

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part. No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, Willie," said he, "I have something more to tell you." Back again I went, wondering what I had yet to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did. "Willie," said he, "as I have taught you to know the time of day, I must now teach you the time of your life."

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wanted to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore years and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock. should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things. Seldom since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.



A WINTER SCENE.

IN WINTER.

DEEP under the snow lies the grass so sweet,
The herbs are all hidden from sight.
What shall the little lambs find to eat.
Or where shall they rest to-night? [sheep,
Ah, the shepherd will gather together his
He'll find them shelter and food to eat,
While the winter winds are howling.
See them struggle to walk through the drifting snow!
They wonder the shepherd comes not,
But soon his welcome cry they'll hear:
They will know they were not forgot. [sheep,
Ah, the shepherd will gather together his
He'll find them shelter and food to eat,
While the winter winds are howling.

CELESTIAL DISTANCES.

THE following parable will assist the mind in contemplating the relative magnitude and distances of some of the heavenly bodies with our own.
A traveller from the great star Sirius discovered our own little solar system, and lighted on what we call the majestic planet Saturn. He was greatly astonished at the smallness of everything, compared with the world he had left. The inhabitants were, in his eyes, a race of mere dwarfs, being only a mile high, while he himself measured twenty-four miles. But he did not despise them when he contemplated that

such little things might still think and reason; but when he learned that they were also correspondingly short-lived, and pass but fifteen thousand years between the cradle and the grave, he could not but agree that this was like dying as soon as one was born—their life but a span, and their globe but an atom.

One day, it seems, that, taking one of those dwarfs of Saturn with him, he continued his journey in space, and came to our own little ball, where by the aid of a powerful microscope, he discovered certain animalcules on its surface, and even held a conversation with two of them. He found it difficult to make up his mind that intelligence could be in such invisible insects, till he discovered that one of them, who was an astronomer, with his sextant measured his height to an inch, and that the other, who was a divine, expounded to him the theology of some of these mites, according to which all the heavenly bodies, including Saturn and Sirius itself, were created for them.

The force of the parable is, that it expresses the magnitude of other worlds as a long series of figures could not, and shows us what little human and short-lived mites we are.

We may well join the Psalmist in saying, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, and the moon and the stars that thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Never!

NEVER utter a word of slang,
Never shut the door with a bang,
Never say once that you don't care,
Never exaggerate, never swear,
Never lose your temper much,
Never a glass of liquor touch,
Never wickedly play the spy,
Never, oh! never tell a lie,
Never your parents disobey,
Never at night neglect to pray.

— WHY are fowls profitable? Because for every grain they give a peck.