

Tiny Tim.

BY J. W. BILBY.

"God bless us every one" prayed Tiny Tim, Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall Of soul, we tip-toe came to look on him, High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed, That it, at least, could give to him, the life.

But pitying glances, when his only need Was but a cheery smile

And thus he prayed: "God bless us every one"

Enfolding all the creeds within the span Of his child heart, and so, desiring none, Was nearer saint than man

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

THE PARTRIDGE.

This wonderful bird is inseparably connected with autumn. It is eagerly sought after by the keen-eyed sportsman, and numbers of them have to suffer death at the hands of their pursuers. Yes, the warning-note for the partridge is "Remember, remember. The first of September."

Most people are acquainted with the habits of this bird. It lives in the fields, feeds upon grain, seeds, worms and insects, there are many very useful to the farmer, and it is a help to the sportsman. No doubt partridges do far more good than they do harm. They generally move in coveys, varying in number from twelve to thirty; perhaps the instinctive tendency is to be able to warn each other of approaching danger, or for mutual sympathy and help. If so, they are object-lessons to us in the way of brotherly love, mutual help, and cheerful co-operation.

Naturalists tell us many remarkable stories of the exceeding cunning of the partridge—its cleverness in apprehending danger, its shrewdness in hiding, its resourcefulness upon the ground, its cunning in a circuitous route to defeat the craft of the sportsman, and its silent, skillful contrivances to avoid detection by its enemies. The art of the partridge is familiar to every sportsman, and excites admiration in all lovers of nature. We may call us cunning, special instinct, or reason, or what we wish, but it is nothing less than a special art. God has given to these poor birds to enable them to protect themselves from danger and death, and is a distinct mark of the good providence of our God over all his works. There are two little windows in the Bible which let in special light upon the exposed life of this interesting bird. Two verses, which show us the disappointments, dangers and uncertainties peculiar to the partridge's career. "As I when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains" (1 Sam. 26, 20). "The partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not" (Jer. 17, 11). Danger, disappointment, and death seem to be the fate of the poor partridge, and it is

and picture of many of the features of our life. The partridge is hunted by its enemies, disappointed in its labour and is in danger of death. Such are the sorrows of human life; but our hope of love can turn possession into peace, disappointment into blessing, and death into life.

1. The partridge is hunted by its enemies. "When one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains." No poor creature is more hunted and worried than the partridge, especially in the autumn of the year.

King David felt that his life was hunted by Saul, like the sportsman seeks the life of the partridge, and in the above passage expresses his heart's sorrow. Numbers of God's faithful people have been hunted like partridges for their lives by wicked and cruel enemies; they have been hunted from their homes into the mountains, caves, dens, and deserts, to be killed, or cast down to be the Puritans the Covenanters in Scotland, and the Huguenots in France. In every place where there are true worshippers of God, there will be the same persecution. This world is like a dreary desert to the child of God, and the great enemy of souls and his agents are seeking the life of every believer. "Be vigilant," says the Lord, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. 5, 8) And Jesus himself tells us the world will hate us. "If the world hate you, it hateth you because it hateth me which I have hated you" (John 15, 18) "In the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John 16, 33). How glad the partridge is to be hunted! "Thank God we have one in Jesus, and he will never fail us; let us trust him." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe" (Prov. 18, 10).

All who are trusting Jesus for time and eternity can gladly sing—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast; Through his love overshadowed, Sweedy my soul shall rest."

2. The partridge is disappointed in its labour.

"As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not" (Jer. 17, 11). Some say this disappointment of the partridge is the result of carelessness or covetousness, either of these forces in an exposed spot, where the foot of man or beast can crush them, or the hen tries to sit upon too many at once and therefore spoils a great number, and they come to nothing. Anyway the practical lesson and application is clear enough. "So he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall find them not" (Jer. 17, 11). Greed, covetousness, disappointment, folly, and shame, are the sad fruits of wicked selfishness. The disappointed partridge is the Holy Spirit's picture of the evil result of selfishness and sin.

"Take heed," says Jesus, "and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12, 15). This is the counsel of Jesus, which the partridge illustrates by the sad experience of the rich fool (Luke 12, 20). Then he gives us the application and warning, "So is he that layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich toward God" (Luke 12, 21) Let us find our heart's treasure in Christ, and in that which is eternal, in the peace of God, holiness of life, and good service for the Master, then we shall get the best and most effort a disappointment, and all will be joy and blessing forever and ever.

A BOYS STORY.

A Christian man, meeting a little boy in the country one day, had a conversation with him, and among other things, he asked him if he was saved.

Oh, yes, replied the boy. "I have been saved ever since the bee stung my mother."

What is that, say you, my boy? said the gentleman.

I have been saved, sir, ever since the bee stung my mother.

Seeing that the boy looked serious, and as if he were only making a very ordinary remark, he said, "Tell me all about it."

mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron, the bee sat on her nose, and I saw her, but it left it stinging behind, and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that the bee could never sting any one else, because it had left its stings in her arm."

Then she said that like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me, that he had destroyed the power of it, and so that if I believed that he had really died down this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am saved."

This was the little boy's story; and the gentleman could not say nay to it, he could only add, May God bless you, my boy, as he bade him good-bye.

