

Wanted—a Boy.

WANTED—a boy. How often we
These common words may see!
Wanted—a boy to errands run.
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do,
To-morrow the boy will be doing too,
For the time is ever coming when
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 task begun,
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is anxious to employ,
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will ever be true
To work his hands shall find to do;
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
No good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

—*Inland Christian Advocate.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1895.

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is that when I have Kit out I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's overshoes as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. If at a party at a neighbour's, he takes Kate in to supper himself, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion or of being left to the tender mercies of anyone who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder when I see how nicely he treats her, that she declares that she would rather

have her brother Jack for an escort than almost anyone else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a teacup and saucer or embroider him a hat band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action towards their sisters that Jack does towards his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy and consideration that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

WRITTEN ON THE SNOW.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

"It was winter."—*John x. 22.*

Boys and girls think pleasantly of winter. Winter is wonderful and beautiful. How lovely the world looks, with the white fields smoothed over like sugar on a great cake, and the trees like a scene in fairy-land! Then Christmas comes in winter, with its pleasant parties and its joyous sport on the frozen ponds. Winter is welcome!

But in some parts of the world boys and girls have no such pleasant thoughts of winter-time—the cold is so intense, and the darkness so continuous, that the frozen months are a horror to people prisoned in long deep snows and great ice-fields. I think we might all thank God that we do not know the worst hardships of winter.

THE GRANDEUR OF WINTER.

We like to see pictures of Polar scenes, and to read Arctic adventures of brave men who push through frozen seas and across great white deserts. And when explorers return they tell us how deeply they have been impressed with the grandeur of the eternal snows, and the mountains of floating ice, and the solemn gloom of northern latitudes. Winter makes the world a great white book, on which God writes lessons for all thoughtful minds. A Psalmist said of God: "He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes: he casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?" The winter is God's work as well as the spring-time and the autumn.

HARDIHOOD.

Winter teaches us a lesson of hardihood. There are countries that we might call lazy-lands. The sun is hot, the earth yields abundant fruit, and things are so sunny and flowery and pleasant that people of those tropical climates are not hardy and noble people. We do not go to where bananas and butterflies abound to find heroes. The soft, warm climate kills hardihood and heroism.

Of course people of tropical lands know no winter. I have read of a traveler who got into trouble for telling the chief of one of those sunny islands of the South Sea about winter. The traveller said that

in his country water became so hard that you could walk on its surface, and he told other familiar wonders of the frost and snow. But it seemed so unlike anything known in the land to which he had gone, that the chief thought he was being deceived. He could not believe anything about ice and snow, and the bitter and terrible cold.

In ways that you cannot understand winter helps to brace us and make us strong. Hardihood lives in the north, and does not flourish in perpetual warmth and sunshine.

It is, I think, a lesson to us all against self-indulgence. Winter puts people on their mettle, and rouses them to exert themselves. If you feel that you like to have all smooth and pleasant, and if you shrink from everything that you do not like, then remember that life is not a lazy summer holiday but a stern work. We have not to bear the hardships of Arctic voyages, or to endure the silence of Polar night, but we must all cultivate a brave spirit like that which sends sailors towards the pole. We must pray to God for strong, brave hearts, and learn to despise ourselves if we shrink from things that call for self-denial and hardihood. Winter kills the pests and plagues that would destroy our lives, and in the same way the harder toils and sufferings of life kill the bad spirit of laziness and rouse us to fight our difficulties and to be strong. All our poetry and praise is about people who have not been self-indulgent, but stern, and dutiful, and brave.

BROTHERHOOD.

Winter teaches us also a lesson of brotherhood.

When you are at the sea-side, when the sun is shining on quiet blue water, you do not think much of the perils of seamen. But if you were living on a rocky coast, and saw the sea lashed into a furious storm, and had about you fisher-people, who were white with fear lest those they love should have gone on the rocks in the darkness, you would think then of the dangers of life at sea.

So, somehow in the summer-time we do not feel quite the same compassion that winter wakens with us. As we see the deep snow, and feel the bitter wind, we call to mind those who have not the comfort of home. We think of the aged, and sick, and homeless. It is as if Jesus came and wrote across the snow, "All ye are brethren!"

