

The Night Wind.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo?"
 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
 It seems to chill you through and through
 With a strange and speechless fear.
 It's the voice of the night that broods outside,
 When the folk should be asleep,
 And many and many's the time I've cried
 To the darkness that brooded far and wide
 Over the land and deep:
 "Whom do you want, O lonely night,
 That you wail the long hours through?"
 And the night would say, in its ghostly way:
 "Yoooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little lad),
 That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad;
 And then when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
 With the blankets drawn up round my head,
 I'd think of what mother'd said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
 And "Who's been bad to day?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
 And that voice would say, in its meaningful
 way:
 "Yoooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
 You'll not believe it, though!
 Yes, though I am quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
 And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;
 Suppose, when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest—
 Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true:
 For the wind will moan in its rueful tone:
 "Yoooooo!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1894.

SANDY'S EXAMINATION.

BY J. NORRIS.

SANDY was a little brown-eyed, curly-headed, freckle-faced country boy, who lived with his father and mother in a very wild, rocky section of the country, and helped them to work the farm from which they derived their sustenance. Early and late, summer and winter, Sandy had worked with right goodwill; and although as yet scarcely more than in his "teens," his father had often acknowledged that Sandy was a "regular little man!"

Now, although Sandy was perfectly contented to work hard, and wear patched clothes when it couldn't be helped, yet he was an ambitious lad, and had planned out for himself a glorious future.

I must tell you something else about Sandy, too. He was a soldier of Christ's; and once having chosen the "narrow way," he followed it with all the ardour of his strong, young nature.

Often, when gathering the sheep from the stony pasture fields to the big building which he liked to call "The Fold," Sandy had longed for the time to come when he should go out into the world and gather home to the fold of the "Good Shepherd" the poor lost sheep that, one by one, had strayed away upon the mountains of sin.

Of late years, Sandy's father could not afford to let him go to school, but, sympathizing with his "little man" in his high ambitions, he procured for him the necessary books, and Sandy lost no time in proceeding to devour their contents. No opportunity escaped him. Long winter evenings, when the "chores" were done, he had sat up, studying far into the night. On rainy days, and in spare moments, with no one to help or guide him; no one to unfold to him the tangles of a hard problem; he had plodded on, day after day, and now—in one more month—he was going up to write at the "Entrance," confident of success!

What a long month that last one was! and how hard Sandy worked! His pocket was never without a book, which at every chance was pulled out and examined. While the oxen rested at the plough, driving the sheep home from pasture, going to the post-office for the mail, or while eating his meals—these were Sandy's study-hours.

At last the day previous to the examination arrived. Sandy was all excitement. It was really true, then, that he was going to ride up to the place of examination in the railway-train, and wearing his new suit of clothes, without a patch on them; a suit which his mother had toiled hard to procure for the special occasion, and which fitted—him so Sandy said—just to perfection! For hadn't he tried them on? Yes, more than once during the past week he had fitted them on, and stood before the looking-glass, and felt proud of them—actually proud of them! although Sandy knew very well that the coat and vest were old ones of his father's, turned over and "boiled down" so as to fit him; while the cheapest piece of cloth in the village store was worked up into a pair of frousters which, if the truth must be told, were just a trifle too short, for the want of sufficient material to finish them!

What a glorious adventure it would be to buy his own ticket at the station, step into the car like any traveller, and be rolled away to his destination, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and then to board at a real boarding-house for three whole days! All this to Sandy's mind was an occurrence which might happen but once in a lifetime. Sandy did not purpose doing much work on this last day, so that he might be thoroughly rested for the coming trial. The ridge-boards on the peak of the barn were loose, that was all; and Sandy promised to nail them down "right tight," while his father was at market that afternoon.

Poor Sandy! How little he knew that the sunset of his short life was closer at hand even than the sunset of this beautiful, bright day—the last before the day of examination!

As soon as his father had gone, Sandy filled his pockets full of nails, climbed the long ladder that reached to the eaves of barn, and then up the little, narrow board steps to the peak, where he whistled and sang and worked, as merry as the June sunbeams themselves, and all unconscious of the hard earth forty feet beneath him.

No one knew how it happened—no one saw him fall. They only found towards evening, lying near the end of the big barn, cold and stiff and lifeless, and they carried him, just as they found him, to his own little room—his life-work ended, his short journey over, his sun gone down in the early morning of life!

An all-wise Providence had cut short on the very borders of the realization of some of them, at least, the aspirations, ambitions, and longings of a warm, young heart.

And so, while bright, eager scholars were busy writing at the place of examination, Sandy was lying white and still in his own little room at home. The freckles were all gone from his face now, leaving it pale and rigid as marble. The merry brown eyes, that were closed forever to earthly scenes, were gazing upon far fairer scenes than were ever revealed to mortal vision. The

lips, which in life had poured forth many a merry whistle and song, were sealed forever now. The little hands—brown and toilworn in life, white and smooth in death—were crossed stiffly on the breast of his ragged coat. The brown curls, which lay in little ringlets on his forehead, remained just as they were in life, and reflected all the glory of the warm sunshine that streamed in through the little, narrow window, and fell upon the cold, white face and silent head.

Sandy was dead—his earthly hopes unrealized! But, ah, what hopes, what feelings, what transcendent realities of joy he had already found! What glory, what brilliance, what scenes of immortal brightness, had dawned upon his waking soul! What songs of angels had burst upon his ears! What glories of Paradise had revealed themselves to his quickened sight!

