### Lady Lazy Bones.

BY BURLY M. BEST.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Lives in City Shirk,
She would have a fit, I fear,
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 flighs in discontent, flie is certain that for her A luckier fot was meant

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

Little Lady Lazy Bones Finds to her disgrace. In the lodger book of life She fills a cipher's place:

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 5. 1900

#### STANDING WITH THE WRONG OROWD.

" 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

trom them, he stood with them. In the crux of his life Peter lacked the courage to be singular. He was afraid to stand alone, so he stood with the crowd that he should have be he stood with the crowd that he should have he stood against. His miserable fread of unpopularity ied him to fing to the winds everything that he should have hed saverd, all for the poor privilege of standing by a fire of coals with the concluse of his Master.

Alas for Peter! Yes, and stals for every young person who lacks the proof of the countries fair lives. Boys want to do what "all the fellows do." Girls are governed by what "everybody dees." The desire is deep and strong in all of us to run with the crowd 'We dread unpopularity as if it were leprosy. For the sake of standing with the nearest crowd, we often throw aside the darest contictions of life.

Convardice gives crowds their power, and yet. "As are made up of cowards, to stand up alone, he follows a crowd. They say," becomes his master. He lives in terror of a sneer from his neighbour. He shuns singularity more than le whous sin.

bour. He si he shuns sin

he shuns sin
Yet crowds are really neither to be
feared nor respected. They represent the
lowest level of intelligence and morality
The wise man cannot be led by then,
therefore he leads them. The world's
history is not made by mobs, but by individuals who dare to be peculiar and to
stand out in splendid aloneness for their
convolctions. 

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

#### A BUNCH OF MAY-FLOWERS. BY PLOBENCE YARWOOD WITTY.

It was a showery April day. The sun would occasionally pierce through the clouds, and then the next moment it would disappear sgain, and the mist and drizzling rain would fail On one of the natrow, tack streets of On one of the natrow, tack streets of the resulting rain would fail On one of the natrow, tack streets of the rain drope, which over and anon the wind the rain drope, which over and anon the wind sent whirling under her umbrilia into her face. She was well protected by a long waterproof cloak, so she did not mind the rain, for she had important work to accomplish that afternoon.

She paused at length in front of a long, unitdy-looking boarding-house, and looking intently at its number for a moment, she knocked at the door. It was opened by a ditty-faced by or 5 some nine or ten

by a dirty-faced boy of some nine or ten years of age.

'Is there any one sick here ?" inquired the lady, as she shut down her umbrella, and stepped in the shelter of the porch No, mum," answered the boy, with a

broad grin. "Are you quite sure?" inquired she.
"I heard there was a young man boarding here who is sick or hurt or some-

ing h thing.

"Oh, you mean Jack Lawton," said the boy "Ho's been actin' up prize-fighter, and got a lame ankle."
"Has he any one to look after him "a saked Miss Brown, appearing not to no-tice the latter part of his reply.
"Only just me," replied the boy.
"Mother said she could not be pestered with taking care of such worthless board-ers. Our baby squalls all the time, and add comes home drunk overy night now, so mother ain't got no time."
"Will you please tell that young man

so mother ain't got no time."
"Will you please tell that young man
that a friend of his would like to see
him a few minutes?" said Miss Brown,
and stepping in the hall she took off her
wet waterproof, and the uniform she
wore revealed the fact that she was a
descences.

deaconess.

The boy went up the stairs, an The boy went up the stairs, and in a few moments returned, saying, "Go on up if yer wanter see him to room ten, but I guess he don't wanter see you very bad, for he said some bad words when I told him, and said he hadn't no friends in these parts,"

"With light footsten Miss Brown ageend-

In these parts."
With light 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 hall, she paused a moment, until her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, then she found room ten, and knocked gently at the door.

"Come in, if you like," said a fretful voice,

voice.
She at once opened the door and stepped in, and on a couch before her lay a young boy of some fifteen or sixteen years of age. He stared at her hard for a moment as he eald, "I thought you said you were a friend, but I'm right down sure I don't know you."
"So I an your friend, and have come to see if I can do anything for you," said she. in the remilest of tones.

she, in the gentlest of tones.
"Who are you, anyway?" asked he

bluntly.

nuntly.

"I am a visiting deaconess," said sha.

"Well, I'll be blamed if I know what
that is," said he.

"We find out the sick and try to help
them all we can," explained Miss Brown,
bright."

briofly.

"And do the usual amount of preachine and prayine, I suppose," said the boy, twisting his face in contempt. "Well, I don't want to hear no preachine or prayine, neither one. I'm sick of it! A long tailed coat of a preacher just switched out of here a little while ago. I fired a book at him at last, and he thought it was time to go. He was under duck, too," and the boy gave an insolent chuckle.

thought it was time to so. An area quick, too," and the boy gare an insolent chuckle.

