

PLEASANT PROVERBS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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What Think You?

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!"
Thus sweetly sang a maiden fair,
Then closed her eyes and bowed in prayer.

One of God's creatures sings no more.
But decks the hat the maiden wore.
The tiny form of singing bird,
Whose praise will never more be heard.

Think you the maiden's song of praise
A grateful offering to raise
To him who notes the sparrow's fall,
And heeds the ravens when they call?

WATER AGAINST BEER.

"Father," said Frank one day at dinner, "is a boy who drinks beer stronger than one who does not?"

"Why no, my boy, certainly not; but what made you ask such a question?"

"Well, you see, some of us boys at school are going to have a 'walking match' next Wednesday, and Tom Gates and I are to walk against Will White and Fred Brown. Now, Will and Fred both drink beer, and as Tom and I were coming home this noon some of the boys said to us, 'You stand no chance of beating, unless you take some beer before you start.'"

"And what did you say to that, my son?"

"I told them I did not believe that beer would help us any, but even if it would we would rather be beaten than to take such poison into our stomachs."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my boy; and now let me tell you a little story about Benjamin Franklin, the man who discovered that lightning and electricity are the same, and who invented the lightning-rods to protect buildings."

"When Franklin was a young man he went to London, England, and while there he worked in a printing office. Most of the men who worked in the office with young Franklin were great beer-drinkers. One of the men used to drink six pints every day. Franklin drank nothing but water. The others laughed at him, and nicknamed him the 'Water American'; but after a while they began to see that he was stronger than they were who drank so much beer. In fact, Franklin could beat them both at work and at play."

"One day when they went to bathe in the River Thames they found that their 'Water American' could swim like a fish; and he so astonished them that one of the rich men in London tried to have him start a swimming-school to teach his sons."

Frank was much pleased with his father's story, and when the time for the race came he and Tom started out with a great deal of courage. For a while after they had started, Will and Fred kept ahead, but after a time they began to fall behind, until at last Tom and Frank reached the goal fully five minutes before them. That night Frank said to his father, "I see how it is; when the beer is first taken into the stomach the person feels as though he were stronger; but he soon finds that instead of being strengthened, he is only made weak, and so I mean to let it alone."—Youth's Temperance Evangel.

"Will you have cafe noir or cafe au lait?" asked the hostess of Mrs. Parvenu the other evening, the hostess having just returned from Europe. "I guess," answered Mrs. Parvenu, wearily, "I guess I won't take neither—them French puddin's is so awful illia; you know, and I've eat now more than I'd oughter."

OPERA GLASSES, NOT GUNS.

If the small boy were taught to think of the suffering of the turtle or toad, of course the boy would not leave him on his back. If he thought of the starving birdlings in the nest he would hesitate to kill the mother bird. Jeremy Bentham says: "Give your boy an opera-glass and send him into the woods to learn the patience, ingenuity and industry of birds." Let him learn to distinguish the song of one bird from another. Arouse his curiosity as to their wonderful habits and give him the innocent delight which the study of natural history is sure to bring into his life and holiday pleasure. Teach him the cowardice of torturing helpless birds. Let him know their value as insect-eaters, and that we need a great many more birds in our woods and near our homes than we now have. Insist that the coming generation shall

The much-abused sparrow has friends among naturalists, who declare him to be a useful insect-eating bird.

Let us encourage birds to build about us by feeding them and putting up bird boxes for their nests. Let us discourage as far as possible the destruction of birds, and endeavour to teach the small boy, and the large boy as well, that a live bird is much more interesting to watch than a dead one, thus we may change his interest in birds from that of a savage to that of a naturalist. One good way to do this is to form Bands of Mercy in schools and elsewhere. If you will write to George T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, asking for information, you will receive full directions free of cost.

The man who gets the most good out of a good sermon is the one who is willing to live it.

but to take life easily in the open air on a hot summer's day, as we see them doing in the picture.

"SCHOOLS' OUT!"

"Blessed be the man who invented vacations!" So ejaculates a tired teacher. We can imagine a chorus of "Amen" from fifteen millions of pupils, most of whom show more alacrity every afternoon when dismissed than in the morning when they enter the school-room.

Just now they are to take a long recess, turning from their books to work, to play, or, let us hope for their sakes, to a mixture of both.

Eight, ten or twelve weeks between lessons is a pretty generous outing; but if the time be reasonably and happily used, it may have an educational value far greater than the boys and girls can realize. During term-time, they are held under a necessary restraint; they are governed without their consent. During vacation, there is far more freedom; and therefore a fairer opportunity to practise self-government and self-direction; and here's a question for them to ask and answer: "What use shall be made of this summer freedom?"

To go pleasuring by the seaside or at the mountains is possible only to a comparatively small percentage of our young people; a vast majority must remain mostly at home. This is the best thing that could happen; that is, if they did but know it, and cheerfully accept it, and set themselves to making it the best thing. In after years, the sweetest and most fragrant memories will be associated with the fair humanities of domestic life and love. To strengthen and enrich the "family feeling" is about the best service that can be rendered to our land and time.

A vacation at home—what does that mean? What does it offer to a right-minded son or daughter of the house?

Among other delights, it offers a chance to become better acquainted with one's own kindred, and to make your companionship a welcome addition to the life of the household.

Few young people realize how easily it is in their power to brighten and gladden the sober, toilsome days of their parents. Now comes a time when one can lighten the burdens which are patiently carried by the father and mother all the year round.

A few weeks of active industry in house or field, in shop or office,—wherever it will help most,—will rest and invigorate mind and body. And added to these there will be for many a boy or girl glorious hours for quiet interviews with nature; hours when the soul opens to all the poets find in earth and sky, in plants and birds, in the voices of winds and waters, in cloud-scenery and sunsets—possibly even in sunrises! And from all these fresh and winsome experiences one may go back to books with a quickened relish and with a deeper sense of the relation between knowledge, wisdom and virtue.—Youth's Companion.

TARTARS AND THEIR HORSES.

They have a way of living with their animals which is truly astonishing—they talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well, they address to them tender reproaches; and when special effort is needed on their part, they say to them, "Come, my doves, you know you must go up there, courage, my pets, come, go on!" And when the difficulty is accomplished, they get down from their box and praise and caress them, allowing them to rest and breathe—patting them between their eyes, rubbing their noses, stroking the hair on their foreheads between their ears—indeed caressing them in every way, and treating them like much-loved pets.

The devil always has trouble in introducing himself to people who are busy.



A HOT DAY.

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How delicious it must be on a hot day to be able to go into the cool waters of a stream or pool and to wade about in it without having any clothes to take off, or having to dry oneself afterwards. Here we see no less than five horses standing in the water together, and two little foals. How very clear the stream looks and how lazily they all seem to be enjoying it. When they have had enough they will come out and lie down on the grass, and the hot sun will soon dry their wet legs as its rays blaze down on the burnt-up fields.

A horse's life after all must be very pleasant when they have nothing to do

realize the sin of cruelty and the bad tendency of any act which gives the question of life or death into irresponsible hands. Jenkin Lloyd Jones says: "It is the boys I am concerned about more than the sparrows, and I earnestly object to this putting incipient murder into the hearts of our boys!" And the late Frances E. Willard's words in a recent letter to Mr. Angell are none too strong: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ." The man who shoots a thousand birds for anatomical or technical examination learns less than he who carefully studies the habits and thoroughly learns the song of one.