would dedicate it to the poor forever.

In the morning when the men visited the well, there was the fresh water awaiting them. The master kept his vow, and thus the well became the "Poor Man's Well." To this day the water rises and falls in it twice in every twenty-four hours.