

**Autumn Leaves.**

What are the leaves all saying,  
Yellow and red and brown,  
As they go flying through the air,  
Falling here, and falling there,  
Softly, silently down?

The leaves are telling you, children,  
Beautiful stories true  
Of how the seasons come and go,  
How winter is coming now, you know,  
With its joys for all of you.

The leaves are telling you, children,  
That everything here must die;  
But in God's beautiful heavenly home,  
No death nor sorrow will ever come  
In that "Sweet by and by"

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 11c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 09	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 3 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
New Drops, weekly	0 08	
Herein Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 25	
Herein Leaf, monthly	0 03	
Herein Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen, 62 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM HIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, S. F. HUNTER,  
2170 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, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

**SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS.**

Chinese buildings are not remarkable. The houses are slender and frail. Usually high walls surround the dwellings of the better class, and no windows look outward; therefore most of the streets have a dreary look. The only breaks in the long walls are the front doors, which are generally closed. The window frames are of wood, and on these calico or paper is pasted. The floors are generally stone or cement, irregularly laid, carpets are seldom used. Furniture in China is hard and very uncomfortable. Chairs of black wood and of angular shape, and carved divans with hard cushions, are the only seats known. The beds are scarcely more than comforts. The grotesque shape in which the Chinese ladies dressed their hair would be ruined by sleeping on the soft pillows which we use; therefore the Chinese ladies who follow the fashion sleep with the nape of the neck resting on a block of wood, thus keeping the head free from contact with anything.

**A GOOD DEED CHARMINGLY DONE.**

A small act of kindness sometimes thrills the heart of the beholder, especially if the act is performed without thought of observation and quite without the hope that it will be known and applauded. A correspondent of The Companion, a physician of Minneapolis, has sent us—"not for publication," he says, "but simply that you may know it"—the story of a very touching deed of humanity, which it surely will do nothing but good to tell of.

In front of the Masonic Temple in Minneapolis, in which building the physician has his office, a little cripple is accustomed to sell newspapers. He is a sufferer from infantile paralysis of a cerebral type, and also has a halfrlip. He seems at a sad disadvantage in this eager and bustling world.

The other day a horse attached to an ash-cart was standing on the street, opposite where the crippled boy stood on his crutch selling papers. Somehow the boy discovered that the horse had a galled shoulder.

As the doctor watched him from his window, the boy cast about for something with which to relieve the poor horse. Finding nothing else, he ripped

off from the top of his crutch the cloth stuffed with felt which eased the crutch on his own armpit, and tied it with two loops to the horse's collar, so that it would cover the place where the collar bore upon the raw shoulder.

"I had just time," the doctor says, "to see him finish the work and hobble away on his depleted crutch with a haste that made me think he feared the owner might catch him at it."

**A COURAGEOUS LAD.**

In one corner of a crowded fair in Boston a correspondent of The Youth's Companion noticed a group of small boys who appeared to be immensely interested in the contents of a showcase. Under the glazed cover of the case were combs of honey and live bees at work. By and by one little fellow leaned over too far and broke a pane of glass with his elbow.

The accident alarmed the boys, though no one but the unobserved witness knew of it beside themselves. Pretending to be quite absorbed in other objects, the man watched them and overheard all they said.

"I'm going to find the superintendent and tell him," insisted the little offender. "Oh! come on! He'll make you pay. I'll take more money than you've got. Let's get out, and say nothing. You didn't mean to do it, and nobody'll know."

The culprit seemed to be in a minority of one; but he held to his resolution without flinching.

"I'm going to find him," he said, stoutly. "Will you wait for me?"

The gentleman who was noting the conduct of the boys expected a stampede as soon as the glass-breaker started on his errand; but one boy, more heroic than the rest, whispered, "Let's hold on."

A good many impatient minutes passed before the little fellow who broke the glass came back with the superintendent.

The man was kind-hearted, and when the awful question came, "What shall I have to pay?" he refused to charge anything for the damage.

"You're an honest lad, and we'll call it square. Only be more careful next time," he said.

Was he an "average boy"—of Boston or of any other American city? If we could be certain that each of the other little men in that group would have done as he did in the same case, it would help answer the question, and quite relieve the mind of an unpleasant uncertainty.

