

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

[No. 8



TOBoggANING AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

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LORD DUFFERIN, late Governor-General of Canada, was very fond of tobogganing, and built at Rideau Hall the slide shown in our picture, for the amusement of himself and guests. He often gave tobogganing parties, such as that here represented. The central figure in the cut—the one on the toboggan with the lady and child—is Lord Dufferin himself. The other figures on the toboggan are Lady Dufferin and child. The present editor has never gone down a toboggan slide, but it is said to be very exhilarating by those who have tried it. The long climb up the many flights of steps seems, however, a pretty good price to pay for the two minutes slide down, to say nothing of the risk of broken bones through accident.

THE STORY OF A MITE-BOX.

WHEN I burst my bonds, a beautiful blossom, in the far away sunny South, I first saw the light. In this form I existed but a day. Again, after days of confinement and solitude, I found my way into the sunlight, a mass of snowy cotton.

With many others of my family I was pressed into a bale, carried in a ship-hold to the North, carded and spun, woven and sold, cut into clothing, made up on a sewing-machine, worn and thrown aside as worthless rags.

In a dingy mill I was picked over by weary hands, and cast into a terrible pool, where, writhing and foaming, I was cut with knives, pushed over sieves, bleached, and torn to pulp. Then iron rollers, some cold, some hot, were passed over me, and I came forth at last a sheet of thin, pink pasteboard, smooth and clean.

My trials were not yet over. A sharp instrument divided me from my family, and another printed words upon me. On my four sides were: "In His name;" "Speak to the children that they bring me an offering;" "Our gifts for Jesus;" and "Offered willingly to the Lord." Upon my face was a picture of two children, one of them holding a lighted torch.

Behold! I was a mission mite-box. At last, purified from all uncleanness, I had found my special duty. Foolish creature and blind had I been to murmur and repine at all these trials. I might have known that these pains and sorrows were

intended to prepare me for some new service. I remained for some time un-called for, and began to grow weary of this life of idleness, feeling that inactivity would be harder to endure than suffering. At last I was taken on a journey, brought out and folded up for use. How well I remember that cozy parlour! Through the open windows came the summer breeze stealing softly in. Sweet birds twittered in the branches of an old pear-tree just outside, and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, green fields and grand old mountains were spread out before my eyes. Every one seemed happy. A young father and mother were there, and a sweet, bright baby, with laughing eyes and dimpled chin, was in the mother's arms. I was placed in the baby's hands and a penny was given her. It was beautiful to see her earnest look as she was taught to find her narrow opening in my side, and with her soft fingers to slip the penny in. How glad I was that it had fallen to my lot to be the companion of this lovely child, for just then I heard some one say: "Every Sabbath morning give her a penny to put in the mite-box. Heathen children are taught from infancy to bring offerings to

their dreadful idol gods. Why should not Christian parents put gifts into baby hands to help bring the world to Jesus?"

And so it came to pass that I had a place on the parlour table, and baby and I were friends. She soon learned, though she was only a year old, what was to be done with me, and would turn me around, till she found the place in my side to put the penny in. Three happy months passed. Summer was ended. Bright leaves began to fall. Song-birds took flight and insect voices ceased as the nights grew chill. One day they folded the dimpled hands, and placed pale rose-buds in the little fingers that had clasped me so lovingly, and carried her away. I saw her no more, but I heard them say: "The Master came and called her. She has gone to be with him in the heavenly city. He has given her a crown and a harp, and she always beholds his face—that glorious face which we of earth see only 'as in a glass darkly.'" And one, smiling through tears, opened me gently, as though I were some precious thing of gold and diamonds rare, and scooped from my heart its treasure, seven-teen pennies, the dear baby's life-work for Foreign Missions.—Children's Work.