

Finding Fault.

The winds refused to blow.
'No use,' said they, 'to try
From north or south or east or west
These folks to satisfy
The North Wind 'is too cold'
The West Wind, 'bold and rough,'
The East is 'chilly,' they complain.
The South, 'not cool enough!'

And so the windmills stopped,
And ships lay idle by.
The sun beat down from morn till night
Because no clouds could fly
The people sighed for wind
Blow hot or cold," said they,
From north or south or east or west.
'Twill be the wisest way'

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTON,
2170 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

Announcement is made in the November St. Nicholas of the St. Nicholas League, an organization of the readers of that magazine.

The St. Nicholas League stands for intellectual advancement and higher ideals of life. To learn more and more of the best that has been thought and done in the world—to get closer to the heart of nature and acquire a deeper sympathy with her various forms—these are its chief aims.

WILLIAM'S LOOK.

Here is a good story of a man called William who is engaged as a window-cleaner at a certain great hotel in London.

One morning William instead of doing his work was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in.

"What's this?" he said. William was dumbfounded. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager.

So poor William went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs and put on his Sunday clothes.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager.

"Yes, sir," said William.

"Can you clean windows?"

"Yes, sir."

"You look a handy sort of chap. I only gave the last man 22s. but I'll give you 25s."

"Thank you, sir," said William, and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.—Tit-Bits.

CHAIN WILL NOT BREAK.

Miss Nathalie Schenck's endless chain is still as endless as ever. Every Monday morning even now the postman drops from forty to fifty letters at the door, and on other days in the week there are anyway from fifteen to twenty-five.

Before the week had ended, the postmaster at Babylon, where Miss Schenck was staying with her grandfather, Matthew Morgan, began to grow uneasy.

Hundreds of thousands of letters were burned back of the Morgan stable. No one ever pretended to read them.

WHAT "SING A SONG OF SIX-PENCE" MEANS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?



GAMES ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it.

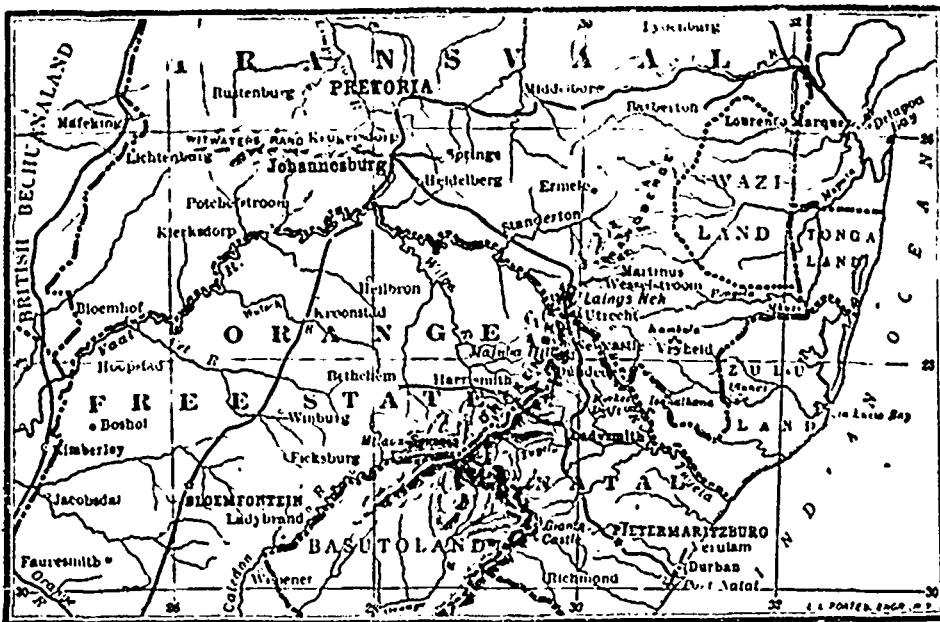
The king, who is represented sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, in the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds.

Rotuma is a lonely island some 300 miles from Fiji. It is one of the most beautiful islands of the Pacific, covered with large forests of palms.

Rotuma is a lonely island some 300 miles from Fiji. It is one of the most beautiful islands of the Pacific, covered with large forests of palms. Here the foreign missionary has completed his work and transferred everything into the hands of the native minister of a self-supporting church.



THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It is about four centuries since the Cape of Good Hope became a supply port for Portuguese traders on their way to and from the East Indies.

In 1620, the English took possession of the port, deposited a gang of convicts and sought to effect a settlement, but owing to the ferocity of the natives the scheme failed.

In 1652, the Dutch made their first settlement and established slavery. In 1684 they had conquered several tribes and began to annex surrounding lands.

In 1795, the English came back again, conquered the Dutch settlers and took

Boers fought this annexation scheme, and in the battles of Malwand and Ma-Juba Hill, in 1880, won such decisive victories over the slender British forces as to secure peace on a Boer basis, allowing the Boers to re-establish the republic of the Transvaal with self-government but under British auspices.

As to the merits of the present dispute, opinions differ. As a matter of fact, the Boers as a nation are fierce and tyrannical, as all people are who have been addicted to slave-holding propensities.

SOME AMUSEMENT AFTER ALL.

An English nobleman, whose entertainments are noticeably dull, is nevertheless himself a man of much dry humour.

"Pretty slow, isn't it?" volunteered the lively young stranger.

"Never," returned the unrecognized host, promptly.

"Then I shall make my bow and take myself off at once," said the young man.

Something in his tone enlightened the young man, who turned crimson and began to stammer apologies.



PAUL KRUGER.