

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

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The Second Time.

JESUS is coming again to earth,
Not as before in lowly birth;
The second time he will come as a king,
And royal equipage he will bring,
Come with his Father in glory bright
And hosts of angels arrayed in white.

And shall I see him? Yes, we are told
Every eye the King shall behold;
Some will meet him with joy supreme,
Some sink down and hide in shame.
Love him, my child, and his word obey,
You shall rejoice in that last great day;

And when the trumpet of God shall sound,
You with his saints shall then be found,
Ready to join in the glad array
Of that triumphant, rapturous day,
To walk with the blest the golden street
And cast your crown at Jesus' feet.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

IN tropical countries, plants and trees grow in great luxuriance, and often take on quaint forms. In Madagascar, and some parts of the West Indies, a curious fan-shaped tree is found that bears the name of the Traveller's Tree. Long stalks grow on either side of the stem, and these stalks store up water for a considerable period. In the driest weather the precious liquid which is said to be pure and pleasant—can be had by piercing a stalk, about a quart being yielded by each. Travellers often resort to this very useful tree for the means of quenching thirst, and hence the name it bears.

WINNING A GOOD NAME.

"CHARLIE LESLIE," called out a farmer to a boy who was passing, "we are short of hands to-day. Couldn't you give us a turn at these pears? They must be off to market by to-morrow morning. If you will help me this afternoon, I'll pay you well."

"Not I," said Charley; "I'm off on a fishing-excursion. Can't leave my business to attend to other people's;" and with a laugh he walked on.

"That's what boys are good for now-a-days," growled the farmer. "These pears might rot on the trees, for all the help I could get from them. Time was when neighbours, men and boys both, were obliging to each other, and would help in a pinch and take no pay but 'Thank ye.' Lads now-a-



THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

days are above work, if they haven't a whole jacket to their backs."

"Could I help you, Mr. Watson?" said a pleasant voice just then, as Fred Stacey appeared around the clump of lilac-bushes which had hid him from view. He had heard the conversation with Charley; and, as he was an obliging boy, he was sorry to see the farmer's fruit waste for want of hands to gather it. "I have nothing particular to do this afternoon, and would as lief work for you awhile as not."

"Might know it was you, Fred," said the farmer, well pleased. "I don't believe there's another boy about who would offer his services."

The matter was soon arranged, and Fred pulled off his jacket and went to work with a will, picking and assorting the fruit very carefully, to the great admiration of Mr. Watson.

"If that boy had to work for a living, I would engage him quick enough," he thought. "But he'll make his way in any business. One so obliging will make a host of friends

who will always be willing to lend a helping hand."

Fred would take no pay from the farmer, who he well knew was working hard to pay off his mortgage. But he did accept a basket of pears for his mother, as they were very excellent ones, and the farmer insisted so warmly on his taking them.

Ever after that Fred was sure of a good friend in farmer Watson, and one who was always ready to speak a word for him whenever his name was mentioned. Oh, if boys knew what golden capital this "good name" was, they would work hard to get it. Well did the wisest man say, it "is rather to be chosen than great riches." It has helped many a man to acquire riches. It is of great importance to a boy what the men of his place say of him. Never fancy they do not know you—that they have no interest in what you do. Every business-man sees and estimates the boys that pass before him at pretty nearly their own worth. Every man with sons of his own takes an interest in other men's sons. There is nothing like obliging ways to make friends of people and to lead them to speak well of you. That will be a stepping-stone to your success in life.

CRUELTY.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relation of temperance to his own safety and prosperity and that of society. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great abominable curse dominates the world. . . . The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better will it be for them and for the world.