

A Happy Family.

By D. H. R. GODDARD.
I was a bitter cold morning the new fallen snow had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go.

OUR PERIODICALS:

- The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. Yearly \$4.00
Christina Quarterly, weekly 2.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 10 pp., monthly 2.75

Having arrived there the traveler is conscious of little or no descent. Six-sixths of the whole interior before a vast plateau that extends to the Zambesi on the north, the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and varies in altitude from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level.

A STORY OF A DINNER.

By MISS M. M. SANDERSON.
The morning sun came brightly into Mrs. Engells' little dining-room. It may have been the tropical sun, for it was hot, for it wandered all over the room, making the spotless cloth on the breakfast table whiter, and the glass sparkle more brilliantly, dancing in and out of sight.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
REV. W. B. WITHROU, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1900

JUST WHAT SOUTH AFRICA IS.

Allen Sangree contributes to Amicusa an article on South Africa. This is how the country appeared to him:
You land on the coast at the foot of a mountain 3,600 feet high. They call it Table Mountain, and the veil of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it, South Africans are pleased to term the 'Tablecloth' because of the flat solid rock 1,000 feet in height, perpendicular as a wall, and for half a mile on top quite level, this mountain offers the best natural sign-board on earth.

"Don't look so sad, mother, dear," said Dora, putting her arms round her and kissing her. "We can do without dinner even if they don't pay, for we have had such a nice breakfast."
"See how it feels not to have any dinner! Lots and lots of boys and girls go on one meal a day!"
"Yours is no comfort, indeed; but after all, I hope I will get some money, and not have to see you hungry, and have nothing to give you to eat."

Frank and Dora came in soon after, going a little way with their friends. They knew of course they had no dinner, for they had seen that Elsa Carruthers and Jean Barton had not gone up to the desk.
"Isn't it a pity, we do not mind at all not having dinner; the tea is so nice, and we have a lovely fire," said Dora, eager to make her mother feel happy.

"After drinking the tea, their mother said, "Be glad, please," they said.
It was a story full of interest to them, and when their mother pictured to them the king, very hungry, and yet not able to eat anything because as soon as he took a bite he became deaf, they said: "He was worse off than we are. We can eat and drink three times every day, though we have no gold!"

"Then they found to their surprise that it was gold," they said.
That afternoon Frank and Dora often smiled at each other, and at recess when the other scholars wanted to know what they were smiling about, Frank said they were thinking of the story their mother told them at dinner-time.
" My mother never tells us stories," said Jessa Carr, she said once she never could tell one right."

"They are lovely," agreed the children.
" When I'm big and married," said Willie Jackson, "I'm going to have her tell stories to me and my wife at dinner."
" Oh, dear! I hear him!" shouted the others.
" Who is going to be your wife, Willie?"
" Dora, of course," said Willie proudly.
" Aren't you Dora?"
" If mother will let me," replied Dora shyly. " I guess she will, and she will live with us. It will be jolly!"

down town and see what we can get for tea. Has Frank come in yet?"
Before Dora could answer he came in, looking radiant.
" I met Mrs. Carruthers and Mrs. Barton, so I hurried home to go with you."
" That is right, my boy. They must have felt flattered at the welcome they had from us."
The others (that was what Frank always called the scholars), were wishing they could have come one to tell their stories at dinner-time.
" Well, Jackson says he is going to have you live with us when we are married, and tell us stories," said Dora.
" They never said anything about me," said Frank, " but I'm just determined you will live with me half the time."
" That would be only fair," his mother said.
" I would not want to be selfish," Dora said, " and it would be nicer if we could always keep on all living together."
" It is in God's hands, my dears, and we can safely leave it to him."
" He reminded Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Carruthers to pay the fees, I expect," said Frank, thoughtfully.
" And we have had such a happy day," said Dora.
" We must go to bed now, it is getting late," and after reading a few verses from the Bible, she commended her children and herself to his keeping, and forgot not to pray for all who were hungry, and to thank him for his loving care of them all through the day.

A CHINESE LADY.

How unlike she is to a Canadian lady! She has dark eyes and raven locks, which are drawn tightly back from her face and used to cover a queer framework looking like butterfly's wings, or some other fantastic shape. Her forehead appears very broad, as just before her wedding day all the short braids over her brows were drawn out to live it this wide, open appearance.

Several of her finger-nails are very long, for that is a sign she is a lady and



has little work to do with her hands. To keep these nails from breaking she wears over them little plaids of gold or silver. But look at her feet! Could any one ever imagine that they were the feet of a grown-up woman? They have been bound and compressed with strong cotton bandages from her childhood, and now she wears tiny slippers only three inches long, made of bright-colored satin, very beautifully embroidered. As we look at her feet we wonder how she can walk at all without coming to grief. Her dress also looks strange. She wears a loose tunic of some bright flowered silk. Her sleeves are more than a yard round and adorned with strips of embroidery. She can boast of a large stock of jewelry, and she wears many pins in her hair.
When relatives and friends are invited to dine at her house, the Chinese lady never sits down to a meal with them. She remains always in her own apartment, but sometimes, when there is a merry company in the guest hall, you may hear a rustling and a sound of tumbled laughter, and so be made aware of the fact that the lady of the house and her attendants are having a little peep at what is going on; for it is easy to make small holes in the paper screens, or to peep from behind a curtain.
The evening hours are quite quiet in the room or yard, and very rarely the days pass without it. It is quite a relief when every few days she has a call from one of the ancient dames who make their living by doing sewing, fortunes telling, or vending numerous small wares. They are always very welcome, since with their lively gossip and news of the families they visit, they bring a fresh breeze from the outer world.