A Verse a Day.

Just a wee bit verse a day.

Just a morsel honey aweet,
comething in the heart to etc. Something for a delly treat

just a word to give us cheer. Just a marching order sent.
Keeping us from anxious fear,
Showing what our Cartain meant

Just a dear old text to thrill. Sweet as music in the ear. Just a token of God s will. Filling us with happy cheer

Just a wee bit verse a day.
Just a morsel honey sweet,
Ere we kneel at eve and pray.
Leaving care at Jeaus feet.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the chespest, the most entertaining, the

To been, our weekly Yeary Such Popular Control of the Control of t

OTEN, OLD PET 100. THE ABOYE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE. WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto W Coarge, S. F. Hermers, Wesleyan Book Ro. Montreal Hallfax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO. NOVEMBER 3, 1900

AN AFTERNOON WITH A MISSIONARY IN CENTRAL CHINA

RY REV. C. W. ALLEN.

If you have an afternoon to spare, come with me on the street. We will take a handful of books and sheet tracts, not to give away, but to sell. We enter a shop and offer our books for sale. The not to give away, but to sen: We enter a shop and offer our books for sale. The master, instead of looking at the tracts, asks if we have alumanacs. "Oh, yes' plenty," and in a few seconds a bargain is concluded. Now we enter another shop, but soon are out on the street again, they want no foreign doctrine there. As we walk along, first one and then another asks what we have for sale, and soon we are in the midst of a crowd, some intent on buying others ready to took at all our stock without the slightess idea of parting with their cash. Now we enter another store. Here are several assistants, and, having nothing particular to do, they intend having a Joke out of us. So, while one or two turn over the books, others ask us our name and age, others feel at our clothes; and one age, others feel at our clothes, and one or two more make witty remarks for the benefit of their comrades.

benefit of their comrades. We visit more shops, selling an aimanae or a book, having a few pleasant words with the buyers, and also in a few sentences explaining the doctrine of the Bible that we preach in the chapplis. Now and again, as we make our way toward the temple square, small our way toward the temple square, small crowds gather around and we dispose of many of our smaller tracts. Coolles with their "tails" wrapped round their heads, and sweating under heavy burdens, drop the load for a moment and, bury a sheet to paste on the wall at home; big and little boys invest in several kinds "to play with," as they asy; one constraints and of words where the say in the constraints and of words where the say in the constraints are not words. only a sheet to pasto on the wall at nome; big and little boys invest in several kinds "to play with," as they say; occasionally an old woman buys "one with a picture on" for her humble dwelling. We are asked over and over again if we have any "foreign pictures"—that is, coloured one. have any "fe coloured ones.

We display our cheap tracts and soon We display our cheap tracts and soon find a market. A two-cash sheet, with the story of the Prodigel Son, or Parable of the Sower, and a wood-cut, makes a fine adornment for the smoke-begrimed walls or boards of the house. New comes a man who evidently intends mischief. He has been drinking. His face is flushed, eyes red, and his temper ruffled. He attempts to possess him-self of our handful of books. With genself of our handful of books. With gen-tieness but with firmness, he is resisted Now he takes our tie or collar in his dirty hands and endeavours to tear it from its place. This is getting too bad. from its place This is getting on the head we let him see that foreigners are not well thin see that foreigners are not with Perbaps be will take to be played with Perbaps he will slink away, perhaps the crowd will take bim aside and keep him quiet. It is rather hard at times but in such circumrather hard at times but in such returna-tances no manifestation of temper is the hest thing. The bookseller must be of a peaceable disposition, else he will soon that binself in trouble.

A MANLY BOY.

A MANUT BOY.

It was a crowded railway statton, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the succe-cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the centre of the room. A small boy called Tillygram and broken needle, which isst meant the Brooklyn Eagle. Anter boy shouted, "Cougt candy and ozenges, five cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid ransit for East New York!"

