

"Why, yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed. But the boy said:

"Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero!"

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something.

"I wonder now if that is true," he thought. "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time." There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1895.

GOING ON.

BY B. T. VINCENT, D.D.

We go on as we begun, of course; eager to gather, to hold, to instruct, to win to Christ the boys and girls his providence has put into our hands. Ingenious we ought to be in plans to entertain, not for mere surface results, but for deep and permanent ones, in a firm hold on hearts and consciences. It seems to be, and may become "cant" to talk too much about the religious design; but the underlying motive in a teacher of the young must be a solid desire to train them as the horticulturist aims to care for the flowers, not to their temporary pleasing, but to their permanent growth. The question of "entertainment" as a part of Junior meeting methods comes in here, and may as well be put now.

The best entertainment is that which, identified with the lesson work itself, is not allowed to be divorced from the work. For the best results, which shall stay, it is essential that it be part of the work. The studies should be in an entertaining fashion. Thus the delight will be remembered with the instruction, and being the lighter of the two (if two!) is less remembered than the instruction. Rather it is the means by which the instruction is remembered. The meeting is thus not interesting as a meeting, particularly, but the things gotten there are interesting. I suggest a few methods:

Have your own little paper every week. One which is before me as I write has four pages, each about three by four and a half inches in size. It can be printed by the "Neo-style" or the "Mimeographic" process with economy and ease. The facility afforded for tracing enables anyone to copy ornamental title-pages, even if not a designer: plain pictures, diagrams, maps, etc., so that quite an original illustrated paper can be gotten up. Its own local

name and church relation, its reference to local facts about the town, church, etc., its lists of new members, graduates, officers, and the like, make it of peculiarly attractive interest. Your own arrangement of adapted lessons become thus possible; or, if other plans are used, their publication in outline in your own paper adds value to them. The preserved files, numbers in which none will miss, secure preserved work in study and helpful frequent review.

There is much profit in a "Palestine Park," or "Model." In the winter this can be made on the floor of the chapel or lecture room. Light rope or heavy twine, secured by screw eyes, that the form may be exact and fixed (and yet easily taken up again), will make coast lines, rivers, and divisions. Common brown wrapping paper can be shaped into mountains, and blocks grouped into cities and towns; sheets of tin will make good reflecting bodies of water. In the summer the yard or the fields will make mammoth maps of the Holy Land, and of even the whole of the Bible lands. Set the boys and girls to journeying over them, following the footsteps of Abraham, the children of Israel, Christ, and Paul. The interest will be unbounded and the profit substantial and permanent.

Every teacher ought to accumulate appropriate clippings in poetry and prose, gathered from newspapers, young people's magazines, and other sources. The brightness of authorship in these days provides charming humorous, pathetic, ethical facilities of this sort, which, judiciously used, will give both pleasure and profit. Do general reading with an eye to this, and your store will be exhaustless and appropriate. Reading those now and then, not to produce startling elocutionary effects, but to give the sense grammatically, rhetorically, and clearly, will awaken interest in a pleasing and useful variety. Stories of animals are to universal liking, leading to a love of, and kindness to, the brute creation. A serial story, carefully selected and read, running through two, three, or four meetings, would have excellent effect.

Calisthenics in simple limitations afford variety and relieve the weariness that comes through continued position. They are amusing and physically beneficial. A sudden change from study to a five-minute arm exercise is like the spice that pleasantly flavours the food.

Blackboard work is always entertaining, unless it be too elaborate. And it is so connected with the lessons that it is the most healthful entertainment. Do not attempt more than you are able to do rapidly and well. Simplicity appeals to the imagination, and the working artist in the boy or girl whose genius you awaken by your unambitious simplicities is delighted. If a good artist in your community will give you an occasional quick, lively, sensible "Chalk Talk," it will be well. Much sensible, stirring singing is indispensable to a thoroughly good and useful time in gatherings of young or old; but it is especially necessary in such a meeting as yours, dear teacher of the boys and girls. See that you have it. But remember that there is a deal of "fol-de-rol" in music and song nowadays which goes for method of praise; avoid it, and give uplift by good music and good song.

