

A CRY O'er THE WATERS.

**A CRY** o'er the waters!  
A "fishing" wall!  
From earth's darkest quarters  
'Tis borne on each gale,  
O! list to its pleading—  
"Help, help, ere we die!  
Our brief sands are speeding;  
To save us, O fly!"

Dark Africa groaning  
With guilt and despair,  
Sends forth with sad moaning  
The heart-piercing prayer;  
From the thousand isles lying  
Like gems on the wave,  
Hear it mournfully sighing,  
"O hasten to save!"

And hark! how 'tis swelling,  
In woman's soft tones,  
From the hapless ones dwelling  
In Asia's sad homes—  
"Wives, mothers, daughters  
In Christian homes, hear  
This cry o'er the waters,  
That comes to your ear.

And Europe is sounding  
The same earnest strain;  
From forest-clad mountain,  
And vine-covered plain,—  
From lands where the terror  
Of Rome long has awayed,  
Now waking from error,  
They call for our aid.

Disciples of Jesus!  
Turn not from this cry;  
What have you so precious  
That you would deny?  
O! send o'er the waters  
Your silver and gold;  
Your sons, too, and daughters  
You may not withhold.

And young men, why loiter!  
The labourers are few,  
This cry o'er the water  
Sounds loudest to you.  
O! haste the glad tidings  
Of Jesus to bear,  
The lost and the dying  
To save from despair.

M. G. B.

LITTLE NEWSBOYS.

BY MOC ENARD.

It may be that many boys and girls who read the PLEASANT HOURS, especially those who live in the country, know little about newsboys, who live chiefly in large cities, where hundreds of them are found upon the streets selling newspapers, which accounts for their being called "newsboys." They are a sharp and saucy set of boys, and often do well selling papers, but only a few of them save any money. Like many other boys I know of, they spend their money as fast as they get it, and for things which they could very well do without.

Most of the newsboys in Washington are quite small; and nearly half of them have neither father nor mother, and many of them have no home. Don't you pity them! Poor little fellows! How they shiver, thinly clad, in the cold winter-wind, as they cry, "War yer! Star yer!" The weather is too cold for them to sleep out-doors now, as the homeless ones often do in summer-time. Although many of these newsboys are quite bad and sinful, largely because they have nobody to care for them, no doubt, I am glad to say that they are industrious and persevering. If they get "stuck" to-day, as they say when they do not succeed in selling their papers, they hope for better luck to-morrow. A loss of that kind only seems to push them out of bed earlier the next morning, in order that they may make it up.

I ought to say that some of these newsboys are real good and honest, and give all the money they make to their

mothers, many of whom are wretchedly poor and sorrowful. All children ought to be helpful to their parents, like these good newsboys I now speak of, and do all they can, in connection with their studies and play, to make themselves useful to those who care for them, especially their mothers.

Even among newsboys who are rough and wicked there is a remarkably keen sense of honor and justice; but its expression seems to be more the result of circumstances than of thought and purpose. For instance, if a boy finds himself "stuck" at the close of the day, and has no money with which to buy a supper or a bed, his more fortunate "chum" will divide his last penny with him and see that he has something to eat and a place to sleep. And then, too, it is a rare case if a large boy is allowed to strike or impose upon a little one. They seem to consider such conduct unmanly and outrageous, and will not tolerate it. Now I admire the newsboys for these traits of character; and I think the reader does too.

A "Newsboys' Society" was recently organized in this city, the object of which is to provide a home for these little street-workers, who will outgrow their calling, and should be prepared for the realities and responsibilities of life. Don't you think so?

Some thirty years ago Mr. Brao established a newsboys' lodging-house in New York City, and through that channel seventy-five thousand newsboys have been sent to good and comfortable homes in the various states of the Union. This shows what may be done when only one man gets earnestly to work. There are thousands of poor and helpless children, like these almost friendless newsboys, who appeal strongly to our sympathy, and we should help them all we can and in every possible way. The dear Saviour wants us to be like him—kind and helpful to those who are in need.

ONE BRICK WRONG.

BY REV. R. NEWTON, D. D.

