

Persha (Perashore)
Worcestershire.

Please to find him if possible."

"This is for her that makes dresses for ladies that lives at other side of the road to James Brockillp.

Edenover, Chesterfield."

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies.

30 Sheriff Street
Of Prince Edwin Street Liverpool."

"To my sister Jean
Up the Canongate
Down a Close
Edinburgh.

She has a wooden leg."

"My dear Aunt Sue as lives in the Cottage by the wood near the New Forest."

It occasionally happens that when the eye is unable to make out an address the ear comes to the rescue. In London a letter came directed to

"Mr. Owl O'Neil
General Post Office."

But no one was known there of that name. A clerk looking at the letter commenced to repeat aloud, "Mr. Owl O'Neil, Mr. Owl O'Neil," when another clerk, hearing him, exclaimed, "Why! that must be intended for Mr. Rowland Hill," which indeed proved to be the case. A similar circumstance happened in Edinburgh with a letter from Australia addressed to

"Mr. ———
John 7 Scotland."

It proved to be intended for Johnshaven, a village in the north of Scotland.

In another instance the address—"23 Adne Edle Street, London"—proved to be intended for 2 Threadneedle Street, London. Again—"No. 52 Oldham and Bury, London"—was written for No. 52, Aldermanbury, London.

The letter of which cut 2 represents the address was posted at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and delivered to the editor of *The Courant* in Edinburgh. It represents, it will be observed, a deer "courant." A fac-simile of a portion of the communication enclosed is presented in cut 4, which will give an idea of the interest attaching to editorial work, and afford valuable information to the reader.

In the London post-office indistinctly addressed letters are at once set aside, so as not to delay the work of sorting, and are carried forthwith to a set of special officers who have an aptitude for deciphering indistinct writing. These officers, by a strange contradiction in the sense of things, are called the "blind officers," and here the letters are rapidly disposed of. The "blind officers" are furnished with gazetteers, and other works containing the names of gentlemen's estates, farms, etc.

ODD REQUESTS.

Among other letters are some requesting information concerning property:

"United States.

"Will you do me the kind favour as you are the post master and able to know as I judge of. It is this, give me the full name and address of any 'Mac——' that you know of in England, or in Scotland, or Ireland, or Wales, or in India, or at or in any other country that you know of, with their full names and correct address, so that I can write to them myself. If you have any pamphlet with the names of parties who have died and left money send as I want such information."

A farmer in the country wants a post-master as go-between in a little business matter and pens him a few lines to the following effect:

"John —— acting as a Farmer here would be very much obliged to the Post-master if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at —— to whom he might sell a 30 stone pig of good quality well—for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing."

The Dead Letter Office must occasionally be supposed to be a repository for the human dead, as inquiries for deceased persons are sometimes addressed to the "Dead Office." Thus:

"We have heard in the paper about 12 or 14 months back, Mary Ann—the servant girl at London was dead. Please send it to Printer's office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for ——."

"I write a line two see if you had anything of my husband—that was left at —— ill. Please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble."

In a suburban district of London, where there were two terraces bearing exactly the same designation, there were residing at the same number in each two per-

sons having not only the same surname but the same Christian name. The following case of almost identical addresses was also brought to light:

"Mr. Andrew Thom
Bootmaker
8 Southbridge Street
Aldrie," and

"Mr. Andrew Thom
Boot-Top Manufacturer
86 Southbridge Street
Edinburgh."

For many years past it has been incumbent upon all candidates seeking employment in the post-office, as in other public departments, to undergo medical examination with the view of securing healthy persons for the service; and in the course of such examinations it is necessary for the medical officer to inquire into the health of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the candidate, etc. The following are examples of answers received:

"Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him."

"My little brother died of some funny name."

"A great white cat drew my sister's breath and she died of it." A parent died of "apper plexity," another died of "Parasles." One "caught Tiber rever in the Hackney Road," another had "goarnders," a third, "burrailer in the head." Some of the other complaints were described as "rummitanic pains," "carratic fever," "indigestion of the lungs," "toncertina in the throat," "pistoles on the back." One candidate stated that his "sister consumed, now she's quite well again," while the sister of another was stated to have "died of compulsion."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 7, 1897.

David's psalm of faith and love.—
Psalm 27.

THE AUTHOR.

David may well be designated "the sweet singer of Israel." His compositions are full of sweetness. Readers are captivated. There is more of joyousness than lamentation. We should think that none can peruse the entire book without being benefited spiritually. A selection of the Psalms might be read daily with profit.

THE TITLE OF THE PSALM.

"Jehovah is my delight and my salvation." Precious words! Light, salvation, strength. Light is beautiful. What a contrast from darkness. Salvation, deliverance from danger. Strength, ability to perform the duties of life. God is light, salvation and strength to all who trust in him. One writer says that the three words are "a triple shield against sundry terrors, as sufficient to ward them off."

ENEMIES.

Verse 2. Compared to ferocious beasts, whose object was to devour and destroy. These could not harm the good man, not even should their number be a host

too vast to compute. David feels such confidence that he was able to bid defiance to all their attacks intended for his destruction.

NOBLE RESOLUTION.

Verse 4. He was decided in respect to his future course. He was a lover of God's house, and all other things were made subservient to it. He set great value upon the services of the sanctuary, because they enabled him to get into closer relationship with God. The remainder of the Psalm is expressive of the Psalmist's resolve to remain steadfast, as he felt certain that he would be safe and secure, and would become stronger and stronger to the end of life. Let every one act a similar part.

ACCURACY IN SMALL THINGS.

