

when you are injured by others, grateful for kindness received, and generous in sharing your good things with others who have fewer enjoyments. You can be patient and humble, and watchful against temptation. You can strive to grow daily more like Jesus—an earnest boy Christian now; and as you grow to man's estate, you can consecrate to his blessed service all the talents, influence, and possessions he may give you, using them as means to evince your gratitude for his wondrous love."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1895.

"MY BOY."

BY J. B. GOUGH.

WHEN addressing an audience in Connecticut, I related the following incident: Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard; but he signed the pledge, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation; but I will keep the pledge.'

"By-and-bye, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'

"And he came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were at the bar.

"'Halloa, Fred! and how are you? What will you have to drink?'"

"'Nothing.'"

"'Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take something.'"

"'No, I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise her.'"

"By-and-bye Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, 'Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"But I am not afraid.'"

"Oh, yes you are. Ha! ha, ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother.'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it.'"

He drank it; then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn and was found in the morning—dead! They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo-robe thrown over his body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know he was your son."

"You did! You called him by name; you knew he was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor crippled mother; and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to have such language applied to me."

"God forgive me if I have sinned," said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my fingers, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there; and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State! Connecticut! rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all were carried out of the city. They violated no law. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture; but they went to him in a body and declared that such a man should not be tolerated in the city, and he was obliged to leave.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more it is used the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is not worth \$5 when in its natural state is worth \$12 made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$1,000, and into springs for watches, \$250,000. Just think of that, boys: a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horse-shoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horse-shoe or watch-spring? It depends upon yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry for you to grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.

THE CAMEL.

BY MAY F. M'KEAN, PHILADELPHIA.

IF we turn to the Bible and read the history of the earliest times, we will see that the sheep is the very first animal that is mentioned by name, and after that the next one that is named is the camel; so we see that it was known to men from almost the beginning of the world. The sheep was offered as a sacrifice, but the camel was used to ride upon, or to carry heavy burdens.

It is very strong, and capable of very great endurance, so that it was very useful indeed in those early times when people wanted to go long distances, and there were no cities along the way at which they could stop and find hotels and pleasant resting-places.

The camel is still much used in the East. Sometimes it is called "The Ship of the Desert," because it can pass over vast desert tracts that no other animal could traverse. In those countries where deserts are frequent it is invaluable on this account. The speed of the camel is very great, but those who ride upon it when it is running rapidly are swayed from side to side with a motion that I am sure you and I would not

When a good many travellers travel together, they call it a "caravan," and when upon the road they come to a great square, low-built inn, with accommodations for the animals, they call it a "caravansary." Sometimes they have to travel a long way to find one of these.

Are you not glad that you live in a land and at a time when railroads and steamboats make travelling so much easier and pleasanter than the old way?

BOYS AND GIRLS IN COREA.

PERHAPS you would like to know how the boys and girls of Corea look, and what kind of clothes they wear. I am sure if a company of Corean boys were to visit your school some day your teacher would make a mistake and assign them seats on the girls' side of the room, instead of the boys' side. If they were very much dressed up, some of them would have on long pink coats, others would have robin's-egg blue, while the smaller ones would wear red. Underneath these coats you would see white, loose trousers which are fastened about the ankle with a band of some bright-coloured ribbon or cloth.

Early in the morning of the day when the boy is to become a man, the top of the head is shaven, then all the remaining hair is combed up over the bald spot and closely tied and twisted into a knot which stands up about four inches.

The dress of the Corean girl is not as pretty as the garments worn by her brother. They usually wear red cotton skirts; occasionally, however, they are so fortunate as to get a light-blue or a delicate green one. Their jackets, which are very short, only just long enough from the shoulder to form an armpit, are of various colours, but the colour they like the best is either green or yellow. Their hair is combed just like the boys', only they wear a plum-coloured ribbon instead of a black one.

When our little Corean reaches the age of nine or ten, her parents tell her she is now too old to be seen on the street any more. She can't even stand at the front door and look out, but is banished to the apartments of the women, which are in the back part of the house. Here the rooms are dingy and little. There is no pretty flower-garden to look out upon, no dolls to play with, and not much of anything which is bright or beautiful ever enters the rooms where our little Corean girl must spend her life.

