Roh-White

PV OROBOX COOPER

There s a plump little chap in a speckied

And he sits on the zigzag rails remote, Where he whistles at breezy, bracing

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

Is he halling some comrade as blithe as

he? Now I wonder where Robert White can

be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark,
again.

Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

see why he cails, in the stubble

mides his plump little wife-and-bables so-contented-is-he, and-so proud of-the

same, 1 hat-he-wanta-all-the world-to-know-his

"Bob-White! Bob White!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the "hristlan Guardian, weekly "Methodiat Magazine and Review, 90 pp., monthly interface of the state of the stat an Guardian and Methouse are Barlew ... Barlew ... Guardian and Deview, Guardian and Onward to disquisite state of the state o

WITTIAN DRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toro C. W. Coarms, S. F. Hunners, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Ro Hallfax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899.

LITTLE HUMBLE FRIENDS.

Nothing will over be so valuable to human beings as the companionship of human beings as the companionship of other human beings, but lacking these, why not make companions and friends of the lower forms of life? Most country people live surrounded by chickens, horses, cattle, pigeons, dogs, birds, and a thousand wild things, and creeping insects, and yet not one in a hundred so surrounded ever opens his duil eyes: the seal the bumble tragedles and comes as all the bumble tragedles and come to the companion of the minor creatures to care to observe how like they are in character and fate of the minor creatures to care to observe how like they are in character and fate to himself, too indifferent to find pleasure in winning the love or entering into the lives of his daily companions. "The no time to be running after creatures—poking into anis nests, watching the birds bring up their young,

sits sewing on __o porch. It does not take long, as one opens the house for the day some cleer, down morning, to step upon the grass for an instant and ex-amine the marvellous art of the bright-eyed spider who has spread all the lawn with "queen's tablecloths," that are heavy-with the moisture of night and lie bleaching in the early sun, ready for unbleaching in the early sun, ready for unwary little feet and wings. It consumes but a very few seconds to watchthe ants milking their tiny green cows—
the small aphides that crowd-upon the
delicate shoots of the wandering branchof honeysuckle which one is twisting
back into-place.

Once in touch with all those humble
folk—affectionately interested in, and observant of them—the country is never

again bare and lonely. Most people think such affection and such interest quite beneath their proud places as human beings, but they forget that Shakes peare, who knew the hearts of kings and conquerors, did not dissint to know the babits of the hamblest flower, they forget that the lottest extendite minds think-none of Gods - creatures unworthy the profoundest study.

"He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great-and small, For the great Gud who loveth us, He made and loved them all" -Ladies' Home Journal

"PAPA, WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS ?"

Just yesterday a godly Weish lady re-lated to me the remarkable and touching ancident which took used to crush the hard, sinful heart of her drunkard father and-to-transform-him-into a -clean, de voted-and-useful-Christian.

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 first unfoldings of her childish nature were fragrant with the breath of heaven She know Jesus before she know-the-world, learned to lisp his name with the dawning of her third year. She with the dawning of her third year. She was divenley precoclous. Her tiny lines pratited the message of pure love. Her angel voice sang the sweet strains of heavenly song. Her tender heart breathed out, in childlish innocence and simple faith, the prayer: "God bless mamma and papa," and "Dear Lord, make papa to be good."

In her fifth summer the "tiny tot." was stricken with a fatal illness. At the bedside, a constant, anxious watcher, sat her rum-sonked and bloated father. That child had been an axee of mercy.

to him. Many times she had piloted him from the drink den to his home. him from the drink dem to his home, whon the drink demon had rendered him void of reason and even brute instinct. Time upon time when the "hell fros" of passion inflamed by rum-leaped out to devour all that was sacred and dear in the home circle, she had thrown herself-in the very heart of the burning, never failing to allay 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, she had threaded a part-of her own being-into the very heart-lift of that reckless, godless father. Now she was about to leave him. Her going meant to him a loss of all that was worth possessing; she was his "butter-solf." There he sat under the stress of a separation that drove heart pangs more deeply than he had ever before experienced. The fountains that had been sealed for years were when the drink demon had rendered him had ever before experienced. The four-tains that had been sealed for years were broken open, and those rum-bleared eyes were flooded with tears.

were noticed with tears.

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

me.good-bye."

The -father stooped and pressed his trembling lips upon those purer ones that were already touched with the chill-of death. Hot tears gushed from her eyes and broke upon the pale, dimpled cheek and proke upon the pate, displete cheeper of his dying child. In a faint-yet-distinct whisper the child used her last earthly-breath in pressing upon the mind of her father this searching inquiry. Papa, dear, what shall tell desus when 1-see him, 'cause you-do not love and come him,' cause you-do not love and

That tiny form now rests in the silent

tomb, while the child dwells in mansions on high. Its earth-stay was brief, but its fruitage abundant. The father, a redeemed, transformed drunkard, now redeemed, transformed drunkard, now-living a life of great usefulness in the Master's service, is a most beautiful monument to the child's memory.—Watchword.

MASTER OF HIMSELP.

In one of his charming lectures, Rev. In one of his charming lectures, Rev. C. O. Johnston tells 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 parties, who had sone, were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzied them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of thomselves. However, many sent their.

thomselves. However, many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied, the merchant asked him:

"Can_you_read ?"
Yes, sir, was the frank reply.
"Can_you read this ?" saked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper.

