

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

[No. 12.]

## Come Over and Help Us.

O children of Christians, beyond the blue sea,  
Your poor little brothers and sisters are we;  
'Tis not much affection or pity we find,  
But we hear you are loving, and gentle and kind,  
So will you not listen a minute or two,  
While we tell you a tale that is all of it true?

There's no one to teach us poor children to read;  
There's no one to help us, and no one to lead;  
There's no one at all who will tell us the way,  
To be happy or safe, or teach us to pray;  
To the bright place above us we all want to go,  
But we cannot—for how to get there we don't know.

Oh, will you not help us, and send us a ray  
Of the light of the Gospel, to brighten our way?  
Oh, will you not tell us the beautiful story  
Of Jesus, who came from his dwelling of glory  
To save little children, and not only you,  
But even the poor wretched heathen ones too?

## MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

BY MARGHERITA.

There he sat, looking at her with huge, wide-open, black eyes, when Marjorie first noticed him. He was a rather small boy, with skin as brown as a nut, straight black hair, and the broad nose and mouth so characteristic of the Indian. A pair of low leather moccasins covered his feet, the tops of them almost meeting a pair of velveteen trousers, far too long for him. On top of all was a tunic, which was beginning to show very plainly that boys are quite capable of outgrowing their clothes. There was nothing crafty in his appearance, and he looked her straight in the face without a trace of fear in his eyes.

Marjorie knew at once that he must belong to an Indian family who had lately camped near the village, to be ready for the spring fishing. After she had assigned the work for the morning, she took the register, and went down to his seat.

She gave him a bright and kindly greeting, and then said:

"Now, we will have to get your name. What is it?"

"Eh?"

"What is your name?"

"Jake."

"Jake what?"

"Eh?"

"Jake what? What other name have you besides Jake?"

"I dunno," and Jake he remained from that time on.

Presently Jake's class was called up and he soon proved that Indians have brains as well as white boys.

Jake was vastly amused over some of the things he saw. Once in the course of the afternoon almost perfect stillness, save the hum of pencils, reigned over the room. Turning half round in his seat, he fixed his eyes on some little girls across the aisle. Suddenly he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Why, Jake!" said his teacher, "what are you laughing at? You must not do that."

Another peal of laughter was the only answer she got, however.

Next morning a sudden inspiration came to her, as she turned over the leaves of the Bible, selecting the Scripture reading for the morning.

"I wonder if Jake ever heard the story of Jesus?"

That morning she read, slowly and carefully, the story of Christ's birth, and on each succeeding morning, followed the history of his life. It seemed to have a strange fascination for the boy. While the reading was going on, he would listen with wide-open, wondering eyes. One morning, Marjorie read a

passage in the Old Testament, and in the evening he came to her and said:

"Is there nuthin' else 'bout him?"

"About whom?" Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Him! him you read about, and him you talk to."

"Oh!" It was clear to Marjorie now, and with a thrill of joy she told the sweet old story to this child, who drank in every word and explanation, as she had never seen any one do before.

The next day Jake was not at school, nor did he come on any succeeding day. Marjorie inquired of all the children, but could gain no information about him.

A day or so later, she heard that the old camp was deserted, and could only come to the conclusion that Jake had left that part of the country.

April and May had both passed, when one evening as she was closing up for the night, Marjorie noticed an Indian

coming towards the school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said:

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls at her boarding-house to accompany her, and they set out. The Indian stalked on in front without a word, and with head bent down. After a walk of about two miles, a little log shanty came in sight, and they were soon inside. The hot, close atmosphere was almost more than Marjorie could stand, but she went bravely forward to the low cot where Jake lay. His eyes were larger than ever, and his whole frame emaciated, but he greeted her with a smile and said:

"You good to come. I go away. I not see you any more for long, lo-a-g time. He call me last night. Him you read about."

He stopped, panting for breath, and Marjorie saw that the end was near.

The Indian told her they had had a doctor, but he could do no more for the dying boy. At the foot of the bed, the poor mother sat motionless, the picture of agony, but without shedding a tear. Jake's face grew brighter still when Marjorie sang in a low, sweet tone,

"There is a happy land,  
Far, far away."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."



MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wriggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?"

was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with businesslike brevity.

"O, O: will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy standing by, who had

been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they must have at least a dozen, "cause some was sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin pans and buckets, to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't no trouble," said Jimmie: "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as his little hands were about full their interest was turned for a moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered, promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmy's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said, "What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China—millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are cowards," said one boy, the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better, live better, fight for their country better, and everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger."

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's an idea worthy of progressive young America," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—Our Monthly

## IMPROVING THE TIME.

William Bradley was a clerk in a store in a small country town. He had a great deal of time on his hands, for customers were not very numerous. But he did not waste his time, or spend it in vain and gossip talk with those who lounged into the store to pass away a vacant hour. He procured a text-book in shorthand, and applied himself diligently to master the system. A friend of his, who was an expert stenographer corrected his exercises and helped him over hard places for a time; but William soon found that the measure of his own application was the measure of his success in the study.

When he got so he could write quite well, he persuaded some of the school boys of his acquaintance to read to him (and he found ways of discharging the obligation) evenings when he was off duty until he could write fast enough to take down most of the minister's discourses on Sunday and the lectures of occasional visitors to the town and conversations that might be going on within his hearing.

In a year's time he had become expert enough to fill a position in a lawyer's office in a neighbouring city, and to his ability as stenographer he soon added that of using the typewriter. His constant practice in both these industries made him, in a comparatively short time, quite rapid as a reporter and typewriter. With his improved facility he was able to command increased compensation for his work. Thus he went on until now he is supporting himself comfortably and laying up money to go through college.

All this came from his wise improvement of odd moments.