

means identical. They prefer the hexagon—the form which is best adapted to secure the greatest possible number of cells in the smallest area. But they do not slavishly bind themselves to this form. The first comb which they attach to the frame-work would cling to it very insecurely, and only by its projecting edges, if it were composed of six-sided cells. They therefore make it with five sides only, and fashion it of pentagonal cells with broad bases, which attach themselves solidly to the wood on a continuous line. The whole is agglutinated and sealed, not with wax, but with their gum, which as it dries, becomes hard as iron.

No creature is more richly endowed with implements, or more obviously intended for an industrial specialty, than the bee. Each organ reads her its lesson, and informs her what she has to do. Lighted by five eyes and guided by a couple of antennae, she carries in front, projecting beyond her mouth, an unique and marvellous instrument of taste—the proboscis, or long external tongue—which is of peculiar delicacy, and partly hairy, that it may the more readily absorb and imbibe. Protected, when at rest, by a beautiful scaly sheath, the proboscis puts forth its fine point to touch a liquid; and this point wetted, draws it back into its mouth, where lies the internal tongue, a subtle judge of sensation, and the final authority.

To this delicate apparatus, add some coarser attributes which indicate their own uses; hairs on every side to catch up the dust of the flowers, brushes on the thighs to sweep together the scattered harvest, and panners to compress it into pellets of many colours. All these conjoined form the insignia of her trade—the reaper.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

ONE YEAR IN CHINA.

BY REV. GEORGE E. HARTWELL.

[We have pleasure in printing the accompanying letter from China, from one of our indefatigable missionaries in that country. A private letter from Brother Hartwell is full of heart and hope. He kindly promises papers on their experiences and on the customs and habits of the people, which will be of great interest. We print this letter in PLEASANT HOURS, which has a very large circulation, that we may bring it under the notice of as many as possible of the young people of our Church.]

To-day is November 3rd. One year ago to-day the van of Canadian Methodism landed upon the shores of China. I hasten to cheer all our young friends in the Sunday-schools, Epworth Leagues, and Mission Bands, with the report of to-day's doings. November the 3rd, 1892, there was a formal opening of our new mission.

The future, indeed, is to be a bright one if the present is prophetic.

The dispensary having been made ready for the occasion, the doors were opened about nine o'clock. They came. Who came? The same kind of people who eighteen centuries ago came to our blessed Master—the sick and the maimed, eighteen in number, sixteen of whom paid the required fee. Their ages ranged between one and seventy years. One gray-haired woman had had a cough for twenty-three years, and came hopefully to receive treatment.

Our Saviour's methods of touching the masses and drawing them to him, by caring for their bodily wants, are peculiarly adapted to China. A week ago a young man in one of the large yamens (official centres) fell from a ladder and broke a bone in his foot. The doctors set the bone, and a bed was made ready for him upon the mission premises. He is a wide-awake Chinaman and a great reader. His interest in our welfare and work grows daily. To-day, after our regular Chinese prayers, I entered his room and read with him that sad, yet warning, story of the young ruler who came to Christ, wanting to know what he must do to inherit eternal life. He listened with great attention. It was, indeed, a great privilege, as well as pleasure, to unfold to him the unsearchable riches of Christ. He has a bright little son who comes to see him, and the way the father fondled his boy, revealed a tenderness and love akin to the spirit of Christianity. His mother also visits him and has attended morning prayers.

Thus seeds are dropped into the midst of large families; what the results will be only he who gives the increase knows; however, by faith we have the precious promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seeds, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126. 5, 6.

In the afternoon the neighbours were invited in, and at three o'clock there was assembled in the outer court, a nicely dressed and happy looking company. Dear reader, your heart would have greatly rejoiced, could you have been present and observed with what attention they listened to the Gospel message. Another feature of this afternoon's meeting spoke volumes for the future of China. The front seats were occupied by boys, whose upturned faces exhibited as much intelligence, earnestness, and hopefulness, as I ever saw manifested in any Sunday-school in Canada. How our hearts went out for these boys!

OH! BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANADA,

Pray for these beautiful little heathen children. You would love them very dearly, could you have seen them this afternoon, dressed in their peculiar Chinese dress. Alas, these very boys and girls are taught to worship either their ancestors or idols.

Perhaps some boy or girl asks, are the Chinese children nice? Can you really love them? Yes, the Chinese children are indeed very attractive, and we love them very much.

One bright boy, about six years of age, is at present living upon the place. He has a good voice and fills the courts with the hymns he has learned at our meetings. I have seen him in the room with the hospital patients teaching them to sing

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

To illustrate how clever the Chinese boys are, this little boy is able to read the New Testament, and to commit to memory long sentences in a remarkably short time.

In the evening another pleasant meeting was held, in our home—a foreign service. Fifteen missionaries were present. Rev. Olin Cady, of the M. E. mission, preached an encouraging sermon. Then all joined in earnest prayer for the blessing of God to fall upon the work just beginning. Thus closed a day long to be remembered by those who participated therein, a day full of promise, full of hope, full of joy. How many kind words were spoken by the patients to their neighbours! How many rills of blessing set in motion by this day's work, at present is hidden! We know the heaven is working, the torch is lit, the

message speeds, his word shall not return empty.

