

And is not Someone living in heaven to care for you, and pray for you? And won't you, Jack, in return, care for him?"

Then in his firm, gentle way, which is so winning, the captain of "the three C's" talked on, and his influence became so great, that as the months rolled on, young Jack not only was constantly with him, but did all in his power as well to draw souls to Christ, and to fight that terrible weapon of the devil's—the weapon of strong drink.

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Pleasant Hours;

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1893.

JUNIOR LEAGUE—HOW TO ORGANIZE.

First talk it up among the children. Arouse their enthusiasm. Interest the boys first, and thereby insure their co-operation in the meetings. Tell them of the work of the Junior League in other localities. Have the pastor explain to his congregation and Sunday-school the object and plans of the Junior League, and announce a meeting to which he invites all boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen.

At this first meeting proceed to organize at once. Adopt a constitution and pledge. There should be four adult officers chosen by the pastor: president or leader, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer; also pianist and doorkeeper. Elect these officers by a majority vote of the members present. Report the number of members and list of officers to the Central Office (enclosing 25 cents for a charter).

The leader should nominate from the members several committees of from three to five each, such as lookout, visiting, flower, temperance, social, reception, and entertainment committees. These shall be elected to serve for one quarter, or until their successors shall have been chosen, thus giving all a chance to serve on some committee during the year. Give the League a "watch-word" (to be changed each quarter) which each member must repeat to the doorkeeper on presenting "punch-card" to gain admittance.

WHAT IS SAID OF "ONWARD."

One of our superintendents writes thus of the robust Canadianism of our Sunday-school papers: "We have been pleased and delighted with the *Onward*, and think it is the best Sunday-school paper on the Continent. The patriotic sentiments which it breathes from week to week is what the youth of our land ought to be proud of. We feel justly proud of our paper and its editor."

A BANKER'S ADVENTURE.

A YOUNG man of fine talent named W—, was some years ago chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar and a courageous and honest young man; but he was the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion upwards of \$100,000 in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry them. He was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robberies and even murders, were said to be frequent, and he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and, having lost himself, was glad to find a shelter anywhere. He rode about a long time in the forest, amid the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night. At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to a poor wretched looking cabin. It was near 10 o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him that she and her children were all alone—her husband was out a-hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came home according to promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no further—what was to be done? The woman gave him supper, and proposed his retiring. But no, he could not think of permitting himself thus easily to fall into the hands of robbers. He took out his pistols, examined the priming, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. In the meantime the man of the house returned; he was rather a fierce, uncouth-looking hunter. He had on a deer-skin hunting-shirt and bear-skin cap, and seemed to be much fatigued and in no talkative mood; all of which bodied our young infidel no good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire. He told him no; he would sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he should not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principles gave him little comfort. His fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of holy Scripture before I go to bed."

Alarm was at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had full confidence in the Bible. He was at once safe; he felt that the man who kept an old Bible in the house and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man of the house, at once dismissed his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that day he ceased to revile the Bible. He became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that no man can be an infidel from principle.

HOW A LITTLE CHRISTIAN CAN DIE.

BY AMELIA DANON.

MAUD FOOTE, a little Junior Leaguer, aged ten years, was taken sick Saturday morning with diphtheritic croup. The following Monday I was called to her bedside. As I entered the room of the little sufferer, where each breath was a struggle for life, almost the first words I heard from her lips were, "Pray again." Soon she added, "I don't want to breathe any more. Take me, Jesus." But Jesus saw that her work was not yet done.

Little Maud, so frail and timid amid the perils of earth, had no fear when called to face the terrors of death. Six more long hours she suffered intense pain. Yet not one complaining word escaped her lips. Her breath was too short for murmuring. But not too short to speak words of love to the dear ones.

When the tired mother yielded her place of watching to another for just a few moments, Maud said, tenderly, "Poor mamma's been so sick," then said, "Sing." After listening to the words of her favourite song:

"If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
Look unto Jesus, who died on the tree
To purchase a full salvation,"

she turned to her brother and said, "Ralph!" As he stepped to her side she said, "Ralph, you must be a Christian." Hearing no response, she asked with great earnestness, "Ralph, won't you be a Christian?" When the longed-for promise came, a look of gladness flooded her face. Presently she gasped, "Oh, if I could only die easy!" Then her mother sang to her, "Living 'neath the shadow of the cross," in which she tried to join.

THE CELLS OF THE BODY AND THEIR ENEMY.

BY EVA KINNEY GRIFFITH.

If you should take a walk out into the country some afternoon, you might come across a stagnant pool of water with a green scum upon it. In the mud that lies at the bottom near the water's edge is a peculiar slimy substance. If we should gather a little of this and place it under a microscope, we should find that it was composed of a great number of curious, little live creatures. One kind of these creatures looks like a little bit of white jelly with a dot in the centre. It has no legs, no arm, no mouth, no eyes, no brain, yet it can do almost anything that you can.

