

What the Little Shoes Said.

When the little shoes
standing by the bed
They suddenly began to talk
And this is what they said

We're just as tired as we can be,
We've been most everywhere,
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
T'wixt sheets both cool and clean
While we are left to stand outside,
Now don't you think it mean?

We've carried him from a room till night,
He's quite forgot that's plain,
While here we watch, and wait, and wait,
'Till morning comes again

And then he'll tramp and tramp, and tramp
The livelong summer day,
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away.

Where he could never go to bed;
But stay up all the night,
Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed 'twould serve him right."
—Our Little Men and Women.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

A MEDICINE MAN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. J. B. McCULLAGH.

There is no doubt Hadagim Shimolgit is the most realistic specimen of the Indian medicine man I have yet seen. He is also generally supposed to practice the Black Art. I always feel it a solemn thing to preach the Gospel to this man. It is not often, however, that we find him at home on Sundays. I am told he watches for our coming and disappears beneath the floor) on our approach.

Believing that I preach to his wife and children, sometimes to the children alone, I went to his home. Just fancy his going into a hole in the earth to evade hearing the Gospel, and the Gospel reaching him even in his hiding-place. This afternoon he chose to remain among his family above ground, sitting back in a heap of furs and dirty blankets with his eyes closed. After holding a short service, we were about to leave, when he asked us to stop a moment and hear what he had to say:

Chief McCullagh, no man ignores the fact, it is so, indeed it is rather so, that there be peace to-day up and down this village it is owing to your presence among us. We are a hard lot; we are an unaddressed skin, the perfection of hardness. But, by dint of scraping and rubbing, our women soften the hardest skins and make moccasins of them, soft and easy to wear. And so it is with us and you, you have been rubbing and scraping us with the Malasha (Gospel) for many years, and I think we are beginning to feel it; I think we are getting softer. Therefore, do well what you do, chief, keep on scraping us and you will make moccasins of us for the Chief on high. My say is finished."

We were not a little astonished at this unlooked-for testimony of Hadagim

Shimolgit to the power of the Gospel. His name in English means "Bad Chief," and he looks it, a stranger need hardly inquire it.

I remember saving his life in a peculiar way seven or eight years ago. It came to my knowledge that one Shabalm Neug was going to kill him on the supposition of his having caused the death of a relative by necromancy, and poor Hadagim Shimolgit was only safe in the sudatory. As this state of things could not go on for many days without ending tragically, I sent up four stalwart fellows from the mission and kidnapped Hadagim Shimolgit, keeping him in close custody for more than a week, until I talked Shabalm Neug into a better mind. He has never forgotten what I did for him.—Missionary Gleaner.

A BRAVE INDIAN.

A North American Indian, well known as a most terrible warrior, one day happened to call upon a missionary, and heard him reading the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The Indian said, "Read it again." It was read again. He reached out his hands and said, "My hands are covered with blood; can I become a Christian?"

With tears running down his cheeks the missionary told him the story of Christ, the Saviour of the world; and then, to test him, he said, "Let me cut your hair." The Indian always wears a scalp lock for his enemy when he is on the warpath. "Yes," said the Indian, "I am in earnest; if I can be a follower of Jesus Christ, I can suffer anything."

His hair was cut. His men jeered at him, and called him a fool. It stung him almost to madness. He rushed home and threw himself on the floor.

His wife, who was a Christian, put her arms around his neck, and said, "Yesterday no man in the world could call you 'coward.' Cannot you be as brave for Him who died for you?"

He afterward said, "My wife lifted me onto my feet." I have known many brave servants of Christ, but none, I think, more devoted to him than that man, who, I verily believe, was brought to Christ by hearing that one passage of Scripture.—Bible Society Gleanings.

THE COLONEL'S HERO.

BY MARTHA GRAHAM.

It was the most delightful place to spend the summer, just on the shore of one of Muskoka's prettiest lakes. Tim Hartwell and Frank Martin were having a glorious time. There was sailing and canoeing and swimming and fishing and picnics—and the Colonel. The boys thought he was the best of all. He boarded in the same house as they did—a big, cool, summer-house, with deep verandahs facing the lake and with rocks behind—and he was always helping the boys with their sports. He taught them to dive off the wharf, where the water was so deep, and even dropped an occasional ten-cent bit in just to see them all disappear with a splash after it, and come up again spluttering and gasping. In such cases Tim was generally the winner, for Tim could beat any boy on the lake shore in aquatic sports. Then the Colonel would take them fishing or sailing in his big yacht with its great bulging white sails. And on rainy days! Why, he would sit on the verandah by the hour, and tell the most wonderful stories, all about his life in India, and such delightful tales of British soldiers, until every boy wanted to do some brave deed right then and there.

