

Our Boys Are Come!

By the Rev. J. N. NEWALL.

Our boys are come—our boys are come— Their country's hope, the nation's shield— Our hero countrymen come home From bivouac and battlefield.

And while the Empire's annals tell Of Roberts and of Wellington, The fame our heroes won so well Shall still live on—shall still live on!

And for the dead the cypress waves Her sombre boughs, in memory Of those who sleep in nameless graves— A glorious band—beyond the sea.

But where they fell, that tyranny Might yield to right or banishment, A nation's progress hence shall be Their everlasting monument! Markdale, Ont.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various publications with prices: The Best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. Includes titles like Christian Guardian, Weekly Youth, Illustrated Christian Guardian, etc.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 116 Colborne St., S. F. HURON, Toronto Book Room, 210 St. Catherine St., Montreal, H. HALL, N.B.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

A BROKEN-HEARTED PRINCE.

Perhaps some boy who reads this true story may think it would be a fine thing to be a prince; to live in a palace, and have scores of servants to do one's will; to be flattered and courted and envied, and to have everybody say "there goes the prince" when he so much as goes out for an airing.

But look upon some pictures in the real life of a real prince of the blood, and say if you would like to leave your fro, happy country, and take your chance among the uneasy heads that are doomed to wear crowns, if they are not snatched off by envious hands!

Less than a hundred years ago, Louis XVI. King of France was told that it had been decided that he should die within twenty-four hours, not for any crime that he had done, but because the country was in a state of turbulence, and a revolution was in progress and the insane people were clamouring for change.

He was allowed to see his family once more. For nearly two hours on the last evening of his life he sat with his loved ones, and with his wife and sister on either side, his young daughter in front, and his one dear little son upon his knees. The little Louis was scarcely eight years old, but the shadow of that which might never let his young life!

For a little while the children were left with their beautiful mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, and then the little boy, timid, clinging child as he was, less than nine years old, was taken from the others and put into a room by himself where he had no one to speak to him but the gruff man who was supposed to take care of him, but who treated him unkindly at first, and finally with wicked cruelty. Sometimes crafty men would come and talk with the poor boy about his former life, and when, by and by, his mother was brought to trial, things which he had heard were told in such a way as to make it appear that the queen had done every evil thing of which she was quite innocent. When the little Louis was again told, he would never speak, and for a long time he kept his word.

Both the queen and Madame Elizabeth were put to death and the royal children were left without a friend in these sadly troubled times. You do not wonder, do you, that the gentle child fell ill, and, in France, at last, people began to come to their senses a little and a kind guardian was given him who tried to amuse him and make him happy, it was too late. The little prince born to the throne of France died of his illness a year or two after his father's death!

Perhaps you want to know what became of the princess? She was older and stronger and of a more resolute nature than her brother. She lived to escape from her prison, and to grow to womanhood, when she wrote a very spirited account of the way she and her family had been treated.

EARNING THEIR PLEDGE.

By LENA BLINN LEWIS.

"Ten dollars!" "My! but how can we do it?" came from all parts of the room, and many little faces looked troubled; but Miss Nelson smiled very encouragingly, and asked them to listen attentively while she told them a plan which had been suggested.

"You know," she said, "a great many villages have street fairs, and sell all sorts of things; and we are wondering why we could not have an October fair in the lecture-room of the church, and sell nuts, apples, popcorn, and all the good things which October brings to us. I am sure it will be a success if every one helps, and each member must bring something for sale."

"First, I will offer my horse and carriage to use in gathering things together, or taking the boys out in the country; so long as I feel quite sure some of the farmers will be glad for the Juniors to gather them on shares; and I presume we can get plenty of popcorn and apples."

"We will meet here at the church after school on Monday and make our arrangements."

The faces were brighter by this time, and every Junior was ready to do his share. Sunday morning the pastor told the people that the little folks wished to do, and that they were willing to gather nuts or apples on shares, and so pay for their own. He added that the Juniors were most to be pitied, that often little people were the most earnest workers.

When the service was over the farmers one by one stopped at the table where Miss Nelson had many friends, and offered an order for helpers, or a promise of a bushel of apples or a peck of corn when called for, and one old gentleman said that he would send down a bushel of corn to help the young folks. They would earn them by the time they were sold; and if there was anything else he could do, to let him know; he was more than glad to help the cause along.

The League had many friends, and when a list had passed the store-house was well filled. The lecture-room was arranged as a street, with booths on both sides, prettily decorated with autumn leaves, goldenrod, and evergreen. At one booth was a little girl dressed in white, selling popcorn and milk at five cents a bowl, and she was well patronized. Next to hers was another booth selling hickory nuts by the quart, and his next door neighbour had a quantity of apples, sold by the peck, or the finest ones at two cents each. At another place one could buy cracked nuts for five cents, and one could find nut coffee and sandwiches at the farther end of the street, and, unlike the usual street-fair, there were plenty of places to sit down and be comfortable.

The ladies were to prepare all this, and it seemed every one had done something to help, but there were two little boys—new members, who felt very sorry and sad. They were tiny little fellows, and they were very busy around the church and asked over and over to help, but every one would smile,

and say: "Oh, you are too small, dear; run along out of the way." And they felt hurt and disappointed, and went out under the trees and talked it over, and the biggest boy said, "I'll get a little one," he told you, Sammy, what'll we do; we'll go home and get one of mamma's pumpkins. There ain't any pumpkins there."