If a microscopic bit of food comes near it, it seems to see it instantly. It will make a little mouth in its jelly-like body by putting a lip out on one side of the speck of food and then on the other, and the first you know the food is on the inside. After it has sucked out all the nourishment, it will open another mouth and throw out the rest.

If it wants to move, it stretches out long and thin like an angle-worm, attaches the front end and pulls up the rear, and thus, by pushing and pulling, it can travel quite a distance.

Now, the human body is made up of a great many of these little creatures. There are thousands of them in every drop of your blood and mine. Some are red and some are white, and each has its own work to perform. In some parts of your body some of these little creatures are busy building houses around themselves, and thus the bones of the body are formed. Every time you move or do anything, some of these little creatures die. Then others come to take their places, and the bodies of the dead ones are carried off and disposed of by the liver. We call these little creatures, when they are in the body, cells.

Some of these cells live in the brain and have long fingers which they reach out into all parts of the body. If you stick a pin in your finger, the cells in the brain feel it by means of their long fingers, the ends of which you have hurt with the pin. Two or three of these fingers taken together make a nerve.

It is through the nerves that the cells in the brain send orders to the other cells what to do. Some of these nerves run down to the heart, and once a second the cells in the brain send down word to the heart to beat, and it beats. If it is necessary for a muscle to move, they send down word to that particular muscle, and it moves at once.

Now, the good health of our bodies depends on these little cells doing their work just right, and anything that hinders them or kills them before they have finished their work injures the body. When we drink anything that has alcohol in it, what do you think these little cells do? Why, they know that alcohol is their enemy because it drinks up all their water and will kill them if they do not get rid of it quickly. So the cells get very much excited and hurry very fast to try and drive the enemy out, and that's what people call being stimulated by alcohol. But sometimes so much alcohol gets in through the mouth that, hurry as they will, the little cells cannot get it out until it has killed a great many of them, and then the person,

who at first was stimulated, feels weak and has a headache. Sometimes so much alcohol gets in through the mouth that it kills all of these little cells. Then the brain stops sending messages, the heart stops beating, the blood stops flowing, and the person dies.

When these little cells are working so hard to keep us well, don't you think it wrong to put things into our mouth that must hurt and kill them?

Who'll Be the Drunkards Then?

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

DEAR temp'rance people, good and true,

Some questions I would ask:
Who'll occupy the place you fill,
Who'll fight the demon of the still
When you have passed away?

Our boys in time will grow to men,
And they will fight the demon then;
They'll occupy the place we fill,
And work and pray and labour till
There dawns a brighter day.

Who, think you, then will keep saloons,
Gin-palaces and dives?
Who'll brew and mash, distill and sell
The liquid stream which leads to hell?
Who'll be the liquor men?

The boys our efforts fail to reach,
The little folks we cannot teach,
The bright-eyed boys now in our schools,
Who're sometimes told that we are fools—
They'll be the liquor-men.

Who'll fill the jails in after-years,
By alcohol enslaved?
Who'll spend their wages for strong drink?
Just pause awhile, now let us think,
Who'll be the drunkards then?

The boys who wander up and down
The streets in city, village, and town;
The little smokers we have met—
The boys with pipe or cigarette—
Will be the drunkards then.

Now, then, should we just let things run,
As we are apt to do?
Or should we start with willing feet
To gather in from lane and street
These boys of eight and ten?
For every one wet rain aright
May live to be a man of might—
May keep his pledge, and then, you see,
One thing is certain, that is, he
Won't be a drunkard then!

AN IDEAL SCHOOL.

BY DR. J. M. RICE.

I ENTERED one of the rooms containing the youngest children at the time of the opening exercises. The scene I encountered was a glimpse of fairyland. I was in a room full of bright and happy children, whose eyes were directed towards the teacher, not because they were forbidden to look in any other direction, but because to them the most attractive object in the room was their teacher. She understood them, sympathized with and loved them, and did all in her power to interest them and make them happy. The room itself was charming. The window-sills were filled with living plants, and living plants were scattered here and there throughout the room. The teacher's desk was literally strewn with flowers, and upon each of the children's desks flowers had been placed to welcome the little ones to school.

The book used during the reading-lessons was the book of nature—the plant they had just been studying. The scene presented by the happy little children each with a flower in his hand, surrounding the teacher who was smiling upon them, was truly beautiful. For reading matter the children were called upon for sentences expressing thoughts concerning their flowers. The sentences were written upon the board by the teacher, and when a number of them had been written the pupils began to read them. The children were interested because they all took an active part in the lesson from the beginning to the end. They were all observing, all thinking. Some of the little ones even committed the crime of laying their hands upon the teacher, and she so far forgot herself as to fondle them in return. Yet the discipline was perfect. What is perfect discipline in the class room but perfect attention? There was no noise, there were everywhere signs of life, and such signs of life as come a gathering of young children.