"He's a dandy, ain't he, now?" asked Tim, rolling over on the grass one hot afternoon, as the Colonel's straight, stalwart figure appeared upon the verandah. "Don't you remember that story he told us fellows last night about the boy who saved the flag? My! I'd like to do some brave thing like that!"

"That's what Phil Hamilton said," answered Frank, "and the Colonel said that if a fellow was really brave he'd be sure certain to find a chance to show it."

"Did he? Well, I wish I had a chance. I often wish when we're diving off the wharf, or swimming round the canoe, that some fellow would go down, not enough to hurt him, you know, but just enough to scare the folks on shore a little, and I'd pop in and save him!"

"Yes," sighed Frank, "it would be jolly to save somebody's life or something like that. My! wouldn't the Colonel be proud if you did that!"

"Well," exclaimed Tim, sitting up resolutely, "I'm going to watch for a chance to do something, and may be it will come. The Colonel said I was the best swimmer of the whole crowd, and I'd just love to show him what I could do. I'll watch for a chance."

"Me, too," responded his friend.

"Maybe we'll both be heroes, Tim, before we leave Muskoka!"

So the boys planned to do some great deed, and the golden opportunity came at last in a most unexpected manner.

One morning the Colonel was stretched upon the grass near the water with his morning paper. He was hidden from sight by a clump of trees, and could not see the water, but he heard "his boys," as he called them, splashing round like so many ducks. Two or three of them waded near the shore and the Colonel could hear their voices distinctly though they spoke low.

"It would be the biggest lark out," one of them was saying. "There's just eight of us, that's plenty to look after an old boat like that. We could sneak it off before daylight."

"Hurrah, this is the best fun we've had yet. I say, Martin and Hartwell, come here, you fellows!" cried another.

"What is it?" cried Tim, come up out of the water with a splash.

"We're going to get up early in the morning and make off with old Peter Cull's fishing boat. We can take it up the creek and hide it in the reeds and then watch him hunt for it! Imagine him going round growling and saying, 'Now, whar in the land o' creation is the crater, thim'?"

The boys burst into a roar of laughter over this perfect imitation of old Peter's manner.

"Goody!" cried Tim. "We'll have to sit up all night, for the old chap gets up at all hours. You'll come, Frank?"

"I—well, it seems kind of mean, don't you think?" asked Frank hesitatingly.

"Pshaw, such a booby!" cried one big boy. "You ain't afraid, I hope, Martin?"

"Afraid?" cried Frank, angrily. "Well, I guess hardly. I can go anywhere you can, Alf Peters, so I'll be with you!"

If Frank and Tim could have seen the Colonel's face just then they would have been sorry.

"Well, that's settled," continued Alf.

"There's eight of us, and—"

"No, there's not eight, either," said Jack Maybrook, who was sunning himself on a rock near by. "Don't count me, please."

"Why? What's the matter with you? You scarey, too?" came from several voices.

"No, I'm not scared," replied Jack quietly, and the boys knew that Jack was not easily frightened, "but I think it would be mean, and I won't do a mean trick, so now!"

"Bah, Boo-Hoo!" "Poor 'itty sing!" cried several.

"Are you scared you'll get caught?" asked Alf.

"We promise not to tell on you if we're found out," sneered another.

"Oh, come on, Jack. It's only a little fun!" cried Frank in a half-hearted way.

Jack kept his temper admirably. He dived off the rock, swam under water, and came up with a splash.

"No, I'm not going. I like fun just as much as anybody," he said as soon as he got his breath. "But old Peter earns his living by getting fish, and I'd just as soon steal his money as take his boat away."

The Colonel rose and stole away on tip-toe through the trees. He had no right to listen, he knew, but he had forgotten that for a few moments in his interest. "That boy's made of the stuff they manufacture heroes from," he said to himself, as he walked up the verandah steps.

Frank and Tim were almost late for tea that evening. They were fortunate enough to sit at the Colonel's table, and they slipped into their places hurriedly for fear they might miss one of his stories.

