

A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise, with his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt by a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, tags and buttons and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop to see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—if a fellow's face is not always clean. And if your trousers are torn at the knee, she can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, but only sorry if you are bad; and I'll tell you this, if you're only true, she'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, with a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day, a fellow's a muf that don't obey."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1897.

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 25, 1897.

Eldest for Isaac's wife.—Genesis 24, 10-22.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The name of this servant is not given, but his character as a servant is faithfully portrayed, and he might really be termed a model servant. Christianity is a system of doctrines to be believed, and also a code of laws to be kept. If all servants were as faithful and obedient as Abraham's servant was, no doubt there would be better masters than there are. Whatever positions our young people occupy, they should act faithfully their part, not as eye-servers, as men-pleasers.

SEE HOW THE SERVANT ACTED.

Verses 12. He was a child of God, and acknowledged his Divine Master in all things. Christians should talk to God about everything. The command is, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." Men should consult God about their business, social and family affairs, as well as their spiritual interests. There would not be so many failures, nor unhappy marriages as there are if more prayer was offered to God, respecting both the one and the other. See the prayer of this servant, verses 12-14.

AN INTERESTING LOVE AFFAIR.

Verses 15-28. These verses are of the most fascinating kind, and if they were found in any other book they would be the subject of universal admiration. There is an eloquence about them which is truly captivating, and an artless simplicity which is most commendable. It should serve as a model for young people.

GRATITUDE.

Verses 26, 27. God wonderfully answered the prayer of Abram's servant, for which he returns thanks. Men

often forget to praise the Lord. An old writer says, "How strange it is that a world so full of Jehovah's goodness, should be so empty of his praise." David said, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." We should cultivate a grateful spirit.

The works of God are truly marvellous, past finding out. Read this narrative again, and how can you account for the contents without you acknowledge the hand of God? Was it merely accidental that the servant should meet with the young woman as he did? Is there no divine interposition in the fact that he obtained such a cordial reception in the family of the maid whom he had met? He who regards a Providence, will never lack a Providence to regard. The great lesson which we may learn from this meditation is, "Trust in God, and do your duty."

HOW SADDLEBACK LEDGE WAS KEPT BURNING.

This is one of the wildest and bleakest of light stations of that savage region, and according to a story told there it was once the scene of a remarkably plucky adherence to duty on the part of a fifteen-year-old boy. He was the son of the keeper, and on this occasion was left alone in the tower while his father went ashore for provisions in their only boat. Before the latter could return a violent storm arose, and for the next three weeks there was no time in which the keeper's boat could have lived for a moment in the wild seas that raged about the lonely rock. Still the light was kept burning by that fifteen-year-old boy, who had little to eat, and but scant time to sleep. Night after night, for three weeks, its steady gleam shone through the blackness of the pitiless storm and gladdened the father's straining eyes. When the ordeal was ended the boy was so weak from exhaustion as to be barely able to speak. At the same time there was no prouder father, nor happier young light-keeper on the Maine coast than those who met on the storm-swept ledge of Saddleback that day.—Kirk Munroe, in Scribner's.

HEROIC DOROTHY HOBSON.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

Dorothy Hobson is not a high-sounding name. Yet the English girl who bore it clothed it with a moral splendour more brightly beautiful than the gems which shine in queenly crowns.

Dorothy was only a potter's child; but in heart she was brave enough to have been the daughter of paladin or prince. See her, for instance, when very young, stolen from her home by a band of gypsies. With rude hands they bore her to their camp in a sequestered wood. They were rough creatures, and almost any other child would have been terrified into speechlessness and tears. But Dorothy shed no tears—gave no place to the excess of fear. On the contrary, when found by her father, who, with a number of his workmen, had traced the gypsies to their lair, she was sitting in a hamper of straw, eating ginger-bread as calmly as she was wont to do when under her father's roof-tree.