Will you_read_it to ne steadily and hout-a break-?" without_a Yes, sir.

Yee, sirhant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet, and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a 1reak and commanded him lo 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 jupples, and tumbled them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the pupples and note what they were doing was too strong, the boy looked away from his reading, blundered, and was at once dismissed.

dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were thus tried and proven failures to master them selves. At last one was found who, in selves. At last one was found who, in spite of the pupples playing around his feer, read the passage through as he had promised When he had finished the merchant was delighted, and asked him:

"Did you not see the pupples that were playing around your feet while you were reading?"
"No. air"

"No, sir."
"Did you not know that they were

"Yes, slr"
"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

will "Yes, str. I try to."
"You are the boy I want," said the merchant, enthusiastically. "Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at six dollars, with good prospects of increase."
How this incident points boune to a

How this incident points home to a great neglect in the trailing of our boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-seven trained to be a master of himself. While everything clee is looked after, physical health and seneral education, do not forget to teach each boy to be master of himself.

View of Calvary.

BY CHARLES WESLEY. Jesus, was ever grief, Jesus, was ever grief,
Was over love, like thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief;
Thy life hath rangomed mine,
The crucified appears!
I see the dying God 1.
Oh, might I pour my ceases tears,
And mit them with thy blood!

And mix taem with thy olood!

My sorrows. I forget
In view of Calvary.
I fall, and kiss thy bleeding feet,
And pant 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:

AN ABSENT MINDED BRIDGROOM.
A recent writer in Harper's Magazine has this story to relate about an absent-inited friend: relate about an absent-inited friend: relate about an affirm now till the Connecticut river times round and ruins up-atream, an' fell 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 failin' as well as anybody, an' he was mortal atraid he would forgit about givin' the minister.

as anybody, an he was mortal atraud he would forgit about givin the minister the fee, so he kep his mind glued right to that, and completely forgot everything

elso. He was to be married in the evening at the parsonage, an' whon he went round there, all alone by himself, at the appointed time, an' mesudered into the aprotour, an told the dominie to go abead with the splicin', the good man looked up, sort o' pouried and surprised like, an'

Haven't you-er-forgotten suthin', Mr. Hobbs ?

Mr. Hobbs ""

No, "said Hank, still thinkin' of the fee, "I've got it right hero in my rest pocket. Blight as well pay-you now as any time."

Why, bless you, my friend, I wasn't thinkin' of the feer said the parson, "time enough for that after I carn it; bridge,"—"and the you'd forgotten the bridge."—"hinking "says Hank, glancin' By timing y" says Hank, glancin'.

bride, an.—"
By Jiminy I" says Hank, glancin'
round, "so I have. Mighty glad you
spoke of it! I was almost sure I'd forgotten somethin', but I couldn't think
what it was."
He grabbed his hat and went off on a

He grabbed his hat and went off on a jump after his intended. He got back with her before the domiate_closed up the parsonage for the night_sbut. It was a close shave; an' when the story got out, 'twas a long while after folks quit askin'. Hank if he'd forgot anything lately.

THE EVE OF A BIRD.

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 oyelids were held open. This raminane, the winker as it is called, is translucent and admits light, while at the same time it acts an a protective screen. Birds that by amough the bushes screen. Birds the same time it acts and a protective screen. Birds the same the same had been and the same that the same with a translation of the force plare by drawing this curtain. It shuts—scross 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 feature of the eye which enables a bird to see with equal ease and clear-ness objects near and remote is the manuplum, a folded membrane, full of blood vessels, which lines back of the lens. Its use may be illustrated in this processes, which lines back of the lens. Its use may be illustrated in this far below, runhee precipitately toward it, and it is necessary that his eyes should quickly near from a state of far-slatedfar below, rushes precipitately toward it, and it is necessary that his eyes should quickly pass from a state of far-sighteness to no of near-sighteness. In the excitement the blood flows to the marsupium—and fills it. This then presses forward the lens of the eye, which in turn-causes the cornea to bulke or grow more convex and thus the condition of mear-sighteness is produced. It is by the aid-of-the marsupium—that a bird can fly with apparently headlong rush and yet allght with grace and exactness on whatever spot he may choose, or that and yet alight with grace and exactness on whatever spot he may choose, or that the humming-bird can dart hither and thither and yet halt abruptly just above any desired flower.—Journal of Education.

As He Ploughs.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

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 standing good and firm, With his feet braced far apart, tugging 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!

Pity that a robin can't be taught to plough,

Hear the fellow chatter; he does love a

Now the larks-sing different, sweet and high and clear; They don't scold and bustle; and they

come so hear

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 As the crows sail over, how they caw and quark.

Always sounds exactly like they're making fun, And they daresn't do it when you have a gun: a gun; Beats me how they keep away when you

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

There's a bunch of May-pinky first I've seen this spring;
Well, I'll pick them later; not another thing
Seems to tickle mother so—this'il makeher sing.

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

I shall get a kiss for them, and she'll call me "dear." Does me good to see her when she looks

so-now 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, mamms, they call "Postscript." Do you know why?"
"Mamms—"No, dear."
"Tommy—"Because her name is Adeliae