The conversation turned upon the subject nearest the boys' hearts. The gentlemen were talking about brave deeds. Mr. Reynolds, a young man down at the other end of the table, told a story of a boy of twelve who saved his sister from drowning at the risk of his life.

The boys looked at each other. If they only had such a chance!

"Well," said the Colonel in his deep voice, "I saw a very brave deed done by a boy to-day." Every eye was turned upon the speaker, and Tim and Frank stopped eating. Had some one got ahead of them?

"It was a case of moral courage," went on the Colonel, "which always needs more pluck than mere physical bravery. This little chap stood out against seven of his companions and positively refused to join them in playing a prank upon an old man because he felt it was mean. I was an eavesdropper during the whole conversation, I must confess, but I was so interested that I quite forgot my position until too late. That little fellow is the making of a real hero!"

You should have seen the faces of the two would-be heroes! They sat and ate their supper without being able to tell the difference between salt and lemon-ade! There were several remarks made upon the Colonel's story, and then a lady next Frank launched into a long tale of her brother's heroism in the Northwest Mounted Police. But the boys did not hear one word. They dared not look at the Colonel, and the only thing they wanted to do was to get under the table, which, of course, was impossible. They slipped away after the meal to meet the other five at the wharf, where they were to make the final arrangements about old Peter's boat. As they left the house Jack came bounding across the lawn and the Colonel called to him. There was a crowd of men on the verandah, and they could hear them laughing and talking with Jack, while the Colonel had his hand on the boy's shoulder. Frank and Tim looked at each other as much as to say, "It might have been us," and ran as fast as they could to the wharf.

It was quite evident that the meeting did not accomplish its object, for when the Colonel retired to his room that evening he found a rather badly-written note on his dresser. It read as follows:

"Dear Colonel Harding:

"We, the undersigned, want to tell you that we were in that crowd this morning, but I guess you know that, and we don't intend to have anything to do with old Peter's boat, nor none of the fellows don't, and they want you to know, and we are sorry that we ain't heroes.

"Signed for the crowd,
"Timothy Hartwell,
"Franklin Martin."

Well, the Colonel was just as kind as he could be about it, and treated them all the same as usual. But the boys never forgot their mistake. Frank and Tim are still striving to be heroes, so you may hear of them again some day.—The Westminster.

AN IDOL SWEATING IN CHINA.

This year, in the first month, on the fifteenth day, at Nam-Fong market, some people saw an idol sweating. They wiped the idol's face dry with paper, but in two hours it was again covered with perspiration. They told this in the market, and many went to see this wonder, and the fame of the idol increased, and everybody thought there would be some great calamity happen in Nam-Fong.

There was in the market one man who believed in the true God. His name is Eo-A-gnon. When he heard the story, he said, "I will go and see if this idol really sweats." He found that last year, in the twelfth month, the priests of the temple noticed that the idol required to be repainted. To prepare it for repainting they steeped it in the river for three days, then washed it, and afterward repainted it.

Some twenty days after this they carried the idol out into the streets for an airing. The idol was exposed for a long time to the hot sun, and this caused the water to come to the surface and burst through the fresh paint. This was the perspiration which astonished every one, and made them say, "That proves the idol is living."

Eo-A-gnon published an account of what he saw, and added: "Idols are made of wood, or gold, or brass, or sometimes stone; they are all made by man, and how can they bless men? You, my fellow-villagers, must not believe this false thing. You should worship God. God is the Father of everybody. He has the power to bless man. If you have God's doctrine in your heart you will be blessed."—Messenger.

WAGES AND WHISKEY.

The young man who thinks he can afford to take two or three glasses of beer or whiskey each day and never miss the sum he spends, would do well to reckon up how much these drinks would amount to in the course of a year.

Some years ago, three young men in Columbus, O., carpenters by trade, engaged to work for a builder, promising to stay with him until a certain piece of work was completed. They were to receive the same wages, and were to draw them as they chose. The work lasted from spring until Christmas. On the final settlement, one of the young men, who frequented the tavern, and was a pretty hard drinker, found a balance to his credit of \$2.50. The second, who was a somewhat more moderate drinker, had \$11; the third, who was a teetotaler, had \$150. The first and second were very sooty clothes, and were in debt. The third had a good suit and no debt. Surely total abstinence pays!