

A Verse a Day.

Just a wee bit verse a day,
Just a morsel honest sweet,
Something in it to be glad to stay
Something for a daily treat.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1900

AN AFTERNOON WITH A
MISSIONARY IN CENTRAL URINA

If you have an afternoon to spare,
come with me on the street.
We will take a handful of pennies and a few cents...

chief. He has been drinking. His face is flushed, eyes red, and his temper ruffled. He attempts to possess himself of our handful of books...

A MANLY BOY.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the sweet-carriers emptied their carts...

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor...

"See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"In a way that business has she to be in the way with her budgets? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?"

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

"Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be late for the boys; off with you; I'm going to hear her through."

"And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train."

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Here he is! Here he is!" New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman...

A Night With a Life-Boat.

had by their example of holy faith exercised great influence for good on the well-fitted crew...

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

Between twenty and thirty each trip, is the answer given.

It is at once decided that the women and children are to be taken first, and the crew prepared to get them into the boat.

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

At the next door was a woman, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train.

As to be farthest from the door must wait until next day morning.

Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of his native Northland.

Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized on me for support...

As she reached the door she was pushed again, and she fell, and the next moment the boat is in a dark gulf many feet below.

The old Swedish woman is urged over the side, and now hangs in mid-air, held by either arm by the two men who are suspended over the side.

As the boat again goes to the pier, the crew get the two men down, so that 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 arm, catches her in his arms as she falls, and the two together roll down into the boat.

As the boat is in time for ceremony, there is not a moment to be lost. Now a woman is being held over the side by the two men; she struggles, the men in the boat get the woman's feet, and she is slipping 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 the arm, and the two together are directed into the boat, and she is saved.

Some of the men on board throw blankets down to the half-dressed woman, and they get them from the hands of their children.

A passenger rushes frantically to the gangway, cries, "Here, here!" and thrusts a big bundle into the hands of one of the sailors by the side.

"Here, Bill, catch," the man shouts, and throws it to a boatman standing up in the boat, and the piece of falling into the sea, and it is thunderstruck to hear a baby's cry proceed from it, while a shriek, "My child, my child!" from a woman on board, reaches the boat.

At last, after a long lurch against the ship's side, and would be stove in but for the cork fenders which surround her.

In spite of all this, about thirty women and children are taken on board, and the sea is on the point of falling into the sea, and it is thunderstruck to hear a baby's cry proceed from it, while a shriek, "My child, my child!" from a woman on board, reaches the boat.

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free, staggering as the waves break against her bows, and then casting her head back to the air, as she climbs their crests and rolls as she sinks in the trough of the seas.

The poor emigrants take a more convulsive and firm grasp on the crests, as if they would hold on to every nail, and then he heard and bend low as the broken seas make a clean sweep over the boat, dilling her and threatening to wash all out of her.

The light comes from the glow of the coal as the lights of the steamer are pointed out to them shbling brightly and very near.

The steamer is put athwart the sea, to form a breakwater for the boat, and the men on board the life-boat, the pitching of the boat, the wild wind and sea, with the darkness of the night only a little broken by the light of the steamer's lantern, render it difficult matter to get those exhausted women into the steamer.

As the boat rises, the men lift up a woman, two men on the steamer catch her by the arms as she comes within reach, and she is lifted on the deck of the steamer's deck.

Each woman is thus got on deck, and half led, half carried to the cabin below. One struggles to get back to the boat, but she is held by the arms, and she does not understand her in the roar of the gale; and she is gently forced below.

Again the rolled-up blanket appears; it is about to be dropped on the deck, when half led, half carried to the cabin below. One struggles to get back to the boat, but she is held by the arms, and she does not understand her in the roar of the gale; and she is gently forced below.

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