

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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BASEBALL.

WHAT boy does not enjoy a good game of baseball? While it is less dangerous than almost any game that boys enjoy, it is splendid training for the eye in "fielding," gives exercise to the arm in pitching and striking the ball, and has enough running in it to please the sturdiest boy. But it sometimes happens that the very jolliest game is spoiled by some boy's quarrelsome spirit. He must have his own way every time. If he fails to strike the ball it is because it was "a bad ball." He is always sure that everyone on the opposite side is trying to cheat, and does his best to keep up a sort of "war of words" the whole game through. Have you ever seen a boy like that? If you have, you do not ask him to play with you any oftener than you can help, and he is not the boy you want to imitate, is he? What merry faced boys we see at this game in our picture! They know how to play a brisk game and keep their temper at the same time. The lad who is starting out for the goal had better be careful, or he will lose his run and be put out.

OUR MISTAKE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"THERE is something behind it all I know. Elva Lester never puts on such a sweet face for nothing. Why, it is almost saintly today. She smiles at everything, and is as gracious as any queen needs to be. Something back of it all, or else I am greatly mistaken."

"Yea, you are just right, Clara," Ellen Lacy answered. "I know that she is planning some mischief that she wants us all to have a hand in; depend upon it. She has some object in view. Why, she would be as active as a cat after a mouse if she was not up to something. She would be making fun of some of us, and disputing with some, and bantering someone else. Elva Lester is planning something that will be sprung upon us pretty soon."

"I said this as positively as I ever said anything in my life. Elva Lester had been at home during a two weeks' vacation, and had just returned to school again, and this talk followed in the afternoon recess of the first day after it began again. If Elva heard any part of our conversation, or had an idea that we were talking about her, she did not reveal it, but kept right along in her new way. She smiled just as sweetly upon those who were the most suspicious of her actions as she did upon those who had always been influenced by her slightest whim. In short, there was such a decided change in her actions that all who knew her noticed it and were talking about it.

Thursday evening came, and we were all thoroughly surprised to hear Elva Lester say that she was going to prayer-meeting, and at the same time inviting us all to attend the service, also. We did not know just how to answer her, yet we all went just the same, and in some way we were impressed with the thought that the secret was about to be revealed. We watched her closely during the prayer, and were

surprised more than ever to see the reverent attitude that our criticised friend assumed.

"She has become a Christian," my friend Clara whispered to me.

The words startled me a little, and then after a few moments I wondered why I had not guessed it out before. After prayer, an opportunity was given for testimony, and Elva Lester at once rose to her feet and in a few broken words confessed Christ. She had been led to him while at home

"It is all right now," she only said as she grasped our extended hands.

Later on we, too, gave ourselves up into the keeping of Christ, and learned the sweet lessons of faith and trust in him. We never made a like mistake again.

Recipe for a Day.

First a dash of water cold,
And then a leaven of prayer,



BASEBALL.

during the vacation, where a series of meetings had been in progress. She asked to be forgiven for her past careless life, and then she invited all her young friends to come to Christ. There were many eyes dim with tears as she sat down, and two or three right then and there expressed a wish to become Christians. Clara and myself went quietly up to her as she passed out of the church and acknowledged our mistake. We confessed in broken words how we had wronged and misjudged her motives.

And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in

But spice it all with essence of love,
And a little whiff of play,
Let a holy thought and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT.

BY A. R. K.

THERE was a sawmill located in the wilderness of Linton, and most of the boys were very wicked, with no principle, and no respect either for themselves or for anyone else.

When Charlie Wilton came to work, his heart sank within him, and for a time he wavered. He thought he would better return home and face starvation, rather than become like those boys, but his love for his mother overcame all fears.

The first night he knelt by his bedside, as usual, to invoke the blessing of the "great God," a dozen of his companions amused themselves for awhile by throwing their boots at him, then one of them said: "Boys, let us hold him under the water until he promises to quit making a mess of religion," and of course they all agreed.

He was dragged by his companions to a large pond a few yards from the cabin.

Charlie said: "Boys, first hear my story, and then you can hold me under the water if you like."

So one of them said: "Let him testify for his Master."

"Boys, I am just fifteen years of age, and two weeks ago my father, on his deathbed, called me to him and said: 'Charlie, I am going to die, and I leave you to take care of your mother. You know I have prayed that you would never bring either of us down to our graves with your wickedness and folly. Now I want you to bring me the Bible, and place your hand on it, and solemnly promise that you will pray night and morning for God to take care of you and keep you from temptation.' Boys, I promised, and I expect to my dying day never to break it. And yesterday, when I parted from my mother, my heart was touched afresh. She said for me to remember, when wicked boys tempted me, that I had an aged and feeble mother praying for me. And now, boys, I have told my story, and if you feel disposed, you may put me under the water."

He glanced around at his companions. They were all in tears, and instead of putting him under the water, they extended him their hands and implored his forgiveness.

So this courageous boy, by standing up for the right that night, won a dozen young men who are now earnest Christians.

FAITH IN CHRIST. Faith brings us into contact with Christ. You have seen a chain in two pieces, and a link connecting them that looks like the letter S. Faith is that link; on the one side it takes hold of the Saviour, on the other it takes hold of the sinner.

Be True.

LISTEN, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

Little maid, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same, "Be true, be true."
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night,
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.