#### The Secret.

A Persian fable says One day A wanderer found a tump of clay So redolent of sweet perfume Its odour scented all the room "What art thou?" was his quick de-

mand mand

"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"

"Nas I am but a lump of clay" bence this wondrous perfume

if the secret I disclose

Friend I have been dwelling with the rose."
weet parable ' and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,
Mattle sweet colours all argund Distil sweet odours all around Though low and mean themselves are found?

Dear Lord, abide with us that we May draw our perfume fresh from thee

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Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. W COATES,
2176 St. Catherine St.,
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# Pleasant Hours:

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

TURONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1900

#### PETER WALDO'S CHURCH.

PETER WALDOS CHUROH.

One day in the year 1173 a group of richly-idal merchants stood talking together in a public street of Lyons Sudently one of them swayed for a moment, threw up his hands and feil dead at his companions' feet.

All were startled, it came so suddenly one of the men, Peter Waldo, was unable to put the sad event out of his thoughts, he began to think more carnestly about life, and to question about God. He hired some church fathers to translate parts of the Bible into the language of the control of the contr

ants of Peter Waldo's followers belong to the oldest Protestant church in the world. Its members promise obedience to the word of God to give abundantly of their goods to the poor and to keep their lives pure. They were a faithful little army and their patience under persecution their unwavering trust in their Redeemer were for exturing the state of the most of their world willing to die for the faith that they would not give up.

The Israel of the Alps they have been called and from their carllest beginning the Church of Rome has not ceased to persecute them. They suffered under the Inquisition they have been warred and driven out from their homes. It is said that the only time they were free from remains was during the French Revolution and the rule of the Redeemer and the relief of the Redeemer and the relief of the Redeemer and the relief of the Redeemer and the Redeemer and the relief of the Redeemer and the Redeemer

They were and are brave, simple people, poor in worldly wealth, but rich in the memories of the brave deeds of their ancestors, of which they are very proud, and the knowledge that through all the very days they have been true to the God eir fathers, who has never forgotten of the

#### WHAT PLORENCE WANTED MOST. BY ADELE E. THOMISON.

The outer door opened with a rush Oh, mother, I am to sing alone twice the Sunday-school concert; only think and Florric gave a prance.

wil am glad if my little daughter can help by her voice," and Mrs. Ellsworth looked up from her sowing into the dushed and cager face. "And, oh, mother, can't I have a new

pink slik dress to wear that night? I do so want one"

I cannot afford you a pink slik dress

r cannot antor you a pink sits cress, Florence, and besides, I think that your pretty pink and white organdy is much more suitable for a little girl like you. Florrie gave a half-pout. "That old organdy! I'm tired to death of wear-

organdy 'I'm tired to death of weating it."

"A genuine daughter of Evo," laughed 'n-le Will, the guest of a few days, laying down his newspaper.

"Well, Uncle Will, if you were in my place, I don't believe but what you would like a pretty, soft plak silk."

"I dare say I would, Florrie," and with a pat of her curly brown hair, he then but on his hat and went out.

Florrie was an especial pet of Uncle Will's and the next day after he was gone Mrs. Elisworth found an envelope pinned to the cushion in his room, and inside it were thirteen dollars in crisp now bills, together with a line, "For Forrie's pink silk dress, if that is what

now bills, together with a line, "For Fiorries' pink silk dress, if that is what she wants most."

I know, mother, you think Uncle Will was very foolish to give me the money for that dress!" exclaimed Florrie, as she danced round with the note in her hand. hand.

Rather foolish, I must admit

"Rather foolish, I must admit," anwe're and Mrs. Ellisworth, with a smile
"But I am gind he was fust so foolish.
If that is what she wants most —I
muss it is that exactly."
That evening a friend came in "You
know I told you my brother was a Sunday-school missionary out West. I want
to read you a letter from him," she said.
"Cedar Gulch is one of our dark
places. Saloons, gambling dens on all
sides, and the nearest church and Sunday-school forty miles away. I have
been there two or three times. The
children come, and would like a regular
Sunday-school, but those who might help
us, do not, and our society is already Sunday-school, but those who might help us, do not, and our society is already carrying all it can. Twenty-five dollars would furnish quarterlies, papers, and all supplies, and keep the school going for year. Do you know of anybody who would give that, and so secure to these children a breath of helpful influence for a year?"

Florta and listened her face aglow

for a year?"

Florrie had listened, her face aglow
Can't our Sunday-school do it?" she

the twas not from her mind. Indeed, she elt that nothing had ever kept so peristently in her thoughts. It was still here on Monday afternoon, when she rent with her mother to buy the new there on

dress.

Very quietly Florrie walked down the Very quietly Florrie walked down the street and into the store. Mrs. Ellisworth had a purchase for herself to make first, and Florrie stood by her side, as she sat at the counter, her hands clasped behind her, as was her habit when troubled, and her face full of perplexity Then, as her mother said, "There, now. I am ready to go to the silk counter," she suddenly spoke: "Mother, do you think Uncle Will would care if I used the

money for something else beside the

"Why, certainly not; you know he said, 'If that is what she wants most.' But have you changed your mind about the dress?"
I think so: ves. You see. I keen

the dress?"

