

Grandmother's Maxim'

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

I never could tell what my grandmother meant,
 Though she has the wisest of brains;
 "I have noticed" she said "in the course of my life,
 That lazy folks take the most pains"
 I hated to mend that short rip in the skirt
 Of my dress where the pocket hole strains,
 And grandmother saw it and laughed as she said
 "Yes lazy folks take the most pains"
 And that same little rip, when I went out to ride,
 Was caught in my bicycle chain;
 Oh! then I remembered what grandmother said,
 "That lazy folks take the most pains"
 For, instead of an inch I must sew up a yard,
 And it's just as her maxim explains;
 I shall always believe what my grandmother said,
 "That lazy folks take the most pains."

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WILLIAM BINGOS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATE, S. F. HERRING,
 2176 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 21, 1899.

THE BETTER PART.

"To be worthy of love is even a better thing than to receive it, and this is not the end." This sentence was the last one of a letter from a woman of fifty-five, who knew what she was saying. The keenest joy of life had never come to her. She had struggled with fate, almost ever since she was a child, for a livelihood for herself and a dependent relative—struggles scantily rewarded by any thanks or tenderness even from her who had shared their fruit.

She had written much, and always purely, but she had never been able to catch the passing fancy, never made a "hit,"—and had received but small returns for her labours,—small returns in that which procures food and clothing and comforts for the body.

Not for her those shining successes which lift an author above want, and put him in a position to do his best work. Bits of verse,—the humble daisies of the poetic garden,—stories good rather than great,—these were her contributions to literature, likely to die as soon as their author, leaving not a single immortelle to blossom on her grave.

No deep, dear human love had ever blessed her. Early orphaned, she had no husband, or brother, or father, to make a home for her, and she had never earned enough to make one for herself. She had longed, with all her woman's heart, for love and fame and home, and not one of her longings had been fulfilled.

Judged by the standard of this world, her life had been a failure, and she recognized that, and spoke of it in the letter from which we have quoted. But she would not so judge herself. If she had not gained all that she sought, she had gained the best part of it.

"I might be discontented," she wrote, "if I stopped to think of the difference between my wishes and my havings; but

if I have not prospered, at least I have been fed; and if I have not been famous, at least I have striven to do good and not harm, and some humble souls thanked me for the help my words .. given them.

"And if I have not been loved, at least I have tried not to be unworthy of being so; and, after all to be worthy of love is even a better thing than to receive it, and this is not the end."

No, this is not the end. The only real overthrow of life is when sense triumphs over soul, and we barter future glory for present gain. To gain the whole world and lose one's own soul, were to sell life itself for a child's toy.

How brief all these things are for which most of us strive? To-day we are here. We concern ourselves about the fit of a gown, the success of a railroad. To-morrow the white shroud clothes us, and other men, not we, ride on the railways we have built.

All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them—what are they when we look down from the mountain-top?

If God be for us, who, then, can prevail against us? And if the thing for which we strive with our whole souls might be not earthly riches or greatness, or even to be happy and beloved, but only to do God's will, to make our souls fit temples for his Spirit, then can there come to us no failure, since God himself is on our side, and must prevail.

So we, if we are God's children and his soldiers, can bear what the world calls defeat—and look upward and onward to the coming glory, when the past will be as a dream to one who awakes, and on the whole joy of the eternal "Now" our glad souls may enter.

A TEMPERANCE DOG.

The old blue farm wagon, with its load of fresh, green "garden-truck," gave a pleasant touch of spring to the city square, and the farmer had such a kindly face and such a homely air about him that many a man in the hurrying throng smiled half involuntarily as he caught his eye.

But it was the farmer's dog on which the glances of the passers-by rested longest—a magnificent, pure-blooded Newfoundland, black as coal, except for a little patch of white on his chest and a hint of gray with which advancing age had touched his muzzle. He stood on the curb by his master, watching the passers with expectant eye and wagging his tail in dignified approval whenever some one stopped to make a purchase.

By-and-bye one man, who seemed to have more leisure than his fellows, paused a moment to speak to him.

"What's his name?" he asked.
 "Dow," replied the farmer, promptly.
 "Dow? That's a queer name for a dog!"

"Yes, I s'pose it is, but it fits him. Neal Dow is his full name."

"Oh, I see! Temperance dog," said the stranger, smiling. "Never takes anything but water, I suppose?"

"Yes; but he's more than that. He's a prohibitionist—a regular temperance reformer."

The stranger evidently wanted the story, and the farmer continued,

"Yes," he said, "Jim Snow, a hired man up our way, got him of a tin peddler when he was about a year old. Jim was a good worker and a pretty decent fellow otherwise, but he never went to town without coming home the worse for liquor.

"One day, a week or two after he got the dog, he came home, as usual, staggering drunk. The dog was lying in the sun on the doorstep. He had grown very fond of Jim, but this time, instead of running to meet him, he rose up, growling, with the hair on his back as stiff as bristles, and every tooth in his head showing. Any man in his senses would have kept away, but Jim was too far gone to know what he was doing. He spoke to him, but the minute he started to go a step nearer the dog fastened on his hand and there he hung. Jim yelled, and the Spragues, where he worked, came running out, but the whole family had all they could do to make him let go.