I CANNOT UNDO IT.

A little girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had labourously worked so long, and short; and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed. With tears in her eyes, she cried:

"Oh, mamma, I cannot undo it!" Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone, gives us a wrong way of life, and the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. You know something of the desire to undo, and of the sorrow that you cannot. And now, where is the bright-side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we will not have to undo it. Let us ask our heavenly Father. Anything we do under his guidance we shall never wish to undo.

PULLING THE COAT-TAILS.

A young man in the north of Ireland, who had signed the temperance pledge, was tempted by his old associates to go and have a drop of whiskey. He bravely refused, but they would not let him go some time, till one day they said they would force him into the public-house. They got him as far as the door, and had pushed him inside, when he held fast to the coat-tails, and refused to let himself round, while they held to his coat, he pulled himself away and ran home, leaving his coat-tails in his tormentor's hands.

Ever that time to this, his comrades, seeing he was so firm, have left off tempting him, and now respect him for his adherence to the pledge.

Young men, mind not the jeers and temptations of the old men, but stick to your principles, and let them see that you will, with God's help, be staunch, notwithstanding all they may say and do. You will find they will respect you, and be firm in saying "No."

THE OLD MAN OF THE MEADOW.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

A great many centuries ago a famous grasshopper was a bug to a grasshopper. He called the grasshopper the happiest of living creatures. It ate fresh leaves and drank cool dew, and did nothing but dance and sing all day. Its work was to eat, sleep, and sing, and die. It did not live to be sick, or hungry, or cold.

Now, if you will catch a grasshopper and look at him closely, you will see that he resembles an old man. He wears knee breeches and long red stockings, a wrinkled, greenish vest and a gray coat. His face, with the big goggles eyes, bald forehead and straight mouth, makes him look like an old man.

His very name, "the old man of the meadow," tells you something about this insect. You will find him in our grassy fields all through August, September, and October. He lives in the grass, and when you approach he will rise with a hop and a jump, spread his wide brown wings, that have broad lemon-colored bands on them, and fly the distance of a few feet and alight on another blade of grass. He belongs to a very large family of which there are many species in most countries. The merry little katydid and the crickets are cousins to him, and so are the grasshoppers and locusts that commit such devastation in some

seasons. His own family name is Gryllina, and his particular name is Gryllus Carolina.

Mr. Gryllus has still another name. He is called the "murmurer," because of the noise or song he makes. He sings for the benefit of Mrs. Grasshopper. In each of his wings he has a piece of skin set up like a light drum. He wishes to be heard, and he rubs his wings one upon the other, which makes the tiny little drum vibrate, producing a loud, shrill note. Mrs. Grasshopper does not have the drum in her wings, if those of you that live in the country will wander out into the fields about sundown and listen, you will hear several notes from a single insect, and then they stop. Another strikes up like him and another, till perhaps a dozen or twenty have done the same. Finally, after about an hour, they all get the same key and tune, and the music is kept up all night long. Were it not for the volume of sound, you would say there was but a single performer.

As cold weather approaches, the music gradually ceases. The music is not to be performed their own death march—a note once in two or three seconds, as low as it is universal. By the time the leaves have all fallen, the music of the tiny merry singer is sounded.—Zion's Herald.

FOR BONNIE SCOTLAND.

The bagpipe of Scotland, says The Musical Record, is the only instrument of which the name may be traced to a British national. The violin, the flute, the horn, and other instruments are common to many nations, but the bagpipe is peculiar to Scotland.

In the days of the notorious Rob Roy, the bagpipe was a symbol of the Vich Ian Vohrs lived securely in their Highland fastnesses, and kept up their dignified social position—in the stirring times of which Sir Walter Scott has told us—by playing a part was one of the important professions in the chieftain's retinue; and these may be considered as the palmy days of the instrument.

The effects of the wild instrument on the Highland soldiers is marvellous. Above the rattle of musketry and the turmoil and roar of the battlefield, the inspiring notes of the pibroch have ever, and ever will, lead us bravely forward. At the battle of Quebec, when the troops were retreating in disorder, and the conflict had a most discouraging aspect, the general in command ordered the drummers to play the pibroch. The demoralized soldiers of the enemy were above the rattle of musketry and the turmoil and roar of the battlefield, the inspiring notes of the pibroch have ever, and ever will, lead us bravely forward. At the battle of Quebec, when the troops were retreating in disorder, and the conflict had a most discouraging aspect, the general in command ordered the drummers to play the pibroch. The demoralized soldiers of the enemy were

"Sir," said an officer, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play. Nothing inspires the Highlanders so much. Even now they would be of some use."

"Let them blow, then," said the general.

So the pipers started a well-known air; and the Highlanders rallied, and bravely returned to the charge.

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR.

A gentleman in India once gave a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to it.

At others it would sit with a countenance that meant intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar; and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would calmly take up the problem afresh and gaze into it. "Well, if it was it, why not try to drink it," said the gentleman, and then, suddenly reversing it try to catch it as it fell out of the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by a surprise, it kept repeating the experiment, till it was full of bile, and warning to the pursuit of the revolving lump used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was thrown upon the monkey's mind. He was sitting on the table with a crash, and the roll rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humpty Dumpty. He was full of bile, and his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with such satisfaction.