That this was not the calmness of a thoughtless child, but of a brave heart, was shown by her conduct when, a few years later, her mother died, and she—moved by that mother's dying words—entered the ranks of Christ's disciples. In obedience to her Lord's commands, she then began to work for his cause as a Sunday-school teacher, a collector of money for missions, and a soul-winner. But her father, being angry because she was such a true-hearted Christian, and a Methodist withal, said to her one evening:

"Dorothy, I give you your choice. You must give up praying, visiting the sick, and collecting missionary money, or leave my house and find another home. Let me know your decision in half an hour!"

The motherless girl's heart was wounded as with keen points of steel by these cruel words. She was only fifteen years old. She had no relatives near by, and had nothing to depend on except her moderate skill as a painter on china for a pottery in the neighbourhood. But the brave spirit which had faced captivity in a gypsy camp, being now strengthened by her faith in Him who she knew was able to provide for her, enabled her to face this unwonted trial in an heroic spirit. Therefore, though her cheeks were bedewed with tears, her voice was firm, as she gently but firmly replied:

"Father, I cannot promise what you ask. I must serve Jesus first!"

When the half-hour expired, Dorothy left her harsh father's door-step, with a servant carrying her clothing. Crooping her way through the darkness, she sought and found shelter in the humble cottage of a poor widow.

Oh, brave and heroic Dorothy! Brave in that she faced a serious peril without a fear, heroic, because she sacrificed her home for the sake of Him who had sacrificed himself on the cross for her!

After some time her heroism was rewarded. Her father, ashamed of his unfatherly conduct, requested her to return to his hearth-side, promising he would not again interfere with her Christian service.

A few years passed, and then Dorothy's brave heart was again subjected to another bitter trial. It happened that—through her missionary zeal—she became known to a young Wesleyan minister, who had offered himself for missionary work. They became affianced. This greatly enraged her violent father. And when she asked his consent to marry the missionary, and go with him to his mission, he angrily replied:

"I suppose if I say No, you will go!"

But Dorothy had learned that, as a daughter, it was her duty not to disregard her father's wishes, except when they stood between her and her duty to her King and Saviour. Hence she replied:

"No, father, I should not think it right to go if you say no."

The father then tried to persuade her to give up the marriage and the mission. But she answered him so dutifully that he said at last:

"Well, I neither say yes nor no. Please yourself."

Her rejoinder was:

"Father, I think it my duty to go, as you do not forbid."

Dorothy soon after gave her hand to Mr. Jones, her lover, and sailed with him to the island of Antigua, in the West Indies, where she was very useful and greatly beloved. After a year of successful work, Mrs. Jones went with her husband to a district meeting, on the island of St. Christopher. While on their voyage back, in company with a missionary party numbering fourteen souls, they were overtaken in the night by a violent gale, which soon increased to a hurricane. Their vessel was thrown on her beam-ends, the wild waves swept over it; their only boat, with two sailors in it, was carried away. The passengers sought safety on deck, and, clinging to each other, waited for day, hoping that the storm would then lull. But their hope was changed to despair of escape when, just before the hour of dawn, the vessel broke into two parts!

Two of the missionaries, with their wives and children, with two nurses, a gentleman passenger, and several seamen, went down with the sinking quarter-deck. Mrs. Jones would have sunk with them, but her feet being caught in the rigging, she was rescued by her husband, who lifted her on to the forward part of the vessel, which was still afloat. All that day she clung with him to the wreck, chilled by the water, which rose up to her chin, bruised by pieces of the wreck, which kept dashing against her, and tore her scanty dress in pieces; twice almost forced beneath the still angry waves, by a large dog, which persisted in placing his feet upon her head; and horrified by the bodies of the dead, which, being entangled in the rigging, floated around her.

After a day and a night the storm abated, but none came to rescue her and her friends. One after another, exhausted by hunger and pain, they fell from the wreck and died. Another terrible night passed. Another day dawned, bringing sunshine, but no succour. The sun, cloudless, was no boon, for it blistered Dorothy's unprotected face and hands. Then Dorothy when almost at the point of death, heard Mr. Jones whisper: "Let me go, for I am dying!"

