

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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Steering for Home.

Blow, thou bitter northern gale;
Heave, thou rolling, foaming sea;
Bend the mast and fill the sail,
Let the gallant ship go free!
Steady, lad! Be firm and steady!
On the compass fix your eye;
Ever watchful, ever ready,
Let the rain and spray go by!
We're steering for home.

Let the waves with angry thud
Shake the ship from stem to stern,
We can brave the flying scud,
It may go, it may return:
In the wind are cheerful voices,
In the waves a pleasant song,
And the sailor's heart rejoices
As the good ship bounds along.
We're steering for home.

Standing on the briny deck,
Beaten by the blinding spray,
Fearing neither storm nor wreck,
Let us keep our onward way.
Loving hearts for us are yearning,
Now in hope, and now in doubt,
Looking for our swift returning,
How they try to make us out!
We're steering for home.

Fainter blows the bitter gale,
And more peaceful grows the sea:
Now, boys, trim again the sail;
Land is looming on the lee!
See! the beacon-light is flashing,
Hark! those shouts are from the shore;
To the wharf home friends are dashing;
Now our hardest work is o'er.
Three cheers for our home!

A MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

THE Rev. Dr. Wenyon, our medical missionary in charge of the Fatsban Hospital, China, tells an interesting story of his wonderful escape from a mob when on his way to join the Chinese army. He writes:

"When the war broke out between the Chinese and the French, the Chinese government asked me to go to the relief of the wounded soldiers in Tonquin. My friend, Dr. Macdonald, who had then been only a few months in China, nobly offered to take charge of the hospital in my absence, and so I was able to accept the appointment. On my journey to Tonquin I had a body-guard of Chinese soldiers. I suppose they were told that if any harm happened to me they would all have their heads cut off. I was not a party to any such arrangement, but this is the usual method of making Chinese soldiers do their duty. My attendants did their duty, if anything,

too well. They watched me as if I had been a child. If I went ashore from my boat to pluck a flower on the banks of the river they were after me in a moment; and, when walking through native villages and towns, they marched before me, kicking the pigs

a considerable distance along the banks of the river, and at length came to a large town, which we entered. The people of the town were a ruffianly set, who had probably never seen a foreigner before. We had not been long in the town before we wished we

sight of us, and at once called out, 'Dr. Wenyon.' 'What!' I said, 'do you know me?' 'I should think I do,' he replied. 'You cured my arm at the hospital in Fatsban. Come in and have a cup of tea!' That simple episode acted like a spell, and changed at once the conduct of the mob from riot and ridicule to order and respect, and we got back safely to our boats."

THE RUM SELLER'S DEMAND.

LICKEN me to sow the seeds of poverty and shame all over the community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears, and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit about your strong men and lead them captive—bound to the chariot-wheels of the Demon Rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond fathers and mothers, whose sons I will bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of little shoes for their feet and comfortable clothes for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity. License me to incite red-handed murderers to his work of destruction, and scatter loose upon society a whole brood of evils that will fill your jails and penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year. Throw around me the protection of law while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men!—*Temperance Shield.*



STEERING FOR HOME.

and dogs out of the way, and shouting to the people to 'clear the road,' making such a disturbance that I often wished we could go out for our walks alone. One morning, in the interior of the province of Kwangsi, Mr. Anderson and I managed to slip ashore without the soldiers. We walked for

were safely out of it, or that we had the soldiers with us. The people crowded round us in a most menacing manner, and the cry, 'Kill the barbarian devils!' was heard on every hand. Struggling through the mob towards the river, a tradesman, standing in the doorway of his shop caught

ALL mutual relations are like reflected rainbows. The first is straight from the sun, but the second is over against it and like unto it, and the one light is in them all.