

Boys Wanted.

Wanted—a boy who often we
These very common words may see?
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun
All that a man to-day can do
For the time is quickly coming when
To-morrow the boys will be doing too,
The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay
Honour, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name,
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plough and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great task is never done

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy.
Whose heart and brains will ever be true,
To work his hands shall find to do
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,
To good awake, to evil blind,
Heart of gold, without alloy,
Wanted the world wants such a boy
—Chicago Post

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

ELIZABETHAN BOYS.

HOW THE LADS OF ENGLAND WERE TRAINED
THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Some to the wars, to try their fortunes
there,

Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities."

These were some of the manifest destinies of the Elizabethan boy, writes L. H. Sturtevant in the January St. Nicholas. What sort of lad he was who waited impatiently for the time to come when he, too, should go out into the world and try his fortune, is not so easy to find out. Elizabethan chroniclers do not "waste their time" in talking of children!

Certainly lack of discipline was not a falling of the sixteenth century, and we know that children were brought up austere and made to study hard, whether they had tutors at home or were sent to the excellent grammar-schools of the time, where such a quantity of Latin was crammed into them, for they profited much, and were packed off to the universities early indeed, as we shall see.

They were carefully trained in all courtesy of speech and bearing, but repressed and kept in the background in a way that would be little relished by boys of to-day. They were advised to be "checked for silence, but never taxed for speech," or, as Sir Henry Sidney puts it in a very noble letter to his son Phillip, then twelve years old, "rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles," he goes on, "there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar."

An Elizabethan boy was not likely to be a babbler, and, in truth, silence seems to have been much esteemed for all men, and Harrison tells us with pride of "the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable and wiser sort, general all over the realm."

The fathers of that time sent their sons to travel on the Continent when they could, for they believed that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and that "he cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and tutor'd in the world." So let him go, said these wise fathers, "practice tilts and tournaments, hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen"; he will be the more ready to go out in the world and take his place with other men.

The carefully guarded boyhood was soon over, and they were marvellously young when they sprang from the quiet and seclusion of childhood into the glow and dazzle of that wondrous age—those noble Elizabethans who were soldier and sailor, courtier and councillor, in turn, taking time now and then to write a mask or a group of sonnets, or to give a helping hand to some struggling genius—to Spenser or that promising actor-manager, Will Shakespeare, perhaps. Francis Bacon entered Cambridge at twelve, so did Lord Southampton (Shakespeare's friend and patron); Spenser went at sixteen; Phillip Sidney was sent to Oxford at thirteen, from there went to Cambridge, travelled and won golden opinions from all men before he was eighteen, and was sent on an important embassy at twenty-two.

"DUSTRIAL SCHOOL" VERSUS
"TEAYTER."

BY BERTHA BEADLES.

"I'm got three pennies dis mornin', teacher, wat's for de 'Dustril Schoc'. An' nen I'm got five more an' I'm goin' to de teayter. An' so's some o' de odder kids wat's got a nickel."

Such was the mixed introductory remark of a ten-year-old boy as he made his way into the basket-weaving class of one of our industrial schools.

The topic of conversation at once became "de teayter," the teacher joining cautiously.

"Oh, yep, me an' Jim goes every Saturday w'en we kin git de nickels. Sometimes dey does awful funny t'ings. Jus' make a kid shake, till you gits ust to 'em."

"I shouldn't think you would care to go if you see such awful things," said the teacher.

"Oh, we goes 'most just to git de prizes. Why, teacher, some of de kids gits watches and guns and purses, don't dey, boys?"

To all of which the class responded, "Yep," with unquestioning confidence.

"Well, did you ever get a prize, Tommy?"

"No 'um, not yit."

"Did Jim ever get one?"

"No, Jim never got one. But some of de kids gets 'em. Little waggons, too. But me an' Jim never got nodin' yit, 'cept gum an' popcorn."

