

"Papa's papa, and mamma's mamma, and I want mamma," and baby began to cry.

What was to be done? It was drill-time and here was the baby.

"I'll call the police," thought Joseph, and turning to the baby, he said, "I'll get some one to take care of you."

"Me go wif oo."

So Joseph carried the child up the steps. But when he found the policeman the child hung to him, saying, "Me's 'fraid of 'at man. Oo take me home."

To make the story short, Captain Bronson spent the next two hours taking care of May, while the policeman looked up her home.

This is how Lieutenant Bell had the opportunity to drill Company A of the Boys' Brigade, and, as I said, he did it so well that he won a majority vote at the election next day.

Was Joseph sorry he stopped when he heard the baby cry and thus lost the election? I leave the question to you, boys, to decide. One thing I do know; there were two happy mothers—little May's mother, in the safe return of her lost baby, and Joseph's mother, as she said to her boy the night after the election, "My son, some battles are better lost than won."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

"I MUST GO TO WILLIE."

During the American Civil War there was a woman in Maine who received a letter which ran thus: "Willie is sick; he is dying." The mother read the letter, and looking up to her husband, said: "Father, I must go to Willie." "No, wife, you cannot go," he replied. "You know there is a line of bayonets between you and Willie." She did what the Christian mother always does when her boy is in peril. She spread that letter before the Lord and prayed all night. Next morning she said, "Father, I must go to Willie. I must." "Well, wife," he said, "I do not know what will come of this, but of course if you will go there is the money." She came down here to Washington, and the man in the Executive Mansion, who had a heart as tender as a woman's—Abraham Lincoln—brushed away a tear as he wrote, and handing her a paper said, "Madam, that will take you to the enemy's line, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell."

She took the paper and came down to the line and the picket; she handed him the pass, and he looked at it and at her, and said, "We don't take that thing here." "I know it," she said; "but Willie, my boy, is dying in Richmond, and I am going to him. Now shoot!" He did not shoot, but stood awed and hushed in the presence of a love that is more like God's than any other that surges in the human soul in its deathless unselfishness.

All that mother thought of was her boy. Smuggled through the lines, she went down to the hospital. The surgeon said to her, "Madam, you must be very careful; your boy will survive no excitement." She crept past cot after cot, and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands prayed in smothered tones: "O

God, spare my boy." The sick man raised his white hands from under the sheet; the sound of his mother's voice had gone clear down into the valley and the shadow of death, where the soul of the young man was going out in its ebbing tide. Raising his hand he said, "Mother, I knew you would come." That boy is a man to-day, saved by a mother's love.—The Progressive Age.

FASHION IN JAPAN.

BY SONO HARA, A JAPANESE GIRL.

I must tell you a little about our Japanese customs. I suppose you have seen how the Japanese have their hair fixed. When we fix our hair we use five kinds of combs, and three kinds of oil, and tie with tiny strings made up of paper; but it's very strong; sometimes it lasts about a week. We do not fix our hair every day, but once in three or four days. We do not wash our hair very often, but about once in a month. We have many ways of fixing hair. There are differences between married women, young ladies and girls. When it is done it looks beautiful. I think I have told you enough about fixing hair; so now I will tell you how we have our meals. We do not have tables like the foreigners, but a little stand separately, and we all sit down on the mats and eat with chopsticks. We do not have big plates, but a little cup to put the rice in, and then a little saucer to put food in. In our school we eat in foreign way; so when I go home it's very awkward. Our custom is that when any visitor comes we offer a cup of tea for politeness' sake. If we do not it is very impolite. When you come to Japan I will be sure to give you a cup of tea. We are not allowed to go into the house with our shoes at all, for our shoes are very different from what you have. They are made of wood, and about two inches and a half high. These we commonly wear in fine weather. We have different ones for the rainy day, and they are very high. I have many things to write about our customs.

HOW COAL IS MADE.

Did you know that coal is made from plants? Not one child in a hundred knows that! The very heat it gives out is what the plant first took in.

What is there more valuable than coal, that warms our houses so nicely and gives us such beautiful gas-light to sit by on cold winter nights! All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the factory to the engine. Even the oil that we use in our lamps comes from coal and the remains of plants. If you were to take a piece in your hands you could see the impression of leaves like those you gather in the country lanes.

Many have stems, too. They are very, very hard, and even have the marks where the roots grew!

Many kinds of ferns and huge trees of the forest often make coal, for every coal mine has more or less of these; even the cones of the pine have been found in the coal.

Peat is the beginning of a bed of coal before it grows hard. You know what a nice fire it makes. Coke, which you have often seen burning so brightly in the grate, is made by driving out all the oil and gases from the coal—the very gas that we burn.

Tar often oozes out of the lumps of coal on a fire, making little black bubbles, which burst and burn. Paraffine oil is made from this very tar, and benzoline, too. Aniline comes from benzoline, which makes some of our most beautiful dyes. Essences that are put in candies you buy, and taste so good, come from tar. So you see that from coal we get nearly all our heat and light, colours, and pleasant flavours. Isn't it useful, though! —Illustrated Home Journal.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer my God, to thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust?" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold dust? Ay! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust.—Young Reaper.

