

"about!" But the story which is most generally accepted is to the effect that the favourite wife of an ancient emperor had club feet. In order to hide the deformity, she bound her feet with bands of silk bandages. The emperor admired the little bound feet, court ladies emulated her example, and so beginning with the highest in the land, the custom spread until it became national.

THE PROCESS

is a very simple one. When the child is about five years of age, the mother or the father, or both, if of ordinary cotton and winds them tightly round each foot. The four smaller toes are turned under, only the great toe being allowed to remain straight. The instep is pressed long, and the heel formed, until, in course of time, they actually meet, forming a great cleft nearly an inch deep, which runs transversely across the sole of the deformed foot. The bound foot varies from three to five inches in length. Silk bandages cover the cotton ones, and a diminutive silk or satin shoe covers all. Except once or twice, when the child is of exceptional cleanliness, the bandages are not removed, but are worn night and day, as long as the child or woman lives.

Of course, it causes pain, agonizing pain for weeks and months to the average victim, years of pain to multitudes, and some suffer all their lives. And we must remember that there are away over a hundred million women and girls in China with club feet. The question naturally arises, "Why should such a painful and injurious practice be perpetuated?" I have often asked the Chinese the same question. The most common reason given, about equally important: "First, it is the fashion! Everybody does it." "If we did not bind our daughter's feet, people would laugh at her, they might think it was a disgrace." And, secondly, "If our daughter's feet were not bound, we could not make a good match for her." In China betrothals and marriages are arranged, not by the parties concerned, but by the parents of bride and groom, and the size of the young woman's poor little bound feet is always taken into consideration.

Ignorance, infanticide, slavery and foot-binding are a few of the characteristics of their degraded condition. Let us pity them, and pray and work for the downtrodden women of China.—Methodist Greetings.

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Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

MARY CHILTON AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY FRISCELLA LEONARD.

We all are familiar with the landing of the Pilgrims, pictured by tradition the "Arrowdove" her rigging draped in ice, and the Pilgrim band kneeling on her deck, sails gracefully into the wide harbour, and anchors near the shore. A boat sped out toward the fort on Plymouth Rock, and, as it touches the historic boulder, pretty, youthful Mary Chilton, the Puritan maiden who, next to Friscella, is famous in the story of the ship's company, steps on the way to the granite, and trips thence to the

bench, the first of the Pilgrims to set foot upon the continent. It is a pretty scene, even with the cold background of a wintry sea and a December sky, and so the popular imagination has held fast to it.

As a matter of plain, prosaic fact, however, it will have to be given up. To begin with—novel as it may seem to some of us—the fact was not at Plymouth that the "Mayflower" first anchored, or her Pilgrim crew first set foot on the shore. The "Mayflower" sought anchorage, after her ocean voyage, off the coast of the present Cape Cod, Governor Bradford, Miles Standish, Carver, Brewster, and a dozen others, taking the little "shallop," with its rudder pole, that had been provided for the purpose, started at once to explore the coast. They feared Indians, and wanted to find a place which could be easily defended, and where there were springs of water and a safe and large harbour. They sailed along the coast and landed here and there, keeping always one hand on their weapons in case of a sudden outbreak of the dreaded Indian war-

Sometimes forcing their way through tangled woods and thickets, whose bare branches whipped their faces in the keen air, sometimes wading knee deep in the surf or across half-frozen brooks, they finally made their way to the present headland. Embarking again in the shallop (which, manned by Master Coppin, the pilot, and several sturdy sailors of the "Mayflower's" crew, kept close to the shore), they landed on the east coast, they tried to round Manomet, but as it began to rain and snow, with a rising wind and sea, and the rudder broke, and the mast crashed in three places, they gave up the idea of going very near beyond drenched then and there. Luckily, however, they were able to steer a little with the oars, and the flood tide bore them in successfully past the point where the Master Coppin and we are told, found accident that he did not know the coast at all, and threw up his hands, crying, "The Lord be merciful to us, for I never saw this place before." At this, in fact, he wanted to run the shallop ashore, and have a couple of breakers, but one of the seamen, with more presence of mind, "bade those that rowed, if they were men, about wither, or else they were all cast away." The Pilgrims promptly followed his advice, and so, as the winter twilight passed into darkness, they found themselves a little later under the lee of Clark's Island in Plymouth harbour. It was raining fast, and blowing hard, and as their watch all night. "In the morning," says Governor Bradford in his history, "they find the place to be a small island secure from Indians. And this being the day, and blowing hard, they dry their stuff, fix their pieces, rest themselves, return God thanks for their many deliverances, and here the next day keep their Christian Sabbath." It was raining fast, and blowing hard, and now bears the inscription, "On the Sabbath day we rested," and is said to be the spot where the first prayer was offered to God in this new land. On Monday the Pilgrims set to work in their craft, and, in pursuance of their exploration, rowed in to the shore where Plymouth Rock stands, and landed on it, but as to who was the first to step out of the boat, all chronicles are silent. From this harbour, having found it suitable in every way, the little band sailed back to Provincetown to bring in the ship.

"Meanwhile, while was Mary Chilton? History is not silent on this point, but her speech, alas! is of prose and not of poetry. The Pilgrim Mothers, having seen the Pilgrim Fathers off, rose to the occasion. They had been several months on the water, and it is not to be supposed that the "Mayflower" had any laundry facilities. There was, therefore, a mighty wash accumulated, and these pioneer women took the opportunity of the day, and they took it on shore in the ship's other boat, and one and all of them set to work with a will. Monday, therefore, the thirteenth of November, 1620, was the first New England wash-day, and the women were busy for public tradition's—came ashore with the wash, and not with the landing party.

