

Lady Lazy Bones.

BY W. H. H. ST. B.

Little Lady Lazy Bones Lives in City Shirk, She would not be afraid, If you mentioned work.

Little Lady Lazy Bones Yawns the live-long day, She can hardly be induced To take part in play

Little Lady Lazy Bones High in discomfiture, She is certain that for her A luckier lot we meant

Little Lady Lazy Bones Never wins a prize, Never learns the pleasure that In emulation lies.

Little Lady Lazy Bones Finds no disgrace, In the lower book of life She fills a cipher's place:

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Wesleyan Magazine, and others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. GOSWELL, R. F. HERRMAN, 510 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1900

STANDING WITH THE WRONG BROWD.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"And Peter stood with them" That was Peter's mistake, he got into the wrong company. Instead of bolting from them, he stood with them. In the crux of his life Peter lacked the courage to be singular. He was afraid to stand alone, he stood with the crowd that he should have stood against. His miserable dread of unpopularity led him to fling to the winds everything that he should have held sacred, all for the poor privilege of standing by a line of coals with the enemies of his Master.

the majesty of his independent manliness, he stood facing the crowd and denouncing and defying them. "Peter, free from the thralldom of cowardice, became a world-power—Forward."

A BUNCH OF MAY-FLOWERS.

BY FLORENCE YARWOOD WITTY.

It was a showery April day. The sun would occasionally pierce through the clouds, and then the next moment it would disappear again, and the mist and drizzling rain would fall. On one of the narrow, back streets of the city of Toronto, a young woman was walking quickly along, heedless of the rain drops, which over and anon the wind sent whirling under her umbrella into her face. She was well protected by a long waterproof cloak, so she did not mind the rain, but she did not want to accomplish that afternoon.

"The boy went up the stairs, and in a few moments returned, saying, 'Go on by the back door, and I'll be right with you.' But I guess he didn't want to see you very bad, for he said some bad words when I told him, and said he hadn't no friends in these parts." "Well, his footstep Miss Brown ascended the stairs—such dirty, dingy stairs they were, too, but she was often found labouring for her Master in just such places as this—and reaching the upper part of the stairs, she saw that her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, then she found room ten, and knocked gently at the door.

how I hurt my ankle, you wouldn't do a thing for me." "Yes, I would. It is our chosen work to do all that is suffering in every way we possibly can."

"Well, just you hold on a minute until I tell you. A boy on the street was giving me some lip, he snarled up and snarled him. He snarled at me in return; the street was slippery, and down I went flop on my ankle." "But with deft fingers Miss Brown was bathing his swollen ankle by this time, and soon she had it snugly and carefully bandaged. "That feels a heap better already," said the boy, his face brightening up.

"Now tell me a little about yourself," said Miss Brown. "What do you work at?" "I don't work at nothin', only just knock around from one odd job to another." "But isn't there some one thing you would like to do when you get well?" "Yes," said he, with rising determination in his voice, "I'd like to go, and I'm going to do it. I'm going to thrash that boy that made me sprain my ankle, and he shook his fist angrily.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Miss Brown gently. "It will only make matters worse if you do. Tell me about your mother. Where does she live?" "I ain't got no mother. She's dead. Was a good boy when she was alive. We lived in the country, and I can remember how we used to gather the daisies in the woods, and have such good times; but after she died I didn't have no one to look after me, and I went all to smash." "Poor boy," said Miss Brown. "What a comfort it is to think that you once had a good mother, though. I am sure I will help to make a good man of you yet."

into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear of loud laughter. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one, Tom rushed up to us with his face like a full moon.

A SINNER'S FRIEND.

BY L. G. CORANZO.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him?"—Heb. 2, 3.

SUCH A JOKE.

BY RUTH CADY.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and he didn't think much about it.

THE SCARRED HAND.

A little girl was one day looking very earnestly and wistfully at her mother's hands. She had looked at them often before, and had noticed that it was unlike the hands of other people whom she knew. It was so scarred and unwhitely. In her childish curiosity she ventured a question, and she learned to love and cherish her own life, and the scarred and twisted hand was the lifelong reminder of her self-forgetting love. As she told the story, the tears gathered in the child's eyes, and fell thick and fast upon the maimed hand which she lovingly caressed. She had always loved her mother, yet at this moment she came into her heart a new sense of appreciation, and she learned to love as never before. The maimed and scarred hand seemed almost beautiful in its silent testimony to the depth of a mother's love and sacrifice.