Miss Brown sat down in a chair by him as she quictly replied, "I really have no intentions of preaching or praying to you until you are quite willing that I shauld."

w I hurt my ankle, you wouldn't do a

how I hurt my ankie, you would be thing for me."
"Yes, I would. It is our chosen work to help the suffering in overy way we possibly can."
"Woll, just you hold on a minute until I tell you. A boy on the street was given ing me some lip, so I hauled up and slapped him. He slapped at me in return; the street was slippery, and down I went flop on my ankle."
But with deft fingers Miss Brown was bathing the swellen ankle by this time;

bathing the swollen ankle by this time, and soon she had it snugly and carefully bandaged.

bandaged.

That fools a heap botter already,"
said the boy, his face brightening up.
"Now tell me a little about yourself,"
said Miss Brown.
"What do you work

"I don't work at nothin, only just knock around from one odd job to another."
"But Len't "

other."
"But isn't there some one thing you would like to do when you get well."
"Yoe," said he, with rising determination in his voice, "I'd like to, and I'm goin' to do it, too! I'm goin' to thrash that boy that made me sprain my ankle."
and he shede, ble fist awards.

that boy that made me sprain my auster, and he shook his flat angrily, and he shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angree sh

your mother Where does she live?" "I ain't got no mother She's dead I was a good boy when she was alive. We lived in the country, and I can remember how we used to gather the flowers 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."

smash."
"Poor boy," said Miss Brown. "What a comfort it is to think that you once had a good mother, though. I am sure it will help to make a good man of you

yet."
Miss Brown placed a dainty little can
of selly on the table for him, then she
arose to go. "I am-coming again tomorrow atternoon," she said. "I think

morrow afternoon," she said." If this that ankle will need some more care before it gets well," and with a pleasant smile she left him.

"She's a brick!" said the boy to himself, as he looked down with satisfaction at his now comfortable ankle. "I thought at first she was just a crank of an old maid comin' to preach and pray with me, but didn't she fir my ankle up fine, though. She put me in mind of mother." fine, the

#### SUCH A JOKE, BY RUTH CADY.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like hin 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 let him alone. He scowled his forehead into wrinkles

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles then be studied, and had a fashin of reading his history lesson and reading his history lesson and recording his history lesson and recording his history lesson and seek of the seek of the history lesson and history enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on his sinte, one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it. At rocces we left him to himself. You games without him, and we didn't believe seek, there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes, but we didn't think much about it. One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than com-

to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and mo. Then he showed us something else—a big promised to divide it with Dick and mc. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know; and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had soored queer little lines in the forehead, as did yere. The mouth and oyes just the right twenty and then the bell rang, the state of the state of

body else, but Dick said:
"We'll put it on a stick and pass it round at recess. My, but Tom will be

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me: "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it sit recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess

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 sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know yon're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't though the could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my sliter Suc. You don't care, do you?

alsier Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

There he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we know pretty well who had the best of that joke. Weld have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths

ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't "—began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him. "We hope skein like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't soilan, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame gir! I'vo seen at your house?" It little lame gir! I'vo seen at your house? "So Tom told us all abut her—I suppose how we wouldn't have given the orangeness where we wouldn't have given the orangeness where the search of the house how we wouldn't have given the orangeness where we wouldn't have given the orangeness where we wouldn't have given the property of his pinch with the property of his pinch we would be the house when the same it little ling for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first-rate, now; ho's tiptop when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandmiter how we came to get acquainted, and she laughed and said:

"A good many of the per we distilke, and she laughed and said:
"A good many of the per we distilke, and she laughed and bely we will look very differently to us if only we dook the trouble to be kind to them."

## A SINNER'S FRIEND.

BY L. G. GORANFLO.

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

—Heb. 2. 3.

Dear reader, have you accopted this salvation? If you have not, it is for you. "And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."—I Tim. 1. 14, 15. This is what Paul says to Timothy. And it is indeed true, so when we desire to get saved, and it really is our heart's desire to be set free, we will be set free. "If the Son iterction shall make you free, yo shall be free indeed."—John 8. 36. Then we feel like saying with Paul, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Before we were saved we were slaves to sin, and the Will.

devil.
What good have you in this world?
You say that you have enjoyment, you have friends. But, dear ones, how hong does your joy last? And how long will you have your friends? And what an they do for you when you are in distress about your soul? Let me tell you, there is one Friend that can help you in the youn are in the youn are in the youn are in the youn are in the youn and in overything, and in overy time of need. He is a friend indeed, a friend in time of need. Accept him now.—The Gospel Banner.

## THE SCIARRED HAND.

A little girl was one day looking very earnestly and wistfully at her mother's hand. She had looked at it often be-fore, and had noticed that it was unlike earnestly and wistfully at her mother's and. She had looked at it often before, and had noticed that it was unlike he hands of other people whom she knew. It was so scarred and unsightly. In her childish curiosity she ventured a question: "Mother, what is the matter with your hand?" The mother in reply told of a time when the little daughter was a babe in the nurser. A fire broke out in the house. In her efforts to save her child she incurred the risk of her own life, and the scarred and twisted hand was the lifeling 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 manimed hand which she lovingly car essed. Bhe had always loved her mother, and the learned to love as never before. The named and scarred hand searned almost beautiful in its silent testimony to the depth of a mother's love and sacrifice.

Dick can manage it; he site nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and when he with the drawer behind him, and when he with the drawer behind him, and when he with the work.—Forward.