in the kraals. Many of these were political prisoners, confined on a mere suspicion. An investigation was instituted, and the result was that 1,100 (24 of whom were women) were released. Some of them had been more than ten years in prison without even a formal commitment. One woman went into gaol with a little boy of four years, and when she came out he was a young man of seventeen.

MISSIONS.

Bishop Thoburn, with the vision of a Christian prophet, looks across from Singapore to the opening Philippine fields, and sends his call to American Christians to be ready to thrust in the sickle. He writes: A self-supporting mission could be established at Manila in a year or two at a very slight expense. We ought to see in the startling events of these days the hand of God, and hear the divine voice commanding the Christian people of that nation which has in so strange a way become responsible for the astonishing change of the past few weeks, to rise up in their strength, enter into this fruitful field, and take possession of it in the name of the Lord."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1899.

HIS REFERENCE.

BY ANNA L. HANNAH.

"Good-bye. To-morrow by this time I shall be well on my way to Chicago."

"I shall miss you more than I can say, but I suppose that it is an opening you cannot afford to refuse."

"I would not refuse it for anything. It may be the means of my getting into the office here, a thing I have tried for over and over again without success. If I manage that, I shall be home again in a year or two. You will certainly write?" wistfully.

"To be sure I will."

"And go to see mother often?"

"Of course."

It was storming hard the next morning, but in spite of that Alice told her mother that she had decided to go to town.

"You don't mind, do you? To tell the truth, I feel all turned about by Will's leaving. I'm going to miss him so. I would go to see his mother to-day, but I know perfectly well that the moment she began to talk about him I should cry, and I don't believe that would comfort her much. I love the snow, and I'll go and see some pictures, and so lunch with Laura, if you are willing."

"Perfectly willing, dear; only, if you find that there is going to be any trouble on the road, you will come home on an early train, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Good-bye."

Alice had had her outing and was just seated, and the train was on the point of starting, that afternoon, when somebody asked: "May I sit beside you?" and at the sound of the familiar voice she looked up, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why—why, Will!"

"I do not wonder that you are surprised; I can hardly realize myself that I am here," he said, as he took the seat beside her.

"But you should be half-way to Chicago by this time. You told me that they would only hold the position for you until to-morrow?"

"Yes," quietly, "but—I have given up the position, Alice."

"Given up the position! That means giving up all hope in the home office? Do you mind explaining, or would you rather I would not ask?"

"No, I do not mind explaining—to you. It is simply this: I found that my mother was breaking her heart over it—my leaving home, I mean. She tried her best to hide it, but I found it out last night after I left you."

"But—what a terrible disappointment!"

He did not reply at once; then, with his eyes bent upon the ticket which he was snapping between his fingers, he said quietly:

"Yes, it is a disappointment, and the more so for the loss of hope for the future here; but, Alice, there are two things which I have promised myself never to do. One is, in lifting his head, that for no earthly consideration will I commit a dishonourable act, in or out of business; the other, that I will never, God helping me, grieve or disappoint my mother. There are, perhaps," with a faint smile, "other positions in the world there is but one mother."

An old gentleman, seated directly behind them, who had glanced up at Alice's words, now rose and changed his seat.

"I don't believe all that was meant for my ears," he growled, "and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for listening. But I'm not! I don't know that I ever did a better thing in my life. But how will I ever manage it? I wonder where he lives? I believe I'll speak to him!"

But before he had decided what to do the train stopped, and to his dismay the two young persons in whom he had felt such deep interest, got out, and he sank back in his seat with an expression of disappointment upon his kindly face.

"Now, who would have thought he was going to leave so soon? Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go hunting all over Heathdale for a handsome young fellow answering to the name of 'Why, Will.'" And with an inward chuckle at his own wit, he took up his paper and began to read.

But in leaving the train at his own station, a few miles further up the road, he glanced involuntarily at the vacated seat, and saw that a book had been left there. Picking it up eagerly, he turned to the fly-leaf, while waiting for the train to stop.

"Not his, but it will serve!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, as his eye rested upon the name, "Alice M. Rowland," neatly written there. "I'll save the company the trouble of taking charge of it."

The next evening, when Will Stanley stopped at the post-office on his way home from the station, he brought the Rowlands' mail as usual.

"An interesting-looking parcel, Alice," he said, "and a letter directed in the same hand."

"Why I wonder whose writing it is? I never saw it before. But, Will, have you found anything to-day?"

"No," he replied, quietly. There was something in his voice which made her change the subject instantly, with a throb of pity at her tender heart.

"Now," she said, "we shall see what this mystery means."

And tearing open the letter, in what Will always called her "womanish manner," she glanced at the signature.

"No help here!" she exclaimed. "Whoever is James T. Worthington?"

