

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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God Wants the Girls.

BY MISS S. BOWEN.

God wants the girls—the merry girls,
The noisy girls, and 'stiff;
The busy girls, the idle girls,
To do his blessed will.

God calls the girls—yes, every one,
The little ones and large,
To listen to his wise commands,
And hear the Master's charge.

"Seek first" of him the kingdom true,
His right, 'unselfish within;
All other things are promised with
Thy victory, over sin.

MONTREAL.

THE view of Montreal from the mountain is one that it would be hard to surpass. In the foreground the observatory, reservoir, McGill College, and the elegant villas of its merchant princes; further off the clustering spires of its churches and massy architecture of old palaces of trade; then the far-shimmering St. Lawrence, the great highway of commerce; and in the purple distance the hazy hills of Belair and mountains of the Eastern Townships.

pictures of St. John, Quebec, Montreal, and numerous other places. The whole series will be of great interest.

KISSING MOTHER.

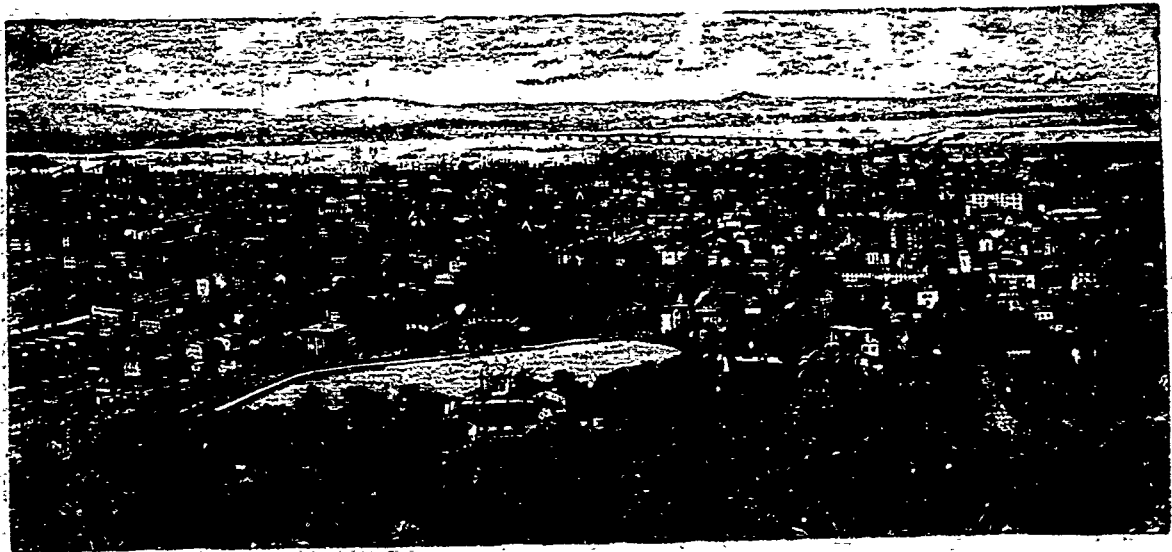
A FATHER, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Of course, it was not brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and

"And, then, the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you,



CITY OF MONTREAL—FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

God loves the girls—the earnest girls,
The naughty girls and wild;
And seeks to win them from the world,
And make them each his child.

God cares for girls—the clever girls,
The stupid girls in school;
And asks them each to learn for him,
And set the "golden rule."

God wants the girls—the learned girls,
The ignorant girls and all;
Each in his temple be a stone,
—Either a great or small.

God wants the girls, and wants them now,
To each in her corner shine;
To guide the stranded, "king souls,
To set the light divine.
HORN, B.C.

We can do more good by being good
than in any other way.

'One of the chief objects of interest at Montreal is the famous Victoria Bridge, over a mile and a quarter long, with twenty-three spans of 242 feet each (the centre one 330 feet), costing \$6,800,000. At a distance it looks like some many-footed dragon crossing the stream; but the river steamers glide safely beneath it. Near the northern end is a monument of pathetic interest—a huge boulder, commemorating the burial-place of 6,500 Irish immigrants, who died here of ship fever in 1847.

In current numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* appear three handsomely illustrated articles on the Dominion of Canada. Among the engravings are

get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swelled face. Your were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother but it will be too late."