

I Want to be a Man.

A response to "I want to be an Angel."

BY NEWMAN HALL.

I WANT to live and be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow men to help and save.

I want to live that I might show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see his face,
And follow him in earthly strife
Before I share his heavenly life.

Lord grant me this—to love and serve.
And never from thy laws to swerve;
Then after years of service free.
In ripe old age to go to thee.

But should it be thy loving will
To call me early, Lord fulfil
In fewer words thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see thy face.

into the suds; and it is one of the most beautiful sights I know of to see him

"Cheerily rub and rinse and wring
And hung up the clothes to dry."

I know another boy who did all of his family's ironing during one summer, except the shirts; those, he was forced to confess, were too much for his skill. I know boys who can run the sewing-machine, and who can sweep, wash dishes, and trim lamps on occasion. I even know boys who can cook. One boy in particular I call to mind whose corn-muffins are the pride of the family, and if there is company Jim is always called upon to contribute some of his inimitable hot corn-cakes for breakfast. These boys, I assure you, are appreciated in the home circle; and when their mothers talk them over, if their right ears don't burn, why, there's no truth in signs, that's all!

If there is no need for a boy to do house-work, then let him do whatever is his appointed work with cheerful promptness. Every boy ought to have, and most boys do have, some daily tasks to do, the non-performance of which makes a jar in the family machine. If you have the furnace fire in charge, see to it regularly night and morning. I know a boy whose work it is to take care of the furnace in his home, and he could hardly seem more unwilling to go down the cellar stairs if that cellar was a dungeon cell in which he was about to be incarcerated for life. His father, his mother, and his sisters all have to "be after" him twice a day in order to get him to perform that simple duty. If you have the kindling-wood to cut, keep the wood-box full. If you have an errand to do, do it pleasantly. I heard a mother request her son to go on an errand the other day, and this was the response she received: "Well, there's one thing Job didn't have to do anyhow; he didn't have to go to the store to get a quart of molasses!" There is a way of doing even an errand "heartily, as unto the Lord," and a beautiful way it is, but that boy didn't practise it that time.

And thus it goes. The Eskimo girls do not know the wilder sports indulged in by the boys; but for all this, they have very merry times, for God has designed that children shall be happy wherever he has placed them.

"The minds of the boys of the polar world run to sports that suit their natures. They are generally found in the open air, no matter how cold it is. At night, when the moon is full, and when the snow resembles a vast field of burnished silver, a company of Eskimo boys will engage in a game of ball. The ball is sometimes as large as a boy's head, and is covered with a piece of hide sewed with sinews. Each boy carries a crooked stick, which is the rib-bone of some Arctic animal; and thus accoutred, the whole company will play ball among the drifts till tired.

"They learn early to drive dog-teams over the snow, and often under the moon they will race back and forth in this manner. The Eskimo boy is always a good driver, and he is not very old when he watches near the seal-holes with a harpoon. The seal, you know, Benny, furnishes the Arctic people with food, clothing, and light, and is perhaps the most important animal of the country. The boy who manages to spear a seal is a hero, and night after night he recounts the story of his exploit to his companions by the igloo fire. His playthings, from the time when he first forms a taste for such, are rudely fashioned sledges, harpoons, boats, and lances, and when alone he will pass many hours with them.

"The far northland is one without picture-books; but the Eskimo boy will draw rude pictures on the skins that hang on the walls of the igloo. He draws no beds of flowers, because he sees none. His pictures represent the animals of the snow and dog-trains and ball-playing. So you see, Benny," finished Aunt Martha, "that the boys and girls of the snow have merry times just like other little people. They never complain of their isolation, nor of their lot. They are patient and thankful for what they have, as we all should be; for the care of the Father is over them, even in their land of endless winter."—*Sunday-school Times.*

we shall be willing to pay the price, for and there is always a price attached—this is, a condition. If we want to sit on the right hand of Jesus, we must be willing to drink of his cup. There is much more of poetry than of piety in some prayers. They sound well, but the Lord, who knows the heart, does not find satisfaction in them. "Lip prayers are lost prayers." "Don't pray cream, and live skim-milk."

Beginning of Evil.

It was such a little thing—
One slight twist of crimson string;
But I was stealing all the same!
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true.
Just to screen herself from blame;
First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a little sip—
Just a taste upon the lip—
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear,
So the demon Drink decoys;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one little word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one little blow,
Passion's sudden overflow,
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all;
Till the hands love clasped in vain
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling, higher—
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1895.

HELP MOTHER.

We hear a good deal in these days about boys being neglected, unappreciated individuals. It is said that everyone is so absorbed in the girls that the boys are treated rather carelessly. Some people even go so far as to say that the boys' own mothers prefer their sisters to them. If this were true it would be very dreadful. I have looked into the subject somewhat, and have come to the conclusion that where such is the case it is the boys' own fault. When the sons are as attentive and helpful and loving as the daughters, their mothers usually value them about alike.

