

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Because He Loves Me So.

I love to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell.  
How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell;  
I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because he loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because he loves me so.

To show his love and mercy,  
My sweetest songs I'll raise,  
And though I cannot see him,  
I know he hears my praise;  
For he has kindly promised  
That I shall surely go  
To sing among his angels,  
Because he loves me so.

## WHAT ALICE DID.

A gentleman was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went

almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face went with him through all that long ride, and passed in

## A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said, "Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah, good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along. Why, he has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It was a word in season. His Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

## WON!

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Was it cracked? Andrea lifted the little image from the board he was carrying suspended around his neck, and looked at it closely. He hoped his eyes had deceived him, but as the light from the dusty window streamed full upon the gay figure, the flaw showed only too plainly. The boy's face, so happy only a few moments before, grew pale and troubled. Could he have broken it with any jostling of the tray?

He had tried to be so careful, but he had stumbled a little once at a step in a dark doorway.

"He said he wouldn't have any careless fellows about him," said Andrea, repeating the words with which the gruff overseer had doubtfully engaged him three days before. "He said nine out of every ten boys couldn't be trusted, and he supposed I'd be just like the rest."

Andrea had meant to show that he was very unlike the ordinary boy; that he was the most faithful, willing and careful boy that could be found anywhere. He had been so glad to get this place. Only he and the dear mother in the shabby home knew what this chance meant to them after the long search for work. They had planned what comforts the slender earnings would bring, and had been so happy over it! If he should lose it now! He could not bear to think of that. Why need he say anything about the statuette when he did not feel sure that its marbling was any fault of his? Perhaps it had been done at the kiln, and, anyway, if he simply put it with the others no one would ever know how or when the accident had happened.

But this valued place was not the only new thing that had come to Andrea lately. What was that last Sunday's lesson at the mission school? That Jesus sat as a "refiner and purifier of silver." As the worker in silver watches the metal in the furnace, and knows it is pure when he sees his image reflected in it, so Christ is watching our hearts to see his likeness there.

"And to spoil that image—falseness or dishonesty, or any wrong thing would do it; the teacher said so—would be a great deal worse than breaking this one, whatever it costs me," mused the boy very soberly.

So, with slow steps and sad face he carried the marred figure to the dingy little office where the overseer was busy with his papers. "That?"

The man's practiced eyes understood it all in a minute, and the boy's explanation was scarcely heard. "That was done in the firing. Go and put it among the refuse." Then he bestowed a curious glance upon Andrea, and the eyes under the bushy brow twinkled for a minute. "What possessed you to come and show it if you thought it was any fault of yours? Maybe you are the tenth boy, after all!"

Then he turned to his papers again, and Andrea went away with his heart singing.

Only an hour in a poor boy's life! Just a common little incident in a porcelain manufactory, it may seem to some, and scarcely worth the telling, but it is of such things as these that the watching angels say:

"Another victory won!"



FROZEN OUT.

beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

Strike while the iron is hot.

## FROZEN OUT.

These poor little birds seem almost frozen to death, don't they? See how languidly they peep out of their half-closed eyes. The very severe winter weather is sometimes fatal to the dear little fellows. Just outside of my window a number come to pick the berries of the Virginia creeper. But when these and everything else are frozen hard, I hope my young readers will scatter some grain or bread-crumbs for these little feathered friends of ours—they will be very grateful, I assure you. Remember,

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."