

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

[No. 45.]

## Outside and Inside Weather.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early,  
And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise;  
If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowing, grim, and surly,  
Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes—  
Why, then, lightly as a feather,  
Must our spirits dance together,  
And our faces must be sunny all day long;  
For as fresh as Highland heather  
We can make the inside weather  
When the outside seems to be so very wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing,  
And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light;  
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown leaves' tender keeping,  
And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright—  
Why, then, why not all together  
Make our faces match the weather?—  
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long!  
For as fragrant as the heather  
Is the charming outside weather,  
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.

## A BICYCLE IN INDIA.

BY MARY L. CORT.

It was a great day in the village—a festival day. The gay crowd of natives were dressed in their brightest colours. The sun shone clear and bright upon the sand of the roadway, and before the temple door stood the huge car with the idol upon it, ready for a ride.

But the sun was hot and the sand was deep—and the car was heavy—and the people were either tired or lazy, and so the temple priests and officers urged in vain, as they tried to have them drag the car, according to the ancient custom of India.

Just then a missionary went by on his bicycle, and the weary men no sooner caught sight of him than they all dropped the car chains and crowded about the strange vehicle.

This provoked the priests, and they tried to drive the people away. But the missionaries were good-natured, and the people were curious to see and hear new things, and they spent the whole afternoon listening to the preaching.

The car did not move an inch that night, and the next morning when the missionaries came back, it was in the same spot. I don't know how the old idol liked spending the night in the fresh air, instead of being shut up in the musty old temple. It did not say a word about it.

Again the bicycle drew a larger crowd than the car, and the priests said they were interfering with their procession.

The missionaries said, "We compelled no one to come, they can all go and draw the car if they wish."

But they did not go. Then the priests admitted that the little wheel was more of an attraction than the huge car.

We told them we did not come to stop the car, but to tell them of a better way of salvation through a living God; and if they would listen quietly for a while we would preach our sermon and go. They agreed to this, and after showing them Christ, we passed on.

And they, poor souls, from force of habit, dragged the car along its way, but with new thoughts in their hearts, and our prayer going up to God for them, that he would draw them by the cords of his love to Christ the Burden-Bearer and the Saviour of the world.

## GIFT OF SPEECH.

What a great gift is the gift of speech? Have you ever thanked God that you were not born dumb? How ought you to use your gift of speech?

1. To praise God. All his works praise

him. Can a little child? Yes; for the Son of God says: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he has perfected praise."

2. To pray to God. God has promised to hear prayer. He says, "Ask and ye shall receive."

3. We ought to use the gift of speech in a way honourable to God. Never let your tongue say naughty, foolish, idle words; never take God's name in vain. Be kind and obliging in your speech. Teach your little brothers and sisters to praise, and to pray to God.—Lutheran S. S. Herald.

which it runs with great smoothness. (See Fig. 1). This cable is stretched around large wheels in the engine-house (Fig. 3), and is continually kept in motion. All that now remains to be done is to supply the heavy car with something on the principle of a pair of pincers with which to grip the cable and let it go when the driver wishes to stop. The apparatus is shown in Fig. 2, and explains itself. Thus the cost, care and trouble of horses are all saved, and the cars are run at less expense and give more satisfaction to everybody concerned. Fig. 4 shows us an ingenious

## ONLY A BOY.

More than half a century ago, a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it. But God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to be rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long, and is kind, beareth all things, hopeth all things. Aye, where you have it—hopeth all things. I have great hopes of one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but the fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest had gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his labours were no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

That boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

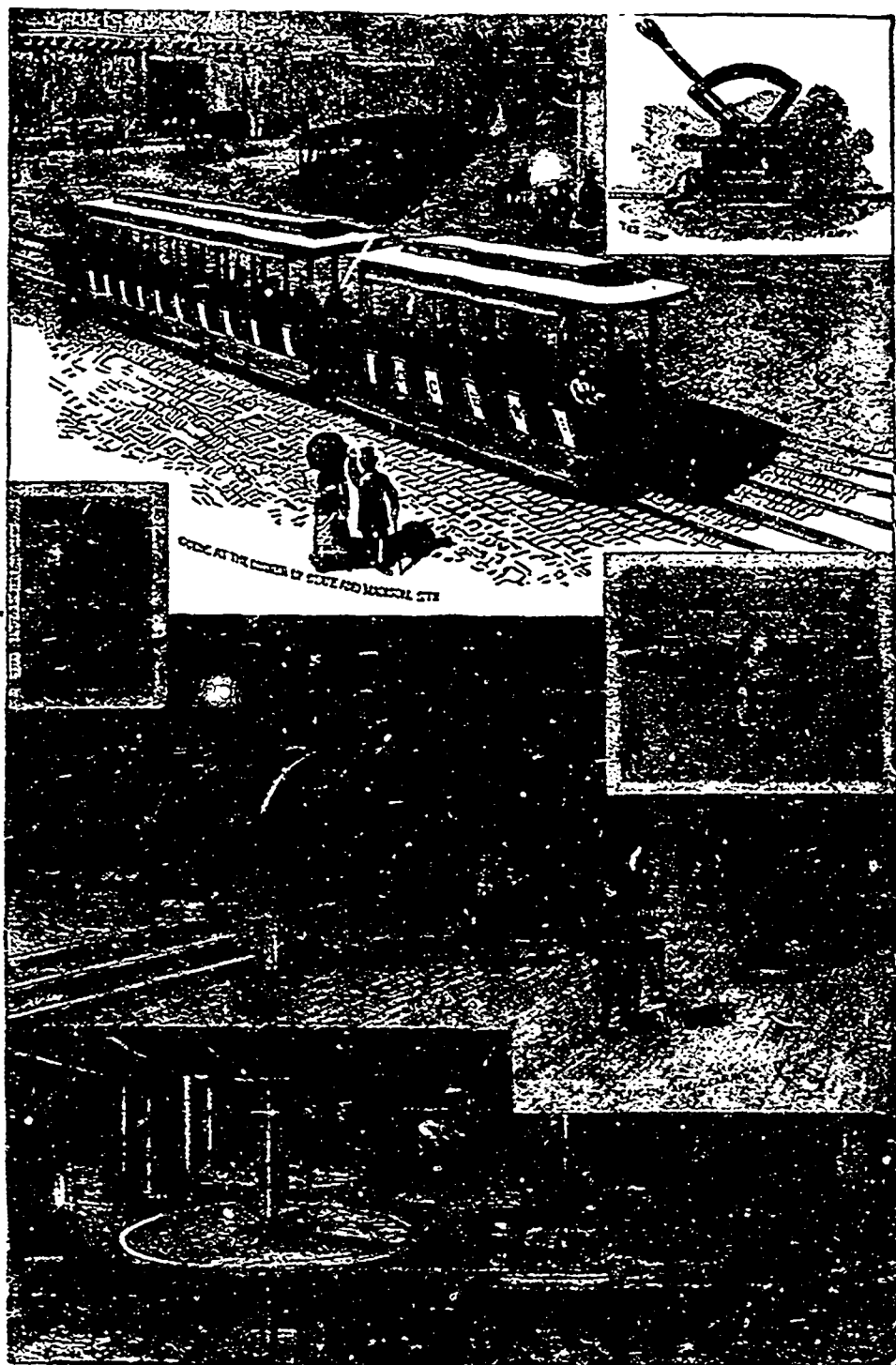
"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, and brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, and given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honoured the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of



CABLE CAR SYSTEM, CHICAGO.

## CABLE CAR SYSTEM.

To those who are used to see the street cars of our cities drawn exclusively by horses it is a curious sight, on coming into a strange city, such as Chicago, to see them running, as it were, of themselves, being set in motion and stopped by the driver with very little effort and in a very few seconds. The secret of this is that they run on moving cables, which are set in motion and regulated from a single engine-house at one end of the track. The method is simple and interesting. Just half way between the tracks a little channel is dug about a foot deep; it is in this little channel that the cable—a strong, thick wire rope—is laid along little rollers on

the lower points of a metal fork, to which a bell is attached, run along the smooth surface of the wire, and if the slightest flaw is present the warning note of the bell at once gives notice of the fact.

In the year 1849 quarrymen at Monsummano, Italy, discovered some hot caves. In these the air, which was very moist and heated to a temperature of 88 degrees Fahr., circulated freely. It was a sort of natural Turkish bath, and caused violent perspiration to those entering the place. It is said that both Garibaldi and Kossuth tried the caves and found relief from sickness.

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