Not long ago, some workmen were engaged in building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The master builder was very particular in charging the masons to lay every brick with the greatest care, especially in the first courses, or rows, which had to bear the weight of all the rest of the building. However, one of the workmen did not mind what had been told him. In laying a corner, he very carelessly left one of the bricks a little crooked—out of the line; or, as the masons call it, "not plumb." Well, you may say, "It was only *one single brick* in a great pile of them. What difference does it make if that was not exactly straight?" You will see directly. The work went on. Nobody noticed that there was one brick wrong, but as each new course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built it, the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, a tremendous crash was heard. The building had fallen to the ground, burying the workmen in the ruins. All the previous work was lost; the materials were wasted; and, worse than this, valuable lives were sacrificed; and all because *one brick had been laid wrong* at the start. The workman

who carelessly laid that brick wrong little thought what a dangerous thing he was doing, and what terrible harm would result from his neglect. My dear young friend, you are now building up your character. In the habits you now form you are laying the foundation of that character. One bad habit, one brick laid wrong *now*, may ruin your character by and by. Remember what you are doing, and see that *every brick* is kept *straight*!

SACRED.

In writing of the Dyaks of Borneo, Mr. Hornaday tells of the sacredness in which animal life is held, and the Dyak's forbearance forms a marked contrast to the wanton destruction of harmless animals in America.

At the hotel I met one day an educated native who spoke English perfectly, and whom I immediately began to question about localities in which I might find certain animals, particularly crocodiles, since the native was acquainted with Kurrachee and the sacred crocodiles of Mugger Peer. He was talking rapidly and I was busily jotting down notes, when he suddenly stopped and asked,—

"Sir, why do you require to know about these animals?"

"Why, I wish to find them."

"Why do you require to find them? Do you wish to kill them?"

"Yes, for their skins and skeletons."

"Ah," he replied, instantly dropping my map, "then I cannot inform you where any of the animals are. I do not wish anything to be killed, and if I tell you where you can find any animals, I shall do a great wrong."

"Did you never kill an animal?" I asked.

"Never, sir, never; not purposely. It would be a great sin for me to do so."

He then went on to tell me of a certain caste of Hindoos, the members of which are so conscientious about taking the life of any living thing that they always eat before sunset to avoid making a light, which might be the death of some moth or gnat.—*Church and Home.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

An earnest and godly minister relates the following incident, and gives us the lesson that it teaches:

During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, close to my ball's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by timely light which shone upon him, that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

"Christian workers, never despond or think there is nothing for you to do,

even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine" "that men may see," and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have, unawares, "saved some soul from death!"—S-L.

SPRING.

**S**PRING has come! her rosy fingers  
Loosen water's icy chain;  
Sail on hull and height he lingers,  
Loth to end his dreary reign.

Spring has come! the birds to greet her  
Fill the air with music gay,  
Whilst the eager brooks to meet her  
Chatter down their noisy way.

Spring has come! and as she passes  
Round her path, the south wind sighs,  
Broom the flowers and sprout the grasses,  
Bud the trees and blush the skies.

Wake my heart, and join the gladness,  
Bring thy tribute to her feet!  
Is there room for winter sadness  
In a world so young and sweet!

Leave the past with all its sorrow,  
Take the joy to-day can bring;  
Night but brings a glad to-morrow,  
Winter always ends in spring.

DIARY OF A RUM-SELLER.

MONDAY: Took ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday: Had a visit from Charley Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge. gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday: That poor nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart. P. S.—Here he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday: Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised. P. S.—Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children, ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday: Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday: Young Sam Clap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it, and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I did not sell it someone else would.

Sunday: Pretended to keep the Sunday Law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they will be ashamed to tell of it. But my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are. N.B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar, and yet, I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.—*Social Reformer.*

In number 10 of their National Library, Cassell's & Co. gives us the famous "Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maunderville," price 10 cents, written over five hundred years ago. One of the very first printed English books. His account of his visit to Palestine and other Eastern lands is wonderfully interesting.

A POET sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" and the editor answered, "Because you send your contributions by mail instead of bringing them in person."