

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small! And you, I know, would wisely think That they are fair at all! I've looked on hands whose form and hue A sculptor's dream might be: Yet are those aged wrinkled hands Most beautiful to me!

Such beautiful beautiful hands! Though heart were weary and sad Those patient hands kept tolling on, That the children might be glad I always watch an looking back To childhood's distant day, I think how those hands rested not, When mine were at their play!

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're growing feeble now, For time and pain have left their mark On hands and heart and brow Ains! alas! the nearing time, And the the hands are looking back To when 'neath the daisies, out of sight, Those hands will folded be!

Hut, oh, beyond the shadow-land, Where all is bright and fair, I know full well those old hands Will palms of victory bear, Where crystal streamlets through endless years Flow over golden sands, And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Week', 'The Herald', 'The Standard', etc., with their respective prices and frequencies.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

USELESS STUDIES.

The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature, and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what, I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician and practice, but to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure that it would be mighty useful to me, and she turned to the prescribed course of study—then spherical trigonometry and navigation! But we can't run for a day or every time anybody sneezes and coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick." Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical name of all the bones in the body; but if the mother brother left them, the change burns his hands or is seized with cough, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And what, wives and mothers, have you of late increased, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet

calmly and intelligently the everyday experience of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?—Harper's Bazar

PLAYING POOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His wife, however, caught the refrain, and would often ask, "Is you going down to play pool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with, "Has you been playing pool, papa?" This man's a deep impression upon the shoemaker, as he realized that the business was being neglected in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of the day to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim, "I'm to do it now—what 'm I to do it now?" "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play pool some more?" "Oh, hush, you poor child, grow up, my father, shameless!" That's just the trouble, papa has played pool too much already," But he never played it again, and to-day 's home is comfortable and happy once more.

Landmarks of History.

(Continued from first page.)

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims as we have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact. Below we must take the liberty in the speeches of its principal characters.

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not quite unprovided with food. But the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the town itself was reduced to a pile of corn which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels, but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together we had no corn what-soever. We were forced to live on muskels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, of bread of heaven, and of fish in the sand." (Deut. 33, 19.) They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there was no claimant. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away entire tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the food which they had no corn what-soever. They were indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it were, fed by the hand of God in the time of its utter weakness, it is difficult to see how the colony could have survived at all.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the schemes of the Native Americans, and the murderous hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows and no more was heard of the hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows and no more was heard of the hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows.

A preacher who spoke to the purpose, Stead, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic. Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,"—

Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

and the little garriest kept "watch by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle."

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks sowed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. "It seemed as if God had forsaken them." But they feared lest they had forsaken him. They fasted therefore sought him in solemn fasting and prayer in hope. "says Winslow, "that God would grant the request of their dejected souls, if their countenance might in any way stand with his glory and their good." With respect to the efficacy of prayer, From nine o'clock in the morning, for eight or nine hours, they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. At 12 o'clock they were assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days "distilled soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say they devoutly said "whenever God withered our our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of God."

Thus, amid manifold privations and sufferings, amidst cold and fever, and peril, and death, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unflinching faith, the foundations of empire were laid.

As one walks to-day beneath the venerable mansions of the Pilgrims whose names commemorate the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with old-time memories, with the faces of the Pilgrim forefathers of New England. Inexpressibly sad to me was the outlook from Bural Hill, thickly studded with gravestones, bearing the historic names of the Pilgrims. The old road, out a broad expanse of dulse and seaweed spread far and wide beneath the eye. Not a sail was in sight, and only a solitary seagull gleamed white against a sullen, gloomy, and lowering sky. "The old man, like an adventurous sailor 'out of the deep.' Here amid the graves of that first sad winter, with loving hearts and eyes that often dimmed with tears, we gaze and often think of the fair Pilgrims in the city thus have gazed wistfully upon the sea—"the awful, pitiless sea"—hoping for the needed succour whose long delay made their hearts sick. And there, not a few of the Pilgrims like the Puritan Maiden of Longfellow's poem, as of the late spring came to Plymouth, were

"Thinking all day of the hedgerows of England, Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark as the generation And the village street, and the village church, and the quiet graves in the churchyard."

Bural Hill is thickly studded with gravestones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names are the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Submit, Able, Antipas, Bethiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Batsheba, Elizabeth, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Ephraim, Mehetabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Beniah, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdell, Pella, Zeruliah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lois, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others. Sarahs and Rebecca were especially numerous. One of the oldest epitaphs reads as follows:

"Here lyeth buried yo body of that precious servt. of God, Thos. Cushman, who after he had served his generation in the service of God, and especially the church of Plymouth for many years in the office of a ruling elder, fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 10, 1690, in the 84 yr of his age."

The seed of the Pilgrims were long-lived. I noticed several of advanced age, as 79, 85, 90, and one 99. On one stone is the epitaph of four children, aged respectively, 36, 21, 17, and 2 years. And the grave of a child aged one month we read the quaint comment—

"He glanced into our world to see A sample of our miserie."

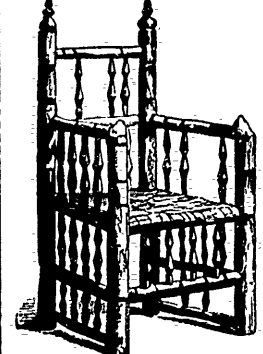
The following epitaphs of this first cemetery in New England, are perhaps worth noting:

The spider's most attenuated thread Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie."

"As young as beautiful, as soft as young, And gay as soft, and innocent as gay."

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can, May truly say, here lies an honest man."

"He listened for a while to hear Our mortal griefs, then tun'd his ear To angel harps and songs, and cried



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died."

"Death does not always warning give, Therefore be careful how you live, Repeat in time, no time delay, I in my prison was called away."

"Remember me as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I; An I am now, so you will be, Therefore prepare to follow me."

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did, Death but entombs the body, Life the soul; Hers was the meekness of the plains morn."

The epitaph of Tabitha Plasket, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention: "Adieu, vain world, I have seen enough of thee; And I am careless what thou say'st to me;

"Thou shalt I wish not, Nor thine frowns I fear, I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits and hang them on nails. A suspended rod was a ludicrous sight.

One tombstone commemorates seventy-two women, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sink, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

In Pilgrim Hall, a model museum, is an extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England: Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, "Tempus fugit," still keeping time correctly, though 180 years old; Elder Brewster's chair; Alden's Bible and halberd; the cradle of Peregrine White, the first child born in New England; the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Caesar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the cart, made and other objects of interest, and bearing the following verso:

"Lois Standish is my name, Lord guide my heart that I may do thy will;

Also all my hands with such convenient skill As will conduce to virtuous vail of shame And I will give the glory to thy name."

There are also, in a glass case, the original of the famous "Hymn of the Breaking waves," dashed hymn, and of Bryan's poem: "Wild was the day, the wintry sea," a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man can read, and other objects of interest. A noble painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance; the pathos of the partings, such as writing the life out from young hearts; the high-souled heroism of even the women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble Forefathers' Monument—crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.