These words caused her brave heart to rally—to forget herself. Collecting all her remaining strength, she drew her much-loved husband toward her, held him in her arms, placed his head on her shoulder, and, weeping with agony, vainly tried to utter words of love and comfort. At last, he cried: "Come, Lord Jesus!" and passed to his reward in heaven. Dorothy clung to his lifeless body until convinced that it was the prey of death.

At last this noble woman alone was left alive. Then, when she was about to sink into insensibility, a boat, containing two gentlemen, approached the wreck, snatched her from the grip of death, bore her gently to the shore, and placed her with friends whose tender care nursed her back to life. As soon as she could speak she gave them, at their request, her father's address in England, adding these memorable words:

"If you write to my father, tell him I

have never regretted engaging in his alone work."

Heroic Dorothy! Her bravery was Nature's gift. It enabled her to endure suffering. But her choice to sacrifice herself on the shrine of duty, and her heroism in accepting the suffering involved in sacrifice without repining, were the fruits of a noble purpose to imitate the example of that gracious Master of her life whom she loved with a love that was stronger than death.

History has no nobler example of moral heroism than is found in the life of Dorothy Hobson, the missionary's wife.—Our Youth.

HOW GADABOUT CHANGES HIS COLOUR.

BY SARAH E. UFFORD.

Gadabout is a little lizard, not quite six inches long, his tail making half of this length. It was after a great many curious experiences and much journeying that Gadabout found his way from the Florida woods to his present home in California. At first he was disposed to be timid. Gradually he became tamer, until he would lie quietly on my finger while I watched his scale-like coat fade to the palest gray; for, as nearly as possible, Gadabout takes the colour of whatever he rests upon.

It is this habit that makes the little creature so interesting. When asleep upon his nasturtium-leaf bed he is of an exquisite green tint. When he lies on my brown gown, he quickly changes to a brown hue. When he lies on the carpet, his armoured coat is as spotted and velvet-like as a leopard's. Indeed these changes in Gadabout's colours seem endless, and take place in a marvellously short time.

In all probability, Gadabout himself knows very little about his many-tinted coats; for this power of changing colour is one of Nature's ways of protecting some of her small helpless creatures. If in his native woods Gadabout should crawl out, or rather dart out (for these little lizards are like a flash of light in their movements), upon the brown limb of a tree, or upon the sandy ground, he would be a very conspicuous object, as he is naturally of a beautiful light-green hue. He would be quickly noticed by the first bird or other lizard-eating enemy that came along. But Mother Nature enables him to take the colour of his surroundings, and thus find protection by not being easily seen.

The magic change in Gadabout is caused by the effect which the colour he lies upon has on his colour-cells. In an inner layer of the skin of Gadabout there are little bags or cells filled with colouring matter—some with red, some with black, some with brown, some with green, and so on. These cells, though very small indeed, have the power both of expanding and contracting; and a coloured light carried to them through Gadabout's eyes causes that same colour to appear on Gadabout's skin.

The New York Mail and Express says: The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the large number of bartenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert hall. Three fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at a conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer man's breath away when they did. "Your fingers have been rotted off," they said, "by the beer you have handled."

A little Newfoundland puppy lived in a kennel and was fed three times a day from an earthen dish. One noon his dinner did not come. After waiting an hour he began to bark and growl, but nobody came; so picking up his plate, he carried it to his mistress and held it up before her with the most pleading look in his little brown eyes. Of course such a request could not be refused, and he was rewarded by a bountiful dinner.

Visitor—"How does the land lie out this way?" Native—"It ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents."

"So," said Mr. Donegan, "they've been printing the funeral notices as a man that wasn't dead yet. It's a nice fix he'd be in if he had been wan o' these people that believe everything in the newspapers?"