

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand.
Says "good night" to the big folks all;
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall.

Then, in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair.

Thinks of his fortune, all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer.
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
Answered the mother tenderly.

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes"
Robin waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and looked with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma! They're just like you."

—The Household.

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Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRNS,
2170 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

NOVEMBER 20, 1898.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT PLAY.

Prov. 1. 10; 1 Thess. 5. 15; 1 Pet. 3. 8. 11.

"All work and no play," says the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." Play is as useful for boys and girls as either work or study. All young animals are fond of play. Lambs skip in the meadows, calves and colts kick up their heels and have a grand frolic, and as for puppies and kittens, they do not do much else than play. So may we say.

"Give the children holidays,
Let them be jolly days,
Better men hereafter
Shall we have for laughter
Freely shouted in the woods,
Till the echoes ring again"

The world is just learning that play is good for grown-up boys and girls, too. Hence the Saturday half-holiday, and the week or fortnight summer vacation for busy toilers in the world's hive, especially toilers with the brain, which is more exhausting than even toiling with the brawn. They work all the better for rest and play.

That is a beautiful passage in Zechariah which says, "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Our Saviour describes the games of the children in the streets of Nazareth, which he must often have seen and shared. Imitating the daily life of the people, its festivals, and funerals, the little children said, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." Again what a sweet picture it is of the Saviour

taking the children into his arms and blessing them, and of the children, on his last entry into Jerusalem, strewing the way with flowers, and singing their young Halleluias to his praise.

"When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name,
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song."

I cannot help thinking that the golden streets of the New Jerusalem will also be full of children playing in the midst thereof. I do not suppose that they will always be singing hymns, but that they will be learning the wonders of God's universe and be unspeakably happy all the time.

Our topic text tells us some things we should observe in our play. "My son," says the wise king of Israel, "if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Let us engage only in those games, and share only those companionships which are pure and manly and good. The knowledge of evil is not wisdom. But wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Then we must be kind and courteous in our play. "See that none render evil for evil unto any man," says St. Paul, "but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men." This applies to boys and girls as well as men and women. Try to cultivate a generous-hearted, whole-souled spirit. Never take advantage of another in a game, but be kind and sympathetic.

As St. Peter says, "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." If we thus play unselfishly, we shall get greater pleasure from our play ourselves, and give greater pleasure to others, and above all have the smile and blessing of God.

WHEN THE ICE BROKE UP.

Dr. E. J. Chapman contributes to Our Animal Friends this remarkable story of the intelligence of his mare, Jenny: "One evening in the early springtime I was called to Mr. Briggs', who lived on the point. The weather was warm, but the ice on the bay was still good, and I drove across it, thus saving full three miles' travel over hard roads. The case was such as to detain me twenty-four hours. When the patient was in a condition to leave it was again evening, after a comparatively warm day. I had intended to drive back across the ice, the same way that I came, but an aged neighbour, Mr. Sprague, said:

"You hadn't better do it, doctor. The ice has grown poor very fast to-day. You'd better go round."

"I started to obey his injunction, and had driven perhaps a half-mile along the shore when, with the usual thoughtlessness of young manhood and little experience, I decided: 'This is nonsense. The ice was good last night, and it couldn't have failed much in this length of time. It is freezing a little, too, and I'll risk it.'"

Soon after, much against Jenny's inclination, I drove onto the ice. We had passed over a hundred rods or more when all at once two of the mare's feet went through; she recovered herself and moved on briskly. It is hardly necessary to say that I was somewhat frightened and concluded to regain the shore if possible. I made an effort to pull her in, and she was inclined to stop, when again a foot went through, and again she moved forward briskly, shaking her head and whisking her tail. We were soon a mile from the shore we had left, and headed for the other shore two miles away. It now became plainly evident that the ice on every side was dangerous. I would gladly have gone back over the course I had come, but the mare had taken things into her own hands, as it were, and was going home. In rapid motion was our greatest safety, and I did not attempt to restrain her pace.

"My thoughts and feelings on that broad, treacherous bay, alone at night, I am unable fully to describe. I had been for more than three years in the army, and had faced death with a crowd often, but to face it thus was a different thing. I thought of my wife and children at home, looking impatiently and longing for my return, and little knowing the plight that I was in. I thought of what provision I had made for them in case of my death, and every unkind word I had spoken to them came back to be regretted. But what surprises me most is that my thoughts dwelt so much on my boyhood and my early home, my mother and her teachings, my father, with his stern, manly ways, my brothers

and sisters whom I loved, and who, I had every reason to believe, loved me dearly. As I remembered my mother I instinctively prayed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and smiled as I thought of the inappropriateness of the prayer under such circumstances. While I thought of all my dear ones, bitterly did I regret having left the solid land.

"While I was thinking Jenny was speeding on, and we were now within a mile of shore, when an open stretch of water appeared ahead, and the mare was going directly for it. I tried to turn her on one side, but in vain; her head was down and she was rushing blindly along. I cried out:

"Jen, you fool, see where you are going!"

"As I spoke her name she tossed up her head and saw the water only a few rods away, she tried to stop, but her speed was such she could not. I prepared to leap from the cutter, but hesitated. Suddenly she turned to the right; the cutter, sliding along the ice to the very edge of the open water, struck something, raised upon one runner, paused an instant just on the verge of going over, settled back with both runners on the ice, and we were speeding away on a course at right angles to the one we had been pursuing.

