

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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MY BRAVE LADDIE.

Tap, tap, along the pavement, tap
It came, a little crutch,
A pale-faced lad looked up at me,
"I do not mind it much."
He answered to my pitying look,
"It might be worse, you know,
Some fellows have to stay in bed
While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes, I used to run about,
Perhaps I may again,
The doctor says it's wonderful
I have so little pain
It hurts me now and then, of course,
And ever since the fall,
But I'm so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap, the little crutch went on,
I saw the golden hair,
The brown eyes wide and all aglow,
The noble manly air,
And somehow tears a moment came,
And made my vision dim,
While still the laddie cheerful words
Were sweet as sweetest hymns.

"I am so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."
Why, that's the way for us to feel
When troubles may befall.
There's always blue sky somewhere,
friend,
Though clouds around you meet
And patience with the Master send,
It ought at His dear feet.
— M. E. Sanger

WHO ARE YOUR ASSOCIATES?

ALLEN WINFIELD lived next door to the school-house. So he used to work until a quarter before nine every morning, and then expeditiously changed his working garb for a neat school suit which made him look like a new boy.

"I wouldn't be digging away there to every morning," said Hugh Rogers, as he lounged over the garden fence about eight o'clock. "I am going over to school to have some fun."

"The teacher does not like to have us come much before school time," said Allen, "and I take more pleasure in seeing these things come on so well in the garden than in a game of ball, though I like that well enough too."

"Well, you have a curious taste," said the lounger, as he sauntered on to join a company of like-minded lads, who thought play the main business of life.

Mother was sure to call Allen the moment he desired.

"Don't be late, Allen," she said, glancing at the clock, which said one minute of nine.

"Never fear, mother," said the lad, fastening the last button of his jacket. "the teacher has just passed. I will be there as soon as he." And giving his mother a hasty good-by kiss, he bounded down the steps, and in another minute was in his seat at school.

All his companions were quickly seen, let him be where he would

over lessons, or matters of improvement, or joining heartily in bracing, manly sports.

Hugh, just as regularly, gravitated toward a very different circle. They were the tricky boys, those who always keep their teacher on the alert, nipping in the bud their plans of mischief or correcting them for misdemeanors.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." A young man's whole future life depends largely upon the associates he chooses.—*Exchange.*

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"ONE of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturges, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old.

My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather, and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: 'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.'

"What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself: 'I don't expect to have a sheep.' I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the acid I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson. 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty, be you faithful and you will have your reward.'

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk of the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me came to buy goods, and said: 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea-merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful whom you walk the streets with.' And that was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are.



MY BRAVE LADDIE.

They were always the best scholars in the school, no matter whether they wore broadcloth or homespun. A noble-hearted mother had taught him from childhood that character, not clothes, was the standard by which to measure people. Nowhere more than at school is the old adage true about "birds of a feather." At recess you would see Allen one of a knot of boys who were intelligently talking

They get little profit out of their excellent advantages for obtaining an education.

Now, can not any one easily fancy the future history of those two boys? One sinking lower and lower, led on by evil associates into rounds of dissipation, beginning at the drinking saloon, the other rising to a noble, prosperous manhood, to take the responsible positions of honour in society.