

Bob White.

BY SYRACUSE CORONA.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat. And he sits on the zigzag rails remote. When he whistles at breezy, bracing morn.

When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn: "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he harking some comrade as blithe as he? Now I wonder where Robert White can be!

Over the billows of gold and amber grain There is no one in sight—but, hark, again!

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!" An! I see why he calls, in the stubble there, Hides his plump little wife-and-babies fair!

So contented is he, and so proud of the name. That he wants all the world to know his name. "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The West', 'The Christian Guardian', 'The Methodist Magazine', etc., with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COCHRAN, 8 P. HERRING, 114 St. Theresa St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1899.

LITTLE HUMBLE FRIENDS.

Nothing will ever be so valuable to human beings as the companionship of other human beings, but lacking these, why not make companions and friends of the lower forms of life?

I've no time to be running after creatures-poking into ants' nests, watching the birds bring up their young, or strolling about the country in search of beetles.

again bare and lonely. Most people think of such affection and such interest quite beneath their proud places as human beings, but they forget that Shakespearo, who knew the hearts of kings...

"He prayeth best who loveth best. All things both great and small. For the great God who loveth us. He made and loveth them all."

—Ladies' Home Journal

"PAPA, WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS?"

Just yesterday a godly Welsh lady related to me the remarkable and touching incident which God used to crush the hard, sinful heart of her drunkard father...

A beautiful daughter was born into the home and became the idol of the father's heart. Her stay was brief, but full of purpose. The child, holding her clasped hands, was fragrant with the breath of heaven...

In her fifth summer the "tiny tot" was stricken with a fatal illness. At the bedside, a servant, who was watching her, saw her ruminating and bloated father...

To devour all that was sacred and dear in the home circle, she had thrown her net in the very centre of the burning, never failing to ally it. Thus, by the magic influence of her loving efforts to lead him away from danger and into the security of a Saviour's love...

"The child's lips moved and the father drew nearer. "Papa," she said, "I am going home to heaven now. If you have no whiter breath, come to me and kiss me good-bye."

The father stooped and pressed his trembling lips upon those purer ones that were already touched with the chill of the frost. His tears gushed from his eyes and broke upon the pale, dimpled cheek of his dying child.

"Papa, dear, what shall I tell Jesus when I see him," cause you do not love and serve him." "That tiny form now rests in the silent tomb, but the child dwells in mans' glad home on high. Its earth-stay was brief, but its fruitage abundant.

MASTER OF HIMSELF.

In one of his charming lectures, Rev. C. O. Johnston told the following story. A merchant needed a boy and put the following sign in his window: "Boy Wanted.—Wages, \$4.00 a week, \$6.00 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself."

Many recruits, who had sons, were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However, many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied, the merchant asked him: "Can you read?"

"Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?" "Yes, sir."

The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet, and began to give him the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a break and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet.

"No, sir, I do not know that they were there?" "Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were doing?" "I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would."

"Do you always do what you say you will?" "Yes, sir, I try to."

View of Calgary.

By CHARLES WESLEY. Jesus, was ever griefed. Was ever love, like mine? Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief; My love, for thine, is my delight. The crucified appears! I see the dying God! Oh, might I pour my ceaseless tears, And mix them with thy blood!

My sorrows, I forgot In view of Calgary; I fall, and kiss thy bleeding feet, And try to share with thee. Oh, were I offered up Upon thy sacrifice! Who would not drink the sacred cup, And die when Jesus dies?

AN ABSENT-MINDED BRIDEGROOM.

A recent writer in Harper's Magazine has this story to relate about an absent-minded friend. I could not light here on this tall leg from now till the Connecticut river turns round and runs up-stream, an' tell you about the different things I know of that Hank forgot, first an' last; but I'll only mention one instance, an' that happened at the time Hank got married.

You see, Hank knew his fallin' as well as anybody, an' he was mortal afraid he would forget about givin' the minister the fee, so he had to share with me right to that, and completely forgot everything else. He was to be married in the evening at the parsonage, an' when he went round to get his fee, he found himself at the appointed time, an' meandered into the parlour, an' told the dominie to go ahead with the splicin', the good man looked up, sort o' puzzled and surprised like, an' said:

"Haven't you—er—forgotten eutin', Mr. Hobbs?" "No," said Hank, still thinkin' of the fee, "I've got it right here in my vest pocket. Might as well pay you now as an' time." Why, bless you, my friend, I wasn't thinkin' of the fee," said the parson, "time enough for that after I earn it; but I—er—noticed you'd forgotten the bride."

THE EYE OF A BIRD.

Any one who has watched a blinking owl in the daytime may have noticed that his eyes were covered with a white membrane, while at the same time his eyelids were held open. This membrane is called the eye cap, and is translucent and admits light, while at the same time it acts as a protective screen. Birds that fly among the bushes have these as a protection, and it is said that when the fierce snort toward the sun he shuts out the glare by drawing this curtain. It shuts across the eye from the point nearest the beak in a horizontal or oblique line, and when not in use folds back into its corner. But the nature of the eye which enables a bird to see with equal ease and clearness objects near and remote is the marasmus, a folded membrane, full of blood vessels, which line back of the eye. Its use may be illustrated in this way: A bird of prey, seeing its quarry far below, rushes precipitately toward it, and it is necessary that his eyes should quickly pass from a state of far-sightedness to one of near-sightedness. In his excitement the blood flows to the marasmus and fills it. This then presses forward the lens of the eye, which in turn causes the cornea to become more convex and thus the condition of near-sightedness is produced. It is by the aid of the marasmus that a bird can fly with apparently headlong rush and yet alight with grace and ease.

As He Flights.

By MARGARET VANDERGRIFT. Ever see a blackbird lifting up each wing. Like he laughs all over, when he starts to sing? That's the way I feel myself, soon as it comes spring.

Ever see a robin brandin' good and firm. With his feet traced far apart, tuggin' at a worm? You can't help but watch him, though it makes you squirm.

That's the way to go at things—that's exactly how! Ply that a robin can't be taught to plough. Hear the fellow chatter; he does love a row.

Now the larks sing different, sweet and high and clear; They don't scold and bustle, and they don't care. I can see the white on them—well, they needn't fear.

Mother'd make it warm for us if we shot a lark. Or a thrush or robin—there now, only hark. As the crows fall over, when they caw and quarrel.

Always sounds exactly like they're making fun. And they daren't do it when you have a gun; Beats me how they keep away when you carry one.

My! How good the earth smells! How I ply folks. That must live in cities full of smells and smoke. So't a country fellow very nearly chokes.

There's a bunch of May-pinks, just I've seen this spring; Well, I'll pick them later; not another thing. Seems to me that's mother so—this'll make her sing.

Beaten father this time; he was first last year. But he'd not a notion they'd be growing there.

I shall get a kiss for them, and she'll call me "dear."

Does me good to see her when she looks so fine. Get along you, Dobbin! Half the field's to plough. Ain't you going home to tea? I am, anyhow!

"Tommy—" There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call 'Postscript.' Do you know why?" "Tommy—No, dear." "Tommy—" Because her name is Adeline Moore."