

Put Your Conscience in It.

BY M. A. MATTLAND.

Would you feel at close of day
Littlesome as a flannel?
While the moments appear away,
At your work or at your play.
Whatever you do or say,
Put your conscience in it.

In your task a tiresome one?
With which will you begrudge
We'll begin in halfway done,
Yours may be, ere set of sun,
Honour, by the effort won,
With your conscience in it.

Is it for renown you look?
Up, my lad, and win it!
Fame comes not by hook or crook,
Fifty story-book,
He who work the laurels took
Put his conscience in it.

Who the heart of youth you chill,
Or the warmth within it?
Lelsure hours with gladness fill,
Do as merry as you will,
Have a jolly time—no ill,
Put your conscience in it.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 29, 1900

FAMOUS BELLS.

Spain has a bell that is its prophet
It is its soothsayer, oracle and guide
This bell, the famous one, has hung
For centuries in an historic castle, keeping
watch over the nation.

It is the most celebrated bell in
Europe. Its fame rests not so much
upon its notes, as upon its tone. It is
pitched, soft and clear; nor upon its size,
for there are other bells in Spain much
larger, but upon its individuality. The
Villia has for centuries foretold any im-
pending trouble to the nation. When
the father of little Alphonso died, the
Villia began tolling in the night and
told until morning. In the ten years
the Cuban war the bell struck all tones
of grief, and when great griefs have
touched the castle and sickness or
insurrection threatened the throne, the
Villia has lifted up its voice in sudden
loud warning.

Last winter the Villia tolling again
It was one short, quick stroke
Only a few heard it, but they ran to tell
the tidings. Did it mean more disaster
in Cuba? Was the war to drain the
royal vaults beyond penny to debt?
The Villia would not tell, but it sent
us its warning note.

Russia has a coronation bell which is
the largest in the most of the world.
It hangs in the Kremlin. It is the emperor's bell
and it rings only in honour of him. At
the coronation it pealed forth as the em-
peror entered the church, and its sound
announced the conclusion of the cere-
mony to the whole of Russia. The
coronation bell is rung by a bell ringer
blessed by the emperor, the head of the
church. The bell ringer has no other
work and its duty on duty to tell of
important events in the family of the
emperor.

Of late he has been busy polishing up
rings which his safety goes to church,
and, in case of the death of a Russian
monarch, the Kremlin bells toll constan-

ly between the death and the time of the
funeral.

Since Russia is the home of bells, it is
not wonderful that it should hold the
largest unbell in the world. This
bell now makes up the bell of the Krem-
lin. It was cast two centuries ago, but
was found too heavy to remove from the
pit. The Russian monarchs, one after
another, tried to take it out, but at last
decide of lives sacrificed in the shifting
pit of sand. Finally fate intervened.
A fire broke out and heated the bell in
its pit. A quantity of cold water flowed
in round it, and a huge piece, the size
of a door, was broken out.

The most famous bells in France are
those of Notre Dame. The bells of this
cathedral are the largest bells of any
town in the world. One of them weighs
thirty-five thousand pounds. The maker
who cast it would never disclose the
secret of its loud, sweet tone.

THROWING AWAY THE ORANGE.

By E. P. A.
"Will you look at that chap, what he
is doing?" cried Edgar. He and Clive
and Rob were going home from school
together, and had turned down a rather
narrow cross street, to take a short cut
home.

"Doing? Why, he is eating an
orange," answered Clive.
"But look at him, Clive; he is
only eating the peel!"
The three boys stopped at a little dis-
tance, and watched the lad with the
orange. True enough he was clumsily
tearing off the peel, and as he did so, he
dashing them in the dust of the street,
while he munched the yellow, bitter rind.

"Let's go and see what makes him do
such a crazy thing," suggested Edgar,
but before they could get within him, the
boy saw them, and dived down a narrow
alley, evidently running away from them.
"Of all queer things!" Clive exclaimed,
telling at his mother's tea table, "I was
tired of boy throwing away the orange and
eating the rind." "I've heard of people
shaking their own hands instead of their
guests", taking off their shoes instead of
their hats, and a good many other things
before, and writing letters upside down,
but I never heard before of anybody
throwing away the inside of an orange
and eating the outside!

