

Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life:
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—

Each city with evil is rife
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But, if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Be careful in choosing companions—
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted
The taste of the wine-cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 23, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW

Seed time and harvest.—Psalm 126.

For their unfaithfulness and forgetfulness of God's word, the tribes of Israel were carried away captive into Babylon, and were held in captivity for seventy years. At last they were permitted to return, to rebuild Jerusalem, to restore the holy temple, and to worship again the God of Israel in the land of their fathers. Under these circumstances this Psalm was written. We can imagine it as chanted by the band of pilgrims returning from the land of their captivity, rejoicing as they climbed the hills or trod the valleys of the Lord's land, the land promised to their fathers. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

It is said of the late Dr. Rice, a General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, that after his conversion, as a boy working in a store in New Brunswick, the joy of the Lord so abounded in his soul that literally his mouth was filled with laughter, and bubbled over in songs of praise and thanksgiving.

So also Dr. Ryerson, the first General Superintendent of this Church, and one of the greatest men Canada ever produced. When recalled from school at his father's command to work upon the farm, though persecuted because he joined the Methodists, yet the joy of the Lord was his strength and he was able to say,

"Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song."

When God turns away our captivity and releases us from the bondage of Satan and of sin, he puts a new song into our mouth even praise unto our God.

GOD AND THE BOY IN KNEE-PANTS.

"Why, that was thousands of years ago," exclaimed Fred, in amazement.

"Well the sun shows thousands of years ago, and the same sun is shining to-day," replied his mother.

"But see here; I'm just a boy in knee-pants."

"That is nothing dreadful. There are probably a hundred millions of you in the world, and knee-pants are no farther from God than long pants."

Fred went out of the room, and pretty soon his father found him staring straight up into the sky "Hunting for stars?" he asked, laughingly.

"No sir," Fred stammered, confused. And then he, too, laughed and asked, "How much nearer to heaven are you than I papa?"

"If you mean the blue heavens above, the top of my head is probably two feet nearer than yours. But if you mean the heart of God, there is not even that much difference, I am sure; for he loves a boy as well as a man."

"That's what mother said, but I couldn't understand what he could want with a boy in knee-pants yet."

Fred's father pointed him to where the workmen were building the stone walls of a house, and said: "You see the mason is just fitting a small stone in the wall. A large one would not fit there. So there are hundreds of places where a boy fits into God's plan of the world, but a man would not. Time and again he has used boys, thousands of whom we have never heard. So if you see any good that a boy can do—making another boy see the meanness of a mean act or the glory of an unselfish one, protecting a dog or other creature, lightening life's burdens a little here and there for wearied ones, and getting ready for the work of a man by-and-by—remember that is one of God's calls to you to serve him, and that he wants all the boys in knee-pants to stand in close to him, ready for his commands."

A BREACH OF TRUST.

BY MARY MAXWELL RYAN.

Top season had passed; marbles had been all the rage, had reached the zenith of their glory, and were now at a discount. Billy Sluncan, who played "keeps," and had won seventy-three white alleys and eleven moss agates, was no longer looked upon as a Gould or a Rockefeller by his associates. Billy realized this, and had, with lavish hand, distributed his best taws among his smaller companions.

It was kite-flying time in the town of Camden, and when the conditions were favourable, kites of all shapes and sizes could be seen in various directions, floating gracefully in the balmy spring air.

The very little boys, whose mechanical ideas could not yet comprehend the whole scheme of a regular kite, tied pieces of string to cardboard or thick brown paper, which they eagerly watched over one shoulder as, holding the string, they ran down the street, in the vain hope that if they could get them started they would be all right. They always held the firm belief that a little more wind or a little faster dragging would develop the spasmodic flutter into a birdlike flight.

"Our crowd" had decided to make a kite that in regard to size and flying qualities should surpass anything so far produced in Camden. Sylvester Hart had agreed to engineer the job, and as we considered his capability along such lines unlimited, we felt that success was assured from the start.

There was a workbench in our barn, so it was decided that this would be the best place to make the kite. Jim Catron had a good knife, and was an able second to Sylvester in the work; the rest of us stood around offering useless suggestions and speculating on the number of balls of twine we could let out on it, how hard it would pull, etc.; but aside from running after paste, paper, and other materials, we were not actively concerned in the manufacture.

It took all the afternoon to make the famous kite, which was a beauty of the six-cornered variety, about three feet long and nearly two feet wide; below each corner was a gilt star; in the centre a silver moon. We gazed upon it in justifiable pride, and if a breath of air had encouraged us, we might have ignored the warning supper bells heard from various points; but not a leaf trembled that still May evening, and so the kite was left in my care, and the boys agreed to come the next afternoon to fly it if the wind was right.