"I think so; yes. You see, I keep thinking and thinking of those children who want a Sunday-school, and twenty-tive dollars would keep one for a year, thirteen dollars would for six months, which would be something, and perhaps by that time semebody elsewild help. It was pretty hard to choose between that or the dress, but I've made the choice now; I'm quite sure I would rather send the money there."
"Very well, my dear. It is your own to do with as you like, if you are quite sure."

to do with as you like, if you are quite sure."
"Yes, I am, because," and Florrie drow a little sigh, "if I got the dress, I know I should always think of the good I might have done." But as they walked out she turned her head aside that she might not see any plak is displayed on the silk counter.
"Dear Uncle Will," she wrote, sitting at the table in her own room that evening, "I hope you'll not mind or think that I am fickle, because I d'dha't get the pink silk after all, but I love and enjoy my own Sunday-school so much that the thought of those children at Cedar Guich, pint sik auer an, our a von the my own Sunday-school so much that the thought of those children at Cear Gulch, who haven't any at all, stuck to me like a burr; so the money is on the way to them, and I know I feel happier thinkins of it than I ever should with the dress. The old organdy isn't going te look bad after all, and I am going to try to sin's well that the dress'll not matter."

A few days later an answer came. The money was yours, dear Florrie, to spend as you chose. As you have made such an unsellish choice, you will like to know that I have added enough more so that the children of Cedar Guich can have their Sunday-school for a year, and also that your little act has been stronger

also that your little act has been stronger also that your little act has been stronged than many sermons. I shall always remember it, and be a better man for the remembrance."—S. S. Visitor.

#### MAUD'S "POCKET WARMER."

It was a freezing day. Bits of ice

MAUD'S "POOKET WARMER."

It was a freezing day. Bits of ice basked stolidly in the cold susshine, without even a hint of moisture about their edges. The north wind blew sharply round every corner, and tore through the streets at a mad race, making cars and nose tingle and ache. Down Asylum Avenue walked Maud Harper and her mother. As they passed the peanut stand at the Dearborn Street corner, the wind stopped to take breath. This gave Maud a chance to straighten her hat and to turn toward the peanut seller with a nod and a smile. It was evident that she and the old man were on pleasant terms, for his brown face brightened when he saw her, and he paused in serving a customer to touch his cap with a deferectial sesting she had a considered the stopped of the serving the stone op to his mouth, in a vain endeavour to warm them with his breath, list face was hard and thin and sad, like the face of those children to whom a happy home is unknown; and Maud's own face grew tender with sympathy.

"Oh, mother, see that poor little fellow! His hands must be very cold' May I warm them? Oh, may I, mother?" The voice was eager.

May I warm them? Ob, may I, mother? The voice was eager. Her prother smiled down at her. "If you can be quiek about it," she answered; "wo haven't much spare time." Maud waited for no more. She darted ahead, caught the boy by the sleeve, and with a few words pulled him gently toward the corner they had just passed. The peanut seller saw them coming, and a broad smile lighted up his wrinkled face.

and a broad smile lighted up his wrinkled face.

"Anither pair o' cauld hands?" gueried the old Scotchman, as the two stopped by the light stand.

Mand nodded gaily, producing some money from her dainty purse, while the bot waited he scared words. While the peanut man measured out the hot nuts and filled first one and then the other of his cost, pockets.

"Ye'll be no mair cauld," commented the old man, and with a dawning light in his eyes the boy thrust his little red hands among the novel proket warmers. A grin of joy replaced the wondering look, as the grateful heat made itself, feit, and then one of the peanuts was popped between the pinched lips, and delight made the wickned face fairly since.

contented smile; while a young man who had been watching the proceedings said

to his comrade:

"That's a great scheme! Think I'll
try it!"

try it!"
So he did.—The Youth's Companion.

#### Brotherhood.

He's true to God who's true to man, Wherever wrong is done, To humblest and the weakest, 'neath The all-beholding sun.

That wrong is also done to us; And they are slaves most base Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race.

## A SWEET LITTLE COMFORTER.

On the platform, waiting for the cars, were little Dalsy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine-tooking, middle-sped man; but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it leads to be a supplemental of the sky does when thick clouds cover it leads to be a supplemental to be su

only other person in sign, with the bead was bent low, and his doubled see the wisk does when the doubled over it the wisked up and the word cover it the wisked up and town with long steps, but did not seen to be considered the wisked up and town with long steps, but did not seen to be considered the wisked up and town to hear or see anything.

Little Dalay saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mear, took a step or two forward, made aqu. In tiltle bow, and coced out in her sweetest tones, "How do?"

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.
"How do?" Dalay sagan lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him. "How do you do, my little lady her with the wide of the wid

#### THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE. It is told that the locomotive whistle

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

It is told that the locomotive whistle was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs. When locomotives were first built the country roads were for the most part crossed at grade, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. The horn the country consists of the country consists of the country was a train approached. The engine man blew his horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eight dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wasgon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, nine hundred eggs, condidered a very serious medium pany, Ashlen Batter George Stephenson lived, to see if the could not invent something that would give warning more likely to be heard stephenson went to wrok and the next day had a contrivance which, when it was attached to the engine boiler and the steam was turned on, gave a shrill discordant sound. The railway deficient of the engine boiler and the steam was turned on, gave a shrill discordant sound. The railway different ore, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the best of the engine boiler and the steam was turned on, gave a shrill discordant sound. The railway different ore greatly delighted, ordered similar to the locomotive whiste has never been slent.

### WORK OR WAGES.

fet, and then one of the peanuts was popped between the pinched lips, and delight made the wizened face fairly shine.

"Come, dear, or we shall be late for the train," urged Mand's mother.

"Thank'e, ma'am!" the urchir managed to say, as his little benefactor, moved away.

The old Scotchman looked on with a looked on with a looked on who had been a looked on who had been a looked on who had been a looked on who not want wages.