

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE TRAP.

THESE are German boys, as might perhaps be guessed from their queer dress. But boys will be boys in whatever country they live, and these boys are just as fond of sport as any Canadian boy. They have apparently caught a bird by putting corn in a trap. I think they have done very wrong. It is all right to catch rats and weasels and vermin of that sort, which are very destructive, but the innocent birds have as good a right to their liberty as the boys who catch them. How would they like to be caught in a trap, and shut up in a prison. Fie for shame—boys.

ATTRACTIONS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

IN towns we are surrounded by man's work merely. "God made the country, man made the town," says Cowper. Man glories in his own works, and this drives out much thought of God. How can we expect much thought of God where there is a constant din and rattle, where there is grinding of wheels and the tramp of many horses, the hum of the wayfarers, the buzz of machinery, the shout of venders of small wares, and the incessant shrieks of whistles from trains or from boats? Even within the home, however retired in the city, the sound is generally like the "roar of the surf breaking on the ocean shore." We may not notice it, but it must all tell gradually upon the nerves of those who are compelled to live in it.

How great a contrast is presented in the country! There you feel the stillness as though keeping a continued Sabbath. Occasionally single sounds float through the air; you hear the click of a gate, the fall of a leaf, the

piping of some feathered songster, the crowing of a cock, or cawing of the crow. The distant bay of a shepherd's dog, the patter of a horse's hoofs, the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep, have no disturbing or exhaustive influence. It is on account of the quiet that men like to escape from city life to the country. The noise, hurry, dust; the heat, the closeness of the city; the disagreeable and disease-bearing odors, are exchanged for quiet, for pure air, for shady trees,

and open meadows or leafy lanes. A man's heart must be properly attuned, or he will not enjoy the country, and no lessons will be conveyed to his mind. If he allow low desires, petty cares, and selfishness to fill his heart, he might as well live in the town. There will be as little room for God in the heart in the one as in the other. Attuned, many a lesson may be learned. The lily will speak to the anxious one, "Consider how we grow; we toil not, neither do we spin."

The birds will say to the impoverished, "We sow not, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth us." Fields of corn will speak to the workers for God, tell that "the seed must be sown ere the harvest can be plenteous." When it draws on apace the warning will ring out to the indifferent, "The harvest is past, summer ended, and we are not saved." As they listen to the gurgling of a brook by the way they will drink of the spiritual brooks and think of the "streams which make glad the city of God." The trees of the wood, as the wind sweeps through the foliage, bending the branches to and fro, will perhaps suggest the coming of the time when "to Christ every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord."

A SWEARING FATHER.

A FATHER was swearing awfully one day; he had often been rebuked for it, but never felt the rebuke; but on that occasion using a most horrible expression to his wife, his little daughter, in fright, ran behind the door and began to cry. She sobbed aloud until her father heard her. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" "Please, father," she said, and kept on crying. He cried out roughly,

"I will know what you are crying about;" and the child replied, "Dear father, I was crying because I am so afraid you will go to hell, for teacher says that swearers must go there." "There," said the man, "dry your eyes, child—I will never swear any more." He kept his word, and soon he went to see where his daughter had learned her holy lesson.—Selected.

Good management contributes more to our comfort than great possessions.



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