

"The bridge—the bridge is down!" shrieked the boy.

Only just in time came the warning. The engine-driver, always on his guard at this spot, turned off the steam, and the train, with its crowd of living beings, was arrested on the brink of the abyss.

But where was Carl the while? Carl and the truck?

Hurled into the air by the on-coming train, the boy was never again to be recognized as the living Carl Springel, but was found afterwards a lifeless and mangled corpse among the rocks.

A tombstone stands in a graveyard in South Germany, on which glitters in letters of gold this inscription:

"CHARLES SPRINGEL,
AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr,
and saved two hundred lives."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1895.

WHO WANTS THE BOYS?

WHILE the editor was arranging copy and writing articles for the paper a few days ago, his attention was arrested by a modest question from a small boy. He had heard that same question asked by other boys often before, but something in the voice and manner of this particular boy, or perhaps it might have been the mood the editor was in at that particular time, gave more than usual interest to the question.

"Do you want a boy here?"

That was the question. The editor looked the little fellow over carefully, from sole to crown, before he answered. He seemed to be about twelve years old; his clothes were plain, but clean and neatly-fitted. His eyes were blue, and his face was open and honest-looking. He stood with his back to the wall and his hat in his hand, and he must have felt embarrassed under the searching gaze he received, for he seemed restless and anxious, and often changed his position by resting his weight first on one foot, and then on the other. The gaze was slightly discourteous and embarrassing, but it was not so intended. It was merely the blank stare of a mind which had been led into distant fields of thought by what was meant to be a courteous inspection of a boy in search of a job.

"No, we do not want a boy here."

That was the only answer there was for him, but a feeling of genuine interest in the little stranger prompted a desire to think out the easiest and best way to say it. That's where the editor's mind had gone, while the little boy was blushing under a gaze unintentionally rude.

The question is, who does want the boys? There are hundreds and thousands of them here for somebody. They come

this office almost every day, with the anxious question:

"Do you want a boy here?"

No doubt they are going everywhere else with the same question. Somebody is going to get them. They are in search of employment, and those who need their services will certainly find them by-and-bye.

There are really but two places where boys are wanted. Jesus wants boys, and Satan wants boys. There are but two kinds of employment for boys. Satan wants them to do wrong, and Jesus wants them to do right. These two masters pay different kinds of wages, but the pay is sure no matter where the boy decides to employ his time. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6. 23.) "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." (Rom. 6. 16.)

There are several callings in which a boy can serve Jesus unto everlasting life. There are many things which Jesus wants done. There are shoes to black, papers to sell, houses to sweep, errands to run, streets to clean, wood to saw, coal to put in cellars, and many other things which are equally necessary to the world. In any of these things a boy can serve Jesus, and receive the gift of God, which is everlasting life.

There are also many things in which boys can serve Satan, and for which they will receive the wages of sin, which is death. In fact a boy can serve Satan in many of the very things in which he can serve Christ. Satan has shoes for mean boys to black, papers for mean boys to sell, houses for mean boys to sweep, and wood for mean boys to saw. As for the few dimes or dollars a boy gets for the work when it is done, Satan pays in the same kind of money that good boys receive for the same kind of work. But these few dollars and dimes are not really the wages for the labour performed. They are only advanced to pay board and lodging for the workmen, while they are doing the work. The real wages will come in the final settlement, when the job is finished. The work ends only with death, and the wages will not be finally awarded till the last judgment. Then the mean boys, who have worked side by side with the good boys, in the same offices, will receive the wages of sin, and go away into everlasting death, while the good boys will receive the blessed gift of God, and go into life eternal. Yes, Jesus wants all the boys. There is room enough for them all in heaven. When you start out to hunt employment, be sure to go in search of work for Jesus. No matter what your work or condition in life may be, labour with all your might for Jesus; and he will not forget to bring your reward when he comes "from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power: when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe, because our testimony among you was believed, in that day." (2 Thess. 1. 7-10.)

Don't forget that Jesus wants boys.—*Youth's Advocate.*

TOPSY.

SUDEAN, a little girl who was very full of fun, with bright, dark eyes that laughed, lived away over in India. They had a terrible famine there. The mother died and then the father, and no one was left to take care of the little girl. She had stopped laughing, and could only cry: "I am so hungry, so hungry!"

The missionaries found her and took her home to their pleasant orphanage, where she had plenty of food and pleasant playmates, and kind friends to love her. But she played so many pranks that they named her "Topsy;" and sometimes Topsy made a great deal of trouble for her playmates and her loving friends, for she wanted to have her fun whether it was fun to them or not.

