

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

Those who say that our winter climate in Canada is bleak and cheerless do not know what they are talking about. Ask those boys in our upper cut if there is not lots of fun in a friendly snowfall all night at the village school-house with some other neighbouring teamsters, or ask those boys in the lower cut, who are having a torchlight snow shoe tramp over the mountain in Montreal, if there is anything more healthful and invigorating than the winter sports of our beloved Canada, and they would tell you they would not exchange their winter sports for any other kind the world over. If not carried to excess, our sports are certainly both pleasurable and health giving.

## MONKEYS.

The following story will show that even monkeys can behave well when they try:

Two missionaries, Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Scudder, were once on a tour of a certain portion of India, preaching to the small villages through which they passed. They would attract the attention of the natives by singing a hymn, and then would talk to them, generally using some simple theme from the Scriptures. One day, when they

had stopped in a large village, they had collected the people about them. In the rear was a sacred grove, the branches of trees hanging down over the huts that stood in the background. The Scripture lesson had been finished, the hymn sung, and Mr. Scudder was devoutly praying. Then suddenly the boughs of the grove began to rustle, and a troop of monkeys appeared. No one saw them except Dr. Chamberlain. Old monkeys and young, gray whiskered and bald-headed mothers, with their baby monkeys, all descended and seated themselves in a semi-circle. They paid the strictest attention to the prayer. Should any mischievous youngster begin his monkeyshines, one of the dignified old men monkeys would twist his ear until the little one ceased his pranks, and if one of the babies began to snivel, a few maternal pats quieted him.

Dr. Chamberlain could scarcely restrain himself at the comical sight, and it was a great relief to him



that over sixty parents kept their children home from school; and the monkeys and brass band brought about two hundred little boys and girls to school, which was pretty well done for two monkeys.

## THE CROOKED TREE.

"Such a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or anything else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. "She never even said 'thank you!' but 'set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighbourly.' I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window, and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that. But it was of no use. "Tis as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe, as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge, and with God's help I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded his master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises to help us."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly, "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly, as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now; for she's like the old tree - it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better; but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts. Then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'"



when the assembly broke up. As the people arose to go so did the monkeys, and they silently disappeared in the branches, evidently much impressed with the service.

Certainly, boys and girls ought to behave as well as these monkeys when attending public worship. Perhaps some of them would do better if they could see themselves in a glass while misbehaving. They would be ashamed of the ridiculous figure they cut.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts there were a great many parents who reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters and writing down their names and addresses. They found out