"James T. Worthington? Why, he's the head of the home office. Why, Alice, what is it?" For the girl had sprung to her feet, and was fairly dancing about the room as she cried: "Will, Will, listen to this!" And turning again to the letter, she read:

"My dear Miss Rowland—I return your book, which you left in the train last evening, thanking you heartily for so doing, as the finding of it has helped me out of a difficulty. I have to confess to having overheard a few words of a conversation between you and your friend, as I sat directly behind you. I only listened to a few sentences, and then changed my seat. But the result is that I wish you would oblige me by requesting Will—pardon me, but I know him by no other name—to come to my office to-morrow morning. He will know where to find me. I wish to make him the offer of a position, the value of which he will understand more full, than you. A man who has two such aims in life as he declared himself to have, is the man I want. I require no other reference. Gratefully your friend,

"James T. Worthington."

God speaks in the life of every good man.

Working and Wishing.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will,
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still,
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.

IN PARIS.

The beautiful manners and customs of the French people are not the characteristics of the higher classes alone, the labouring people possess them as well, says a writer in The Herald and Presbyter. If on the street you will get close to a man shoving a wheelbarrow, he will generally beg your pardon, as though he were in the fault.

The proper manner for a gentleman to enter a place of business is with hat in hand, and a greeting to gentlemen and ladies. On leaving, he is escorted to the door by the person with whom he has dealt. "I thank you," is in the air all the time.

In many places, like restaurants and barber shops, in place of giving a "tip" to the person who has waited on you, you put what you please in a little metal vase or chalice. When the coin drops through the slot, every worker in the place exclaims: "Merci, Monsieur."

The conductor of an omnibus or street-car approaches you with, "If you please," and, on receiving the fare, thanks you as though you had done him a personal favour. Your fellow-passenger, on passing close to your feet, never fails to beg pardon.

LET THE BOYS HELP.

Why is it that boys are allowed to sit around a house doing nothing, while their overworked mother is struggling against nature and fate to do about half the work waiting for her hands? Only the other day we saw three large, able-bodied boys lounging about the house, not knowing what to do with themselves; while their mother, tired and pale, was trying to do the work for a large family and company alone. Not a boy's work to help about the house? Why not? Is there anything about washing dishes that will injure him, or which he cannot learn to do well? or about making beds, or sweeping, or setting the table, washing or ironing, or cooking a plain meal of victuals? On the contrary, there is much to benefit him in such work, the most important of which is the idea that it isn't manly to let the "weaker vessel" carry all the burdens, when it is possible for strong young hands to help. Most boys would gladly help in the house if they were asked to do so, and were taught how to do the work properly. Many a smart boy wants to help his tired mother, but doesn't know how beyond bringing in the wood and water and shovelling a path through the snow. That done, she tells him to go and play while she plods wearily on. Not a boy's work! For shame! It is a positive harm to a boy's moral character to allow him to think it right to be idle while his mother is staggering under her burdens. Let boys help, and those who can't get help "for love or money," as they often write us, will see their troubles disappear.

LEGEND OF THE PANSY.

The London Journal tells a pretty fable about the pansy, which is current among the French and German youth. This flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in colour and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children with only one chair; the two gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father, one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fancied resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub.

THE PRINCE'S LESSON.

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the crown prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, a writer tells us, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governor reported him to his father. "Very well," said the crown prince, "after this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed, nor his hands, and he went out to walk with his governor, feeling proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by. This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood still and straight, and did not salute. The prince looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute. When the walk was finished, and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed into his father, exclaiming:

"Papa! papa! You must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the crown prince, "they do right, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower bath every morning.

A FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS.

One evening, in New York, a policeman was strolling along one of the upper West Side streets not far from a stone-yard. Presently a white bulldog ran toward the policeman, barking as if for aid. The policeman was quite struck with the way in which the dog would give his bark and then bound back into the yard. He decided at last that he would see what the dog was trying to do. He followed him into the yard, and on the ground was a little white bundle. The policeman struck a match, and the little white bundle proved to be a baby. The policeman picked it up, almost afraid that the dog would bite him, but instead he wagged his tail and gave every evidence of being quite pleased at the policeman's act. The dog trotted along by the side of the policeman until the latter came to the station-house. When the policeman stopped, the dog wagged his tail and looked up into his face. When the policeman went into the station-house the dog followed him, seemingly listened to what he said, and when the door was opened walked out. Evidently the little baby was a stranger to the dog. He had found it in this lonely place, and then done what he could to have the baby cared for. The policeman says that this is just a common street dog—probably one of the kind that naughty boys would think a great fun to tease. But this dog was a real hero, and showed himself much more human than the boys who delight to torment him.

A MONKEY WITH SOME SENSE.

The following anecdote proves clearly that animals do reason. A friend of the writer owns a monkey, which answers to the name of Jocko. The children of the house and Jocko are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon often enjoy a frolic together on the lawn.

One day some one threw a match down, and the grass caught fire, making a little blaze. Jocko saw it, stopped and looked, then glanced round, and seeing piece of plank not far off, he ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the flame; then he threw the plank on the fire, pressed it down and put it out. What boy could have reasoned better?

There is a vast difference between brutality and courage. What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the bulldog or prize-fighter—we have quite enough of that already—but the humane courage which has led true heroes (when there was actual need) to die, not only on battle-fields, but in yellow-fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross.—Geo. T. Angell.