Every small boy who reads this shall have the benefit of the doubt; but remember that the courage of honour and truth is surer to become a habit if it is exercised early in life.

**I KNOW A THING OR TWO.**

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy, laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said, among other things:

"My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptations came upon me like a pack of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

**ROUGH, BUT HEALTHFUL.**

It is said that four boys at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, stole several hundred horseshoes from a blacksmith. They were compelled to carry them back to the shop one at a time. The whole town turned out to see the ordeal. When the last shoe was returned, the four boys were laid hold of by their fathers, and made to feel the force of the rod recommended by Solomon, the wise man.

This was done in the presence of the crowd. The treatment was rather rough on the boys, but it may save them a term in the penitentiary.—Gospel Messenger.

**The Perfect Playmate.**

BY H. L. RICARDO.

In a far-away country, so long ago,  
The boys and girls of that olden time  
Had the very best playmate that ever  
was known,  
Better, I'm sure, than yours or mine.

His face grew sad for another's woe,  
Or was wet with tears for another's pain;  
But never a blow nor an unkind word  
Was answered by him with its kind  
again.

A gentle, warm-hearted, generous boy—  
The one perfect pattern for you and  
me,  
Let us try this year to grow more like  
This perfect playmate of Galilee.

**Slaying the Dragon.**

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

**CHAPTER XVII.****ENTRAPPED.**

"Spin, spin, spin!  
The finest thread will do,  
The finest thread of the spider's web  
Will make a net for you.  
Weave, weave, weave!  
The fabric with dainty care;  
The warp and the woof, from all good  
aloof,  
Will make a tempting snare."

Clang! clang!  
The town-house bell gave forth the  
alarm of fire. The citizens of Fairport  
slept very soundly, else they would have  
started at this unusual noise.

Clang! clang! clang!  
Yes, the alarm has been heard. Several  
watch-dogs begin to bark, and a few  
half-dressed men and boys are running  
down the street.

Ding, dong! ding, dong!  
The sexton has pulled the bell rope,  
and the mournful tones of the church-  
bell mingle with the harsher ones of the  
alarm-gong. This proves effectual, and  
the men and boys congregate, in large  
numbers, about the new fire-engine, and  
with rapid movements prepare for the  
scene of action.

"Where is it?" passed the eager in-  
quiry from lip to lip.

"It's the academy!" said some. But,  
no! There was the old belfry towering  
above the surrounding buildings, and no  
appearance of fire or smoke was visible  
in that neighbourhood.

"It's the Maypole!" said another.  
But this story was soon proved to be in-  
correct.

"It looks off in the direction of Judge  
Seabury's," exclaimed Tyler Matthews.

Yes, Judge Seabury's barn was afire.  
The flames had already begun to leap  
from the windows. Everything was as  
dry as tinder, and the fire had gained  
considerable headway before it was dis-  
covered. A smart breeze had sprung  
up from the south-east, and the flames  
were fanned into fiercer heat. The en-  
gine was speedily equipped for action,  
and the hose was attached to the cistern  
in the house cellar. The fire crackled  
under the engine, the cylinders began to  
work, the joints of the hose trembled as  
the suction forced the water through,  
and the tube became a living thing in  
the hands of the fireman, requiring his  
skill to guide it aright. A fine stream  
of water was soon playing upon the  
flames.

Suddenly a cry of dismay broke from  
the crowd. The water in the cistern  
had given out! The fireman standing  
on the ladder, with hose in hand, found  
that the stream of water stopped, but he  
did not realize what the difficulty was.

"Play away! Play away!" he shouted,  
and the flames bursting through the  
window, caused him to beat a hasty re-  
treat. The hose was put in communica-  
tion with the well, and the impatient  
order of the fireman was obeyed.

A knot of boys might have been seen  
on the outskirts of the crowd with con-  
sternation depicted on their faces.

"Who'd 'a' thought there would hev  
been sech a breeze," whispered Charlie  
Chapman to Joe Chase.

"We'd better 'a' waited another night,  
I reckon," was the smothered reply.  
"But we must scatter, or we shall be  
suspected." A loud cry from the by-  
standers startled the boys. The new  
engine, the pride and joy of the town  
fathers, had failed in this time of need.  
Some part of the machinery had broken,  
and it was a useless hulk, at least as far  
as the present necessity was concerned.