Give a boy a good education, and you give him a fortune which he cannot spend or throw away, and which will come usefully to his aid in faraway places and faraway times; give the child a rich, Christian education, a real, sensible, healthy, wise training, store the memory with Zion's own psalms and small as dewdrops, but immeasurable as suns—and somewhere the child may become, even in poverty and expatriation and shame, a prophet, a teacher—one who can let fall upon the darkening mystery the illumination of heaven.—Joseph Parker.

"TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE."

Dwight was very anxious to start to school.

"I wish I could go now," he said; "Sanford has just gone by."

"Oh, well," said his mother, "you know the way as well as Sanford does."

"Yes, mother; but two are better than one, you know. What if Sanford should fall down, and have no fellow to lift him up?"

Mrs. Crawford laughed. She understood this somewhat bewildering sentence. Dwight had been learning his "junior" verse for the day and had repeated it to her in wonderment; he had not known there was such a verse in the Bible: "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up the other; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

"Very well," said Mrs. Crawford, after a moment; "if the case is urgent, go ahead; you can do the errands at noon. Only see to it that it is not you who fall, instead of Sanford."

Then Dwight kissed his mother and made a rush for the door. It was easy to overtake Sanford. They jogged on together after that at an easy pace. They were just entering the school grounds when Sanford nudged his friend's elbow.

"Look there," he said, "up in that tree. That is Joe Burke's paper with such a fuss about. They blew out of the window when he opened it yesterday, and have lodged in that hollow. Let's get a look at them."

The boys made dash for the tree. Sanford went up its bare branches like a squirrel.

"Yes, sir!" he called out; "these are

the very papers. Good for him—mean scamp. He is always cheating or doing an ill-turn of some sort to a fellow. I wouldn't steal his papers, though he glared at me as if he thought I did; but I'm awful glad he hasn't got 'em. It's the only lesson he is sharp in; he won't beat me now."

"I'm glad, too," began Dwight. "Isn't it a lucky thing he had the window open when he ought not to have had? We'll come off with flying colours this morning, if he hasn't written them out again, and I don't believe he could get anybody to dictate for him to copy. We'll keep dark until after"—and here Dwight came to a sudden pause. "For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." Were they two on the very edge of a tumble? It looked like it. And what was that his mother said?

"Look here, Sanford," he said; "don't let's do it. That would be putting ourselves on a level with Joe for meanness. Let's take them in and tell him we found them; they are all wet and muddy, but he can copy them before class."

There was a short argument, but Dwight prevailed, and the two marched into school, rescued papers in hand.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you put them there yourselves," was Joe's ungracious reply to this kindness.

"There's gratitude for you!" said Sanford, as he moved away.

"Never mind," said Dwight; "we know we didn't, but, do you know, old fellow, you came pretty near a tumble this morning?"

"What, from that tree? Nonsense! I never thought of such a thing as tumbling."

Dwight laughed; he knew what he meant, and he said to himself that mother would understand, but boys weren't so quick as mothers.—Pansy.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR WONDERS.

There is a sloth in the London zoo that looks like a lichen on a log or branch of a tree. Naturalists say this is an imitation of nature to protect it from its enemy, the jaguar. Have you not noticed worms that are so exactly like the colour of a leaf that you would pass and re-pass it several times before you would discover it, and perhaps you would never have discovered it if it had not moved? The coat of the deer is sometimes the colour of the foliage through which it is passing. Trout will hide in holes under trees, or in banks that are just their own colour. Unless they move you cannot see them.

PLEASANT TO ALL.

Be pleasant to playfellows not so well dressed as you are. It is said that Edison, the great electrician, when he first entered Boston, was so poor as to be wearing linen trousers in the depth of winter. He had none warmer. Be pleasant to the afflicted. Milton was blind. Be pleasant to the dull at learning. Many a great man has been a slow boy at his lessons. Be pleasant to those who have ignorant parents and poor homes. Shakespeare was born in a small house, and was the son of a man who could not write his own name. Be pleasant to those in a position beneath your own. The world-famed author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was only a tinker. Be pleasant to every one, not only because they may some day excel yourself and rise to fame, but because kindness is Christian and right.

SAVED BY A BIRD'S NEST.

Rev. Frederick B. Cowie tells a touching story that will interest all who love the birds.

A kind-hearted farmer who loved the birds had his reward in a wonderful manner. His little girl Patty wandered at harvest time into the field where her father and his men were reaping grain. She saw them at the farther side of the big field, and tried to catch their eye but could not, and so sat on a sheaf. Then a bird flew up out of the standing grain. She went to see if there was a nest, and found it with three little birdies in. Patty sat down in the thick barley and talked to them. All the time the clicking machine with its sharp knives was coming on. And when near to where Patty was, the farmer, seeing the old bird flying about, said to one of his men, "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a lark's nest somewhere near that old tree yonder; I will hunt it up, and you can drive round so as not to hurt the birds." Beside the nest he found his own bright little birdie, picked her up and kissed her, thanking God for the birds that had saved her. He might have thanked God that he had taught him to care for the birds.