

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "—"

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man or boy who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to

cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells at once, and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths, of the time, but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings

## "I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!"

A few miles from Newark, New Jersey, in a church where many children were seeking Jesus—some of them weeping bitterly to think they had never loved him—was a girl with tears in her eyes, asking what she must do to be saved. While ministers and Sabbath-school teachers were moving about the church and speaking with these anxious ones, I came across this dear child, about twelve

and make her his happy child. But something kept her back, and she went home with a sorrowful heart.

The next day she pressed her way through a crowd of children, and seizing me by the hand, with a face beaming with joy, she said, "I've done it! I've done it!"

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Oh, I've done it! I've done it!"

"Done what?" I asked again.

"Why," said she, "I just gave myself right up to Jesus, an' he took away my stubborn heart, and now I love him."

That day she joined with many others, who had just given themselves up to the Saviour, in singing:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He lov'd me, and I lov'd on,  
(Chorus) to confess the voice divine."

## TO BOYS.

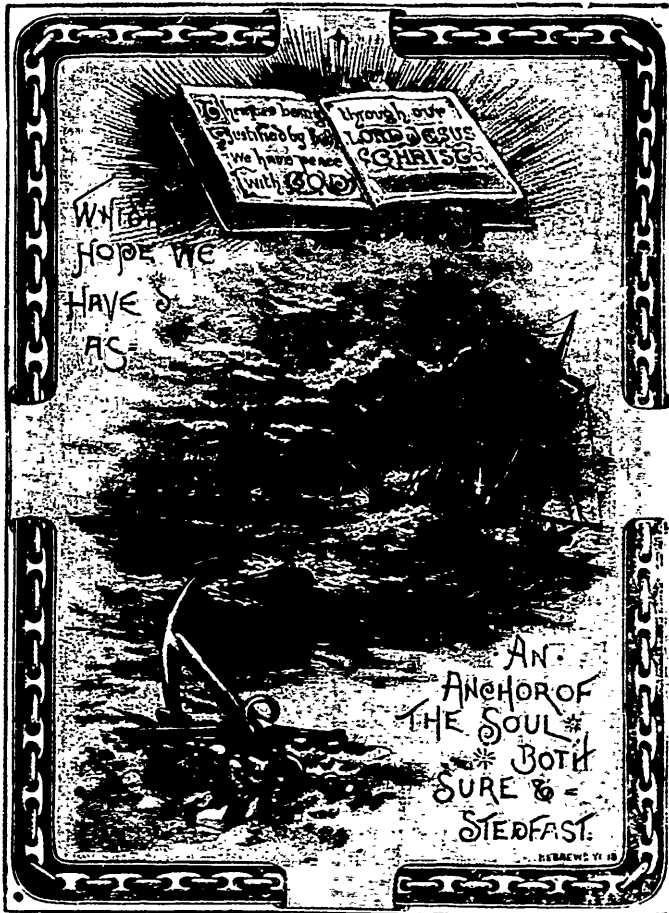
The following good advice to boys is taken from *Our Paper*: "When a boy patient and persevering, and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries, and frets, and stew, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely, or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend each coin as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift. If he hoards up his pennies, and will not part with one for any cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful and economical and generous he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessing of God, and if he is a Christian who attends to his religious duties, he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents he has the promise that his "days shall be long in the land." If he is lazy, and indifferer, and neglects his duties, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads dime novels, or low, trashy, five-cent papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will likely end his days in prison, or upon the gallows. If he loves his religion, and his church, and his Sabbath-school, he will be good and useful, and occupy an honourable position among men. Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good? Are you trying to be?"

## A MISSIONARY DOLL.

A story is told how Christianity was introduced into a Hindu village by means of a doll.

The children saw a missionary's wife dressing and undressing a doll as she sat on her veranda, and they thought the big most wonderful; for it was one they had never seen before. They promised to come to school, with the view of obtaining such prizes; and a school was opened with thirty scholars in a village where Christ had never been preached before. And all through a doll.

MAMA—"Now, Bobby, say your prayers." Bobby (after the usual "Now I lay me")—"And please, God, make me a good boy; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."



you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Hazel had been to missionary-meeting. Her prayers were apt to mirror the impressions of the day, and this is what her mother heard at bedtime: "O Lord, I n'pose you know 'bout those missionaries; and, O Lord, please don't let 'em learn any bad habits from the heathen."

years of age, and tried to soothe her by telling her what Jesus had done for her; how he died on the cross for her; how he suffered there for her sins. And I told her that all she had to do now was to come to him, and give herself right up to him. I told her that if she would confess her sins and believe in him, he would at once give her a new heart, and make her a happy little Christian.

Her only answer was: "I can't, I can't; it's so hard."

I talked to her a long time, but it seemed to do no good. It made me feel sad, for I knew how willing Jesus was to take her;