Careful attention to small things often constitutes the difference between thorough and superficial scholarship. The true man of science, the naturalist, the mathematician, the chemist, the electrician, gives attention to the most minute as well as to the greater things. They see what other men fail to discern, and this constitutes the basis of their larger knowledge. Here is a very simple illustration, one out of thousands:

"A young artist once called upon Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him drawings and paintings. Audubon, after examining his work, said: 'I like it very much, but it is deficient. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and colour, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number.'

"'I never thought of that,' said the artist.

"'Quite likely,' said Audubon. 'Now, upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will find the scales the same in number.'

"This lesson shows how Audubon became great—by patient study of small things."

JUST FOR FUN.

BY BEATRICE YORK.

School had just begun, and the buzz of study filled the air when Tommy Jones entered the room and crept to his seat. He was the worst boy in school, and always playing jokes on the other children. He pretended to study at first, but presently he nudged his desk mate and whispered: "I say, Johnny, let's have some fun with the boy that came in yesterday. He lives two miles from here, and he is not going home till nearly dark to-night, so we might dress up as ghosts and scare him."

Johnny readily assented, he being always ready to follow some bolder nature, though too timid to take the lead himself.

After school Tommy went home and took one of the sheets from his bed and got some matches and set out toward the spot where he and Johnny had agreed to meet, a lonely spot in the woods through which Virgil Hanley had to pass. Johnny soon came, similarly equipped. It was already dusk, and they had to hurry into their ghostly outfit lest Virgil should come. They wet the matches and made rings of the wet sulphur around their eyes and all over their faces, and wrapped the sheets about them. Johnny looked frightened when Tommy turned to him for approval, for the marks upon his face glowed like fire in the dusk.

Just then they heard a merry whistle, and Virgil came hurrying along. He was a sensitive-looking lad, just the subject for a practical joke. They hid till he had gone past and then stepped out and Tommy gave a shriek that echoed through the air. The sound startled Virgil, and he turned quickly, but was utterly unprepared for the sight that met his gaze. He stared at the two figures till they suddenly started toward him, and then he tried to run away, gave a gasp, and fell like a log.

The boys had not expected that their joke would go so far; they thought they would simply have a good laugh at his fright. They ran toward him and were horror-stricken at the look of terror on his face. They tried to revive him, but failed.

Finally Tommy told Johnny to run for help while he stayed with Virgil. The doctor came back with Johnny, but there was no help for Virgil. He died soon after from the effects of the fright. All the excuse the boys could give was that they had done it "just for fun."

It was a terrible lesson to them, and they never played another practical joke.—Sunday-school Visitor.

Duty.

Straight and firm mark out the furrow,
Drop therein the golden grain;
Do thy task, and rise to-morrow
Ready to begin again.
One day like another passing,
Acts and deeds of little show,
Garnered seeds may be amassing,
Whence the harvest fields shall grow.

Bravely, then, the ploughshare driving,
Faint not, nor withdraw thy hand;
Duties done by earnest striving
Leave their traces o'er the land.
Hard the labour, few the pleasures,
Dull the task no others share;
But each step that duty measures
Leadeth up a golden stair.

Sing, then, in the early morning,
Going forth to work alone;
Sing at evening, home returning,
Counting up the day's work done.
Light the footsteps ever wending
Duty's worn and dusty ways;
Light the heart itself expending,
Dead to thought of human praise.

Dead to self, intensely loving,
In the noble throbs that move
Hearts which weary not in giving
Life for life, and love for love.
Love of souls and love of duty,
Fear of falsehood, hate of wrong—
These shall clothe thy life with beauty
Worthy of the poet's song.

"IT WON'T SINK."

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Some years ago, when I was living on the east coast of England, I often used to go to sea for a night's trawling.

My companion on such occasions was a brave fisherman, himself at once the captain and crew of his craft. Though still a young man when he decided to be a soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus, yet his early life had been a somewhat wild one; and his career on board a ship that had regularly been engaged in smuggling, had given him many adventures of peril and daring. As for our craft she was not much to look at; used chiefly for dredging the stones from which the "Roman" cement is prepared, she carried the marks of her hard service; but she had one quality that covered many defects, she could stand any amount of sea, as my friend had often proved—and I, too, sometimes, in the fierce easterly gales that broke upon that coast. With a stove for cooking, and a snug cabin for sleeping in, the roughness of it all rather added to the enjoyment. But it was the company of my fisherman friend that was the special charm of these nights at sea. Simple and God-fearing, a quiet happiness seemed always singing in his soul, that often broke out in some glad song of praise together as we drifted in the still evening or flew before a stiff breeze. A man, too, who thought much, and had little opportunity for talking, so that I got from him many an opinion about things; in general that it was good to hear.

It was as we sat together at daybreak, on a lovely morning in June, that he told me this story. We were drifting quietly along with the trawl overboard; not a sound was there to break the perfect stillness, except only the lapping of the water against the boat.

Presently my friend began—"Ah, sir, this is very different from what it used to be in the old times. We never used to think much about the beauty of the sea or the sky when the day broke—nor about God either. We would get out our telescopes, and sweep the sea all round to find if the government cutter was in sight, and only wished that the darkness had lasted an hour or two longer, that we might have got our cargo ashore."

"I can remember once"—and he laughed as he spoke—"though there—it was no laughing matter then, at any rate, for us. There was one morning when we caught sight of her—far off, almost, as you could see, but for all that we knew her rig in a minute, and terribly put about we were too—for we had a full cargo on board. At first we hoped that she wasn't after us—or tried to, anyhow. But very soon all hope was gone. She was bearing down upon us, sir, as straight as a line.

"Of course we knew we could never get away from her, do what we might. We looked at each other, for every man knew well enough that if we were caught it meant prison for us—and it meant the loss of the cargo and ship too—sawn in two, right across; that was her punishment, sir, in these times. We were still enough for a minute or so, all of us waiting for the captain to speak, and there all the time that speak of a sail coming straight for us. It was plain