And, strange enough, no one had thought of a pumpkin—in October, too! The boys hurried home, for the afternoon was about gone, and the people were beginning to come, and it would soon be evening and the church would be full.

Their mamma saw how anxious they were, and had not the heart to discourage them; yet she felt sure no one would buy a common yellow pumpkin. "We'll make jack-o'-lanterns, mamma; that will make it sell," Sammy said, and so they worked until almost dark, and the lights were lighted when the two boys each had a jack-o'-lantern, and the pumpkin—it was too big for him to carry—and Sam carried the lantern very carefully in his little arms. Just as they got to the steps, Mr. Adams, the pastor, met them.

"Well, boys, what's this?" "Jimmy told their story with trembling voice, and said: "We wanted to help—and this is all we've got—"

"Stop your blubbering, you are a real Junior worker in the vineyard," and he lifted the big pumpkin and carried it into the church, while the boys followed with the jack-o'-lantern.

When Miss Nelson and Sam and she took the two boys lovingly in her arms and thanked them for being so thoughtful. The pumpkin, with its funny man on top of it, had a table of its own, and when its history was whispered about, and the idea advanced that it was to be sold to the highest bidder, it was not long till bids were dropping from all sides, and finally it was marked sold, and every one was shouting. The two little Juniors were very happy boys, and when, later in the evening, the people gathered in the auditorium, and Mr. Adams gave a little talk, and Miss Nelson thanked the friends for the interest they had taken, and said the fair was a real success, every booth had earned its share, but the pumpkin man had earned the most of all, the boys were fairly overcome with delight, and Miss Adams called them to the front, and said:

"Here are two valiant workers in the vineyard of the Lord," and many people shook hands with them, and they found their little friends strangers in Junior land—Junior Herald.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Bertie, Bertie, isn't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Hall, as he led up the last quarter for his older brother to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it; but closer inspection showed that it was a queer one. Bertie's head had afterward been carefully filled up.

"They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Caspar, ruefully; "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and they wouldn't take it; and when I offered it to the conductor of the car he was quite cross, and asked me if I didn't know how to read. When I said, 'Yes, of course I do,' he pointed to a man in the letter-box, and said, 'I received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow, with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie. "No, the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time. Now, if it was yours, I would put it into the letter-box. The Society will work it off somehow."

"But—I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box." "It is not a whole quarter, Caspar; it's a quarter with a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library. They thought themselves alone, but just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlour the little cousin Ethel was sitting. "Caspar, mamma told me that the parlor where the family missionary box was kept, was in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to hear you, but I have just overheard you talking to Caspar, dear. Don't drop that quarter into the box, please."

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar, mist the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lips quivered a little, but she spoke gravely: "It was the same without being told, you know, that the Holy Spirit was to offer to the Lord? If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would not like to say, 'I will give this to him because no one else will have it.' It was gold, wasn't it? And the Holy Spirit was more offered to the infant Jesus." The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on: "It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself for us, but I believe we ought to do something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong for want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?

"BRINK LIKE A MAN."

By REV. CHARLES COOKMAN.

Young Potts was exceedingly ambitious. The fire of ambition literally blazed in his young breast. But it was not for honour or riches. He had no taste for these. No, he was ambitious to be a man. And, therefore, as might have been expected, he spent all his time, and thoughts and money, in trying to be like a man.

Now, so long as he indulged only in twirling a German-silver-headed cat, or using a few ancient expressions, popularly supposed to be manly, or in resenting his sister's attempts to treat him as a lad, his ambition did nobody any harm. But, unfortunately, he was not content with a few words, he adopted expedients not so innocuous.

For instance, it was a pity he should endure such agony in learning to smoke. It wasn't worth it at all. But, you see, if you would be like a man, you must—his companions said—smoke like a man. And so young Potts braved the horrors of first whiffs, "like a man."

I wish this had been all, for, even if his might, perhaps, have been overlooked; but, in addition to smoking, he now and then exploded into strong expressions, which, if not positive oaths, were undoubtedly first cousins to them; and once am not quite sure, but I have heard him utter the oath itself. I hope it was only a suspicion born of the expectation that he would before long, not only "smoke like a man," but swear like a man; but, alas! his ambition led him not unregularly into the public-house. He went there, it is perhaps needless to say, "to drink like a man."

Behold young Potts, with his glass held high before him, in all the glories of his manhood. A boy! a stripling! a lad! Nonsense. No doubt he looks like it, no doubt his age might confirm the opinion. But, don't you see that, by drinking like a man, he can't settle the matter once and for ever.

Poor Potts! Poor silly young Potts! What shall I say to you? How shall I make you stand on your two feet and set your neck, cracked head straight?

"You're drinking 'like a man,' are you? Why, you've taken the wrong turning. You will never reach manliness this way. You are going away from it, rather than to it. The fact of the matter is, you're taking the wrong road as that red-faced, plump-nosed, dilapidated-looking man in the corner there, who is sipping his brandy and water, yes, he began by taking the same turning, but he has taken the right road to be man, and now see what he is. You wouldn't care to be like him, would you? But as sure as your name is Potts, so sure you see your likeness there if you keep at it long enough."

Young Potts, if I were you, I would have done with all this nonsense and sin. I would begin afresh. I would begin in right good earnest to think of my soul. When you stand before God's judgment-seat, to boast that you had "drunk like a man"? It's a sad pity to see such a young life so utterly thrown away. Don't you think of you, do you think of your "inward man," and your eternal future—FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of water, said: "What are you quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"