Although Sandy's name did not appear in the list of "Successful Candidates" that year, yet, after all, he had passed—passed that greatest and best of all examinations, "the entrance" into the high school of heaven; passed from death unto life—from darkness into life eternal; passed from the rough floor and the bare walls of his old home, to the golden streets and the jasper walls of the "City Bright"; passed from the barren fields and stony hillside to the green pastures beside the still waters; passed from a world of sorrow, and crying, and sickness, and death, to the "many mansions" of his Father's house, where Christ himself had led him unto living fountains of water, and where God had wiped away all tears from his eyes!

Williamsford, Ont.

HAL'S CONVERT.

HE was a rough-looking Irish boy. This at the first glance; but his face was full of fun, his brown hair hung to his head in tight curls, his eyes were merry, gentle, or fierce, according to his quickly changing moods. I am not sure that you might not have called him positively handsome, had he been well dressed and cared for.

In speech Mike was the worst boy in school. Why should he not be? His father was unusually intelligent for one of his class, a good workman, but given to drink, and when drunk he was foul of speech, abusive of his family, the terror of the neighbourhood.

Mike's mother, ignorant, hark-working, honest, quick-tempered, dealt many a blow to her children in her hot impatience, while she worked early and late to keep them clothed and fed. The boy had never learned the first lesson in self-control. How could he? When angry, as he was extremely often, his profaneness was fearful to hear. All the better class of boys avoided him; all but Hal, a fine, manly fellow of twelve, whose home was as good as Mike's was bad.

Hal admired Mike, who rivalled him in foot-ball, base-ball, jumping, and in his own classes even, for Mike was among the first there in spite of his disadvantages. Hal was distressed at Mike's profaneness, and determined to try to help him to give it up. This was how he did it:

He took him one day to see his fantailed pigeons; then to see his pups, a new and thriving but sightless family. One day Hal astonished his Aunt Hannah by asking her if she would have a secret with him. Would she knit a pair of cardinal mittens like the pair she knit for him last winter? Of course she would. Christmas morning Hal slipped the mittens into Mike's cold hands. One morning the boys were alone, again admiring the pups. "Mike," said Hal, "if you'll give up all your bad words, I'll give you one of my pups." Now these pups constituted a prospective bicycle fund, at least the beginning of one. Their owner expected to sell the five setters for at least sixty dollars. It cost a struggle to give up one.

Mike could hardly believe his ears. "I'll do my best," he said, and bore off his treasure in such a state of pride and delight as he had never known. He kept his word. The foul words slipped out many times afterwards, but by-and-bye he had so far given up the dreadful habit that his teacher praised him for his improvement.

"It's not meself it is," said the boy; "it's Hal intirely."

Some of the well-dressed boys in school jeered at Mike, calling him "Hal's convert"; but do you not think Hal had found out the secret of helping those less fortunate than himself?

Out of the Way.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

JAMIE's feet are restless and rough,
 Jamie's fingers cause disarray;
 Jamie can never make noise enough,
 Jamie is told to get out of the way!

Out of the way of beautiful things,
 Out of the way with his games and toys,
 Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
 Out on the street with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
 Out of the mother care, into the throng,
 Out of the way of fret and complaint,
 Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VI.—TELLS OF OVERWHELMING REVERSES.

MRS. BLACK was a woman of sedate character and considerable knowledge for her station in life—especially in regard to Scripture. Like her son she was naturally grave and thoughtful, with a strong tendency to analyse, and to inquire into the nature and causes of things. Unlike Andrew, however, all her principles and her creed were fixed and well defined—at least in her own mind, for she held it to be the bounden duty of every Christian to be ready at all times to give a "reason" for the hope that is in him, as well as for every opinion that he holds. Her natural kindness was somewhat concealed by slight austerity of manner.

She was seated, one evening, plying her ever-active needle, at the same small window which overlooked the church-yard. The declining sun was throwing dark shadows across the graves. A ray of it gleamed on a corner of the particular tombstone which, being built against her house, slightly encroached upon her window. No one was with the old woman save a large cat, to whom she was in the habit of addressing occasional remarks of a miscellaneous nature, as if to relieve the tedium of solitude with the fiction of intercourse.

"Ay, pussie," she said, "ye may weel wash yer face an' purr, for there's nae fear o' ye bein' dragged before Archbishop Sherp to hae yer thombs screwed, or yer legs squeezed in the—"

She stopped abruptly, for heavy footsteps were heard on the spiral stair, and next moment Will Wallace entered.

"Well, Mrs. Black," he said, sitting down in front of her, "it's all settled with Bruce. I'm engaged to work at his forge, and have already begun business."

"So I see, an' ye look business-like," answered the old woman, with a very slight smile, and a significant glance at our hero's costume.

A considerable change had indeed taken place in the personal appearance of Will Wallace since his arrival in Edinburgh, for in place of the shepherd's garb, with which he had started from the "bonnie hills of Galloway," he wore the leathern apron and other habiliments of a blacksmith. Moreover, his hair had been allowed to grow in luxuriant natural curls about his head, and as the sun had bronzed him during his residence with Black, and a young beard and moustache had begun to assert themselves in premature vigour, his whole aspect was that of a grand heroic edition of his former self.

"Yes, the moment I told your friend," said Wallace, "that you had sent me to him, and that I was one of those who had good reason to conceal myself from observation, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand and accepted my offer of service; all the more that, having already some knowledge of his craft, I did not require teaching. So he gave me an apron and set me to work at once. I came straight from the forge just as I left off work to see what you would think of my disguise."
 "Ye'll do, ye'll do," returned Mrs. Black, with a nod of approval. "Yer face an' hands need mair washin' than my pussie gies her nose! But wheesh! I hear a fit on the stair. It'll be Quentin Dick. I sent him oot for a red herrin' or twa for supper."