"We were now pointing for the head of the bay, and I was satisfied we could not get off the ice there, but as I was only a passenger I must be content to go with the mare or get out and walk. She was going so fast that it was dangerous to leap out, and I decided to stay and abide the result. Running from Colewood to Tyler's there was a wood road that had been used very much during the winter. Continual travel over it when the snow was falling or drifting had packed layer on layer until this was really the strongest place on the bay, and toward this road we were now moving. At last we reached it, and the little mare, giving a cheerful whinny, bore to the left along it. In five minutes more we were on the shore at Tyler's and safe. It was a narrow escape for us both. Relieved and thoughtful I leaped from the cutter, ran to her head, and patted her dripping neck with my hand. You will hardly believe it, but the trembling, wearied mare put her nose to my cheek and kissed me. Saying, 'Bless you, Jenny,' I shook hands with her again and again, and with a heart filled with gratitude I drove slowly homeward. That night she was well rubbed down, blanketed, and cared for, if never before."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Above the beautiful lake of Constance has stood for a thousand years or more the quaint old Tyrolean city of Bregenz; and the legend of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago, is as follows:

A Tyrol girl left her home and friends to go to service in the Swiss valleys. She stayed in Switzerland so long that her homesickness was forgotten, the language of her new friends was no longer strange; and when she led her cattle out to pasture, she looked no more on this side and that, wondering in what direction lay dear old Bregenz. Still, she used to sing to her master's children the songs of her native land; and at night, when she knelt for her simple prayer, it was the words of her childhood that came to her.

Suddenly there arose in the valleys strange rumours of war and strife; the men were sterner; there was little talk of working among the women, and even the children seemed afraid to go out alone to play.

One night the men and women assembled and talked over a plan for a secret attack on the stronghold of the enemy, Bregenz. Their words were like death to the heart of the poor Tyrol maiden; and when she thought of the beauty of her native city, and that it was her old home, where her kinsfolk still lived, she saw in her new friends only the foes of her country.

These words sounded in her ear: "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die."

She went with trembling haste to the shed, loosed the strong white horse that fed daily from her hand, mounted him, and then turned his head towards Bregenz.

Out into the darkness they flew—faster, ever faster—in her heart a prayer for Bregenz. She heard before her the rushing of the Rhone. Her horse drew back in terror for the bank was steep and high. One moment, and in he plunged. It was a hard struggle, she could not see through the darkness, the waters rushed above the mane of her horse, but at last it was over, and the

nolle horse bore her up the steep bank on the other side.

Again they rushed onward, and just at midnight they reached the city. Bregenz was saved.

The battlements were manned before daylight, and the advancing army was met with defiance.

That was three hundred years ago; but the old stone gateway, which was erected on the hill to do the girl honour, stands there still. And still, as the warder paces to and fro guarding the old gateway and calling each passing hour, when midnight comes he calls the maiden's name.

A KING WHO NEVER WORE HIS CROWN.

"Why, Malcolm, what is the matter? I thought that you and Bruce were having such a fine play."

"So we were, Aunt Frances; but Bruce wants to be king all the time, and that isn't fair."

"Should you like to be a sure enough king, Bruce?" asked the lady.

"Course I would," he said, in surprise. "Hither, knave; haste to fill this golden flagon, and give thy master drink." Bruce strutted up to Malcolm and proceeded to knock him over on the grass. But the "knave," so far from "hithering," sprang at the piece of royalty, and a lively scuffle set in.

"There, there, boys," said Aunt Frances, "that play is getting too rough. Come and sit down and let me tell you a story about a little king who never wore his crown. Did you ever hear of Louis XVII. of France?"

"I know there were a lot of 'em named Louis," said Malcolm, vaguely, while Bruce kept a discreet silence; "but I don't know anything particular about the seventeenth fellow. What about him?"

"Well, maybe you think you've seen a fuss made over a small baby" ("I should think so," muttered Malcolm nodding up at the nursery window;) "but you never imagined anything like the fuss made over this small scrap of a boy, born in the palace of Versailles. I say small, because when he was a few hours old the young Duke d'Anjou came paid him a visit, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! how little my cousin is!' To which the prince answered, quickly, 'The day will come when you will think him great enough, my dear!' But that day never came.

"When this small Louis was only a few days old all the workmen and tradespeople of Paris bought themselves fine clothes, and went out in a body to the palace to pay their respects to him.

"Well-dressed chimney sweeps carried a miniature chimney, on which was perched a tiny sweep; blacksmiths were working away at an anvil; shoemaker were ticktacking at a wee pair of shoes, intended for the royal baby; and tailors were sewing upon a small uniform of the regiment to which the princeling already belonged.

"All these bodilys of men and women made speeches, read papers, recited poems, full of praises and congratulations, declaring their love and loyalty for their new sovereign.

"Alas, Bruce! alas, Malcolm! Only a few years had gone by—this Louis was but a lad still—when his father and mother (Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette) were murdered, and the boy treated with such cruelty by his gaolers that he lost his mind and then his life. Poor, innocent child! Because generations of forefathers had been cruel and selfish tyrants this boy must suffer the wrath of unreasoning people.

"When you read the bloody story of those days of the French Revolution say to yourself that nothing is so terrible as sin. In those horrid deeds sin is unmasked, but it is always the same at heart—cruel, relentless, terrible, in all its consequences. What would we do, boys, if we had not a Saviour from sin?"

Malcolm and Bruce thought this a pretty solemn little talk for play hour, but they carried away from it a story and a sermon.—Sunday-school Visitor.

SCHOOLBOYS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

No one familiar with the pleasantness of the life of the modern English school would suspect, says Harper's Round Table, how wretched was the way in which for generation upon generation the collegers were housed and fed. At Eton, for instance, until well into the present century, the sixteen senior collegers had no water except what they made th. lower boys fetch in for them overnight from the pump in the yard. The lower boys had no chance of washing at all in college, for they were not allowed washstands and basins.