

"A Bonnie Place."

(On the death, in the Brechin Infirmary, of the tinker boy who said, near his end, "I'm gaein' to a bonnie place.")
 "I'm gaein' awa' frae cauld an' snaw,
 A bonnie place to see;
 The Maister o' yon Bonnie Hoose
 Has made a place for me.
 He nee'ds me noo, I'm gaein' awa'
 To where I'll see His face,
 An' aye live at his ha' sae braw—
 Ay, you're a bonnie place.

"Julst ance g'e me, afore I dee,
 A drink to wet my moo—
 There, thank ye, put the tinkle past,
 Nae mair I'll need it noo."
 He thanked them wi' his latest breath
 For kindness they had shown;
 Then o'er him stole the sleep o' death,
 The spirit noo had flown.

'Mang thers gane will ony ken,
 Up in the Shepherd's fauld,
 Which was the little tinker boy,
 That wander'd in the cauld?
 Or which the lamb frae biggin' braw
 (Where hardships never press),
 When bath are in the far awa,
 Safe in that "bonnie place."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1896.

WATCHED OVER

A Scotch school journal recently published the following pathetic anecdote:
 The crack batsman of a school cricket team was the only son of a gentleman who for many years had been blind. He had played and loved the game in his boyhood, and when his son was old enough to take a part in it, he would be led to the field every time he played, and anxiously follow every stroke through the eyes of his companions. Upon returning home, the game was eagerly discussed, and the son advised in every detail.

Last summer the father died suddenly. The next week, to the surprise of the school, Tom, who mourned bitterly for his father, asked to take his place in the team. He played with unusual care and brilliancy, and when the game was over went to the umpire.

"How did I play?" he asked, anxiously.
 "Never better; you outdid yourself," was the reply.

"Because," the boy said, as he turned away, "it was the first time my father ever saw me bat."

To many of the devout, imaginative Scotch, the pains and pleasures of the future world seem to be more real than they are to the more literal Americans. A dead mother is thought to keep constant close watch over her children.

"My father," says John Lindsay, in his "Recollections," "died when I was a

boy, and I was taught to believe him constantly near me. Nothing could have had a stronger restraint upon a turbulent youth than the belief in the unseen presence of this guardian whom I knew to be not only a saint, but a gallant soldier and a noble gentleman."

If we fail to realize and to be impressed by the great truth embodied in the words, "Thou God see'st me," it certainly is not unwise to believe, even in the darkness of our chamber, as if watchful eyes of departed friends looked upon us."

MR. GLADSTONE IN A NEW LIGHT

The Rev Newman Hall tells in The New Age, recently, an interesting story of Mr Gladstone, related to him by Sir Francis Crossley. When Mr Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he used to go to the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which, as many people know, overlooks Trafalgar Square. One day Sir Francis was dining with the vicar, who had recently been to see a sick crossing sweeper. The vicar asked the crossing sweeper if anyone had lately visited him.

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone," answered the invalid.

"But how came he to see you?" asked the vicar.

"Well," answered the crossing sweeper, "he had always a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my name, who had taken my place, where I was, and when he heard that I was ill, he asked my address, and when he was told he put it down on paper. So he called to see me."

"And what did he do?" asked the vicar.

"Why, he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the answer.

BICYCLES AND BOOKS.

I had the bicycle fever last year, and had it bad. My father bought me a wheel, and I could think of nothing but the pleasure of riding it. I got up early in the morning and took a spin, then another after school, and when supper was over I rode two or three hours more. I took long journeys with the boys on Saturday, and even tried to find an excuse to ride on Sunday. Well, I was in the high school, Junior year, and father and mother were anxious to have me pass for the Senior class. But algebra, geometry, chemistry, Latin were nothing to me. I had no time for lessons the wheel took it. Examination day came, and I was a flat failure. Then I began to think I had been playing too much to know anything. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was reversed in my case. Besides, I was getting pigeon-toed and bowed-backed, and some twentieth-century scientist might take my skeleton for a "paleontological link." So, all things considered, I have decided to preserve my form as God made it, and do my work before I indulge in bicycle-riding or any other fun.

HOW CHILDREN EARN THEIR PENNIES IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY REV. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

The Island of Newfoundland is, in the early summer, a busy scene. Every little settlement of the thousands that fringe its coast is like a bee-hive. All the settlers of every sex, age, and condition, are busy from early morn to dewy eve. The fathers, brothers, and sons are out in the fishing-boats, long before dawn, plying hook and line in pursuit of the inestimable cod,—the staple product of Newfoundland. The fish bite best in the early morning, and therefore unless he and his family are to suffer the wily and prudent father knows that he must be up before the cod and at work on the fishing-ground when the voracious fish flap their tails and begin to forage for breakfast.

So long as the fish are biting freely, there is a good deal of excitement among the crew of the fishing-boat, but when they have ceased, a dullness falls upon

them, and they either go to sleep or haul up their anchor and go ashore.

Troops of little ones always await the arrival of the boats, and there is great rejoicing when daddy's boat is well laden with fish.

In a few moments the largest boat-load of fish is thrown up, by means of long forks, from the boats into the dressing-house, which stands at the end of a wharf projecting a few yards into the sea, into which the offal is permitted to fall. The children stand around waiting for the heads of the cod, from which they carefully extract the tongue,—a delicious morsel,—cure, and, with their parents' consent, preserve for the trader, from whom they will receive payment as their own special privilege.