The gate was keyt open but a moment,

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons and passed through to fill the two cars aron each train. Those so unfortunate so to be farthest from the door must wait mill next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, the heavy shoes and short trock of her native Northiand. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place of near the door that many persons and she selected one she had a place of the country of the she was to be any for her to hold she she stood, and when the rush came and an trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was an the way, an impattent foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pittfully troubled. Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, a she bewed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, as she bowed her of gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, a bussed bundle from the property of the short of the property of t

wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the

gate.
"See there, Harry; see Fred, that's
what he dached back for!"
No, you don't say so? I thought
he went for peanuts."
"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but
to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't
he a gooss?"

to pick up an out woman's outsure. See A goods of the a goods with the budgets? I gave it a good kick. Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry ?" And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred come out

to come out.

But he shook his head, and nedded toward the little old woman at his side.

He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch

as the round face of a nonleay Duten doil.

Come along, Fred. Come along, 'Cou'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And dharry repeated to the country of the country of the country of the country of the country. In the a goost, and the messives in the rather, left he country of the count

The gate was open. There was an order rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the have breed her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his own mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut I turned to my heart that, amid much that is rudo, chirally still lives as the crowing charm of a manly boy.—Silver Cross. The gate was open. There was anA Night With a Life-Boat. (Continued from first page.)

had by their example of holy faith ex-erted great influence for good—one wo-man, especially, proved herself well fitted for scenes of danger and distress, otthering many around her, she read and prayed with them, and often, as the wild blasts abook the vessel to its keel, and prayed with them, and often, as the wild blasts shook the vessel to its keel, there mingled with the roar the strains of hymns, and many a poor creature gathered consolation and confidence, and gathered consolution and confidence, and learnt to look from his, or her, own weakness to the Almighty Arm of a lov-ing God. Thus there was light in the darkness, and songs in the night, and the Volce speaking in the tempest said, "Peace, be still!"

"Peace, be still!"
As the prospect of safety dawns upon all, a which excitement for a moment prevails, and there is a runh made for the gangway—mothers shriek for their children, husbands strive to push their wive through the throng, and children actodden down in the crowd.

"How many will the life-boat carry?" the captain shouts.

"Between twenty and thirty each rrin," is the canswer.

"Between twenty

trip," is the answer.

It is at once decided that the women and children are to be taken first, and the crew propare to get them into the boat. Two saliors are slung in bow-lines over the side of the vessel to help the women down. The boat ranges to and from in the rush of the title, though the men do their best to check its swing, it is now lifted on a wavo to within a few feet of the vessel's deck, and again falls into the trough of the sea, leaving a dismal, yawning gap of water between iew feet of the vessel's deck, and again falls into the trough of the sea, leaving a dismal, yawning gap of water between her and the vessel's side. It is a terribio scene, most dangerous work, and cailing for great courage and nerve. It would have been difficult even though all had been active men, but how much more so when many are frightened and extited women, some aged and very helpliess? The mothers among the women are called first. One is led to the gansway, and shrinks back from the scene before her. The boat is lifted up and she sees men standing on the thwarts with ontstretched arms, ready to catch her if she falls, and the next moment he boat is in a dark guif many feether with the stretched arms, ready to catch her if she falls, and the next moment in the boat is in a dark guif many feether with the stretched arms, ready to catch her if she falls, and the next moment who man a larged over the side, and now and larged over the side. As the stretched woman is more than the stretched arms by the two men who put august lifts, the boatmen cry. Let so? The two men do so, but the poor woman clings to one of them with a frantic grasp. One of the men standing on the thwarts of the heat

the boat again lifts, the boatmen cry.

"Let go!" The two men do so, but the poor woman clings to one of them with a frantic grasp. One of the men standing on the thwarts of the boat springs up, grasps her by the heels which he can just reach, drags her down, catches her in his arms as he falls, and their fall broken by the men below, who stand ready time for ceremony, there is not a moment to be lost. Now a woman is being held over the side by the women, the best was time for ceremony, there is not a moment to be lost. Now a woman is being held over the side by the women, but struggles, the men in their awkward position can scarcely retain their hold, and she is slippings from them, while the mad waves leap beneath, a ready grave. Just as she falls the boat sheers in again, and she is grasped by great effort her course is directed into the boat, and she is savel.

