

Class Number One.

Class number one, "only in fun."
Class number two, "other boys do."
Class number three, "it won't hurt me."
Class number four, "only one more!"
Class number five, "before a drink!"
Class number six, "brain in a mite."
Class number seven, "starts up in heaven"
Class number eight, starts in his pate.
Class number nine, whiskey, not wine.
Class number ten, drink, drink, drink!
Class number twenty, not yet a plenty;

Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, and now all alone;
Wanting his life, filling his life;
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends, thus it all ends.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun, glass number one.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Epworth League, with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book Publishing House, Toronto.
1176 St. Catherine St.,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

A PRACTICAL SOCIETY.

There are many different societies in existence, Temperance Societies of various names, whose officers are regularly elected, and all doing good work. We have heard of a social society, however, which has no meetings, and no officer, except one man—the organizer. He is president, secretary and treasurer, and he elected himself to office, and proposes to conduct the society as long as he lives. He is the manager of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country. The members of the society are his employees, and, strange to say, they don't know they are part of a society, but all the same they are. You see, it is this way. Some time ago, this manager, who owns nearly all the concern, became convinced that the men who did not take saloons did the best work, and were worth more to the establishment than the men who visit such places, and drink what is sold there. The drink made him forgetful, careless, and nervous, and did his best work. He resolved to make an experiment. Whenever a new man came seeking employment he had him sent to his private office. If a regular wage was \$12 per week, he would give a bonus of \$10. "I am paying \$12 a week for such work as you say you can do, to men who do not go to the saloons. To the men who frequent such places, even though they may consider themselves good workmen, I pay only \$11. Are you for the saloon or against it? On what basis will you work? For my part I would prefer to pay you the \$12 for the work I steady, the pay sure, and we want the best workman only." If the man likes his beer or whiskey he may be so foolish as to think the manager is being wily with him for his own business, whether he drinks or not, and what right has this manager to dictate to him whether he shall drink or not? Then, perhaps, he thinks of the extra dollar, which looks pretty big, the more

he thinks of it. It would give him \$52 a year. He could do a good deal with it for the youngsters at home, he would not only make more money, but he would be in the class, but he would also save his drink money by staying away from the saloon. Suppose he went to the saloon six nights in the week and spent only a nickel for his glass of drink at that amount of thirty cents per week, and a total of \$18.60 for the year. It is not strange that most of the applicants decide to work on the farm. The man who finds they can live better, they enjoy better health, they care do better work, for their heads are clear and not muddled by the beer. As for the wives and children, they are very thank at the same state of things exist, for they are benefited by the wise thought of this sensible man, the organizer of this practical Temperance Society

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

There are many ways in which the children may have a share in this thank-offering, and by joining the \$100 on the Historic Roll. We are sure that Canadian boys and girls are as ingenious as any others. This is a good chance for them to exhibit their ingenuity. Every Sunday morning, after the service of the Epworth League or other young people's society, who is under sixteen years of age, may have his or her name on the Historic Roll by saving two cents a week for fifty weeks. Here are some incidents, given by way of suggestions, of what Australian and New Zealand children are doing to raise a guinea, so the Historic Roll may have names on their Historic Roll. We quote from The Methodist, of Sydney: A father had given largely to the fund. He desired his two boys to give; he could have given for them; he did better. Living four miles from school, they receive threepence a day for bus money; they have resolved to walk this four miles once a week, and drop the threepence into a tin. The tin was not yet opened till the last day of Aug. 1900. They will then claim their place on the Historic Roll.

A meeting in Wellington a speaker informed the meeting that six two little boys had a Century Fund hen each, but unfortunately, since their appointment had done nothing. One of the little boys being present, whispered to the minister, "The hen is here, are you all right, though; we get a penny for every forty slugs and snails we find, and we'll have the money." At one of the century commemoration meetings, a little girl told of a good Methodist, living some miles away from the chief town in the district, who asked his children what they were going to give to the Century Fund. One boy said, "Father, I'll give a guinea." "Where will you get the money, my boy?" "Oh, I'll shoot hares and sell the scalps, and that will save me the money." The little girl followed suit, and said, "Father, I'll give a hen." "You've got no money, child, and you can't go out and shoot hares." "No, father, I'll clean your boots, and you can give me threepence a week." "Father's family is not poor, and indeed, as he told the story, "She was in next morning soon after daylight with the boots." At the Conference meeting of the New Zealand Century Fund, in March, an Auckland firm in the care of a girl recalled it in the Pitt Street Convention and altered it to \$50; the following week he remodelled it and sent up promises—\$100, \$100, \$100, for my kind parents, \$10; gift money for my children, \$5; £10 for the twenty classes in the Sunday-school; as a Christian Endeavourer, \$1. \$70.—Guardian.

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, step by step, called for whiskey, going up to the bar, called for whiskey, and the individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, squre, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied: "You are so cranky and high-minded, my friend, I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. I am, moreover, always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to the same place I am." "Struck with his words, the gentleman

set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face pale, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy. "Then, was it drink that made you like this?" "Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same place I am in." Picking up his untouched glass he poured the contents upon the floor and said "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

WHAT ONE BOY MAY DO.