"The next day the dog was as good-natured as ever, but when Jim came home drunk again a week or two later, he growled and snarled, just as he had before, and finally went off out to the barn and stayed two days.

"Jim kind of took the thing to heart. He'd had plenty of good advice before, but it didn't seem to take hold of him the way this did, and after it happened the third time, he said:

"Well, if I've got so low my dog is ashamed to associate with me, I guess it's time to quit!"

"He stopped right there—never drank another drop, and never had another

bit of trouble with the dog from that day to this."

"At the time it struck everybody as a mighty strange thing. We didn't know how to account for it. But about two years afterward the peddler told somebody how one time a drunken tavern loafer struck this dog's mother with a hot poker, and after that she would never let anybody who had been drinking come near her. I suppose her puppy got the trait from her."

But how came the dog in your possession?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said the former, with a twinkle, "you see my name is Snow—James Snow. I was the hired man. If it hadn't been for Neal here I might be a hired man yet instead of owning a good farm. Poor old dog! He's getting well on in years now, but I ain't likely to forget him."—Youth's Companion.

PLOUGHING AROUND A ROCK.

"I had ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer to a writer in *The Advance*, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, beside losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by-and-bye I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and it was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

"Imagine the farmer ploughing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, 'O Lord, remove that rock!' when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

"We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not care to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

"The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

"Let us not allow our unmapped trouble to make barren the years of our lives; but may we face it, and with God's help work out our own salvation through it."

Many a Christian has been ploughing around a duty, a cross, a bad habit, and we know not what, for more than five years, afraid to touch it or examine it, and it stands in the way to-day as it did at first. Rout it out, man; it is an easy job when you once take hold of it."

PENS.

BY M. Z. KIRK.

Millions of people use a pen thousands of times without giving any thought as to how it is made. Our grandfathers could tell exactly how every pen they used was made, and just what kind of a feather made the best. To-day we know all about some rare or sensational thing, but frequently entirely overlook the most common and useful ones. Because an article like a steel pen is so cheap we hardly think it worth our time to investigate. If the readers of this article should set out to construct all the machinery to make a single steel pen it would require about \$50,000. Astonishing as this fact is to most of us, it may make the process of manufacturing pens more interesting.

Through the kindness of Alexander Wood, of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., the writer had the unusual privilege of inspecting the process of manufacturing pens. The raw material comes to the factory in the shape of hard steel straps. These are placed in crucibles and heated to the proper temperature to soften them. They are then annealed and cold rolled to the exact thickness and width to make the grade of pen desired. The steep straps are passed under the cutting machines, which are operated by girls, and a piece just the right size and shape drops out. If you will examine your pen you will see one or more holes in it. These are punched in the steel by dies that have been constructed by very skilled machinists, who receive about fifty dollars a week for their services.

The piece of steel is now ready to be annealed. Each one must then be placed by hand in the machine that marks the name and number on it. In all the work thus far has been perfect. Done (and no other kind of work will do at all), the piece of steel is placed in a machine which bends and crushes it into the shape we find it in the market. Thus far the process has been quite complicated, but the more one studies the nice, smooth movement of a perfect pen the more difficult all these processes become.

They are now ready to be placed in a cylinder and properly tempered over a very hot fire. The amount of heat applied at this point produces the desired colour of the pen. On examination we find they vary in colour from a silvery gray to a bronze. After being cooled, the pens go to a little room, where they are given an oil varnish bath and quickly dried.

All the rough edges are ground off by hand, and finally the point is split and the pen is complete. At last they go to the packing-room and are counted by weight and packed in little boxes, as we see them in the market.

From the above we can see how easily we often overlook small things. How true this is in our everyday life. We neglect the little deeds of kindness and the little words of cheer because a single one does not amount to much.

"I WILL TELL IT."

Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbours that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat and drew near to the gates of death, and maybe a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honour. Will you receive his blessing, and then, like the nine lepers, give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would have slipped away? If so I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it, though devils should hear it. I will tell it and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to thy praise and glory of thy saving grace."—Spurgeon.

The Faithful Friend.

In a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman, full of hope,
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone:
 "With a Saviour for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
 I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than guffe,
 But I never said a word
 In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,
 Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor,
 But, in monotone, the song,
 She was humming all day long:
 "With a Saviour for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
 Just as poor as poor could be,
 But her spirits always rose
 Like the bubbles in her clothes;
 And, though widowed and alone,
 Cheered her with the monotone,
 Of a Saviour and a Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
 On the washboard in the tub,
 While the baby soaped in suds,
 Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
 Or was paddling in the pools
 With old scissors stuck in spools,
 She still humming of her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds,
 Have their root in human needs,
 And I would not wish to strip
 From that washerwoman's lip,
 Any song that she can sing,
 Any hope that song may bring,
 For the woman has a Friend,
 Who will keep her to the end.