A little fellow not more than seven years old here piped in snrilly:

"I see a man kill a woman once at de teayter. He cut her wid a dagger, an' de blood jus' run right out on de floor."

"I shouldn't think it would be nice to see such horrid things as that," ventured the teacher. She did not say much against it all, however, but she watched the clock. The boys were busy weaving the slender reeds in and out to form their baskets. Some were just starting their work and would cast envious glances at the almost completed baskets of their neighbours. Then would come the word of encouragement from the teacher. "Work away, Johnnie; it won't be long before yours will be done, too." Others were holding their baskets in the basins of warm water to make the reeds bend readily to the desired form. Not only hands, but tongues, were going, the central figure of the group being the teacher, who answers questions, inspects the little baskets, starts the new-comer in his work, helps a discouraged lad here, corrects a mistake there, all the time praying with all her heart that God will help her to keep the boys this one day at least from the awful traps laid for them outside.

Just as the clock points to the "teayter" hour she begins an Indian story, telling how they weave their baskets, and just before the story is ended one proud boy brings up his finished basket to be admired by teacher and classmates.

The chords of the piano mark the close of the lesson, and each unfinished basket is carefully labelled and put away by the teacher, who draws a long sigh of relief and joy as she sees the danger hour passed, and forms the boys in a line ready for the drill with which the class exercises end.

For once the "teayter" is forgotten. Not once did she picture the awfulness of such places or tell them it was wrong to go there. They could not have un-

derstood that. She won them away. She substituted something for the cheap show, with its demoralization. And more than that, she is winning the confidence of those boys, and by-and-bye they will give her their little hands and hearts to be led to truer and higher ideals.

A BOOK FOR ALL THE YEAR.

(Continued from first page.)

he and they were soon out on the lake. All were on skates and armed with guns. A few dogs were allowed to accompany them, among them being Alec's train. Mr. Ross wisely judged that if they once struck his tracks, such was the love they had for him, they would soon find him, even if he had become bewildered and lost his bearings. So, while Alec was still in danger, help was coming.

Fortunately for him, the river was wider now, and his eyes were so alert that he could detect his foes, even when quite a distance from them. He was thus able to see through the disguise of a couple of them that lay crouching out on the ice, trying to look like the little piles of snow that the eddying winds had gathered. Still, although he saw them, and by another clever ruse flew by them, yet so close were they to him, when they sprang at him, that some of the froth from the mouth of one of them fell upon him.

To his surprise, these two did not long follow him, but sprang into the gloom of the forest and disappeared. In the last half of the S-like river Alec was now speeding. He felt confident that if he could once reach the lake he would be able, by speed, and perhaps some quick dodging, to elude them; but this last portion of the crooked river troubled him, and made him doubly cautious.

There is need for it all, for look! There are now not less than a dozen of them, and they are so arranged on the ice and on the shore that there is apparently no escape. Those strange howlings, so blood-curdling and so weird, which the first pair of wolves uttered were understood by others, and here they are, ready and eager to join in the attack and to divide the prey.

They seem so confident now, and so loudly do they howl that the great high rocks echo back the doleful music. To Alec it was now the martial music that only sharpened his faculties and made him more cautious and more brave. Boldly skating up to them, he suddenly turned, when almost in their clutches, and instantly started back up the river as rapidly as he could skate. On and on he fairly flew, until, owing to the bend in the river, he was completely out of their sight. Then skating near to one of the shores he pushed on a couple of hundred yards or so.

Crossing over to the other side, he quickly turned to a spot where, sheltered by a large tree, he was securely hid in the deep shadow, which was in sharp contrast to the bright moonlight near him. In this retreat he had not long to wait ere he saw the wolves, evidently disconcerted, but coming on his trail. They were stretched out quite apart from each other, and covered such a distance that he saw that those in front would be doubling back on him ere all had passed. However, he was confident that so suddenly could he dash out that, by skilful dodging on the glassy ice, where the wolves would not have much of a foothold, he could elude them. It was a trying moment for the boy, as on the opposite side of the tree, which rose up directly out of the ice, he heard the measured steps and even the heavy breathings of the cruel monsters, not fifty yards away.

