

My Country, Let It Be.

By D. A. FERRIS.

(Tune God Save the Queen)

My country let it be
From the wild coast set free
Of demon drink...

Dear Canada, renowned,
By acts of valour renowned,
Lead in the fight...

Let all the powers that be
Obtained for liberty.
Like mine unite...

Then shall our land be free,
It came no longer free,
And by the wise decree...

Man's helper, God to thee—
Our cause of liberty
To thee we bring...

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1900

A BROKEN JUNIOR PLEDGE.

By M. JULIA AUSTIN.

"Fifteen, twenty-five, thirty," counted Ralph in a tone of great satisfaction.
"Hurry up, Fred, or I'll beat you!"
"It's my go," responded Fred, as he aimed for the centre of the crokinole board.

"It's my go," echoed Ralph, sending the black checker off the board with a skillful shot.
"Nothing was heard in the room for a few moments but the sound of the shots as the game progressed.
"It's Thursday night, boys," remarked mother, as a shout from the winner told that the game was ended.

"Ralph and Fred looked at each other.
"Ob, mother, let us play just one more game, then we will get our verses," pleaded Fred.
"Here's plenty of time," said Ralph, reaching for his men.
"Just one more game."
The game proved to be a much longer one than usual, and just as Fred played his last shot, the clock struck.

"Why, where has the evening gone so?" demanded Ralph in surprise.
"And your verses?" asked mother, as they kissed her good-night.
"Where are you going to-morrow?" said Ralph, as they departed for bed.
But in the morning, there were lessons to look over, caps to hunt up, and football to discuss; and then—but every-

Junior who reads this knows far better than I can tell how a busy day goes.
At noon there was a fire, and, of course, the twins must needs see to that.
The Junior meeting began at four o'clock.
Ralph and Fred had to hasten home to get their Bibles and hymn-books, with no time for stalling verses.

"As this is our consecration meeting, the secretary will please call the roll now," said Miss Helen, after the first prayer.
Ralph gave a little gasp of astonishment as he looked at Fred. Only two names before their turn!

"Ralph Butler," called the secretary.
"Present," answered Ralph. Miss Helen looked up quickly, but Ralph could not meet her eyes.
"Fred Butler,"
"Present," responded Fred.

All through the meeting Ralph and Fred were miserable. At last, however, it was over, and each drew a long breath of relief.
"Miss Helen said Fred," we ought to tell," Miss Helen how it was.
"Ye, said Ralph, we ought."
"Miss Helen, we didn't mean to," began Ralph. "We didn't really. Mother reminded us of the time when we were in the line, he flushed, looking up into Miss Helen's face.

Miss Helen did not smile. "Boys," she said, gently, "didn't you remember your pledge? You didn't promise me, you know."
The boyish faces were very sober. They had not thought of it in that way before.
"Miss Helen never preaches," said Fred, as the twins walked homeward, "but she makes a lovely feel that that pledge is a mighty solemn thing. Anyhow, I'll never put it getting my verse if I can possibly help."

"Neither will I," Ralph answered, in a tone that expressed much.

ROBBING A KINDNESS OF ITS BEAUTY.

The kindness that we show to another is robbed of its beauty if we do it in a grudging and unkind way.
There is something for us all to think over in the account by a recent writer of an incident that occurred during her visit to the poor's home at the city.

Mary, the older of my two nieces, had announced at the breakfast table that she would have to go down town that day, as she had several errands to do.
She was most anxious to start when her brother Tom came to her with a short pencilled list.

"Would you mind getting these for me, Mary?" he asked. "There are two boxes and a basket for the city store, and there's a piece of music that my teacher wants me to have for my violin. If you will get them for me I won't have to go down myself."

Mary's face grew over. "Why, yes, I suppose I can get them," she said, ungraciously.
"I wasn't going anywhere near that store, though, and I have lots of errands to do for myself."
Tom looked at her and said to himself, "Tom said, hastily, 'I don't want to make you a lot of trouble. I can get down myself in a day or two, and perhaps I can borrow somebody's book till then.'"

"Oh, I'll get them," said Mary, taking the list from his hand. "Only it isn't very convenient."
Tom turned away with an indignant look upon his face, and Mary put on her wraps and started for the city. A moment or two later, my second niece, Margaret, came into the room with a sweeping cap upon her head, and a broom and dustpan in her hands. She set to work at once, and was preparing to leave the room when Tom came in again. There was a useful look on his face.

"See what I've done, Margaret," he said, pointing, "a great three-cornered hat and a pair of shoes. What will I do in the entry-just now. That will I do. It's the only school coat I have, and I'll have to be off before long."
"Will I darn it for you, Tom," Margaret said, and was preparing to take a corner and getting out her work-box. "It won't take me long."

"But you're busy," Tom said, hesitatingly, remembering his previous experience. "I don't want to bother you now."
"As though I wasn't always glad to help you when I can! Give me your coat, and we'll have that tear mended in a fifty."
Margaret looked at him with a laugh, and said right out, "Merg!"
Tom, gratefully, as he put on his coat again, a few minutes later. "You never seem to think it's a bother to do a fellow a kindness."

The love that binds together the members of a family circle should make it sweet to do these small acts of kindness. There should be none of the grudging,

ungracious spirit, and the counting of cost in the shape of trouble, that we so often see.—Christian Commonwealth.

REUBEN'S COMPANY.

Reuben and Frank were two little Hindu boys. They were named after some missionaries.
Frank had come over to Reuben's to play with him, and they were busy for some time with kite and spinning tops. Then they commenced a game which is much liked by the Hindu children.