I put it away very carefully, in a safe place, fully expecting to leave it there until the whole committee met to try it.

Had I done so I might have given my story a more cheerful tittle.

I dreamed of the kite that night, and woke up next morning thinking about it. It was a beautiful morning, but as the day grew older the wind rose and I began to be afraid it would blow too hard by afternoon for our kite to make its trial trip. The idea came to me to get the kite out, not to fly it, but just to see how it would take the wind.

Very carefully I carried it to the open street, grasped the string about three feet from the bridle, and turned the kite toward the wind. It was balanced perfectly and hung just right, as soon as the breeze struck it, it shot out and up, like a thoroughbred race-horse that starts into a run at a touch of the rein.

One need not run himself out of breath to get that kite up to where it would carry itself; all that seemed necessary was to let out the string. I let out fifteen or twenty feet more; it pulled like a team of horses. I was so excited that I thought I would let out the few feet more and then draw it in and wait for the boys, when—whish! came an extra puff of air; the kite pulled harder and the tail was not sufficient for ballast. It veered suddenly to one side, made a graceful swoop and struck the ground fairly on the end of one of the long sticks of the frame. With a feeling of dread I walked up to look at it, it was broken.

That afternoon the boys came, I explained and apologized and regretted. They said very little, but looked a great deal. I had betrayed their trust. I had lost more in their consideration than they had lost in the kite. Sylvester took the kite home to see if it could be repaired, but said nothing to me about accompanying him. The day that had promised so much of triumph and pleasure was spoiled by one boy's faithlessness.

I wandered forlornly about the orchard and garden until almost supper-time, when I went in the house to be met by my elder sister, who had, of course, heard of the wonderful kite on the previous day, and who, with kindly interest, inquired of our success. My heart was too full for any evasion; the story came out. How gently, yet how earnestly, she impressed upon me the magnitude of my fault; showed me how a boy must be true to others in trifles, in order to deserve confidence in great things; how, indeed, when truth and honour were concerned there were no trifles.

The following week the boys made another kite without saying anything to me. Their coldness and just feeling of resentment toward me, added to Mary's wise and loving words, indelibly impressed me with the terrible and irremediable nature of a breach of trust. I have never needed another such lesson.

HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house while mother was at church.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee and pointing. Then she read it out: "And His name shall be in their foreheads." "It's out of the Bible," added she; "and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it?" exclaimed Eve in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Some things write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

Father nodded.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year, the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother

had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed.

"What a funny sort of writing?" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it"—F. E. B., in Children's Paper.

Captain Phillip.

BY CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo, the commander of the Texas gave the order to his men: "Don't cheer, the poor fellows are dying."

The victor looks over the shot-churned wave

At the riven ship of his foeman brave,

And the men in their life-blood lying;
And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—

Passed since Sidney the water gave,

On Zutphen's red sod lying,

But the knightly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the words of the Yankee tar
When he said: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's name,

Or at his who battled his way to fame,
Our flag in the far East flying?

The nation's spirit these deeds reveal—
But none the less does that spirit peal
In the words: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

—New York Sun

A RULER'S DESK.

The desk used at the White House by the President of the United States is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of a nation, for it is a token of the good-will existing between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of America's chosen governor, it is not of American manufacture.

It was fashioned in England, and was a present from the Queen to a former President. It was made from the timbers of H. M. S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice, and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to pieces in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to her Majesty by the President and people of the United States as a token of good-will and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by her Majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

At this desk, itself a representative of the kindly feeling of both nations, the President does the greater part of his writing.—Youth's Companion.

WHY HE QUIT THE BUSINESS.

A man who keeps a restaurant has his two children wait on the table.

One of them is a boy about ten years of age.

A customer was attracted by the quickness of the little fellow, and said:

"You have a splendid waiter."

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he is my son. I used to sell liquor, but he made me quit it."

"How?" asked the visitor.

The father told the story. The boy had come home one day and said:

"Papa, we boys at school had a talk to-day about the business of our parents. Each fellow we asked, 'What does your father do?' One said, 'My father works.' Another said, 'My father keeps a store.' I said, 'My father sells liquor.' That is the meanest business on earth," said one of the boys. Father, is that so?"

And the father said, "Yes, John, it is; and God helping me, I will get out of it."

And so he did.—Young People's Paper.