We need not, however, suppose that afterwards, when all the clothes were clean and dry, they were washed again, this time in Plymouth harbour, that Mary Chilton did not probably land after all in traditional style on Forefathers' Rock. There is no reason why she should not have done so. She was, even then, as we are told by historians, the men of the band landed first, and made sure that no Indians were about, and that it was safe for the rest to come ashore. It is not to be supposed that she was chivalrous, and sensible, too, when one

comes to think of it, than letting a young girl go off in the first boat, with the probability that savage foes might be lurking about. As a matter of fact she came ashore in the second boat load, or the sixth, Mary Chilton landed, sooner or later, on the Rock, for we hear of her again in the little colony as a "rouching girl" and she was the wife of John Winslow, the governor's brother. Afterwards, her husband removed to Boston, and there, in the quiet inclosure of King's Chapel graveyard, so close to, yet so remote from, the crying of the bells of the town, she stood first or last on Plymouth Rock, it is none the less a charming figure in the "Mayflower" story.

WILL'S GAME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Tommy Elkins walked slowly up the lone toward the main road. Ten minutes more from the crying of the bells of the town, she stood first or last on Plymouth Rock, it is none the less a charming figure in the "Mayflower" story.

"Hello, Tommy; what you doing there?" I hunted that field all over this morning, and didn't find a ripe berry. Too early yet."
"His might know you'd been here," guessed Tommy, standing abandonedly. His search; you seem to be pretty much everywhere except where you're wanted. I haven't hardly seen you for a week. What you got that basket of eggs for? The folks don't buy eggs, for they keep hens and don't want 'em. They're forgetting the eggs, and brightening at the thought of what brought him here, "Oh, say, Will! I've got the best lark, come over and sit on the grass while I tell you about it." Oh, but you've not other hesitated, you're got plenty of time."

Will stepped over the depression in the wall. "I'll give you just five minutes, he said, "if I must go. I'm busy this morning."

"Oh, you're the busiest fellow I ever saw, with not a handfull of work to do," snapped Tommy. "Now, I have to tell you about it. Maybe they thought the sail was another duck, for it's 'bout as big as one; or maybe they were just curious and wanted to see what the thing was. Anyhow, they just followed and sailed on over my head. The little boat right along in front till they were almost to the bend in the creek. Then I heard father calling for me to go after the cows, and I had to get my boat, and that scared 'em for a while, after the chores were done, I went back and spied round the house, and I saw the funniest little old woman come out, and I heard her call, 'Ducky, ducky,' and then pretty soon a boy came out, and he was trying to catch 'em. I was up on top of the hill, and it was getting sort of dark, but I should think it was 'bout as big as you and me."

"Was he?" said Will, carelessly, without betraying as much interest as Tommy had anticipated. "But what is your game?"

"Why, don't you see, stupid?" indignantly. "You're getting sharp enough, or come over like the boat and sail it just like I did before, and if the wind isn't strong I'll fix a string on to pull it by. When we get the ducks round the bend, out along till we can find the 'em in the mill building for a week or two; then we'll hang round and hear

the old woman calling, 'Duckles, duckles dear! Oh, where's my ducks dear?' Then he rose suddenly, and took along the bank and yelling himself hoarse. 'Will, my not that be fun?' And in anticipation of the fun Tommy rolled upon the grass and kicked his heels into the air. "What you looking so glum for, Will Brown?" he demanded. "Don't you like it?"

"Was wondering how the old woman would answer," Will answered, sulkily.

"Huh!" And Tommy began to kick the grass pettishly.

"Look here, Tommy," said Will, suddenly, "how'd you like to join my game? I've been thinking about it a good while."

Tommy's face brightened instantly. "What is it?" he asked. "I thought maybe you were going to keep it all to yourself."

"I will laugh. 'I wasn't sure you'd like it. But here it is: Father once knew a woman who married a missionary and went with him to India. They lived there thirty years, and when she died, her money came back. But she had no folks and no money, and when father heard about it he got a house for her. I went down with him, and she told us stories better than any book you've read. I've been thinking about it a good while most all the time the past week, helping. She's going to grow things to sell. These eggs are hers, and I am going to try to sell some to mother and some to the store in the village. When you ought to hear her, Tommy," his face glowing; "her stories are just fine—all about strange people and animals, and—all sorts of things."

"And would she sell 'em to anybody—"

"All right," Tommy demanded; "and any time?"

"Oh, yes, she says she likes to talk about her life there; and she likes company. But if you don't want to, I'll help her plant and make corks and look after the chickens and ducks."

"Ducks," repeated Tommy, suspiciously.

"Yes, she's the woman you saw in the funny little house on the back creek, and I was the boy who went along the bank after the ducks. But never mind, Tommy, as his companion's face suddenly reddened, "wouldn't you like to join? Her stories are better than any book you ever saw."

Tommy's feet again began to kick the grass. "Why, yes, it's maybe I would," he said, "but my mother would never let her about—about my game. —I wouldn't wonder if this would be a good deal more fun than shutting up the ducks."

A FORTUNE IN MANNE.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy named Tom who would not be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambition, it is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars. The boy was the relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things, he had been taught to be friendly and to link of other persons before himself. Therefore he soon acquired a cheery, helpful, and affable manner, that won for him an entrance into the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. His attractive address and quiet confidence, and his calm and steady manner on every hand. A score of small courtesies every day unconsciously called attention to his value. That is why the shrewd man of the world ventured the foregoing opinion.

Foreign Lands.

By R. L. STEVENSON.

Up into the cherry tree Who should climb but little me? I held the trunk both my hands And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie, Adorned with flowers before my eye, And many pleasant places more That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass And be the sky's blue looking-glass; The dusty road grew up as friend With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree, Further and further I could see, I'd climb to the top of my slip Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairyland, Where all the children dine at five, And all the playthings come alive.