

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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QUITO.

QUITO is the highest city in the world—10,000 feet above the sea. Yet, as it is just on the equator, it is, though so high, pleasantly warm. It is much subject to earthquakes. It has a population of 70,000, a fine cathedral, as will be seen from the cut, and a library of 20,000 volumes. If much of the splendour and wealth lavished on the adorning of the church

beer are good for them—that it is smart to chew tobacco, to smoke cigars, to hang around saloons, and drink beer, but, oh, how woefully they are cheating themselves!

Would you like to smell like an old strong pipe? Would you like to be a man walking around with your beard smeared with filthy, stinking tobacco spittle? Would you like to be a loathsome, bleary-eyed, bloated, drunken old

A PARABLE.

"O DRAR. I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy who was longing for the Sabbath to be over that he might return to his amusements.

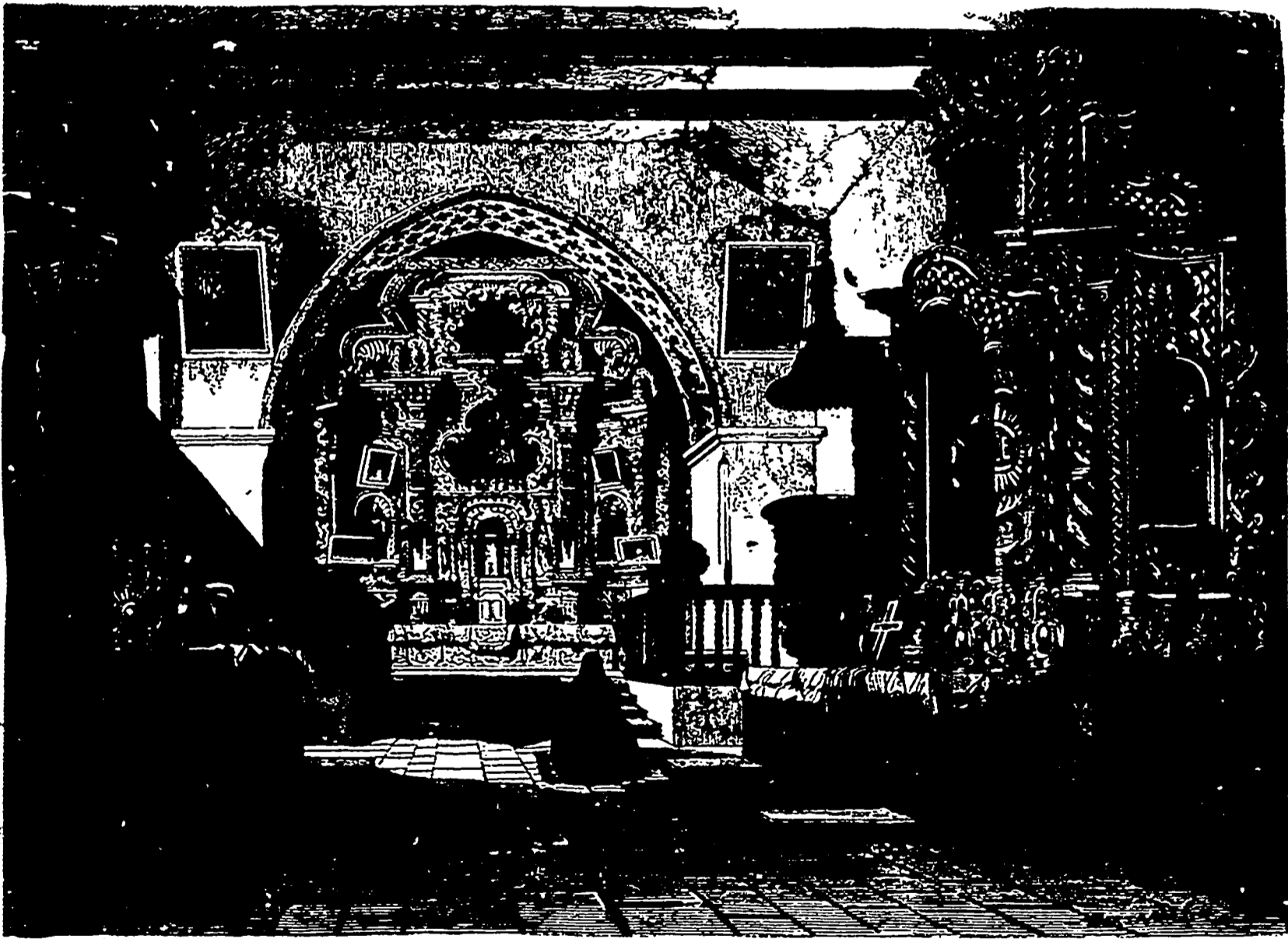
"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour

fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins for himself, and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very in



CATHEDRAL OF QUITO.

were spent in the instruction of the people they would be more intelligent and better Christians.

BOYS, DON'T BE CHEATED.

Boys, would you like to be cheated? No, you would not. Then be careful. Not only keep a sharp lookout that others do not cheat you; but be very careful lest you cheat yourselves. There are hundreds of boys who are trying to persuade themselves into the belief that tobacco and

beer-drinker? No, you would not. But there are great many such men in every city and town. Once they were nice, clean, bright, happy boys like you are. How did they become so degraded, loathsome and filthy? Why, when they were boys like you, they cheated themselves into the belief that it was a nice, smart, manly thing to chew, smoke, and drink beer, and now they are what they are.

Boys, resolve to be a little too smart to cheat yourselves like that. The most silly, senseless, stupid cheat is the boy who cheats himself in that way.

when he was on the earth often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys was of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner and he stopped to admire the beautiful apple tree. He counted these ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him, and said:—

"My friend, I will give you part of my

dignant. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself, and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply, for now he began to understand the parable and felt an uneasy sensation at his heart. Conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements? Ought he not to be punished, if he will not remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?"