The barn was nearly consumed, while  
the greedy flames had attacked the out-  
building which stood near the house.

The Judge tore around like a crazy man  
in his frantic endeavours to save his  
beautiful home. The citizens took hold  
nobly, carrying the water from the well  
in buckets, and pouring it over the roofs  
of the house and the adjoining buildings.  
None were more assiduous in their la-  
bours than the Chapman boys and Joe  
Chase. This fact was mentioned more  
than once, and good Deacon Ray said  
that he "always knew there was good  
in those boys, if it could only be  
reached."

All had now been done that could be  
done to save the buildings, and the fire-  
men had about given up in despair, when  
a fresh gust of wind brought with it  
large drops of rain. Faster came the  
drops, and in a few moments the rain  
came down in torrents and the fire was  
effectually quenched. Had it not been  
for this providential interference, all of  
Judge Seabury's fine buildings must have  
been consumed.

The Judge, grateful for the services of  
the citizens, told Landlord Chase to open  
the doors of the Maypole and treat the  
crowd handsomely, and he would cash  
the bill. Three lusty cheers for the  
Judge arose from a hundred throats, and  
the crowd dispersed.

And now the sport is ended. The  
members of the Silver Skulls steal away  
to their homes, feeling quite satisfied  
with the night's work. The Judge re-  
tires, smarting with the sense of his in-  
juries, and vowing vengeance upon the  
offender. The citizens go to their homes  
determined to investigate this matter,  
and, if possible, to break up the clique  
of youthful marauders, who have wrought  
considerable mischief during the past  
season. The rain has ceased. The  
ruins smoulder, and occasionally a jet of  
flame appears, only to be succeeded by  
puffs of smoke. The village is once  
more wrapped in slumber. A double  
ruin has been accomplished this night—  
the ruin of a commodious building, and  
the blackening of a reputation!

**CHAPTER XVIII.****THE INVESTIGATION.**

Quite early the next morning, Judge  
Seabury was seen walking into Squire  
Brown's office. His appearance indicated  
great excitement.

"Guess he's got an inklin' es ter who  
sot his barn afire," said Reuben Palmer.  
"Poor feller! he'll hev ter smart. The  
Judge is orful hard on a feller what's  
fast in his clutches," and Reuben sighed,  
as he called to mind sundry experiences  
he had had with the Judge.

"He's a right ter he mad in this  
case, and I hope he will make the  
scoundrel smart fur last night's doin's,"  
replied Tyler Matthews.

"We intend to make an example of  
the culprit if we find him," added one  
of the selectmen.

The Judge now appeared with Con-  
stable Davis. After a few moments'  
conversation the former walked rapidly  
away. The bystanders immediately  
pressed about Davis and questioned him  
in regard to the affair. After rousing  
their curiosity to the highest pitch, the  
constable finally told them that he had  
a justice's warrant for the arrest of the  
one who was suspected of having set the  
fire.

"Who is it?" asked several eager  
voices.

"Maurice Dow!"  
In the meantime, what had become of  
young Dow? In order to answer this  
question we must go back to the evening  
on which the fire occurred. Just as he  
was about to leave the store that night,  
Deacon Ray said to him: "You are  
working too hard at your books, Maurice.  
Do not come back again to-night, but  
take a walk down to the beach and see  
if you cannot get some colour into your  
cheeks."

The boy gladly accepted this invita-  
tion, and walked towards home with a  
lighter heart than he had carried for  
many a day. After telling Phoebe that  
he should not be back till quite late, as  
he was going to take a long walk, he  
started on his favourite walk toward  
Magnolia. He reached this beautiful  
place just as the new moon was rising  
over the waters. He strayed far down  
on the rocks, where he could command a  
fine view of old ocean. The scene was  
truly grand.

To-night Maurice had no eye for the  
grandeur of the scene. He was think-  
ing of the mystery which surrounded his  
birth, which seemed likely to hang over  
his future, and this burden seemed  
greater than he could bear. "Why was  
my lot so different from that of other  
boys?" he cried bitterly. "There's  
Ralph Seabury, surrounded by luxury,  
his every wish gratified, proud family  
connections, while I am a penniless cut-  
cast, not owning even the name I bear."