Some boys have the idea that they can't and won't do "girls' work." If those same boys would practise that sort of employment a little when mother is laid up with a sick headache, or sister Maggie is off for a well-earned week's holiday, it would be a very nice thing for the family. I know boys who have tried it and have not found it so distressing.

I have the honour to know one boy seventeen years old who does all the family washing every Saturday morning. His mother's only assistant in her housework is his little sister, aged ten, and the son has decided that during his school-life there is one burden that he can take from his mother's weary shoulders, and that is the great bugbear of washing day; and so every Saturday morning he rolls his shirt sleeves up to his shoulders, ties a good stout apron in front of him, and plunges

THE CHILDREN OF THE SNOW.

SOME years ago Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic traveller, wrote much about the children of the regions which he visited. Since then other explorers have added to Dr. Kane's account, until we know a good deal about the boys and girls of the snow. The igloo, which is the funny name of the ice-house of the Eskimo, is the narrow play-ground of the children when the snow is deep and the weather is bitter cold.

"The girls amuse themselves with queer-looking dolls whose heads may have been carved out of walrus ivory; for there is no wood where the long, cold nights are. They dress these dolls in soft deerskins, and take the ears of the Arctic fox for doll hoods. Sometimes these little ladies of the cold will go visiting just like the little misses of our country do; and when they go, they always take the doll along. Dolly rides in a sled which the girls, wrapped in their garments of bearskin, pull over the snow in high glee. These visits are often made at night, and for hours a group of Eskimo girls will make an igloo resound with childish talk and laughter. They don't know anything about the great world that lies warm and pleasant beyond the boundaries of their ice-locked homes—nothing about the May parties, the forest festivals, and the merry nuttings. They have no knowledge of the handsome dolls that fill the windows of our stores. An Eskimo girl would hold her breath if she could be transported to one of our toy-stores stocked with grand things for the holidays. They know nothing about these.

"When they learn to sew, it is with a sharp piece of ivory for a needle, and a sinew for a thread. It is slow work over the poor fire, which is never allowed to go out on the hearth of the igloo, and the stitches are not very even; but the little seamstress works patiently, and the hours pass away. When she has dismissed her callers, she may think she can improve the looks of her doll. One of her visitors may have shown an improvement in doll fashions, and forthwith the Arctic girl adds something to the costume of her own pet.

MARKS THAT WILL LAST.

WHEN Dr. Charles H. Fowler (now bishop) left the pastorate to accept the presidency of Northwestern University, a gentleman said to him: "Well, I hear you are to stop teaching men, and are going to teach boys!" The doctor paused a moment and asked: "If you want to write your name on a brick so it would stay, would you write it when the clay was plastic and impressible, or after it had been burned?" The gentleman saw the point and replied, "Why, on the brick before it was burned, of course." Dr. Fowler did not apply the illustration. That was unnecessary.

Oh, Sunday-school teacher and Junior League worker, what an opportunity you have! The pastor and evangelist and worker among adults are striving to write truth upon burned and hardened bricks. It is difficult and discouraging work. But you have the unspeakable privilege of writing upon the soft and receptive clay. The marks you make upon youthful hearts will last. Be careful what you write!—*Epworth Herald.*

HONESTY IN PRAYER.

Our prayers should be frequently examined to see whether we are asking for what we really want, or only for the things we have an idea we ought to want. There is too much of this unreality and practical dishonesty current both in the closet and public prayer-room. People sometimes get into quite a glow of pleasurable devotional excitement as they pray; good flow of language, and become somewhat heated with their own rhetoric, and tongue they ask for things which they would not only be much astonished to receive, but actually sorry, in their cooler moments, to get. What we sincerely desire,

The Wreckers of Sable Island

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER V.—ERIC LOOKS ABOUT HIM.

It was broad daylight when the boy awoke, and he felt very well pleased at finding no one in the room but Ben, who sat by the table, evidently waiting for him to open his eyes. As soon as he did so, the latter noticed it, and coming up to the bunk, said, in his gruff way:

"Oh, ho! Awake at last. Was wondering if you were going to sleep all day. Feel like turning out?"

"Of course," replied Eric, brightly. "I feel all right now."

On getting out of the bunk, however, he found himself so dreadfully stiff and sore that it was positively painful to move, and he had much difficulty in dragging himself over to the table, where he found a pile of ship's biscuit and a pannikin of tea awaiting him. He did not feel at all so hungry as he had the night before, and this very plain repast seemed very unattractive, accustomed as he was to the best of fare. He nibbled at the biscuit, took a sip of tea, and then pushed the things away saying:

"I don't want any breakfast, thank you. I'm not a bit hungry."

Ben was too shrewd not to guess the true reason of the boy's indifferent appetite.

"There's not much choice of grub on Sable Island," said he, with one of his grim smiles. "You'll have to take kindly to hard-tack and tea if you don't want to starve."

"But really I am not hungry," explained Eric, eagerly, afraid of seeming not to appreciate his friend's hospitality. "If I were, I'd eat the biscuits fast enough, for I'm quite fond of them."

Ben now proceeded to fill and light a big pipe.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, after he had got it in full blast.

"Oh, no," answered Eric. "My father