

Boys That Are Wanted.

BY CARLOTTA PENNY.

"Wanted—boys," this want I find
As the city's wants I read of,
And that is so, there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady
Boys,
Unselfish, true, and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendour.

Boys who have eyes for the sister's
grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.

Boys who wanted whose breaths are
sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth de-
ceit,
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and
bright
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.

Boys are wanted whose strength can
lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose "No" is a "No" indeed,
And whose "Yes" has an equal mean-
ing.

Who are strong not only when life de-
ceives
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practice its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HESTIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

JAMIE'S POST.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and have forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie-to mean?"
"A—what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger after the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a to-tie-to."

"Oh! Jimsey, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to, you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that seem to convey to one a very clear meaning, are, after all, not

easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsey. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some bowsh," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd wun and dwag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going out into the water, and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

Yes, I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions, and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions not altogether comfortable; but, after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie suddenly looked up from his plate and remarked: "Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed? Well, that's a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it, I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fibre, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable, and useful."

Everybody laughed at the pretended gravity with which Jamie's funny speech was answered, but into Rob's face came a look of earnest purpose. He liked the description.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."

HE LEARNED HOW.

This story was told of a dog the other day: He was very fond of one member of the family in which he lived, and was never so happy as when near him. He would lie outside the door of his favourite's room, though there was a rule against his being in the house. Again and again he was driven out of doors, but managed to get back to the rug outside this particular door. To get to this door the dog had to cross a piece of oilcloth. Whenever he was heard crossing this oilcloth, whoever heard him would at once drive him out of doors. At last it was found that he would get to this door without being heard. He was watched. It was found that he would walk naturally until he came to this piece of oilcloth; then he would walk on the ball of his foot, so that his nails would not touch the oilcloth and make a noise. Was he not clever?

THE CASE OF THE BOY AND THE BISHOP.

Bishop Whipple, of the Episcopal church, walking along the streets of Minneapolis, observed a small boy standing on tiptoe to reach the door-bell of a fine looking residence. The tips of the boy's fingers barely reached the electric button, but could not give the necessary pressure, and the bishop said benignly,

"Would you like some help, my little man?"

The boy signified that the benefit of a few extra inches of altitude would be very acceptable to him, and the bishop ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

"Now," said the boy, "I reckon we'd better both run," and put his advice into immediate practice.

It took the bishop but an instant to grasp the situation. It was Hallowe'en night, and in spite of his age and dignity, he managed to disappear from the vicinity about as promptly as the boy.

THE MONKEYS OF CEYLON.

BY S. O. R. RUTNAM.

Of all animals, monkeys most resemble man. My home is in the north of Ceylon, and the history of my early days is rather closely associated with adventures among monkeys. When I was a mere boy, I used to spend much of my time in their company. About one hundred of them lived in our large compound, with its tall palmyra and cocoanut trees, its groups of mango and jack-trees, its thickets, and its peerless white sand-banks. It is sometimes said that man is the only laughing creature, but monkeys often make expressions that look very much like laughing, and they are clever in grinning and in facially expressing anger.

It is an interesting spectacle to see them march in a most perfect, orderly manner, like a well-disciplined regiment of troops. They would march sometimes in a single file, sometimes double, according to their pleasure and wisdom. As a rule, monkeys are quite dexterous in using their hands. They handle things as men do, and some of their exploits, such as leaping from the branch of a lofty palmyra tree over one hundred feet high to another of the same height at a distance of about twenty yards, with their young ones all the time firmly clinging to them, is enough to make one's hair stand on end. The slightest mistake they might make in their leap would result in instant death; yet they never make mistakes. They are always very active. Sometimes comfortably seated on the branch of a tree, they swing it to an extent that threatens to separate the branch from the tree, but they are too clever to make any such wrong calculation.

Monkeys take great pleasure in playing with and frightening children. I have often been maltreated by my monkey friends. I would be surrounded by a number of them, and they would rob me of my fruit or other delicacies with dexterity and perfect composure. Any hostile demonstration on my part would merely bring down their wrath on my head. But they never dared to touch me if some elderly person was near.

One bright summer day, just before sunset, a number of them came to pay me a visit, and unfortunately I was alone. When I saw them at a distance of about fifty yards, I ran into a room and bolted the door, being unwilling to entertain such guests when no one else was at home. I peeped through the key-hole to see what the monkeys were doing. The leader walked toward the kitchen, opened the door with his hands, and invited all his followers to step in and partake of the food which had been cooked and kept ready for our dinner. It was amusing to see them sit in the room in orderly fashion, pass round the dishes containing food, and divide it among themselves. Having dined, some of the younger and more energetic monkeys leaped about and turned somersaults, and then all took their way towards the adjacent palmyra grove.