"I know plenty of people who do just
as foolish a thing," said his father,
grow-up people, who snatch at all the
fun and frolic of life, which is just its
outside, and throw away their chances
for the usual, but useful, and plain,
which is the inside of life, its heart."

Clive listened to this little sermon, but
I do not know whether he would have
remembered it, except for what happened
the next day.

The next day he rushed in from his
walk home, and cried, "Father, what do
you think? That boy who threw away
his orange is poor and old, he hasn't any
sense, and can't even talk!"

"Ah! I saw Clive's father, "he can't
help it, poor fellow; but those persons I
was telling you about yesterday know bet-
ter, and they throw away the best part
of their life!"

"I'll not be one of that kind," said our
little boy, down in his heart, and he never
forgot the lesson of the orange.

THE ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS.

More than eighty-five years ago the
King of Prussia, Frederic William III.,
found himself in great trouble. He was
being driven to the sea, he was trying
to strengthen his country and make
a great nation of the Prussian people,
and he had not money enough to ac-
complish his plans. What should he do?
It seemed there was no other way
would be overrun by the enemy, and
that would mean terrible distress for
everybody.

Now the king knew that his people
loved and trusted him, and he believed
that they would be glad to help him.
He therefore asked the women of Prus-
sia, as many of them as wanted to help
their king, to bring their jewellery of
gold and silver, and to give him the
money for the use of their country. Many
women brought all the jewellery they
had, and for each ornament of gold or
silver they received in exchange an orna-
ment of bronze or iron, precisely like
the gold or silver ones, as a token of the
king's gratitude. These iron and bronze
ornaments all bore the inscription: "I
gave gold for iron, 1813."
The king was so pleased to learn that
these ornaments became more highly
prized than the gold and silver ones had
been, for they were a proof that the wo-
men had given their money for a purpose
and for a good cause.
It became very unfashionable to
wear jewellery, for any other than that
of iron or bronze would have been a token
that the wearer was not loyal to her

king and country. So the Order of the
Iron Cross grew up, whose members wear
no ornament except a cross of iron on
the breast, and give all the surplus
money to the service of their fellowmen.

MEN WHO FLY KITES.

CHINESE THINK WE CAN TALK SCARE
AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

There is one time of the year when
every boy would object to becoming a
subject of the Chinese empire for just
one day. This time is the ninth day of
the ninth month, according to the Chi-
nese calendar. On this day a kilo-
man who has any regard for his spiritual
and physical welfare and can afford a
kite—and there are few, indeed, who
cannot afford such an inexpensive trifle—
goes to a hill and flies his kite the whole
day long. This custom prevails more
generally, of course, in the rural dis-
tricts, for were the inhabitants of a
great city to do this, the strings would
entangle and the very heavens would
be darkened by such a collection of paper
and string as never was seen. The cus-
tom was originally a superstition, and
an strangely realistic dream, in which it
was revealed to him that some calamity
would befall his house on a certain day.
Wishing to avoid this unknown but in-
evitable disaster, he took his family to
a neighbouring hilltop and amused the
children by flying a kite. When he
returned home that night he found that
his house had literally fallen to the
ground, the hills and the dogs and pigs
that had been left at home to keep
house. That set the fashion, and since
then, whenever the anniversary of that
day comes around, other families, re-
membering the providential escape of their
countryman, fly their kites from the
hills in the belief that as the paper
toys ascend they will carry off the evil
spirits that might otherwise demolish
the house. It is very likely that in the
ruins should they stay at home.

THE BOY'S FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

BY B. McALL BARBOUR.

George Alfred Henty has been called
"The Prince of Story Tellers." To call
him "The Boy's Own Historian" would
perhaps be a more appropriate title, for
time has proved that he is more than a
story-teller, he is a preserver and pro-
moter of the boy's own history.

Mr. Henty began his preliminary train-
ing for his life-work when a boy attend-
ing school at Westminster. Even then
the germ of his story-telling propensities
seems to have evinced itself, for he was
always awarded the highest marks in
English composition.

From Westminster he went to Cam-
bridge, where he was entered as a student
at Caius College. It is a decided change
of scenery and circumstances from
Cambridge to the Crimea, but such was
the change which took place in Mr.
Henty's career at the age of twenty-one.

An appointment in connection with the
commissariat department of the British
army, took him from the scenes of stu-
dents into the excitement of the Muscovite
war.

