

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

THE Chinese are a very hospitable, and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends, and the rich folk entertain them very magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments. The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving we are shown the interior of one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures, how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed door way and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermilion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures with their bald heads and pig-tails and rat-tail moustaches and almond eyes are very queer looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard of the Gospel of Jesus, for there are only 100 missionaries in the whole country, which is as if there was only one preacher in the whole of the Dominion. This seems to me a strong argument in favour of Methodist union—that of the surplus ministers in Canada some might go to the perishing millions of pagan lands who are dying without the knowledge of true God. Let us do all we can to send the gospel to these vast multitudes who have it not.

## THE BETTER LAND.

I KNOW not where that city lifts  
Its jasper walls in air,  
I know not where the glory beams,  
So marvelously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands  
Upon that farther shore,  
I cannot hear the rapturous song  
Of dear ones gone before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,  
Washed clear by contrite tears,  
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light  
From the eternal years.

Basil answered calmly :

"He who possesses nothing can lose nothing : all you can take from me is the wretched garments I wear and a few books, which are my only wealth. As to exile, the earth is the Lord's ; everywhere it will be my country, or rather, my place of pilgrimage. Death will be a mercy : it will but admit me into life ; long have I been dead to this world."

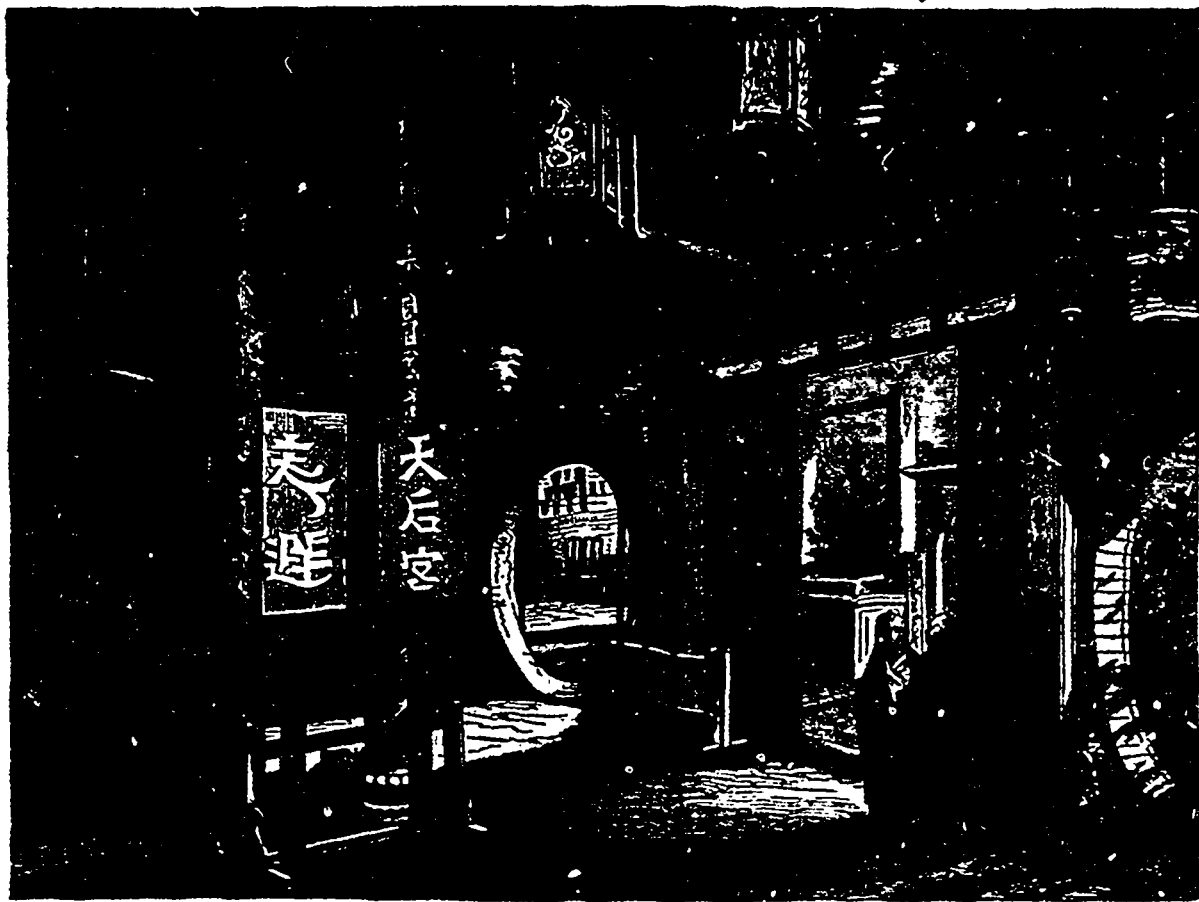
The officer expressed his surprise at the unusual tone of this speech.

"You have never, then," said

soon none can tell. Oh, yes ; if there is no treasure in God, let us be eager to gather some of this world's treasure.

True, we will have to learn how poor it is, but if God's word for it is not enough, then we must take our own way, which is very likely to prove a hard way.

Ah ! if young Christians could but believe the truth that all good things are in God, how brave, how true, how noble, would their lives be ; how lifted above this lower atmosphere, so often choked and defiled by cloud and dust !



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## A HERO REWARDED.

THE following romantic story is told by the Raleigh News :

In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Burke County, N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavoured to dissuade him from such a dangerous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastworks, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink.

The Federal under a sense of gratitude

for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succour him. The name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other.

Moore was subsequently wounded, and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the cup of cold water, on the

## FAITH'S ANSWER.

A CHRISTIAN bishop, Basil by name, was once approached by the trusted officer of a heathen emperor, who hoped to induce him to give up his religious faith and submit to the religion of the emperor. The bishop, however, was not moved by any of the arguments presented, and the officer at length exclaimed, in a rage :

"What! do you not know that I have power to strip you of all your possessions, to banish you, to deprive you of life!"

Basil, "before conversed with a bishop?"

But the noble sentiment belongs to a bishop no more than to the humblest Christian, for he it is who, "possessing nothing, yet possesses all things." The Christian, old or young, rich or poor, sick or well, is the only one who can afford to be poor, friendless, and unknown ! Those who have nothing in God, and who must find all their good things in this world, have need to make haste—to grasp all that their hands can reach—: hold fast all that they can gain. Why not? Life is short; death is coming soon—how

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