

away from me I was watching over her, ready to answer the faintest little call, and go to her, should anything happen to her. Let us ever remember the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We may wander away from God, grow cold and indifferent, but the fault is all our own. If we cling to him and fully trust him, he will bring us off more than conquerors.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
8 Henry Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

We are glad to see that Junior Leagues are being organized in large numbers throughout the country. We strongly urge the adoption of the constitution prepared by the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent. We will be happy to make PLEASANT HOURS the organ of the Junior League, and invite correspondence on the subject. We will give as soon as practicable the Junior League topics in this paper. We desire above all things to win our boys and girls to the service of our Lord Jesus, to make them happy and useful on earth, and to prepare them for membership in Christ's church here, and for Christ's glorified church in Heaven. We ask our boys and girls to read carefully our editorial "Talk About Heaven," in this and the following number, and urge them to give their young hearts to the Saviour and to enlist in this Junior League to promote his work among their young companions and to help their own mental and spiritual welfare.

this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

A TALK ABOUT HEAVEN.

I.

A YOUNG lady was once walking on the sea shore, and beheld, at a distance, a white figure standing motionless upon the sands. As she drew near, she saw that it was a poor idiot boy, gazing up into the sky. She asked him what he was looking at, and was greatly surprised to hear him answer that he was trying to see God. He had been told that God lived there, and that his grandmother, who had just died, had gone thither, and he wanted to see them.

Now, we have all gazed at the summer sky, and longed to pierce its blue depths, but we never saw the glories of Heaven. Yet, there have been those who were permitted to behold the secrets of that far-off land. Saint Stephen, you remember, the first martyr of our holy faith, in the hour of his death, as the stones of the persecutors fell fast upon his bruised and bleeding body, looked up steadfastly into Heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. About sixty years afterwards, John, the beloved disciple, in his old age, on the lonely isle of Patmos, saw a door opened in Heaven and beheld the wonderful vision of the throne of God, and the sea of glass, and the four and twenty elders, and the great multitude which no man could number, clothed with white robes and having palms in their hands; and heard the sound of the harpers harping with their harps, and the song of the redeemed, like the voice of many waters.

That glorious revelation has comforted the hearts of God's people through the ages from that day to this, and in every land beneath the sun. Amid persecutions and tribulations, and the fiery pangs of martyrdom, they have been cheered by the music of that song and the rapture of that blessed vision. We, too, amid the joys and sorrows of our present life, should comfort our hearts with the thought of the greater joys of Heaven, which shall end all the sorrows of time.

As we think of heaven we should remember that only the good are there. Within those gates of pearl there shall in no wise enter anything that is impure or unholy, or that loveth or maketh a lie. The inhabitants all have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. By nature we are impure and unholy, and have defiled the garments of the soul. We, therefore, cannot go to heaven without a purifying to fit us for that happy place.

John saw a great multitude in Heaven. Just think what a countless company will be there! First, all who die in infancy or early childhood, in every age, and in every land, through the atoning work of Christ are the heirs of Heaven. Now, more than half the race have died thus, and, beyond a doubt, are so saved from the awful consequences of sin to gladden the many mansions of the skies. Then, think of the many millions who, since the first promise of the Saviour, have repented of their sins and have died trusting in his salvation. Then, we believe that in the latter days, when the glory of God shall cover the earth, and no man need say to his neighbour "know the Lord," for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest, that the multitude of the saved shall be so vast, as compared with the number of the finally lost, as most amply to vindicate the goodness and mercy and love of God against the wicked reflections that have been cast upon them.

And what are this great multitude doing? They sing salvation to our God, and serve him day and night in his holy temple. We once heard about five thousand children singing together, and, as their voices rose and sank and swelled, they seemed to

bear up the soul on the billows of sweet sounds till it was lifted quite above the things of time. But how insignificant was that compared with "the seven-fold chorus and harping symphonies of Heaven"! And they serve God day and night—doubtless, in many ways which we cannot now conceive, but which shall be an ever-fresh delight to the soul.

THE CANADIAN BOY.

BY CLAREMONT.

II.

THE Canadian boy has a generous, happy temperament, and having greeted this earth with a laugh instead of a cry, he continues the role he has assumed through life. He laughs when his mother uses the shingle, at her feeble attempts to do a big thing. He laughs when the master wields the rawhide, to show his thorough appreciation of it. He laughs when his lady-love treats his proposal of marriage with disdain; to think that a merciful Providence has saved him from being the victim of a heartless vixen. He laughs when another accepts him; to think that he has been able to win such a perfect darling of a girl for his wife.

NOT A DUDE.

There are not many Canadian boys who develop into dudes. We generally import this article, and view it as a walking curiosity; a sort of fantastic clothes dummy, to which has been imparted vocal powers, in order that it may illustrate the emptiness of its brain-pan. While the dude species may be classified as to sex, it is more appropriately, on account of its inherent nothingness, designated by the pronoun *it*. These human phenomena act as a warning to Canadian youth; and by the supply being greatly in excess of the demand, close this avenue of questionable usefulness to our young people.

