



### "PLEASANT HOURS."

MAUDE had been waiting all week for *Pleasant Hours*; and here it is at last. Maude is not home from school yet, but mamma is reading it to baby Ethel. But Ethel likes the *SUNBEAM* better, for she is too little for such a big paper as the *Pleasant Hours*. Evie and Grace, in the corner of the picture, are reading the *SUNBEAM*. They all think it such a nice paper. Evie and Grace got it last Sunday in Sabbath-school. Maude's big brother, Harry, is as fond of *Pleasant Hours* as Maude herself. Here you see how eagerly he is looking at it.

### "DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"JIMMY, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle. I watered him; didn't I, Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behaviour. Still there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavourably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavour had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion and rode on without further comment.

"This map of North America is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother he added, "Didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question that

I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own words be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

"No, uncle; I'm going to speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the season with his nephews, and before he left he had the pleasure of hearing people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says lately, 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children?—*Little Sower*.

### A SOFT ANSWER.

ONE day at school Amy broke a pretty inkstand that belonged to her friend Clara. It was quite an accident, but Clara, who is very passionate, did not think so; and at first Amy was too much frightened to explain. After school Clara hurried away, and Amy followed; for she would not rest without being forgiven.

When she reached the door of Clara's home she felt almost afraid to lift the latch; and, just as she expected, Clara's first words

showed that she was very angry. But when Amy said, "Dear Clara, I am so sorry. Won't you forgive me?" her passion was all gone.

### SAYING GRACE.

"COME, come, mamma, to the window!" Cried little Fred one day.

"I want you to see my chickens; Why do they drink this way?"

I quickly went at his bidding,  
And saw a pretty sight,  
Of his downy little chickens  
Drinking with all their might.

And, after sipping the water,  
They raised their heads on high,  
To the heavens o'er them bending,  
To the beautiful blue sky.

"See, mamma," again cried Freddie,  
A sober cast on his face;  
"See how they look up to heaven;  
They must be saying grace.

"They are thanking God for the water,  
As papa does for food.  
Who could have told them to do it?  
Are not my chickens good?"

### A STORY ABOUT A BIBLE.

THERE was a little boy who wanted a Bible very much indeed—wanted it more than anything else he could think of. But he was a poor boy, and could not afford to buy one; for he lived a good many years ago, when Bibles cost more than they do now.

One day two strange gentlemen came to his house and asked his mother for something to eat. Although she had only plain food, she gave them a welcome to what she had. As they ate they saw that the little boy looked sad. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them a Bible.

His mother said: "Never mind. Don't fret about that. I'll take you to see General Washington next week."

"But I'd rather have a Bible than to go to see General Washington," the boy said.

One of the gentlemen seemed much pleased with this, and told him he hoped he would always be as fond of the Bible.

The next day the little boy received a beautiful Bible, and on the fly-leaf was written, "From George Washington."

The little boy did not know it, but he had been talking to General Washington himself the day before.—*Our Little People*.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,