Whilst engaged with his duties at the
Crimea he sent home several descriptive
letters of the places, people, and circum-
stances passing under his notice. The
editor of "The Boy's Own Paper" was so
well pleased with these that he at once
appointed young Henty as war corres-
pondent to the paper in the Crimea.

Ten years later he again took to writ-
ing, and for many years he has been the
author of special correspondent of The
Standard. While holding this post, he
contributed letters and articles on the
wars in Persia, Abyssinia, and on the
expedition to Khiva.

He also reported the opening of the
Suez Canal, and accompanied the Prince
of Wales in his famous Indian tour.

Mr. Henty is a prolific writer, and a fifty
story for boys, which have been received
with unbounded joy and satisfaction by
all.

He is the most popular writer in Eng-
land in point of sales. Over
150,000 copies of his books are sold in a
year, and in America he sells from 25,000
to 50,000 during a year.

All the world is the sphere from which
Mr. Henty draws his pictures and char-
acters for the pleasure of the young.
Almost every country in the world has
been studied to do service in this way,
with the result that within the series of
his books there are scenes for a prince
of the young we find such places dealt
with as Carthage, Egypt, Jerusalem, Scot-
land, Spain, England, Afghanistan, Ashanti,
Ireland, France, India, Gibraltar, Water-

loo, Alexandria, Venice, Mexico, Canada,
Virginia and California.
History is his especial forte, and that
he is able to invest his dry facts with life,
and make them attractive to the modern
schoolboy, says not a little for his power
as a story-teller for boys. It is question-
able if history has any better means of
fixing itself in the minds of youthful
readers than as it is read in the pages of
G. A. Henty's works. There is about it
an attraction which cannot be resisted.
All this of course means for Mr. Henty
a vast amount of research and study to



G. A. HENTY.

substantiate his facts and make his situa-
tions, characters, places, and points of
time authentic. To the reader it means
a benefit which is incalculable, as a
means of reviving or imparting a general
knowledge of the history and geography,
the manners and customs of our own and
other lands.

There is a noticeable element of "Free-
dom" which runs through Mr. Henty's
books, and in this may be said to lie
their influence. For them lads get an
clearing sense of independence, and a
stimulus to patriotic and manly en-
deavour. His pages provide the purest
form of intellectual excitement which it
is possible to put into the hands of lads.
They are always vigorous and healthy,
and a power for the strengthening of the
moral as well as the intellectual life.

Ten years ago Mr. Henty edited The
Union Jack, a paper specially designed
for boys. During the period of his con-
nection with that paper he gained a deep
insight into the boy nature in its various
moods, and consequently he is well
equipped to write for boys.

Such writers as Mr. Henty are a "ces-
sing to the nation in general and to the
boys of the nation in particular.

WHY HE WAS SPARED.

Henry Savage Landor has entirely re-
covered from the effects of the torture
which he underwent as a captive in
Tibet, and is said to have regained his
usual number of pounds in weight.
His Landor set out for Tibet active,
strong, a typical, young Englishman,
but returned broken in health, physi-
cally disabled, weary and old. He at-
tempted to reach the sacred city of
Lhasa from the Indian frontier. In
spite of the most elaborate preparations,
he never got on his feet and got into the
hands of the Thibetan authorities, who did
all in their power to frustrate his plans.

He was taken captive and subjected to
a series of tortures the like of which
have probably never experienced by other
men since the days of the Spanish Inquisi-
tion. His life was spared because, on
examination, the natives found that his
fingers were webbed higher than is usual,
and that is highly-tougher than in Tibet.

THE MULE'S APPEAL.

During one of his many journeys which
she took with her husband, the famous
traveller, Lady Burton, was once ap-
pealed to by a Syrian mule which was
evidently in great pain. In spite of a
heavy load of baggage, the poor creature
managed to hobble up to her. Then,
having gained her attention, it held up
the hoof that it had hardly been able to
use, with a look on its face that plainly
spoke not only of agony, but also of hope
that she might cure it. On examining
the hoof, Lady Burton found it pierced
with a two-inch nail, which she extracted
as soon as she could. She then scolded
the drivers for their cruelty in not notic-
ing the animal's lameness. It may be
doubted, however, whether they were as
grateful-to her as was the mule.