ORIGIN OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

A LEGEND OF THE SCHWARZWALD.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was dark and the snow was falling fast as Hermann, charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tightly around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near by, and he was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow. "Why, little one, have they left thee all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here; thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised the child in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and knocked at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading the little one, who held timidly to his little finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now, let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed around to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright-coloured lamps in honour of Christmas Eve, with which to make a fête for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a bright light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo around his head, and his eyes shone with a heavenly lustre. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in a benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming in awestruck voices, "The holy Child Jesus!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers with dark-green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann picked some and reverently carried them home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them "chrysanthemums;" and every year as the time came round they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—From the German.

Ben's Best Girl.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

NOT a word was missed in spelling,
Nor was broken any rule,
So Ben's step was with the music,
Marching proudly out of school.
O'er the stile he bounded quickly,
With a hurrah and a shout?
And the boys and girls kept asking:
"What on earth is Ben about?"

In the shop below the corner,
Soon Ben stopped and looked them o'er—
"All those valentines just opened,"
While the girls peered through the door;
And he whispered to the shopman,
With his heart all in a whirl,
"I must have the best in stock, sir—
'Tis to send to my best girl!"

Was it blue-eyed Agnes Cummings?
Could it be that black-eyed Bess?
Or perhaps 'twas Kitty Wilbur?
No; the shopman could not guess.
Soon Ben chose one, 'twas so pretty,
Quite unlike any other;
Then he whispered to the shopman,
"My best girl is my mother!"

"Girls, these days, are queer and flighty,
Very friendly, then so cool,
Just because a fellow doesn't
Always walk by plumb and rule.
But the mothers understand us:
Mine's the one that I tie to,
Now I'm off. When mother gets this,
How I wonder what she'll do!"

"You are right," the shopman answered;
"Always send to mother, boy,"
And Ben bounded through the doorway,
Whistling loudly in his joy.
Then the girls walked off together,
Wondering much which one would get
Valentine—"O just the sweetest;"—
But those girls are wondering yet.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

WATER is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses; and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotallers if only for economy's sake. The beer-money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, poor-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton.

We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for the labourer's good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house"? If I spend money for the good of the house, let it be my own—and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey; and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy, and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.

CHRISTIAN man, with pitying thought,

Use the ballot in your hand!

Here's the battle to be fought—

Church of Christ, arise and stand!

Shield the million babies sleeping;

Succour all the poor wives weeping;

Break those chains that bind our brothers;

Dry the tears of pale-faced mothers,

Rise and crush this demon fell,

Shut up all the gates of hell.—Bengough.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 21, 1895.

NOTHING BUT LOVE AFTER ALL.—Matthew 22, 37-40.

Love is the fulfilling of the Law. The requirements of the Law were very minute and exacting, and the Pharisees, who were a sect of the Jews, added many requirements to the law of Moses on their own authority, and they laid great stress on those outward things which were not of the slightest importance and made the demands of the law to be burdensome in the extreme.

In the passage under consideration Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, has so explained the morals of the Gospel that a child or a person of the feeblest mental capability need not experience the slightest difficulty in understanding what is required at our hands.

We all know what it is to love a friend. The child understands how to love its mother. God is to be the object of our love. Our love to our heavenly Father is to surpass all the affection which we bear to the nearest and best earthly friend. He is to dwell in our hearts, the seat of affection; the soul, which is the part which thinks, is to be occupied with thoughts concerning him; the mind that is the intellect is to keep him in remembrance, in short the whole life is to be conformed to him, so that we may resemble him to the utmost of our power. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, to love our neighbours as we love ourselves. This is sometimes called the "Golden Rule." It can be obeyed if we would always remember that it means that we are not to do to another what we should not like another to do to us. The Ten Commandments and the teachings of the prophets are all comprehended in these two commands of Christ.