

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND is chiefly a grazing and dairy country. Hence the people care all the hay they can. They will climb apparently inaccessible places for a scanty crop of hay which they will bring home on their heads, as shown in the picture. It is remarkable how man or beast can keep foothold on many of the steep mountain sides.

### "PASS IT ON."

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"WASN'T that a good sermon the new minister preached last night?" asked Joe Barton, one stormy Monday morning.

"First-rate," responded his brother Ben, without looking up from the book he was reading.

"I never understood the real meaning of that text before. Did you?"

"Let me see. What was the text?" Ben inquired, lazily.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," replied Joe, wondering how Ben could have been so stupid as not to remember even the beautiful text.

"Yes, yes, so it was. It had slipped out of my mind altogether. A very good text, indeed," Ben returned, indifferently.

"I mean to try to live by it, too, hereafter," Joe went on. "Don't you think that it would be a good text for us boys to practise? I never know till last night how much even boys can do to lighten other people's burdens. Did you, Ben?"

"I think we all have enough to do to attend to our own business, without meddling with other people's," Ben said, good-naturedly. "If we do our chores, run errands, and attend to our lessons, we have not much time to fool away on our neighbours."

"We might do many a little kindness without going out of our way, Ben, and, as Christian boys, I think we should," urged Joe.

"Well, yes, I suppose we should, if only we knew where to begin," assented Ben, closing his book with some show of interest.

"There is Lester Thorp coming up the steps. Perhaps he can think of a plan," said Joe, opening the door to admit his friend. Eagerly he rehearsed the conversation that had taken place between Ben and himself, and when he had finished, Lester agreed to join the brothers, in a kind of a circle, to help others.

"It will be a 'Ten' of some kind, like the girls have, I presume," said Ben, dryly.

"It will be a 'Three' only; but three boys ought to do a little good in the world," replied Joe.

"A sort of a triangle instead of a circle," laughed Ben. "Where shall we begin operations? I want to lift my share of somebody's burden right away, and get back to my book. It is quite a burden to leave it."

"I noticed, as I crossed the street, that the snow was still lying a foot deep on Granny Tate's pavement. What do you say to introducing the reform by clearing it away?" said Lester.

"Pshaw! that old virago! Why, she might scold us for our impudence," retorted Ben, with a wry face.

"There is no one there to do it but that slender grand-daughter, Maria; and they live on the corner, with a pavement clear round two sides of the lot," urged Lester.

"We will go there. I owe it to the old woman," said Joe, in a positive voice.

"Owe it to her!" exclaimed Ben. "Pray, what did she ever do for you?"

"Why, she set her dog on me for crossing her garden, and I know of no better way of getting even with her," replied Joe.

"Don't let us waste any more time, boys. I am aching to work off some of my surplus goodness," cried Ben, with mock gravity, as he picked up his hat.

Ten minutes later the clatter of their shovels brought Maria to the window, with a sullen demand to know their business.

"Clearing the snow from your pavement," answered Joe, pleasantly.

"Why can't I help Granny bear her rheumatism by being more patient with her?" Maria asked herself, as the boys lifted their caps and bade her good morning. "I am going to try," and she did; but Granny never knew the boys' part in sweetening Maria's temper.

That afternoon, Joe offered to stay away from the skating pond to take care of the baby, and when his mother questioned him, he told her of the society of "Three," and of the help the minister's sermon had given them.

"I must pass Joe's helpful words on," said the mother, wiping her eyes, and an hour later, when the new pastor dropped

that every country has a great number of war-ships sailing on every ocean and sea. Some are English, some belong to Russia, some to the United States and other lands.

These are called fleets. Each country owns a fleet of war-ships, and we know to what country they belong by the flag which floats from the highest point of every ship.

The very strongest iron and steel are used in building them, and the big guns point out from every side, making them look like huge monsters ready to devour everything.

Every country likes to boast of ships and their brave sailors. Now many are talking about one owned by the United States, named the *Detroit*. Her commander is thought to be very brave and fearless, but he never could stop a storm or make the waves be still when they were dashing over his boat.

We, as mission workers ought to be proud of our Lord's ships, and know the names of them all. They do not need cruel guns to conquer the nations. The white flag of peace waves from every topmast as they sail from country to country, among the spice-perfumed islands that lie like lovely emerald shells turned upside down in the ocean.

They are welcome in every clime, for they sail into the bays laden with good news of a free salvation, and leave happiness and joy behind.

The children of England and Scotland help pay the expenses of such ships by New Year's offerings which amount to many thousands of dollars every year.

A long time ago there was a fleet nobody could conquer. It was called "The Invincible." But after many years the ships were torn to pieces, and now sail the seas no more.

The ships of our Lord alone are invincible, for "the isles of the sea wait upon him."

The *John Williams* carries missionaries from place to place in the South Seas. The *Good News* and the steel lifeboat, *Morning Star*, on Lake Tanganyika, belong to an English missionary society. The *Henry Wright* is on the south coast of Africa. The *Il-la-la* is on Lake Nyassa. The *John Brown* is for the Mendi Mission. The *Ellen Gowan* and *Mary* are for New Guinea.

The new *Morning Star* was built with money given by the children of America. Its history is very interesting, but too long to tell here. It sails on the Pacific Seas, a thing of life and beauty. Scotland owns the *Day Spring*. It is for the New Hebrides. When those poor people heard the joyful news, they surely must have said: "It is through the tender mercies of our God that the *Day Spring* from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Soon may many new ships speed on errands of mercy and love! Pray for them, workers.

"My husband is so poetic," said a gushing woman to an old lady. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment?" asked the old lady. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."



HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

"That is my work," returned Maria, pettishly. "Granny will not give you a cent for your trouble."

"We want nothing, Maria. It is not a woman's work, and we are just lending a hand in a neighbourly way," replied Lester. "Thank you ever so much," the girl said, brightening. "What can I do in return?"

"Pass the kindness on," said Joe, with a sunny face, as he shouldered his shovel.

"Why, that's just what the preacher said last night," returned Maria.

"Yes," said Joe. "It was the sermon that set us to thinking."

in, looking tired and discouraged, she told him how much good his last night's sermon had done the boys.

"I thought I had made a complete failure in my effort, last night," he said, in a trembling voice; "but now I can go home with a cheerful heart, and pass the kindness on to some other sorrowing heart."

### THE LORD'S SHIPS.

BY MRS. E. E. BRILSFORD.

MANY of our missionary workers know