There are two kinds of monkeys, those that go about in company, and those that go about singly. The latter are very unsocial, and much larger in size. They are looked upon as outcasts, and are often attacked by the other kind of monkeys, fighting between them being of everyday occurrence.

Jugglers in India and Ceylon teach monkeys to play tricks. It is not difficult to catch them. A small hole, just sufficient to let the monkey's hand in, is bored in a tender cocoanut, which is placed beside a tree. The animal will come and put its hand into the cocoanut, gather from the inside as much as it can hold in its hand, and then try to extricate the hand, which, of course, is impossible, the closed hand being too large to come out through the hole. While engaged in its foolish task, one can run to it and make it an easy prisoner. The monkey will not loose its hold, even if it knows its life to be in imminent danger. In Ceylon, a man who most tenaciously and stubbornly holds to his opinions, right or wrong, is said to take a "monkey-hold."

When the monkeys see a gun levelled at them, they will raise their clasped hands above their heads, and in every possible way entreat you not to shoot. I have often, by directing a mock gun against them, made them cringe and bow to me. Of all the lower animals, they are the most amusing, but I can never persuade myself to be a Darwinian. There is a great variety of animals, and doubtless the monkey resembles man to some extent in outward form, but to one who knows them it seems pure lunacy to think that man descended from monkeys.

The man who would be strong in the Lord always, must not feed his soul on worldly bread.

Shut the Door.

He had left the door in his haste wide open,

As he hurried out to play,
And I heard his mother, gently chiding,
To the thoughtless fellow say,
As she'd done full many a time before,
"Be careful, my son, and shut the door!"

And I thought there are lessons more deep and lasting

Than the lad or his mother see,
In those words of reproof so often spoken,
And forgotten as frequently;
Than the common meaning there's some-thing more
In that simple sentence, "Shut the door."

When evil seeketh your heart to enter,
How grave or how slight the sin,
Remember no wrong can gain an en-
trance,

Unless you shall let it in;
Bethink you then of this homely lore,
And to every temptation "shut the door."

When angry words to your lips are leap-
ing,

Or those impure or profane,
Let this warning come like a voice from heaven

Your hasty speech to restrain—
"Twas the prayer of the Psalmist, o'er
and o'er,

That his lips be guarded—"Shut the door!"

When one in your presence speaks of an-
other

In language false or unkind,
Show plainly his story affords no plea-
sure;

Bring the "Golden Rule" to your
mind;

Just turn from the tale in your ears he'd
pour—

To every traducer "shut the door."

Life's doors at times it is wise to throw
open,

And to leave them wide open, in sooth,
To every influence high and holy,

To wisdom, and virtue, and truth;
But other than this let me still implore.
Hear well the injunction, "Shut the door!"

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 6, 1896.

Hymn 38, Junior Hymnal, 151 Church Hymn Book. "See from his head," etc., verse 3.—Matt. 27. 29.

Verses 3 and 4 to be committed to memory. Here are the first lines of those verses:

"See from his head, his hands, his feet."
"Were the whole realm of nature mine."

These verses are a true description of the Saviour's sufferings, when making an atonement for man's transgressions. Every part of his body partook of the most intense suffering. His head was crowned with thorns. His hands were nailed to the rugged wood. The palm of the hand, through which the nails were driven, is the most tenderly sensitive part of the body. The mental anguish which he endured was more severe than the bodily tortures to which he was subjected. This was the occasion of the most dreadful sorrow. This was foretold by Isaiah as the travail of his soul.

MATTHEW'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGIC SCENE.

The scarlet robe, the crown of thorns, and the reed, or cane, in his hand, were all intended as so many instruments of mockery, hence those who took part in the extraordinary scene now described, knelt before him and said, "Hail, King of the Jews." This was all done in mockery, with the design of adding insult to injury. They felt no sympathy with the pain which he was enduring, hence they increased his sufferings all in their power. To have insults cast upon you, to be called by opprobrious names, is one of the most trying ordeals to which a person can be subjected. It is grievous to be borne, and requires an amount of patience which only some possess. Jesus, however, was holy and harmless, and when reviled, or tormented and insulted, he reviled not again.

WHY DID CHRIST ENDURE SUCH SUFFERING?

"For this purpose he was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." He "was wounded for our transgressions . . . by his stripes we are healed." Remember, dear young friends, it was sin that made Christ to suffer, and every time any of you sin, you open his wounds again, and crucify him afresh and afresh. When tempted to commit any sin, just try to think how you so doing will grieve and wound your blessed Saviour.