

March.

Oh, the breezy March days!  
Oh, the gay and arch days!  
When deep in the sheltered valleys  
A thought of spring time rallies:  
To wake the frozen music  
That winter left behind:  
And up the hill advancing,  
The soft gray clouds come dancing,  
To the bonny lulling measure  
Of the whistling of the wind;

Oh, the breezy March time!  
Oh, the gay and arch-time!  
When brave and bright and nipping  
The longer days come tripping:  
And Nature, sharp but cheery,  
Calls out in accents kind;  
For who would mind her bluster,  
Amid the joys that cluster  
When we hear the summer answer  
To the whistling of the wind.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1892.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

MARCH 27TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in March is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356).

HOW TO CONDUCT A JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY REV. A. E. CRAIG.

CHOOSE a convenient hour—say Sunday afternoon. Choose the best assistants possible. One person cannot retain the interest for an hour as well as three. Divide the hour into three sections: devotion, instruction, entertainment.

1. *Devotion.*—Make the exercise as spiritual as possible. Expect even the children to appreciate the fact that you are at worship. Conduct it much as any devotional meeting. Pray, sing, read Scripture—encourage the children to take part. At first few will respond. Soon the circle will widen. The more timid and younger ones will soon forget their fears, and enter with soul into the exercise. Twenty minutes is quite long enough for this part.

2. *Instruction.*—If you are not "apt to teach," secure an assistant who is. This is the golden opportunity to instil important information. Make use of normal methods simplified. Vary the subject matter. It may include repeating Scripture, such as psalms, beatitudes, and other favourite portions; the catechism ought to find a place here; choice hymns, scraps of church history—Methodist or general, making pleasing and profitable variety. But be sure you do not weary. Twenty minutes will suffice for this also.

3. *Entertainment.*—What! Entertain the children on Sunday afternoon? Certainly. Why not? Better do it yourself than relegate it to some idle person or evil associate. Besides, you must use some legitimate allurements to secure attendance. What shall the entertainment be? The answer is not far to seek—a story, of course. Just say, "Once upon a time," and see how bright eyes will sparkle. I need not more than suggest where to look for stories. The Bible is full of them—none better. But there is no need of confining yourself to the Bible. In fact, if you cannot even find a "religious story," never mind—tell a story. They must have it. If they have taken their pill in form of catechism, etc., they are entitled to the after dose of sugar. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," turned into a serial story, will capture the imaginations of the children, and at the same time inculcate precious truth.

I throw out these hints for what they are worth. At least one junior league, of nearly one hundred members, has been successfully conducted upon this plan.—*Epworth Herald.*

HOW ANOTHER JUNIOR IS CONDUCTED.

BY S. T. HOLCOMB.

WE hold our meetings on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, sharp. Open with a good, lively song. Every member is urged to take part in the singing. In the course of a meeting we sing often. Prayer follows the opening song—offered by the leader or by several of the juniors. We have some special sacred music at most all of our meetings. Next, we read the catechism, and find much to help and to learn from its pages. Any part of it that seems hard to understand is explained by the president.

One of the juniors reads a story to us every Sunday, from the uplifting, wide awake *Epworth Herald*. Occasionally we listen to a recitation from one of the members. We call the roll every Sunday, and have various responses—such as Scripture verses, object of junior league, a commandment, etc. We find this exercise causes good attendance. Our leader tells us a story of the Bible, in consecutive order every Sunday. The juniors read the same part of the Bible through the week, so that, with the leader's part, they get a condensed idea of it.

We sometimes have a contest by the juniors similar to a spelling match. Two of the members choose sides, then each one repeats some verses of Scripture from memory. You would be very much surprised to see how well they "take" to this. Golden texts, from the Sunday-school lesson, are thus brought into remembrance. Sometimes we limit these verses. For instance, all verses must be taken from a certain chapter or psalm. We have combined the devotional and instructive de-

partments. I presume nearly fifty per cent of the members take part in the devotional exercises. They seem to like this part best of all. We close with the Lord's prayer, and a verse which we have committed as a benediction verse—the last verse of the last chapter of Ephesians.—*Epworth Herald*

A Boy's Suggestion.

BY D. L. HUBBARD.

Promp, talk about the beauty  
Of a lad that never smiles,  
And never plays a game of cards,  
And always wins his folks.

What a manly-looking fellow  
He will make in manhood's years!  
With a healthy constitution  
And a heart that has no fears.

This kind of talk is good enough  
For any one to teach,  
If the folks would only bring to mind  
To "practice what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me  
On things like this enough,  
While with the other hand he'd take  
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me solemnly,  
With a face as long again,  
To remember, while at play,  
That the boys will make the men.

Now to those who are always talking,  
With an everlasting noise,  
I'd say, to make us good or bad,  
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us  
Set examples good enough,  
Boys who now are closely watching,  
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father.

You ought to see him."

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing labouring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at the first glance, only a rough, begrimed labourer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace, and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.

"And can you always judge of a man's character by the way he laughs?" "Oh, no; not by the way he laughs, but by what he laughs at."