

The Secret.

A Persian fable says One day A wanderer found a lump of clay...

They were and are brave, simple people, poor in worldly wealth, but rich in the memories of the brave deeds of their ancestors...

WHAT FLORENCE WANTED MOST.

BY ADELE E. THOMPSON.

The outer door opened with a rush. Oh, mother, I am to sing alone twice at the Sunday-school concert...

I am glad if my little daughter can help by her voice, and Mrs. Ellsworth looked up from her sewing into the flushed and eager face...

And oh, mother, can't I have a new pink silk dress to wear that night? I do so want one...

I cannot afford you a pink silk dress, Florence, I am sorry to say, I think that your pretty pink and white organdy is much more suitable for a little girl like you...

A genuine daughter of Eve, laughed Uncle Will, the guest of a few days, laying down his newspaper...

Well, Uncle Will, if you were in my place, you are an excellent one, but what you would like a pretty, soft pink silk...

I know, mother, you think Uncle Will was very foolish to give me the money for that pink silk...

Rather foolish, I must admit, answered Mrs. Ellsworth, with a smile...

That evening a friend came in. You know I told you my brother was a Sunday-school missionary out West...

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

Yes, I have just been to see the superintendent. They are helping this year to build a parsonage...

The next day was Sunday. Florrie came home from Sunday-school with a thoughtful face. Do you know, mother, I had a little idea...

I'm afraid not, dear. Your Uncle Will isn't made of money; and although you have always found him so generous...

Florrie said no more on the subject, but though it was dropped from her talk, it was not from her mind...

Very quietly Florrie walked down the street and into the store. Mrs. Ellsworth had a purchase for herself to make first, and Florrie stood by her side...

I am ready to go to the silk counter, she suddenly exclaimed, do you think Uncle Will would care if I used the money for something else beside the dress?

Yes, I am, because, and Florrie drew a little sigh, if I got the dress, I know I should always think of you good it might have done...

I hope you'll not mind or think that I am fickle, because I didn't get the pink silk after all...

A few days ago, dear Florrie, to spend as you chose. As you have made such an unselfish choice, you will like to know that I have added enough more...

It was a freezing day. Bits of ice bosked stolidly in the cold suphine, without even a hint of moisture about their edges...

Down Asylum Avenue walked Maud Harper and her mother. As they passed the peanut stand at the Dearborn Street corner...

A few steps farther on Maud spied a small boy with his little fist close up to his mouth...

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. If you can be quick about it, she answered; "No haven't much spare time."

Maud waited for no more. She darted ahead, caught the boy by the sleeve, and he gratefully put his hands just toward the corner they had just passed...

Neither pair of cold hands? queried the old Scotchman, as the two stopped by the little stand.

Maud nodded gaily, producing some money from her dainty pocket, while the boy gratefully rubbed his hands as if he had half a mind to run away...

"You'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 pocket warmers...

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

"Thank's, ma'am" the urchin managed to say, as his little benefactor moved away.

The old Scotchman looked on with a 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!

So he did.—The Youth's Companion.

Brotherhood.

He's true to God who's true to man, Wherover wrong is done, To humblest and the weakest, 'neath The all-ubaliding 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 Daisy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine looking, middle-aged man...

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'gill," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his soft pink clouds were all her eyes.

"Oh, so sorry?" "I sorry too," were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes and a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms...

"I love 'ou," she said, and laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever put in Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into a car.

That battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from man's heart, we cannot know...

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

It is told that the locomotive whistle was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs.

For the most part cracked the eggs, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn.

Just as he came upon the track a train approached. The engine driver blew his whistle, but the farmer did not hear it.

Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass and mingled with the kingly wood to great advantage.

The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, nine hundred eggs, and his horse and his wagon.

It was considered a very serious matter, and straightaway a very serious matter, and straightaway a very serious matter, and straightaway a very serious matter.

WORK ON WAGES.

Do we really want work, or do we only want wages? Are we offering the world a life, to be spent in unceasing service, or are we asking it for all that we can persuade it to give us in return for the least possible expenditure on our part?

The world wants workers, wants them badly, and it will never let them lack for work, but it has a special need of people who only want wages.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including The West, The Canadian, and The American.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rer. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1900

PETER WALDO'S CHURCH.

One day in the year 1173 a group of richly-clad merchants staid talking together in a public street of Lyons.

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 hired some church fathers to translate parts of the Bible into the language of the common people and he began to read them, but he was dissatisfied finally of churches and old him.

If thou wouldst be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor. So he began to spend his wealth on the poor and to preach in the streets of Lyons.

Such earnestness to tradition was the cause of his being persecuted by the authorities of Lyons.

His message was not confined to the words 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 was not lessened.

The Israel of the Alps they were called and from their earliest beginnings the Church of Rome has not ceased to persecute them.

In 1518, however King Charles Albert granted them religious toleration, which has come to mean freedom.