

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Through the Storm.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE fierce waves dashed against the bark,  
The day was stormy, cold and dark,  
No sign of land was nigh,  
Through blinding veil of rain and spray  
We vainly peered. We seemed the prey  
Of angry sea and sky.

A child's voice, tremulous with fear,  
Rang through the gloom: "O father, dear,  
We're sailing into night!"  
"My child," he said, "beyond the storm  
Our own home waits us, bright and warm,  
We're sailing toward its light."

Yet still the young voice held its way,  
"Father, we cannot see the way!  
The storm grows on'y worse."  
"My child, we do not need to know,"  
The father answered calm and low;  
"The pilot guides our course."

So, when life's storms around me beat,  
And all seems darkness and defeat,  
Home lies beyond, I feel,  
I may not see the way I go,  
But still the Father whispers low:  
"My child, you do not need to know,  
The Pilot holds the wheel."

## THE BOY'S ROOM.

SOME way, in settling the house after the spring cleaning, the boy's room is too frequently the one which is kept bare of decoration and beauty. I think this is a mistake. Boys appreciate fine distinctions, and if the amenities of life are left out in dealing with them they may grow to be fine, manly, sturdy fellows, but gentlemanly boys—never. But a boy who has a room which has been specially prepared for him, and whose tastes have been consulted in the decorations and furnishings of it, learns to take pride in it. He feels that it is his sanctum. Here he gathers together the treasures most dear to his boyish heart, and in the accumulation his nature finds free play. It is an interesting thing to visit a boy's room, or perhaps I should say boys' rooms. For different members of the sex vary greatly in their tastes and habits. If it is ever your fortune to go through the dormitories of a large boys' boarding-school, or yet those of a college, you will readily understand this.

There is the room of the neat boy, whose effects are arranged with precision, there is the one of the careless boy, whose room is a veritable liberty hall. There is the room of the young dude, whose arrangement of neckties around his looking-glass alone would proclaim his natural bent. Then the occupant of this one has fine artistic tastes, the dweller in that one is very fond of dogs. While across the hall is a sanctum of a boy who is very fond of games. There is no end to the variety of the genus boy. And it is a wise mother who studies her boy's tastes and fixes his room accordingly.

The idea that anything is good enough for a boy housekeepers should eliminate from their minds. Anything is not good enough for a boy. To be trained into refined habits boys need refining influences; and a mother can do much towards moulding the bent of her young son's mind by suitably furnishing and decorating his room. A rack for books with his pet volumes upon it, a few good pictures and such appliances for physical comfort and cleanliness as the young human animals need to keep them licked into shape ought to be in the room of every boy. Boys belonging to any but wealthy families must clean their own boots, brush their own clothes and look after their toilet appliances themselves. Let all boys be provided with the necessary means for doing this. Let them have their blacking boxes

in a convenient receptacle. And give them plenty of whisk brooms.

A set of shelves over the washstand, on which is placed a small bottle of ammonia, pumice stone and a bowl of yellow meal, will aid a boy in keeping his hands in presentable condition. All the little habits of cleanliness have doubtless been acquired in the nursery before a boy is old enough to aspire to the dignity of a room. Yet some of the neat ways will not be kept up by many boys unless their surroundings are favourable.

A boy usually takes much pride in a nice

difficulty about the matter, for I found out that they could by my own early experience. I think all you children can be saved very early in life, just as I was. You need not wait for God's salvation till you are big boys and girls, or till you are grown to young men and young women. I was about six years of age, or five and a half.

I was saved in this way. One night when I was saying my prayers, before going to bed, I simply looked to Jesus Christ, who loved me and gave himself for me. I rested on him with all my heart. I just trusted him as I trusted my father when he pro-

had saved me and made me his child. I felt it in my heart. I have often thought if we had had then, as now, Junior Society classes among us, and I had been put under the care of a kind and prudent leader, I should most likely have kept my early religion to this day. But at that time good people generally did not appear to expect very young children to be converted and to keep on in the way to heaven. I did not speak about being saved to anyone. I perhaps should have spoken to my mother if she had been alive, but God had taken her to heaven three years before he saved me. And so I did not feel I could say much to anybody; and I think nobody knew God had saved me. But I know I myself felt it myself, and have often been thankful to God for it, because I could not doubt the truth of religion after that. Besides, I think it afterward kept me from going into deep and open sin, like many young people about me.

But I did go into sin in some sense till I was in my thirteenth year. However, I sincerely and bitterly repented, and God saved me again. It was in a revival of religion, and I was the last one converted in that revival. It did seem hard, I thought, that all my companions should be converted first and I left out in the cold so long. But God had a great and important lesson to teach me. I did not know then that I should become a minister of Jesus Christ, and have to direct penitent seekers of salvation to God. You see, the Lord was training me to be patient and sympathizing with poor, broken-hearted sinners who do not find salvation immediately. But after many weary weeks he did save me. I was conscious of it. And then I said, this is how I felt when I was a little boy, saying my prayers that night, and expecting God to bless me. The Lord by his grace has kept me from that day to this, and he can save and keep you.

Now if the Lord does save you, and you know and feel it in your heart, tell your mother about it, or your sister, and do not keep it all to yourself, as I did. And if you have no mother or sister, as was the case with me, then tell your father or brother, and ask him to pray for you and to help you to be good, and to love and serve Jesus Christ your Saviour. — William Unsworth.

## "Just As I Am."

"Just as I am," thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to lay,  
With no reserve, and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve thee with all my might,  
Therefore to thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But dearer still my faith to hold;  
For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.

Don't quarrel with the clouds. They have often brought refreshing showers into your life.



THROUGH THE STORM.

room. He enjoys cleanliness and order, and is not one whit behind his sister in the appreciation of artistic surroundings. Therefore, by all means let him have them. — Christian at Work.

## ONE BOY'S WAY.

It is Sunday morning. I am not well enough to go out, and so I take the opportunity I have long wanted to tell you about my own conversion to Christ when I was very young. Some people wonder if very young children can be saved. They talk about it and write about it, and speculate on the subject. I have never had any

mised me anything. It was very simple and easy by God's help given to me, when I prayed for his blessing expecting it. I believed with my heart I knew Jesus Christ had died for my sins, that he would save me if I asked him in faith. And so I sincerely and simply lifted my heart to God, expecting that he would bless me for Christ's sake. And he did there and then bless me with the felt pardon of all my sins. I remember it as distinctly as if it had only taken place last night.

Mr. Wesley says when God saved him he felt "his heart strangely warmed." Now that is just how I felt—a warm, comfortable, peaceful, and happy feeling, which was true and real, I was quite sure God