The Canadian boy is generally very reverential to lawful authority; but there is always a question in his mind as to where it lies. He exacts obedience from his younger brothers and sisters as a natural right. He fights for supremacy among his fellows. Every time a command is given he questions the pretensions of the one who issues it.

The Canadian boy has an intense dislike to be sent on errands, and never surprises you by doing it in a hurry; he makes it a matter of principle to go slowly.

The Canadian boy is born with the word "why," running through every ramification of his being. If you tell him to fill the woodbox, he at once inquires "why" Jimmy cannot do it. There is no statement you make upon any subject, scientific, political, metaphysical or religious, that you are not confronted with "Why"; you will soon learn to take no position that you are not prepared to defend.

The Canadian boy attends church on the Sabbath, because everybody goes. At the age of fifteen, he wants to leave the family pew and sit at the back of the church. At seventeen he comes out as a politician and retails the arguments he has heard on the other side; rousing his father to a blood heat at the breakfast-table with his bold hits at the party. He does not read the opposition press, he has no opportunity. His father applies himself more assiduously to the party organ on these same questions, and labours assiduously to overcome heresies; the outcome of which is that at the age of twenty-one, the Canadian boy walks to the polls with his father, and votes the same way. The Canadian boy usually accepts his father's religion. If he is a Methodist, he is one because he believes in a free salvation for all; because he finds greater spiritual energy among her membership, and because they are the most numerous body in the Dominion.

TRUE TO HOME.

The Canadian boy is true to the home. The best woman on earth is his mother, and her apple, mince, and pumpkin pies have a smack and flavour that he never finds in any other during the whole course of his natural life. His wife may become the best cook for everything else; but his mother's pies are a sacred thing. When restive under parental restraint; when his father's authoritative command would only serve to bring about open rebellion; his

mother's hand and gentle request has soothed opposing, contending forces, and won a quiet acquiescence that nothing but love could accomplish. He is jealous for his sisters, they are the best girls the world ever knew; more graceful, more intelligent, more ladylike, more spirited than other girls.

When the down begins to show itself, and he uses the razor on the sly, he suddenly becomes aware of another enchanting ideality, that makes his heart flutter with a strange sensation. She is not a girl in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but a pretty angel. She fills him with an indescribable yearning and a silent adoration; all the gallantry of his nature is in full play. His devotion and fondness are not the result of anything that his mother or sisters can see to warrant such a transport of sympathetic, rapturous, captivating witchery, as calls the bright sparkle to his eye, and the blush to his cheek. Oh! the enchanting, tender, precious experience of the Canadian boy's first love!

This is not generally the girl he marries. Do not chide him; let him have this one sweet experience to mature his finer sensibilities. It comes like teething and the mumps; it belongs to the earlier ecstatic, thrilling impressions and leaves the patient more gentle, tender, and humane than it found him. He is a more affectionate son to his mother; a more sympathetic brother to his sisters, and, when he does marry, a more devoted husband to his wife, because his best feelings have been stimulated and called into action.

The Canadian boy is the best boy in the world. He is better than the British boy, because more free and self-reliant. Better than the American boy, because more prudent and thoughtful. Better than the German boy, because more enterprising and brisk. Better than the French boy, because he has sounder moral principles underlying his education.

The grand Canadian boy! Honest, industrious, energetic, kindhearted, generous, true, intelligent, chaste, and just; benevolent, sympathetic, vigorous and manly; the pride of the home; the hope of the country; the embodiment in embryo of all that will yet ripen into future nobleness, and unparalleled greatness.

Let the people of Canada be strong in faith; for from our public schools of to-day, the boys will press forward and seize the helm of state; and woman's power shall be joined to man's to send to parliament men, good and true, who shall guard the home, and legislate in the direction of morality and prosperity for all.

Heaven bless our Canadian boys!

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WORTH OF AN OLD COAT.

SAMUEL hurried back to his patient.

"So you have come," said the sick man. "I thought they would keep you. You told them?"

"Yes, of course. Mother was most awful scared, but Kill said it might as well go on, now it had begun, and he'd see to me. Kill said if I was going to catch it, likely I had, and it was no humanity leaving a sick one alone."

"What did—your father say?"

"Nothin'," replied Samuel calmly, "he wasn't at home."

The patient turned his face to the wall and groaned.

"Are you getting worse?" asked Samuel. "You'd better hurry up and tell me what to do with these things."

Thomas roused himself, and directed Samuel how to prepare the cream of tartar, and to warm up the gruel which Mercy had made. Then, under his directions, Samuel hung all Thomas's clothing upon the bushes behind the house, fumigated them with burning tar, and left them there, exposed to wind, sun, and dew.

Thomas ripped open his money-belt, and put the coins in an old tin can filled with water well tinctured with carbolic acid.

REMEMBER  
THE  
S. S. AID COLLECTION  
ON  
REVIEW SUNDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 24TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in