Motto—China for Christ! Twenty-five male missionaries in Sze-Chuan before the year 1900.

CHEN-TU, CHINA.

Have Faith in the Boy.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strangely checkered career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear;
The gold in his nature rejecting
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness,
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stubborn,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and fearful,
And ready with words of reproof;
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies.
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing
We may not divert from its course,
Until the wild turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force;
The brook is the life of the river,
And if we the future might scan,
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigour and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Or dreamed of the battles he fought,
So, if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions;
Believe that at last he'll prevail,
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
Though day after day he may fail.
Your doubts and suspicious misgiving,
His hope and his courage destroy,
So if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

A SEED IN THE SAND.

BY G. N. SINNETT.

"WHY, here's a letter from Denmark," said Mrs. Morris, as she looked over the morning mail. "I wonder who could have written to me from that country."

"DEAR MADAM: I wish to thank you for the help of your boy Andrew. We have had no wine or any kind of liquor in our house since the day when he spoke to me on the sand dunes about how bad drinking was. We are all so happy in doing right. God bless you and your dear boy. We pray much for you all.

"PETER PETERSON."

That was all the letter said. But it looked as though it had taken the writer of it a long while to arrange the words and spell them correctly.

"Andy," called Mrs. Morris, cheerily.

"Yes, mother."

"Here's a letter from those sand dunes of which you talked so much since you went to Denmark with your father."

"Is there? Oh, yes, Peter Peterson," said Andy, as he glanced at the name at the bottom of the letter. "He is the man who told us so much about the sand hills. I liked him ever so much."

But his cheeks coloured a little as he read what had been written.

"I'm glad he knew you did most of it, though, and sent the letter straight to you," said the boy, kissing his mother.

"But what is it all about, my son. You have never told me anything about talking on temperance with Peter Peterson."

"Well, it was only a little I said to him. You know when I went away to Denmark with father, you whispered to me, 'You are but a lad. But you must not forget that, though you are to be so much among strangers, God will help you to lead boys and men away from strong drink.'

"I thought a great deal about it. And one day when we were on the sand dunes

an old fisherman, this very Peter Peterson, told us how they kept the great waves from leaping over and flooding the land behind them.

"And it's the little grass roots that help," he said. "We sow the seed all over the dunes in the most favourable time that we can find. When it sprouts it sends its roots down into the fat, as we call the rich black soil which is under the sand. The strong stalks and blades then spring up. And it all keeps the sand from blowing away and letting the hungry sea in."

"We love our children so," he said, "that we like to work hard to keep all danger from them!"

"And then he raised a little flask to his lips and drank some of the liquor it held. I wanted to speak out and tell him how wrong it was, for papa had gone a little distance away from us, and there was no one but me to say anything.

"Then something seemed to whisper to me, 'Your words won't do any good!'

"But your whisper helped me, and the thought about the little grass seed helping hold the great sand hills.

"I glanced down to where the old fisherman's children were at play. There was a boy lifting a cup to his lips in imitation of what his father had just done.

"Oh, sir," I said, "it is not keeping danger away from your boys and girls when you do so."

"He looked straight into my face and said, 'You're right. Strong drink is worse than you great sea.'

"Then papa came back and we said no more. Only the man wished to know your name and address, and ours, too. And how hard he shook my hand when we left him! "But I never thought it would end so good as that, mother!"

"God helps his temperance laddies everywhere," the good woman said.

"Yes, when their mothers are always praying for them," said happy Andy. "That makes seed grow in the sand."

THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

[Our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States are pushing the League vigorously. Its constitution is almost the same as our own; therefore, the following letter from Dr. Parkhurst will apply with almost equal force to Canada.—Ed.]

"Have you seen it?" "Seen what?" "The new constitution of the Junior League."

The following points are worthy of note:

1. The name is now, Junior Epworth League—from the fact that it is to the boys and girls fourteen years of age and under, what the Epworth League is to the older young people,— "to promote in its members an earnest and intelligent spiritual life, bring them into membership in the church, and train them in works of mercy and help."

2. An adult Superintendent, appointed by the pastor, has charge of the League. The pastor himself may superintend the work until such time as he may find the proper person. Where there is no organization, the Cabinet of the Epworth League, through the Department of Spiritual Work, are expected to carry on the work of organization.

3. The "Junior Wheel" is a beauty from hub to rim. If you will read between the spokes you will find the right idea. Six departments: Scriptural Work; Mercy and Help; Literary Work; Social Work; Correspondence; and Finance. These are represented happily by six keywords: Heart; hands; head; feet; pen; pocket. How the Juniors will make that wheel hum and spin with activity!

4. "These officers shall be elected from among their own number." Ah! that is fine; it just "takes" with the boys and girls; just try it. The Superintendent, "who shall have general oversight of the work," will attend the Cabinet meeting of the Junior and Senior Leagues; but you will be surprised to see the business-like way in which the Juniors proceed.

5. Brother pastor, your church is not fully at work until you have a Junior Epworth League. Send for a few copies of the new constitution. Call the children together some Friday or Saturday afternoon and organize. With Bible, and charter, and banner, and song, march on to possess the land.