Some of the men on board throw binanced your whomen crying aloud for their children. A passenger rushes rantically to the gangway, cries, "Here, here, lift, catch," the man shouts, and throws it to a boatman standing up in the boat, who just manages to catch it as it is on the point of falling into the san, and is thunderstruck to hear a shorty, "Ary proceed from it, while a shriek," "By child, my child from a shriek, "By child, my child from a shriek, "By child, my child from a shriek," "By child, my child from a shriek, "By child, my child from a s

danger through which the child has passed. In spite of all their care, the boat, feery now and then, lurches against the ship's side, and would be stove in but for the cork fonders which surround het. In spite of all this, about thirty women and children are taken on board, and the boat is fuil. They get the anchor up with much difficulty, and as the cable gets shorter, the boat jarks and pitches a great deal in the rush of sea and tide. A half-hearted cheer greets them as they pass astern. Away the boat bounds before the fierce gale, on through the the jirig surf and boiling sea—on, although the waves leap over her and fill her with their spray and fosm. Buoyandy she rises and shakes herself

free, steggering as the waves break against her bows, and then tossing her stem high in the air, as she climbe their crests and rolls as she sinks in the trough of the seas. The poor enigrants take a more convulsive and firm grasp as the cry of warning from the men to "hold on" every now and then is heard and bend low as the broken seas make a clean sweep over the boat, filling her and threatening to wash all out of her. The season was a state of the state

and praises God out of the abundant fulness of her heart.

Many, who during the hours of danger had been comparatively calm and resigned, can no longer restrain their feelings. Some throw themselves on the cabin foor, weeping and sobbing, some cling to the sailors, begging and entreating them to save their husbands or children who are left behind; while others can do little else than repeat some simple form of praise and blessing to God for his great mercy. The boat is towed to windward again, and bounds in like a greyhound through the troubled seas toward the ship. The wind, however, drives her from her course. The steamer soon picks her up, tows her into a more favourable position, and the boat steamer soon picks her up, tows her into a more favourable position, and the boat speedily runs he was alongside the vessel. All the old difficulties are repeated again and again. The boat reaches the stranded ship, and brings away the remaining passengers. The cabin of the steamer is full of women and children, in every stage of exhaustion and excitations. steamer is full of women and children, in every stage of exhaustion and excitement. They are very thankful to God for all the full answers vouchasfed to the carnest prayors of the last night. The steamer, heavily freighted with the recouch emigrants, makes the best of her way towards Ramagate.

The rumour spreads that the steamer and life-boat has been away all night, and are every minute expected to round the point and appear in sight. The throng on the pier increases, and great is the feeling of gladness and deep the nurmur of satisfaction as the gallant "Ald" appears. From the pier the crowd looks down upon the millitude on board, and knows that they are Just snatched from the jaws of deeth. The crowd waves, and shouts, and hurrahs, and gives every sign of glad welcome and deep congratulation; and as the steamer sweeps round the pier-head, the pale, upturned faces of one hundred rescued men, women, and children amile back a glad acknowledgment of the rearty welcome so warmly given. It is a scene almost overpowering in the deep feeling it produces. The rumour spreads that the ste

a scene almost overpowering in the deep feeling it produces.

The emigrants land, they toll weakly up the steps to the pier, all bearing signs of the scene of danger and hardship through which they have passed. Some are berely clothed, some have blankets wrapped round them, and all are weary and worn, and faint with cold and wet and long suspense.

and worn, and faint with cold and wet and long suspense.

It is piteous to see some of the aged women totter from the steamer to the pier. Here a poor, sorrow-stricken mother, deadly pale, and sobbing bitterly, looks wistfully upon the white face and almost closed eyes of the baby that was so nearly lost overboard.

It now became the glad office of the people of Ramsgate to besitr themselves on behalf of those thus suddenly thrown upon their charity. A plential meal was at once supplied and clothes, and could be and cou