

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

FIVE times every day the devout Moslem spreads his prayer-carpet and repeats his prayers towards Mecca—the mother city of the faith of Islam. Whether on shipboard, or in the crowded city, or in the lonely desert, he never fails to perform his religious duty. He is required also to go through certain ceremonial ablutions; but if water cannot be had, as in the desert, it will suffice if he washes his hands with sand. The camel, in the picture, is hobbled till his master finishes his prayer. What a peevish, discontented expression of countenance the camel has!

ON THE FARM.

BY BERTHA VOLENTINE.

"I DON'T drink cider; I'm a Prohibitionist," said six-year-old Walter, stoutly, as his brothers around the home cider-mill urged him to take some. "I wouldn't, either," said Amy, Walter's acknowledged companion in thought as well as in play. "Old worm-juice! ugh!"

Then the boy and girl ran away, and soon were seen with a crowd of young people, who had just come up, all visitors to the Thompsons.

"They're queer uns, anyway," said Eb. And at his words the others looked to where they now formed a not unimportant part of the little gathering on the lawn. They had always said that Walter had queer opinions about things, and that Amy would be a strong-minded woman; and right proud were they, let it be added, to be able to call their brother and playmate more clever than the majority of boys and girls. And Amy, indeed, seemed, just now, to be showing her contempt of conventionalities. Right in the midst of the group of children she stood, with her little round hat pushed far back on her head, curls "every which way," as she would have expressed it, bespattered apron, and a fan which she was complacently using, as with a broad smile, she enjoyed the effect of the fresh thrust she had given some of the boys on the temperance question, while Delsie, the daughter of the house, and Naida Witchfield rocked their dolls in cradles under a tree near by.

"Maybe one or t'other of 'em will be president, some day," resumed Eb, as they turned again to the work they had just left. "You know they say the right side always beats in the end." "Pooh!" said lazy Dick. "I'm in for the present."

"I wouldn't be queer for nuffin," said baby Joe, who was applauded noisily. "And I'll drink all the cider I want," said Denny. But he didn't that time. Their father came up just then, and, to their surprise, ordered them all to go into the house.

"What d'you s'pose can be the matter?" they asked each other. "Well," volunteered some one, "I heard father and mother talkin' about some tracts they got at the fair against cider; but I didn't suppose it'd amount to anything."

"What'd they say about cider?" demanded Dick.

"I'll tell you what they said," answered big brother Robert, as he passed them on his way home from the field. "They said that cider began to have alcohol in it when it was only twenty-four hours old, and that when the cider was made out of rotting apples there was alcohol in the juice before it was even squeezed out."

"Let's quit eatin' apples, boys," said Dick sarcastically. But his speech was not noted by the other boys. They saw how grave Robert looked, and they had

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A LITTLE girl who was playing with her dog unintentionally hit him with her foot. She immediately said, "Please excuse me, Duke," with as much deference as if she had been making an apology to a person. "That is a lesson in politeness for us all," said a guest who was within hearing. Then he told this incident in the life of a high railroad official.

Erastus Corning many years ago was president of the Central Railroad. He was a lame man, and not very prepossess-

"Personally, I care nothing about it," said Mr. Corning. "If you had been so rude to any one else, I would have discharged you on the spot." He continued: "You saw I was lame, and that I moved with great difficulty. The fact that you did not know who I was does not alter the complexion of your act. I'll keep no one in my employ who is not civil to every one."

HER GRACE.

AN Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in many ways, was careless about money matters, particularly with the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed.

"Be sure you say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little child dropped a low courtesy, and then folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly: "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out a cheque for the amount due to the milliner.

