

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1895.

[No. 25.]

MISSIONS FOR BOYS.

Not very long ago, in a Consumptives' Home which I sometimes visit, a boy of nineteen was dying. Week by week life was slipping away from him, and one by one all the bright hopes of his youth, and young manhood were departing. He was a lad who had looked poverty in the face since he was a little child. He had never known in all his life what it was to be thoroughly well clothed and fed. While but a child he had been obliged to work, and his scanty wages had always been

the excellent nursing which he received and the nourishing food which he ate began to tell upon his exhausted system, and he began to revive, he missed his former busy life and his old friends and companions desperately. He missed their boyish talk, their fun and laughter above all. This quiet, monotonous life was something he was utterly unused to, and he became very lonely. The ladies who managed the home came often to see him, and he was very grateful to them and learned to love them. His mother and sisters came, sorrowful and anxious, so their visits could not cheer

about his sufferings, but that he did like very much to know all about their plans, their work and play, and all the details of that dear every day life which he had left for ever behind him; so they talked to him about what they were doing, and many a hearty laugh rang out from Frank's room at the relation of some droll anecdote or bit of nonsense from one of the boys. On Sunday mornings they always used to go over the Sunday-school lesson together, and then they would read aloud from some good paper.

These boys kept, besides their regular

yet, as Frank said, they all went to the spot. Towards the last Frank could only see his kind friends for a few minutes at a time; they used to go in and sit quietly by his bed, and when they left they would give his hand a gentle clasp and say warmly, "Keep up your courage, old boy," or "Don't give in: we fellows remember you in class and prayer-meeting every time." And so, helped and encouraged by his friends, Frank passed through the dark valley, brave and faithful to the last, and reached his home in that happy country whose inhabitants never say, "I am sick."



IN SCHOOL.

Poor tired boys! What though the day is warm and fine? What though they can hear the birds singing and chirping in the play-ground, and the trees moving and sighing in the soft wind? They are compelled to stay in that old school, away from it all. It is really too bad. So thinks Dick, as he whistles defiance to it all. So thinks Ben too, who is always plodding, but never seems to get along, he thinks, like the other boys. Poor Jerry isn't thinking anything, but has forgotten his trouble in sleep.

cheerfully divided with his mother and little sisters; and then, just as the future began to grow brighter before him, the effect of his long years of toil and privation was made manifest and he was stricken with consumption.

Friends procured for him a pleasant and sunny room at the "Home," where, surrounded by every comfort, he was free and welcome to remain as long as he lived. At first the peace and quiet of his little room, the rest and freedom from anxiety, were all he craved. But afterward, when

him, and as he said to his Sunday-school teacher, he wanted "the boys." So she told his old class about it, and they agreed, as they expressed it, "to stand by Frank as long as he lived." So they went to see him regularly every visiting day in turn and spent every Sunday morning with him and besides. They were all working boys, and it was sometimes a real sacrifice for them to spend the scanty time they had for recreation with Frank, but they never missed him once for nearly a year. They soon discovered that Frank did not care to talk

envelope for Sunday collections, a horn which was tipped with silver and which had this inscription around its edge:

"Once I was the horn of an ox,
Now I am a missionary box."

And in this they used to take up collections for whatever object they chose, and during Frank's illness he had frequent presents which were bought with this money. Rather amusing were the purchases, and

NELLIE'S MISSIONARY GARDEN.

NELLIE has a missionary garden. She is going to raise vegetables to sell, so that she can make her missionary money. Every morning she gets up early, puts on her gloves, apron, and big sun hat, and goes out into her garden to plant seed, or to weed and hoe the tiny green things that are coming up. Will not several of our boys and girls try this way of making their missionary money?



KEPT IN.

THIS is Dick again. He doesn't seem so defiant now, you will notice. This is the hardest stroke of all; he is in disgrace and has to stay in for three-quarters after the rest have gone. This is almost more than he can bear, and he is sulking his time away. We are sorry for Dick, but we know how he could have saved himself all this misery, don't you? And even now it is not too late to prevent the same thing tomorrow, if he would only turn around and get at those books behind him, instead of thinking how ill-used he is. This is a German school and that is a big porcelain tile stove on which Dick is scrawling.