Are you not glad you were not born in this land? Are you not sorry for those whose lot is so hard? We hope there will be better days for them sometime, but these days will not come until their fathers and mothers learn about Jesus, who said he came to this world "to preach deliverance to the captives."

HOW TO PRAY.

IF you would offer true and acceptable prayer, seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind and to move your heart as well as your lips. Let every petition be offered through Christ. We have boldness and access by faith in his blood who is the great High Priest, and the "one Mediator between God and men."

There must be an entire reliance on his merits, as the ground and reason why you should receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. There must be repentance and forsaking of sin, for "if you will not hear you."

You must draw nigh with a loving heart, for cold and languid prayers are of little worth. Hope in the divine compassion must be felt whilst you utter the cry of the penitent: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And with all there must be a forgiving spirit: "for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

READ YOUR BIBLE.

MR. HUGHES, in "Tom Brown," tells an anecdote showing how we may influence others without meaning it.

A fragile boy came to Rugby, and was put under the care of "Tom Brown;" and

he, with a number of other boys, all slept in a large hall, and at night they all frolicked and played. Before the lights were out they were all ready for bed. All were very much surprised to see this boy kneel down by his bed to say his prayers. One hard-hearted boy thought he would put a stop to this, so he threw his shoe at him; and, in turn, "Tom Brown" threw his boot at him.

That night "Brown" woke up with a heavy feeling, and thought how much ashamed he was when he came there to say his prayers; and he had promised his mother, before he left his home, that he would read his Bible every day, and had never read it since he came there, so he thought he would do better. And next morning when he got up he knelt down by his bed, and all was silent.

Before long all got into the habit of reading their Bibles, and kneeling every night and morning. All from the actions of this boy.

A Piece of News.

I HAVE something good to tell you,
Bend your heads a little, so!
Let me have your ears a moment,
While I whisper, sweet and low,

What my dream was like last evening,
Sitting by my cheerful fire,
Watching fairy forms and figures,
As the rosy flames mount higher.

Soon, against my cushion leaning,
I was lost to present things,
As I closed my eyes upon them,
And I dreamed of coming springs.

Snow and winds of March had vanished;
Ice and frost were nowhere found;
Crocus, hyacinth, and lily
Smiled up bravely through the ground.

Trees were budding in the forests,
Grass was springing in the lanes;
Birds returning from the South-land
Sweetly sung in nature's fanes.

April breezes on the hill-top,
April perfumes in the air;
April sunshine, April showers,
April gladness everywhere.

But the best of all, my children,
I have yet to tell to you;
For my winter dream of spring-time
Very soon is coming true.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

August 4, 1895.

SET APART.—Mark 16 15, 16.

This is the Divine Commission. It is for all mankind, here comprised in the term "all the world." None are excluded from the blessings of the Gospel but such as exclude themselves. The offer of salvation is to be made, after which those who make the proclamation are no longer responsible. How strange that any should dare limit the blessings of the Gospel with such a proclamation as Jesus Christ commands to be made.

All are to be baptized. Baptism is a Divine ordinance. The rite is essential, but the mode may not be so definitely set forth whether sprinkling, or pouring, or immersion. Some deny the rite to infants and children; but they were redeemed by Christ and are entitled to all the blessings of the new and better covenant. Their baptism is the initiatory rite into the Church, from which children should never be excluded unless they exclude themselves by wickedness.

The fearful consequences of not accepting the Gospel, or not believing,—such shall be damned or condemned. The mere baptism will not save any, faith must be exercised. A man will not accept that which he does not believe. The Gospel is not a cunningly devised fable. It is established on the clearest and most indubitable evidence, so that those who reject it are unbelievers at whose hardness of heart the intelligent universe stands aghast. Do our readers believe the Gospel? It is good news. How great a Saviour even children have. Can any be so hardened in sin as to deny the Lord who bought them.