

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

[No. 15]

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

JOHNNY has been thinking hard thoughts of farmer Thompson because the wall around his orchard is so high that small boys cannot entertain a hope of possibly climbing to the top of it and occasionally getting a taste of the ripe fruit that hangs so temptingly over. But this morning a bright thought struck him when he spied that

mak'n; it tip in a very unpleasant manner. "What will that sheep do next? If this ladder falls where shall I be? Oh, how I wish I had never tried to get those apples!" These thoughts flash swiftly through poor Johnny's mind while his mouth is fixed for one long loud "Oh!" Poor Johnny, we pity you. You never once thought the old sheep would turn

THAT LAST CRY!

It is said the last cry that was heard on board the ill-fated *Schiller* when wrecked, was that of a little child in the cabin! While the ship was being dashed upon the relentless rocks, and three hundred and fifty human beings went down to a watery entombment, the piteous cry of the little one was heard.

adversary? Who will launch the life-boat, and pulling at the oar right manfully, amid the angry waves, bring him safe to land, and give him to his mother? Who?

A child was in the street, helpless, exposed, well-nigh under the wheels of a vehicle. A woman sprang out hurriedly from an adjoining house, and snatched the precious one from the



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old ladder lying near, and it was only the work of a minute to drop his bag of school books, place that ladder against the wall, at the very place where the rosy apples hang lowest, and nimbly, though rather fearfully, ascend it. But terror soon overtakes the little lad and all anticipations of the sweetness and juiciness of those apples are lost in the thought of his dangerous position on that ladder while the old sheep is at the foot of it

regulator and interpose to save farmer Thompson's fruit, did you? 'Twas forbidden fruit, Johnny; had you forgotten that? I think your experience of to day will help you to realize the truth contained in the following sentence: "The way of the transgressor is hard."

THE JAPANESE SAY: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and next the drink takes the man."

Alas! for our humanity, the bitter cry of children comes to our ear on every hand—children more horribly exposed than on the *Schiller*. Yes somebody's child is in peril! It may be that the iron grasp of the rum-vendor is upon him—or the deep-laid scheme of the gambler threatens him—or the dark-souled libertine pants for his blood. Who will rescue that child, the son of many prayers, it may be? Who will break the snare of the

jaws of destruction. "Is that your son?" was the enquiry of a passer. "No," replied the noble woman, "but it is somebody's son!" Ah' yes; on every thoroughfare—on every sea—"somebody's son" is nigh unto death. To the rescue, Christians, to the rescue!

THE YOKE A MAN CREATES FOR HIMSELF BY WRONG-DOING WILL BREED HATE IN THE kindest nature.