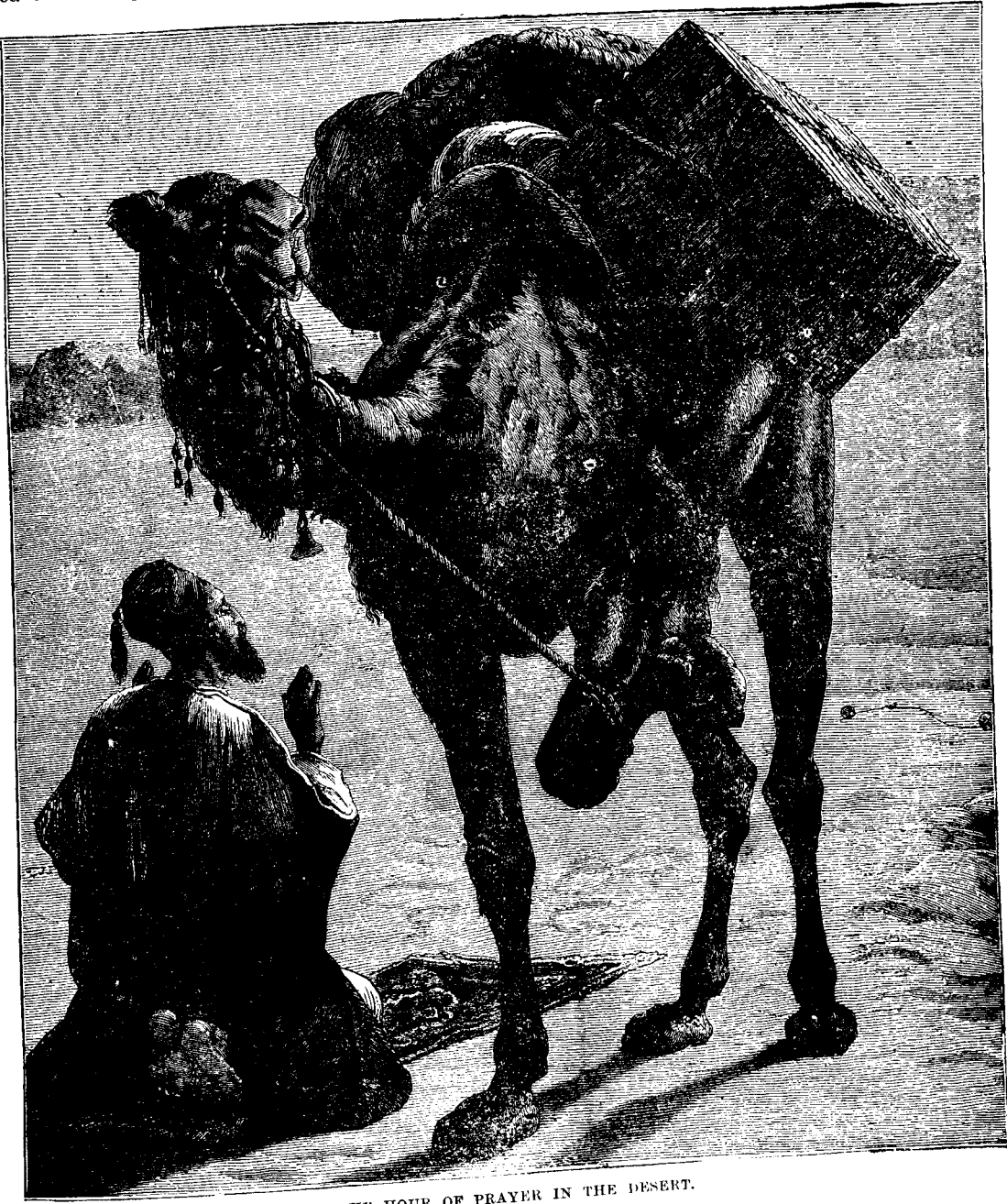
The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quick-witted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

DON'T SNUB ANYBODY.

WE suppose that none of our readers really needs that exhortation. But it is well enough to remind ourselves that to "snub" any one, for any cause, is small business, and should be avoided always. This crumb puts emphasis upon the point:

Don't snub people who do not wear as good clothes as you do. Fine clothes do not make men and women. Don't snub people who may not move in what you are pleased to term "first society." Jesus was reared in a humble home, and many of the world's true noblemen have never belonged to the aristocracy. Don't snub young people, even though in your opinion they may be a little "too forward." If at fault at all, it is a fault of the head rather than the heart. Don't snub old people, whose opinions and habits may seem odd and old-fashioned to you. Remember that old notions of things are sometimes very correct. Don't snub anybody.

THE labouring men of the United States complain of poverty, and the tyranny of capitalists, yet they gave \$600,000,000 last year for liquor!



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great respect for their grown-up brother.

"Boys, I believe that my Sunday-school teacher was right when she said that cider starts more people to drinking than anything else, and that it's 'the devil's kindling wood.' I signed the pledge against it last Sunday, but if I hadn't, I'd do it to-day, after what I've heard about it," said he.

"That's right; give it to 'em hard!" said Amy, just then coming up, and guessing what they were talking about.

And with Amy and Walter and big brother Robert against cider, to say nothing of what their father and mother will do, there is no longer any doubt as to how the temperance question will be settled at the Thompsons'.

ing in looks. He stood one day on the platform and was about to step on to the cars. A conductor who did not know him shouted:

"Come, hurry up, old man; don't be all day about it; the train can't wait."

The conductor went round to take up the tickets. A passenger said to him:

"Do you know the gentleman you ordered on board?"

"No, and I don't want to know him."

"It may be worth while to make his acquaintance," said the passenger. "He is your boss, the president of the road, and he'll take your head off."

The conductor gave a low whistle, and looked bold. However, he at once sought the president and offered an apology.