They filled a paper bag with fruit and parched rice, and then hung it on a branch of a tree. Reuben's mother tied a handkerchief over the eyes of each, and gave him a stick.
The boys did this in striking at the bag. Of course, they made many mistakes. Sometimes they would strike against the trunk of the tree, and sometimes against each other.

"I'm blindfolded," cried Reuben, trying to break his lot, and "and it's lots of fun, too, to have the handkerchief off my eyes, and watch Reuben strike the bag."
"Here are only two of us to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben. "If the other boys knew about this, they would come here, wouldn't they?"

"The boys don't know about this," said Reuben, "but they would be merry laughter soon brought other children to the spot, and a gay time they had in trying to break the bag."
"Here I have done it at last!" cried Frank, eagerly, as his stick burst the bag, and its contents went flying over the ground.

Then they scrambled for the fruit, the leeks, and the corn. The little fellows stoned, rolled over each other trying to get some.

Reuben alone had none.
"Why, where is your share?" asked Frank.
"O, the others are my company," answered Reuben, "and it was only right for me to let them have their choice first."

But they're not invited company," said Frank.
"That doesn't matter," replied Reuben. "Then we will all give you some of ours," cried one of the boys, handing a cake to Reuben.
The others did the same, and the polite little boy thus got as many dainties as all his playmates, and gained their good-will beside, which was best of all.—Evangelical.

WHAT REPENTANCE IS.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word "repentance," and he was fairly raised his voice.
"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"
"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

"A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.
"Tell me, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to have your sins forgiven."

"That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit."

HOW GIBRALTAR IS GUARDED.

Were Gibraltar in a continuous state of siege it could be more carefully guarded, according to the account of Mr. Chatfield Taylor, in "The Land of the Castanet." The vigorous rules of a foreign post are never relaxed, and that in a force which has been so carefully guarded, according to the account of Mr. Chatfield Taylor, in "The Land of the Castanet." The vigorous rules of a foreign post are never relaxed, and that in a force which has been so carefully guarded, according to the account of Mr. Chatfield Taylor, in "The Land of the Castanet."

At retreat the gates are closed; at reveille they are opened. None but Englishmen are allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents permitted to spend the night. The Spanish labourers from San Roque, who come for the day, are forced to leave at nightfall. A bell of warning clangs like an alarm in the streets before the gates are closed, then the streets are thronged with workmen from Spain—men, women, even children, hurrying to get beyond the gates before the closing of the town.

At sunset the warden, bearing the keys, marches through the streets to the stirring strains of the fifes and drums or the braying notes of Highland pipes, and locks the gates for the night. Again at the hour of taps, martial music ceases, and the town is again guarded by the Black Watch or the drummers of some regiment of the line swaying through the narrow streets, their red coats glistening in the light of the moon, their music ceasing, their feet falling in measured time upon the glistening cobblestones of the pavement.

The batteries of ponderous modern guns, and El Incho, the signal tower, were now closed to visitors, so no one longer arose, as at a former visit, across the straits to the misty hills of Morocco where the Moorish cities of Tangier and Ceuta nestle by the sea.

You used to come on donkeys over the crest of the rock, and visit St. Michael's cave below; cockney gunners used to point the great guns at Africa, and detail their carrying power and calibre, but the authorities have grown suspicious, and now but half the "Gib" is shown to the foreign visitor, while even the whereabouts of the newest batteries are kept a secret.—Epworth Era.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Idleness is the devil's own workshop, and especially is this true of boys. We never feel sorry for the boy who has to work, even if it be to help make a living for the rest of the family, but we do pity the boy who has nothing to do, and whose parents are able to keep him from having to labour. The boy who may work and get only a stipend of a dollar, or even less, nor work, is learning a trade, and what is more, is learning habits of industry. It is the boys who begin early the life of industry that become the successful men of the nation. The boy who waits until he is grown, or until he acquires an education, before he begins to labour or learn a profession, is apt to start in life handicapped and outstripped by his seemingly less fortunate competitors. It is the boy who starts in trade, with habits of application to business, than to do nothing and be anybody, at the expense of his parents. Boys, do something—be something.—Gazette.

A OUBRE FOR SELFISHNESS.

A red glass makes everything red. While a blue glass turns everything blue. So when every one seems selfish and every one waits until he is grown."

Perhaps the real fault is in you."
Just see if this is not true, dear girls and boys.
Some day, when every one seems real selfish and cross; just make up your mind that you won't be cross, and then speak kindly and be as unselfish as you can to every one you meet, and if I feel sure they won't seem a bit selfish and cross any more.

The cheerful, good-natured girls and boys have the best health and best times of anybody. If you don't believe it, just try it and see.

Our Pledge.

The family pledge hung on the wall,
And on it you could see
The names of mamma and Mary Jane,
And Charlie—that is me.

We did not dare to ask papa
To write upon it, too,
So left a place for him to fill;
'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw our pledge as soon as he
Came to the door that night;
And when we saw him read it,
It put us in a fright.

He did not say a word to us
About the pledge at all;
But of it we saw him look at it
Hanging upon the wall.

And every night when he came home
He stood and read it through;
We all kept still about its words,
Although we knew them through.

Four weeks had passed, and then one
When pa came home to tea,
He took the pledge down from its nail,
And then he turned to me,

"Go get the pen and ink, my boy,
And let me fill that space,
It looks so bare"—he slowly said,
A queer look on his face.

And then mamma sat down and cried
(She said it was for joy),
And Mary Jane she cried some, too,
I did not—I'm a boy!

And papa said he did not drink
Since that first night, when we
Had hung that pledge upon the wall,
Where he our names could see.

And ever since that a case was filled—
Mamma sat at the table,
Though dark may be our little room,
One corner's always bright.