I have read of two travellers in Northern Russia, who were driving along in a sledge. They came upon another sledge which had broken down. Its occupant was benumbed with cold. One of the travellers was selfish, and said: "Let us look after ourselves! We shall be frozen too if we do not dash along!" The other traveller was compassionate, and said: "No! let us see if we can save this poor fellow!" So he would get out of the sledge, and rub and shake the drowsy, frozen man they had overtaken. He succeeded in bringing him to life again, and was going to make room for him in their sledge, when he found that his companion-traveller, who had sat still all the while, was frostbitten. The man who thought only of himself had yielded to the cold, but the man who stirred to help another had found new life through his activity.

Let us not think of self only. In our comfort and joy let us think of others, or selfishness, like a great frost, will settle on our hearts and spoil our own journey through the world. It is as if God sent the storms of winter to make us think of one another, and to give what help we can.

FAITH.

Then winter has a lesson of faith. If you look around in winter it seems as if almost everything were dead. There are no buds or blossoms or birds' nests. The trees seem hard as a lamp-post, as if their life had gone down into the ground. But we know that in a little while the green will begin to creep out on the trees, the cuckoo will be back again, primroses will spread their yellow stars in the lanes, and all will be life and joyousness.

Arctic voyagers make snow houses, use the helps they have taken with them for lasting out the dark frozen time, and wait

on, knowing that spring will come and loosen the masses of ice that have prisoned them, and give them release once more. Winter is merely a time of waiting—waiting for a spring-time that is always sure to come.

You will all have to learn that God is near to people in dark, sad times. God's providential care is not a summer flower. It is with us among the treasures of the snow. God's love is like flowers in the Alps, that bloom in spite of winter all around them. God's love is always with us and the life of his spirit is in us in winter and summer alike.

PURITY.

Winter, too, gives a lesson of purity.

We say that a thing is pure as snow. The snow comes down as from heaven, white and clean, and God sends into our hearts pure, good thoughts. It is the most beautiful thing in life to keep out all unclean and bad thoughts, and to have minds and hearts white like snow.

In the most northerly grave in the world a band of brave men are buried. They were Arctic explorers, who never came back again, but lie there under the white snow. Some other explorers piled rocks in that wild place for a monument, and cut out the words there: "Whiter than snow!"

What that means we all know. "The blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin." If we learn to love him, and to put our trust in him, he can cleanse our hearts, so that we shall come at last to heaven with sin's black stains all gone, and with hearts white and pure as snow.

THE SNOW IMAGE.

Most boys have amused themselves in winter by making a snow image. In the life of the artist Michael Angelo I read once how he made a figure out of the snow. He who so wrought in marble that after four hundred years his work is still wonderful and great, did some work in snow, and it perished as soon as it was finished. It is sad to think how many people do things in life that are of no more worth, and of no more durability than the image made of snow. There is such a thing as wasting talent, and time, and life, and then seeing all melt away.

Those whom we think of as great and good, and Jesus the great and good Saviour, have shown us how we may live and work for eternity, so that though we are not great, and are never able to do great things, we may so live our lives that the good we do shall never perish, but be a joy to us for ever and ever.

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VI.—BEN HARDEN.

As the words fell one by one from Ben's lips, Eric realized more and more clearly how critical was his situation. In his gladness at escape from the present peril of the wreck, he had forgotten to take thought for the future; but now he was brought face to face with a state of affairs by which that future was filled with dark foreboding. Little as he had seen of the men into whose midst he had been so strangely thrown, it was enough to make very plain to him that they wanted no witness of their doings.

So far they had been too much occupied with their own concerns to take much notice of him; but once he became the object of their attention, the question as to his disposal must be settled. The issue was more than doubtful, to say the least.

An awful feeling of desolation and despair came upon him. He seemed unable to utter a word, but looked up into Ben's bronzed face with an expression in which pathetic appeal was so mingled with harrowing dread, as to touch this strange man.

He sprang to his feet, dashed his pipe out of his mouth, clenched his huge fists, and shouted aloud, as though all the other wreckers were there to hear:

"By my soul! I saved ye, and I'm going to stand by ye. Whoever wants to do you harm, I'll have to reckon with Ben Harden first."