

The Little Dinner-Pail.

BY MRS. M. P. A. GROZIER.

In morning tramp, along the street,
I hear the tramp of many feet,
And hear the friendly hail,
"Good morning, John!" "Good morning,
Bill!"
As on they trudge to shop or mill,
With little dinner-pail

With little dinner-pails they go,
Through mud and rain, through slush
and snow,
Wearing in manly way—
Wearing as king wears kingly crown,
The toiler's garb of blue or brown,
For very kings are they.

Who, brave of soul, with cheerful face,
Are faithful in the lowest place
That Duty calls them to,
Who for their home, the weans, the wife,
Grow gray with care and stern with
strife,
Keeping their heart-beats true.

Such men—God bless them—cities
need—
Men great in thought and strong in deed,
Knowing no word like "fail!"
Then doff your hat what time you meet
The man who carries down the street
The little dinner-pail.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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BEN GRAHAM'S PLEDGE.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

For years Ben Graham had been a section hand on the railroad that ran within a few rods of the little cottage where he lived. He was a well-informed, hard-working man, and had he not been addicted to his cups, would have risen above the rank of a common labourer. After the railroad company published rules forbidding the employment of persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated, Ben was more careful about indulging his taste, but as he was off duty at night, he frequently took the advantage of his employers, much to the shame and grief of his wife and children.

But, as this was not known by the superintendent, Ben was promoted, one autumn, to the position of night watchman; and for a time the new responsibility kept him sober. This, alas! did not last long, however.

One cold, stormy evening in November, he took the ladder from the barn when he started on his rounds, explaining as he did so that he would need it in dislodging a large maple tree, which, when blown down, had fallen against an oak on the opposite side of the railroad. As his little daughter Bessie held the gate open for him to pass, she thought she detected the odour of something that always made her mother look sober, and which had not been observable for some time. There was a look in his eye too, that troubled her, and remembering what he had been to the village during the day, she readily surmised that he had been drinking on his way home.

"Hallo, Boss!" he exclaimed, "out to give me a good-night kiss?" stooping to pat her rosy cheeks, and touch his lips to her white brow.

Yes, father, I will not forget to pray for you to-night."

"Don't you worry the least bit about me child," he answered a little huskily. "I went to bed, after the prayers were said, with a burden still on her mind. How long she slept she could not tell, but she was aroused by a loud crash, and her worry about her father caused her to at once connect it with the lodged tree.

She jumped up, and hastily dressing herself, ran down across the pasture lot to the spot where the oak stood.

Her conjectures concerning the crash were correct, for right across the railroad lay the dislodged tree, with the heavy ladder under it. A terrible fear that her father was beneath its branches seized her, but as she could discover nothing definite in the darkness, she ran swiftly back to the shanty in the centre of his beat for a light. There, stretched upon the floor, breathing heavily, the unmistakable fumes of whiskey filling the rough apartment, lay the object of her anxiety.

Her efforts to arouse him proving unavailing, she seized his lantern and rushed back up the railroad to signal the midnight express, already overdue. Before she reached the fallen tree she overheard the whistle of the locomotive at the crossing a mile above. Her prayer was answered; it was a few minutes behind time, and those few minutes gave her the opportunity of climbing over the prostrate tree and wading through the snow far enough above the obstruction to stop the train in time to prevent an accident.

Her efforts were fully appreciated by the passengers as well as the trainmen, but she hurried back, as soon as the train was stopped, to try to shield her father from disgrace. She found that after starting down the track, hours before, he had placed the ladder in position and made an effort to dislodge the reclining tree, but his brain was so benumbed by drink that he scarcely knew what he was about, and so left the tree and ladder to fall together, causing the crash which had so fortunately aroused Bessie and sent her to the rescue of the overdue train.

Ben Graham acknowledged his error when the case was investigated, but on account of the devotion and heroism of his daughter, he was not discharged, in accordance with the regulations of the company. Bessie was remembered, too, by the railroad company, but much as she prized the substantial token placed in her hands, she values much more highly a temperance pledge with her father's name affixed, which he himself presented to her, and which he has since faithfully kept.

THE ANCHOR OF PRINCIPLE.

When Hobson, the hero of Santiago, was a student at the Annapolis Naval Academy, he was made officer of the day. It was the custom—though against all rules—that the officer of the day should never report those of his own class who broke regulations. This Hobson felt was wrong, and he determined to report, without exception, all who disobeyed.

The class was indignant. They boycotted the resolute young student, and for two years he was avoided by all. He went calmly on, however, and took high rank in his studies. In the second year his fellow-students sent a committee to treat with him about receiving him into fellowship again; but he replied that he was doing very well without them, and could make no compromises. He graduated number one in his class—and all the world has heard of him since.

Principle is the anchor of an heroic mind. Hold fast to principle, boys and girls, and you will be honoured.

"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE."

Six little orphanage children were coming home late one afternoon from Farmer Miller's. They each had their hands full of apples, which the farmer had given them, and were contentedly munching. Presently they came to where some roughly-dressed men were working in a drain by the roadside, and their sympathies were at once aroused.

"They must be dreadful poor," whispered Trotty, solemnly.

"Yes, just look at that one's clothes—ali tore," commented Ted.

"An' it's hard work to do that all day. I s'pose they're just as tired as they can be," added Mamie.

"Let's give them some of our apples," suggested Vera.

No sooner thought than done. Six little pairs of red hands generously tendered all their stores, and the wails trudged homeward, their little hearts growing big with the joy of being able to give of their "very own."—The Deaconess Advocate.