But one day she heard the missionary say that Jesus had died for sins. She listened very closely, and soon she gave

her heart to Jesus. After that she felt she must tell others the same sweet story. So she used to go with the Bible-woman into the homes of the women of India and help teach the verses.

One day she saw a strange woman sitting by the roadside on a tiger skin. Her hair was all matted together, as if she had not combed it for years. Her face and arms were rubbed with sacred ashes, and she had a necklace of nuts that were also thought to be sacred. She was dressed in yellow, for that was the way those holy women dressed, and this woman was thought to be so holy that she was worshipped as a goddess, and people used to take the dust off her feet and put it to their foreheads, thinking it very sacred.

What do you think Topsy did? She sat down beside this woman and asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus, and she told her all she could, and then invited her to go and hear the missionary talk.

Of course nobody thought this woman, who was called a goddess by the people of India and honoured by thousands of natives, would accept the invitation of this child. But she did, and you see God helped the little child as much as the grown woman. The missionary talked with the woman and found she was very learned. She could speak in four languages, but she listened to the story of Jesus like a little child, and gave her heart to him.

Then she felt just as Topsy did—she must go and tell the story to others, and she said: "I must go back to every city where I have told the wrong story, and tell the right one." Thousands had come to see her when she was baptized and gave up all her worldly honours, and now she started forth just like a humble water-carrier of India to tell all of Jesus.

Did not our little Topsy help? Is it not worth while to earn, save, and send our pennies to give the Gospel to the little friends over there and to pray for them?

IT'S THE SURE END.

As my husband was riding on the cars one day, he had his Bible with him and sat in his seat reading, and a young man who occupied a seat near looked up and made some remark which opened a conversation. He noticed the young man kept his hands in one position and wondered as to what might be the cause. But soon the young man said, "Drink is what got these things on me." Sure enough, he was handcuffed to the arm of the car seat, and another glance easily detected the officer in charge of the prisoner. And then followed the sad story, how he had taken but one glass too much, and had never thought to injure anyone in all his life, but his brain was crazed, and the crime committed, and now he was taking this journey into the city, thence to the great prison on the hill to spend two years behind stone walls and iron bars. He will be far away now from all his friends, and, like all such captives, his life will be made "bitter with hard bondage."

I thought as my husband related the sad incident of his past life, how he was brought up, dearly loved by his parents, and of the time when he never could think of such a thing as "getting drunk;" but a little downward step at a time took him farther and farther from his real manhood, until under the awful influence of the terrible drink the deed was done, which costs him two years of freedom. But will two years atone for the past? Or a whole lifetime bury the act into forgetfulness? No! no! A blighted life and a lost, lost soul, unless he gets to the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ. And think of it, all from the first glass of liquor!

Then I thought of my brothers, and my own little boy, and our neighbours, bright manly little fellows, growing up to face these awful temptations, will they be of the number to fall into this snare of the enemy? And again I cry unto God, "Hasten the day when the word of the Lord shall be fulfilled."

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."

"For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of the lion, and he hath the cheek teeth of a great lion." Surely God means legal prohibition.

The Battle of Life.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy.

Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river: here two worlds
meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face;
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might
wear
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 8, 1895.

A SHORT PRAYER.—Matthew 6. 9-13.

This passage has been called "the Lord's Prayer." It is comprehensive. What does it not embrace? There is adoration, v. 9; a petition for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom in the world, v. 10, 11; a request for present blessings, v. 12; grace to enable us to perform the most irksome duties, v. 12. It is hard to forgive those who injure us, hence we need divine aid to help us in the performance of this duty. The golden rule here comes in—"Do unto others as we would they should do to us," and we are here taught to pray to be forgiven as we forgive others. Verse 13. We live in a world where temptation abounds all around us, and we will especially need divine aid to keep us from falling into temptation or yielding to any kind of evil.

The prayer concludes with the grand doxology, v. 13. How extensive are Jehovah's possessions. His dominion is an everlasting dominion and his kingdom is that which can never be destroyed; other kingdoms rise and fall, but the kingdom of Immanuel can never be overthrown, it is founded in truth and righteousness. He is from everlasting to everlasting, and none can stay his hand nor say, What doest thou?

This prayer is brief. None of the prayers recorded in the Bible are long. Not one of them contains a multitude of words. Even Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, though the longest on record, is by no means so lengthy as many of the so-called prayers that we hear are.

This prayer is easy to be remembered. A child who has just learned to talk may learn it, and the sooner it is taught to children the better. The different petitions should be explained to them.

It is of universal application. Our Father, God, is the Father of all mankind. The whole human family are one. Mankind are all related. Use this prayer, practise it, and it will guide you to heaven, which is the headquarters of our heavenly Father.