

The Boys We Need

Here's a boy who's not afraid To do his share of work. Who never is by told dismayed, And never tries to shrink...

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All Hons in the way. Who always keeps the right in view, And sim to be a man...

The boy who always means to do The very best he can. Who always keeps the right in view, And sim to be a man...

All honour to the boy who is A knight at heart, I say. Who's legend on his shield is this - 'Night-always wins the day'...

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Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Whitrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

TEN YEARS OF JUNIOR WORK.

BY REV. T. ALBERT MOORE.

Ten years ago, when the Epworth League was organized, besides the classes and the schools, there were many other societies for the children in various churches...

The first official recognition of Junior work was by the General Conference of 1890, when that body gave formal endorsement of the Epworth League, and incorporated it as part of the religious economy of the church...

A new office, that of superintendent of Junior Work, was filled by the appointment of Rev. T. Albert Moore in 1890. Among those who were deeply interested in this department of our young people's work, and gave much assistance, were Rev. A. Carman, D.D., Rev. W. H. Whitrow, D.D., and Rev. M. Phillips, B.D. With their co-operation a constitution was provided, and Junior Leagues were organized in many of our churches...

These Junior Leagues are designed to increase the younger scholars in the school directly, and to train the boys and girls in our schools in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In 1895, when the Methodist Young People's Societies of Ontario were formed, the General Conference of 1895, it was found that Junior Societies had multiplied, and in each Conference there

was appointed a vice-president for Junior work. These officers were Toronto Conference, Rev. Hudson Toronto Hamilton Conference, Miss M. Kelly, Hamilton; London Conference, Miss Leary, Barnia; Bay of Quinte Conference, Miss Kennedy, Peterborough; and Montreal Conference, Rev. G. C. Clendinning, Billings Bridge. At the next meeting of the Sunday school and Epworth League Board, that body also elected a vice-president of Junior work in the person of Rev. T. Albert Moore. Under the oversight of these workers, and their successors from year to year, Junior work has continued to increase, every annual report telling of growth and expansion.

Besides those already named as being earnest workers for the Junior League, I must mention two others—our General Secretary, Rev. A. C. Crews, who everywhere has emphasized the utility of Junior work; and also Rev. S. T. Bartlett, of Bay of Quinte Conference, who has put forth more and more effort to this department than any other person. His "Junior League Hand Book" is a mine of information for every worker, and ought to be in the hands of every superintendent, as well as in the library of every minister.

With all these, and many other workers, it is not strange that our Junior League has prospered. It goes everywhere with the senior society, and is ever carrying on a splendid work, by training our boys and girls in the work of the Master, so that the coming generation will already know how to work and bear their burdens when the dawning twentieth century will have opened its doors to them, and flung upon them its earliest duties.

"To ours to fashion the children's minds, To kindle their thoughts, and their hopes unbind; To guide their young feet in their earliest flight, And lure them to worlds of unsullied light; To teach them to sing in their gladness hours Of a Father's love, with an angel's powers."

—Abridged from Epworth Era.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

There was a W. C. T. U. organized in Luptonville, N. C., which was once looked around for some work which they thought would do the most good. As there was many children in the charge, they decided that juvenile work should be their department of their union to take up, so they organized a Loyal Temperance Legion.

I am sorry to say that the minister's work was opposed to it. Why?

It took a good while to find out just the reason, but at last it was revealed that the minister had intended to organize a society among the children under the auspices of the church, but not because the L. T. L. was in the field. The superintendent of the L. T. L. invited him to assist in the Legion, but he found his time "too limited" that he asked to be excused.

When the L. T. L. was started, of course the first thing to be presented was the pledge-card, and many boys and girls signed it; but there was one boy who would not "sign away his liberty" to drink cider. Carl Hammond was his name. His mother was a strong-temperance woman and wanted Carl to sign the pledge, as he was reluctant she did not press the matter.

Carl was always quoting his Uncle Ralph, and he made cider, and Carl said: "I don't see any harm in drinking cider as long as Uncle Ralph makes it. Of course if it was wrong he would not make it, and I expect to take many more good drinks through a straw."

"The fact that Uncle Ralph makes it does not lessen the sin of drinking it," Uncle Ralph lived a mile from the village, and Carl thought he would go up there on Saturday afternoon and see what was going on.

To his delight he found all the men picking up apples for cider making. Carl noticed that all the half-rotten ones were being used, and he was glad, so he asked Uncle Ralph what those were for.

"They are for elder, they are not good to use in any other way, so we make cider," said Uncle Ralph.

"Are you joking, Uncle Ralph? You certainly do not use all those apples for elder." "Yes, I do use them for elder."

thinks about it, and a half-rotten apple is more juicy than a sound one, and I'm sure you can't, but cannot sell the half-rotten ones until they are made up into cider.

"Do you think that is just right, Uncle Ralph?" "Yes, right enough. Everybody makes cider in the same way, and you do not taste the rotten apples when you drink it."

"No, but I would not eat rotten apples, and I do not want elder that is made that way." "Then you won't drink much cider."

Carl did not say any more, but made up his mind to let Uncle Ralph eat alone, and as he was going home he said to himself:

"I don't wonder those W. C. T. U. women are after the boys if they know how filthy elder is, and I suppose they do, for people say they are finding out everything."

Still Carl would not sign the pledge. He grew so bold that he drank wine, and he thought he should always drink clean elder. A month and more rolled around and Uncle Ralph invited Carl and his friends to go on one Saturday afternoon to take some cider.

"Now, boys, just help yourselves," said Uncle Ralph, "and when you are tired the glass will be empty. Drink all you want, for this is sweet elder."

"When does it get to be sour elder?" asked Hugh. "Oh, I don't know; by spring, maybe."