THE WHITE ANGEL OF HADLEY.

BY FRED MYRON COLDY.

It was the evening of Thanksgiving Day, and the family were gathered around the cheerful blaze of the sitting-room fire.

"Tell us a story, father," said Carl, leaning back against his father's knee, as he sat on the stool before him; "a real, true one."

"Let me see. Did I ever tell you the story of the 'White Angel of Hadley'?" said Mr. Wilder. "That is a true story, and a Thanksgiving one into the bargain."

"Oh, do tell it to us, father!" cried Grace; and thus importuned, Mr. Wilder told the story of the "White Angel" of the settlement.

"You must know that it happened long ago," said the narrator, "when the States were feeble colonies, and the forests were full of savage Indians."

"One dark and stormy night, as good Parson Russell was getting ready to go to bed, there was a low rap at the door. When he opened it there stood a weary, travel-worn man, with long white hair and beard, who asked for shelter. When the good pastor hesitated, the stranger whispered in his ear, 'I am William Goffe; do not betray me.'"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Parson Russell; and he pulled the visitor hurriedly within the door.

"And now, to tell you who William Goffe was, I shall have to go back to England. Some thirty years before this there had been a war in the mother country, between the king, Charles the First, and his Parliament. There were several battles fought, in which Prince Rupert stood out brilliantly on one side for the king, and Cromwell on the side of Parliament. In the end Cromwell and his Ironsides conquered, and King Charles was taken prisoner, condemned to death and executed. His son, Prince Charles, was then across the sea, in France, and Cromwell governed England under the Commonwealth.

"But at the end of ten years Cromwell died, and the people called back their rightful prince, Charles Stuart, the son of their murdered sovereign. He was very angry with those men who sat as judges on his father, and hunted them down without mercy. These regicides, as they were called, nearly all lost their lives in England; only a few escaped. Three of these came to America, and for years led wandering, hunted lives among the Indians and wild beasts, for terrible retribution was threatened any one who befriended or helped them. One of these three regicides was William Goffe. He had been a gallant soldier and a wealthy gentleman in England; but, of course, all his wealth was gone now, and he was glad of a refuge anywhere.

"It was in the spring of the year that Parson Russell had opened his door to the fugitive, whom he had known in better days in England.

"All that summer King Phillip's war was raging in the colonies. Scarcely was there a hamlet that did not feel the dreadful scourge of the savage.

"Old Hadley's turn came at last. One Sunday, late in the autumn, after the harvests had been gathered, the Indians surprised the town. The people were assembled at church, and Parson Russell was in the very midst of his sermon when the terrible war-whoop sounded. The savages had crept up close to the village, hoping to find the settlers unprepared.

"And, indeed, there came very near being a panic. But just at that moment, when the settlement seemed lost, a tall, stately personage, with white hair and beard, and dressed in garments of a richer and courtlier make than that worn by the settlers, appeared suddenly on the scene. Waving a gleaming sword, he rallied the half-frightened settlers, placed himself at their head, and repulsed the savages. Then, when the settlement was safe, and the Indians were scattering through the woods, he disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he appeared. Search as they might, they could find no trace of their gallant benefactor, and they began to whisper among themselves that an angel had been sent from heaven for their deliverance.

"The story of the Angel of Hadley, as it was called, soon spread over New England. Nor was the identity of the mysterious helper revealed till after the death of Parson Russell. The white angel had been none other than Goffe, the regicide, who from his hiding-place had seen the need of the colonists and rushed out to their help.

"Do you not think that the people of Hadley kept Thanksgiving that year with more real Christian gratitude than they had had for years? I really think it

was the greatest of all the early Thanks giving days."

"And I do hope," said Grace, "that good Parson Russell's folks gave the poor regicide some of the good things."

COMING TO JESUS.

Two little girls were coming home from Sunday-school, and during their walk they talked of what their teacher had said. It was about "coming to Jesus." The more they talked, the more perplexed they became; but on reaching their home they at once went to their mother, and this is a part of the conversation which took place:

"Mamma, our teacher told us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved. But how can I come to him if I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew that you would hear me and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."

Love Counteth Not the Cost.

There is an ancient story, simply told, As ever were the holy things of old, Of one who served through many a following year,

To earn at last the joy he held most dear;

A weary term, to others strangely lost.

What mattered it? Love counteth not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath far Eastern skies The faithful life hath, patient, won its prize;

Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell

The soul, some Rachel waits beside the well;

For her the load is borne, the desert crossed,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

This then of man: and what, dear Lord, of thee,

Lowed in the midnight of Gethsemane.

Come from those regions infinite with peace,

To buy with such a price the world's release?

Thy voice descends, through ages tempest-tossed,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

O Christ, Redeemer, Master! I who stand Beneath the pressure of thy gracious hand—

What is the service thou wouldst have from me?

What is the burden to be borne for thee? I, too, would say, though care and fear exhaust,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

THE RULE APPLIES TO YOU.

In the construction of a waggon, there are many little things, as you know, which are likewise very important things. The inch-plus are little things, but if they drop out, the waggon is very likely to come to a standstill. So every pin and every screw should be in working order; if not, the waggon is not a trusty one. This rule also applies to you and to every child, and every child should be able to say as did the boy a clergyman once overtook: "I always go to the missionary meeting; I'm part of the concern."

This is the story:

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister.

"What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Tommy, I hope you apologized?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I did," said Tommy.

"and he gave me ten cents for being such a good boy."

"Did he?"

"And what did you do then?"

"Stepped on the other and apologized again, but it didn't work."