Fortunately, there was no wind to carry the scent from him to them, and so they did not detect his stratagem. When about half of them had passed, with a dash and a shout he was off. So completely taken by surprise were they that those nearest to him made no attempt to stop him. The two or three in the rear savagely tried to block his way and sprang at him, but signally failed to reach him, as Alec skilfully skated round them and sped on toward the lake. Furious indeed were those that had passed him and felt themselves robbed of their victim. Outwitted were they all, but not yet discouraged. Wolves can run with great swiftness on the smoothest ice, and although, as we have seen, they cannot turn quickly, and can be dodged by a clever skater, yet for a straight go-ahead pace they are not to be despised by the swiftest runner. Then their powers of endurance are very great, and so it was evident to Alec that they were resolved, by grim endurance, to run him down.

Firmly convinced that there were none ahead of him, and that it was now to be

a long race, he wisely resolved not to so force himself that he could not, if need be, keep up a good rate of speed all the way to the abode of Mr. Ross. It did not take him long to again reach the river mouth, and as he flew past the spot where, a few minutes before, his enemies had waited for him he could not but see the sagacity with which they had selected the place. He was grateful for his deliverance thus far, but he knew that there was no time for investigation, for the yelps and howlings distinctly heard told him that his foes were hot on his trail and not far behind.

Out on the lake he dashed, and still on they came. Alec is hot and excited now. The strain on him is beginning to tell, and he feels it. He knows that he could put on a desperate spurt and get far ahead, but would they not, with that long, steady louping of theirs, gradually creep up again, and, finding him about exhausted, make a desperate spurt, and thus run him down? But he is resolved to succeed, and so he nerves himself and carefully speeds along, while perhaps not five hundred yards behind are those merciless pursuers that will not be shaken off. In this way about ten miles are passed since the mouth of the river was left. Still on and on they come. The moon is now sinking low, and the shadows were weird and ghostly. Auroras, phantom-like, flit in the northern sky, while some of them seem like frightened spirits flying before avenging enemies. The sight is depressing to Alec, and so he turns his eyes from beholding them while still on he speeds.

Hark! What is that? It is like the bark of a dog that is instantly hushed. To Alec it seemed a dream or an illusion; and yet he could not help putting on a spurt of speed and veering a little out of his course to see the rocky islands, surrounded by the smooth ice, from which the dog's bark seemed to come. As he swiftly dashed along, how suddenly all things changed to him, and quick and swift was his deliverance. There was Mr. Ross with his three Indians and a number of dogs.

Alec was saved. He had fairly run into his deliverers. But no time was to be lost. Fortunately, a high rocky island for a moment hid the wolves, that were now following wholly by the scent.

With their double-barreled guns, loaded with balls, the three Indians rapidly scaled the rocky isle, on the opposite side of which they would be hid and yet within easy range of the wolves as they came along on Alec's trail. Mr. Ross and Alec had all they could do to quiet the dogs and keep them still, as some of them were eager to follow the Indians. Only a few minutes elapsed, as Alec's spurt had only put him a half a mile or so ahead of the wolves, when the guns rang out once, and then again as the second barrels were fired. Let loose the dogs now, and let every one shout for the rescue and the victory! Five wolves were killed outright, and one was so badly wounded that the dogs soon ran him down and dispatched him. The other wolves turned and fled. Mr. Ross would not, at that hour, allow any pursuit of them.

The morning star was shining ere home was reached, and Alec was the hero of the hour.

HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

"Mamma, I prayed last night."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and he delights to forgive them."

"So I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked him to think over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited to give him time to think of them; and when I thought he had remembered them all I asked him to forgive them. And I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would."

"Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered" (Rom. 4, 7).—Reformed Church Record.