Carl did not enjoy the elder, but when over he raised the glass to his lips he imagined he saw a rotten apple floating on the cider, and it had a tendency to weaken his appetite. He thought if he could get some new and ask for some of the apples; but, no, he could not forget; and, too, there came a vision of crushed worms, so he gave up the cider.

He had been so taken up with his own efforts to get some of the apples, but had not noticed Hugh's success in that direction, and in fact had forgotten all about him until he heard him exclaim: "How my head aches! Let us go to the house."

Aunt Grace brought a pillow and made Hugh as comfortable as possible on the couch, but he was quite a sick boy.

"When Uncle Ralph came to the house Aunt Grace told him about Hugh, and she said: "I don't think you did right to let the boys have that cider, especially Hugh. You know he can't drink any wine, too well, and Hugh is now drunk. Who is to blame?"

Uncle Ralph said nothing, but went outdoors, and Carl slipped out where Aunt Grace was, and asked: "Is there alcohol in that cider, Aunt Grace?" "Yes."

"When does it form?" "Very soon after it is made it begins to ferment, and fermentation continues until it becomes what we call hard cider; and you see it does not take long for it to ferment sufficiently to intoxicate; but your uncle calls it sweet elder."

"Look here, Aunt Grace, I have two pledge-cards in my pocket. I would not sign one before, but now I am ready to sign the other. Please insist. He has done harm enough."

When Uncle Ralph came in, Carl handed him the card, which he read. Then Carl handed him a pen, saying: "Sign there, won't you, please?"

As for Hugh, he got over the effects of so-called sweet elder, and the first thing he said when he realized the condition he was in was: "I shall join the Loyal Temperance Legion, and shall be only too glad to pledge myself not to drink wine, beer, nor cider."—Youth's Temperance Banner.

HOW HAROLD DISOBEYED.

BY MARY E. JARVIS.

"I want you to go down to the Lower Fold, Harold, and get me all the chicken-coops and the hen-house door. Jim is away at market with your father, and Jane is busy. Be sure you do it properly, or you'll get straight back; baby seems so poorly to-day."

And Mrs. Hayes turned in her weary walk to and fro, and began again to sing the old cradle song with which she was trying to lull the baby to sleep.

Harold dearly loved his little sister, and kissed her soft fingers now as he went out, saying cheerily: "All right, mother, I'll see the chickens and the hen-house door."

He crossed the farm-yard, then through the orchard into the lane. But there he found several boys waiting. "Here, Harold, we were just looking for you! It's all going to sail our boats down at Brook Hollow."

"But I can't come," said Harold regretfully. "I've got the chickens to feed, and mother told me not to be long. Baby May isn't well."

"Well, you can be back in a jiffy. We can get there in a quarter of an hour, have some fun, and be home by eight. The chickens can wait."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter for half an hour," said Harold, hesitating. "Only mother said—"

"Fatter?" "Of course not!" broke in Ned, rudely. "Come along; you're not a nursemaid to be tied down like that!"

"Fear of ridicule swept away Harold's misgivings, and soon all four boys were hurrying to Brook Hollow, a mile away. There, in the fascination of playing in the brook, more than three half-hours went by.

But the deepening darkness warned them of home and supper-time, and Harold's conscience now woke up in good earnest.

"Look here, boys, I'm off home, and I'm sorry I came. And chicken feed is away, followed by the mocking laughter of his comrades."

"I won't stop to go for a lantern and see to the chickens now," he said, as he hurried to Brook Hollow. "It doesn't matter if they are left for once!"

There was a bright light in his mother's room, and on the stairs he overtook Jane tottering up with a heavy load.

"Oh, Master Harold, where have you been? Missus is in such a way for baby's! In a fit. And I'm all strange to the place, and don't know where the doctor is. How the reproach and grief on your home yet. Oh, dear, dear!"

Before she had finished her incoherent tale, Harold was at his mother's side. And he never knew afterwards which part him most—the reproach and grief on his mother's white face, or the sight of his baby sister in the agony of convulsions.

"Run for the doctor at once, Harold! Oh, how could you be so long?"

But to the heart, Harold flew down the stairs and ran as he had never run before, down the lane and across the meadow to his mother's house. Fortunately he was at home, and called at once. The warm bath had relieved the worst symptoms; but it was hours before baby was out of danger. And nobody slept much the next night, as Harold and his father were sitting down to an early breakfast next morning. Jane came in with the coffee, and said:

"You never fastened up them fowls last night, and now Harold and Tom says the hens have been killed seven out of the eight. Leghorn chicks your mother set such store by."

Then the whole story of Harold's disobedience was put out, and very grieved his father looked.

"Let it teach you a lesson, Harold, that will last your lifetime. Never say again about the smallest duty; 'It doesn't matter.'"—The Child's Companion.

Forward, Junior League!

(The following is a composite production by the three superintendents of the Junior League of Parliament Street church, Toronto.) We are Junior Leaguers, Girded for the fray, And through Christ our Saviour, We will win the day. We will win the forward, Bravely on our way, And with strength from Jesus, Watch and work and pray.

Forward, Junior Leaguers! Loyal, firm, and true, Jesus is our Captain,— He will lead us through.

By the pledge we've taken, We have promised true, With strength from Jesus, We will win the day. We his word will study, And pray every day; And to be true Christians, We will try away.

Onward we are marching, In the narrow way, Jesus our great Leader, With us will go, Jesus, help us ever, In our work and play, To stand firm for thy dear cause,— For others live and pray.

To the front of battle, Forward then we go, And through our dear Master, Victory we may win. We will be comforted, Christ our hands will hold, And through dangers lead us, Till we reach the fold. —Epworth Era.