And how many of the pennies of the little Newfoundland children thus earn go to the support of God's church, no one can say, but I know they are very numerous.

When the fish have been dressed and salted, then comes the process of drying. Here again the little ones make themselves very useful. The fish are all sun-dried, and are laid on flat rocks every morning, where they remain all day, until they are well cured. They have to be frequently turned, and this is the work of the children. The fish are sometimes so large and heavy that it takes more than one pair of tiny hands to turn them; but then all hands in Newfoundland are willing hands, and no work suffers for the lack of them.

Then, in the fall, when the trading vessels arrive, what a time of excitement it is for all, but especially for the children! The trading schooner's cabin is fitted up like a city store, and along the well-arranged shelves there lie the attractive paints and muslins and ribbons and hats that delight the girls, and the whips and tops and pistols and other things that gladden the eyes of the boys. There are candles, too, of every kind, and story-books, and a thousand other articles, the very sight of which does the hearts of the youthful Newfoundlanders good. But all these things are very dear, and by the time the children have put by their money for the church, and have bought a little gift for daddy or mammy, there is not very much left for themselves. But, little or much, they are always content.

If we had to earn our pennies in the same hard and uncertain way as these little northern children, I fancy we should at the same time learn something of their true value. Perhaps, too, we should increase our offering to God's work.—S. B. Times.

MIXED PICKLES.

Some butterflies have as many as 20,000 distinct eyes.

The catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 people.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a court suit of armour of solid gold inlaid with jewels. Pliny says four hundred years were spent in building the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Many suits of armour worn in the fourteenth century weighed 175 pounds each.

When the Dutch nation was crazy over tulips \$2,200 was paid for a single bulb.

Matches to the value of \$155,000,000 are annually consumed throughout the world.

If human dwellings were constructed on the same proportionate scale as the ant-hills of Africa, private residences would be a mile high.

At banquets, in Queen Elizabeth's time, every guest came with his spoon in his pocket.

A speck of gold weighing the millionth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

A drop of castor oil in the eye to remove a foreign body is said to be as efficacious as flaxseed.

The purchasing power of money in the days of the Roman emperors was about ten times what it is at present.

The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle; it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds.

The largest sum ever offered for a diamond was \$2,150,000, by the Prince of Hyderabad, India, for the "Imperial."

Edison is now at work with a plan to graze the sides of ships so that they will slip through the water more readily.

The first mention of money in the Scriptures was Abraham's purchase of a sepulchre, for 400 shekels of silver, B.C. 1860.

The most valuable of modern paintings is Meissonier's "1814," which was bought by a Frenchman for \$170,000.

The Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey each possesses a prayer mat, or rug, made of diamonds and pearls, and valued at \$2,500,000 apiece.

Think of paying \$250,000 for a single meal. That is what a wealthy Roman once did, when he wished to impress a dozen guests with his disregard for riches.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

THE CONTRAST.

Dr. Lees draws the contrast: "The home and the drink shop are not for the same man. He must elect. We cannot serve two masters. Which, then, will you serve? There is no affinity—no common tendency and helpfulness—between the home and the drink shop. Put them side by side, watch their aims, their means, their ends, and you will see they are as different as light from darkness, as hostile as virtue to vice, as antagonistic as food to poison. Home is the cradle of innocence, the temple of truth, the nursery of affection. The drink shop is the fountain of demoralization, the nest of disease, the sepulchre of hope. Over the home the angels of love and purity preside; in the brewery and in the beer house, in the distillery and in the dram shop, the evil spirits of lust, appetite and avarice rule and reign supreme."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 19, 1896.

God's glory in his works.—Psalm 8, 1-4.
 There is nothing great but God. He weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. He is the great and the Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, who dwelleth in the highest heavens. Wherever you look you behold evidence of his handiwork. Every atom of matter which the universe contains is evidence of his power and skill.

CHILDREN NOTICED.

God has always loved children. He has often used them to accomplish his purposes of mercy. The faithful testimony of children has proved a great contrast to the daring blasphemy and boastfulness of wicked men. Christ loved children, and even held them forth as examples to their seniors. In our day, children and young people are coming to the front as they never did before. The thousands of our Leagues and Christian Endeavours are to be societies of praise to our heavenly Father.

A CONTRAST.

Verses 3 and 4. The heavens declare the glory of God. Dr. Young says: "An undevout astronomer is mad," and he was right. What can be so beautiful as the starry heavens, what so sublime as the brilliant sun and shining moon. How feeble an object is man when contrasted with these! We should be ready to regard mankind as truly insignificant and scarcely worthy of the divine notice.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, in a public address recently in Cleveland, said that "a careful study of God's Word shows that there are two kinds of wine in the Bible." He has laid himself liable to be called "no scholar" by the champions of the one-wine theory.

Several weeks ago, Rev. Chas. A. Macnamara, of the North Dakota Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been active in prosecuting violators of the Prohibition law, was set upon by a gang of roughs at Cando, N.D., and severely beaten and kicked. The leader of the band has been arrested, convicted and sentenced to thirty days in jail, and to pay a fine of \$100.