Rhode Island provides by law for scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. In one of the public schools of Providence, as a pupil, is a little boy, nine years of age, whose father is a saloon-keeper. Taught at school concerning the harmful nature and effects of alcoholic beverages, by a teacher evidently interested to do her duty in that respect, this little boy has become also much interested in the subject, and he has earnestly endeavored hitherto unsuccessfully, to induce his father to stop liquor selling, and to sign the pledge of total abstinence. The boy learned of the proposed prohibitory constitution amendment before the election, and pleaded earnestly with his father to vote for it. Finally, about a fortnight before the election, the father told him that if he would earn six dollars and pay him at the end of two weeks he would vote for the amendment. The boy promptly took the father at his word, sold some of his neighbours what he wanted to do, cleaned the job thoroughly and satisfactorily, and was paid therefor. In this way he earned the six dollars, and paid it within the specified time to his father. The father, as good as his word, voted for the amendment. The boy's future is assured. Temperance teaching in the public school will doubtless prove to him, as to many others, a life-long blessing.—The Temperance Banner.

"A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine," writes a lady in Boston, "which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: 'Wife, children and over \$40,000 all gone, I am alone responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a horse. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. Where the bill is going to do me good, how I can get my next meal, I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin.'"

A Horse's Vote.

A HISTORY EXERCISE.
By JESSIE MACGREGOR.
The harmless King of Persia lay there dead,
And some one must be found to reign
So seven rickled men, who liked to boss,
Agreed to risk their chances on a "hoss."
Each man took up a rein, a steed attached,
And each dand catered, beats and riders matched.
This their agreement ere they rode away—
He should be king whose horse was first to neigh!

'Tis queer what little things will bring us fate,
And mark a man a fool, or make him great.
The horse Darius rode, a restive bay,
Called out for breakfast in a horse's way,
And, lo! Darius saw his comrades bow,
And felt the crown of Persia on his brow.
Thus did a mighty nation (now deceased)
Accept a king—elected by a beast!

Shall history, two centuries later, state
How this Republic, virtuous and great
(No king desired by the people's will,
But him who must all things do still)
Was ruled and schooled and fooled by
Liquor's vote,
A lower voice than that from horse's
The people's voice is still the voice of God,
When voters are awake, not when they nod.
—Temperance Banner.

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the Staff of Life."

NANNIE'S HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

"Nannie's Happy Childhood." By Caroline Leslie Field, Illustrated, Square 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00. This is a book, the reading of which should tend to make happier the childhood of every little reader. Though fancied in the extreme, and concerned with such fairy-tale people as "Beautiful Princesses," a "Fairy Godmother," a "Beauty and a Beast," etc., it is a very real and modern fairy tale, actually true in its facts, and one which cannot but all the mind with happy, wholesome thoughts about how to beautify our lives right here in this work-a-day world. In reading this story one is not sitting in a cloister, room, but is wandering through the rustling leaves of an autumn forest, playing hide-and-seek with some little "Prince Quilicene," as Nanny always called the bushy-tailed squirrels, with which the player's so often.

THE CHILDREN'S STUDY.

"Canada." By J. N. McMillar. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00. An excellent addition to the admirable series, "The Children's Studies," illustrated by Mrs. O. Phippen of England, by Frances Cooke, of Rome, by Mary Ford, and many more. Miss McMillar's rare gift of history-telling is amply exemplified in this work. It should be known and read by every child in this broad Dominion, as well for the noble patriotic impulse it inspires as for the valuable information it imparts. For children of a larger growth, it will be found a most interesting and instructive history of our own country, of which we may well be proud. The romance and heroism of Canadian history is made to live again in these graphic pages.

HOW TO HELP OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICALS.

An Open Letter to our Readers:
A friend of the Sunday School Publications of the Methodist Church, you are, of course, interested in their future success. To improve their literature, illustrations, and mechanical appearance is our constant study. Do you realize how much you can help us to do. You still better periodicals? Here are two ways:
1. Tell us what most pleases you in these periodicals, and what you like best. Make suggestions. We cannot always follow them, but they will be helpful.
2. Recommend them to your best friends. Write your friends—better still, send us the names and addresses of several,—on a postal card, if you like,—and when we have a few spare copies we'll send them one without cost to you, with a note of thanks. They'll appreciate your thoughtfulness.
Address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

The first of the Christmas juveniles to come to hand is the old favorite, "Chatterbox." Boston: Dana, Estes & Co., and all the booksellers. Small quarto, pp. 412. For over a score of years its annual visits have brightened the holidays. This year it is better than ever, a striking feature being half a dozen full-page illustrations, admirably printed in colour. Though bearing an American imprint, this is an English publication, all the more suited to Canadian tastes. It abounds in stirring tales of adventure and heroism by sea and land, and recounts the stirring deeds of Tommy Atkins and the British blue-jackets, with natural history sketches and stories, and a large amount of instructive and interesting reading. It is one of the best of the juveniles.

"The Boys of Scrooby." By Ruth Hall. 12mo, pp. 111-315. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

From the grave and austere stories we read of the rugged, old-time Pilgrim Fathers one would almost infer that the Pilgrims must have been born full grown. But this book reveals the fact that the boys and girls of the time of the Mayflower were as full of life, as fond of play, and as full of fun, as boys and girls of the boys of to-day. They had, too, a much more stirring time. The boys of Canada ought to know more of the heroic story of the Puritans of Old England and of the Pilgrims of New England, and as well as to the American people, and nowhere can its main facts and its doughty deeds be better learned than in this story.