

THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, who lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he
had got.
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell;
And this answer he gave, when I asked
him to tell;
"Tis being, and doing, and having, that
make
All the pleasures and pains of which
mortals partake;—
To be what God pleases, to do a man's
best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to
be blest."

ADRIANOPLE.

ADRIANOPLE is a large Turkish city of 150,000 inhabitants, on the Maritza River about 130 miles North-West of Constantinople. It is grandly situated. The gardens on the banks of the river, and the neighbouring village of Hiskel, inhabited by the wealthy merchants, are delightful, but the interior of the straggling city, is like that of most Turkish towns, dirty and desolate. It has many interesting historic associations, having been the scene of famous encounters in the times of the Romans, the Byzantine empire and the crusades. The famous mosque of Selim II. with the largest dome in the world, was built largely from the ruins of Famagousta in Cyprus. The most capacious bazaar, named after Ali Pasha is the centre of trade, which is considerable, the city being the focus of the whole of Thrace. Much of the city is now in ruins, and the marks of decay is visible everywhere.

"WHEN I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer made the remark on one occasion that during his twenty years' residence in Chicago he had not known of a single man who had come prominently to the front in any pursuit who was born and bred in a large city. All the leading men in every calling—judges, lawyers, clergymen, editors, merchants, and so on, had been reared in the country, away from the follies, the vices, and the enervating influences that are known to exist in all large towns. The *New York Times* takes up the same subject, and says: "Fashion reduces all young men and women to the same dull and unin-

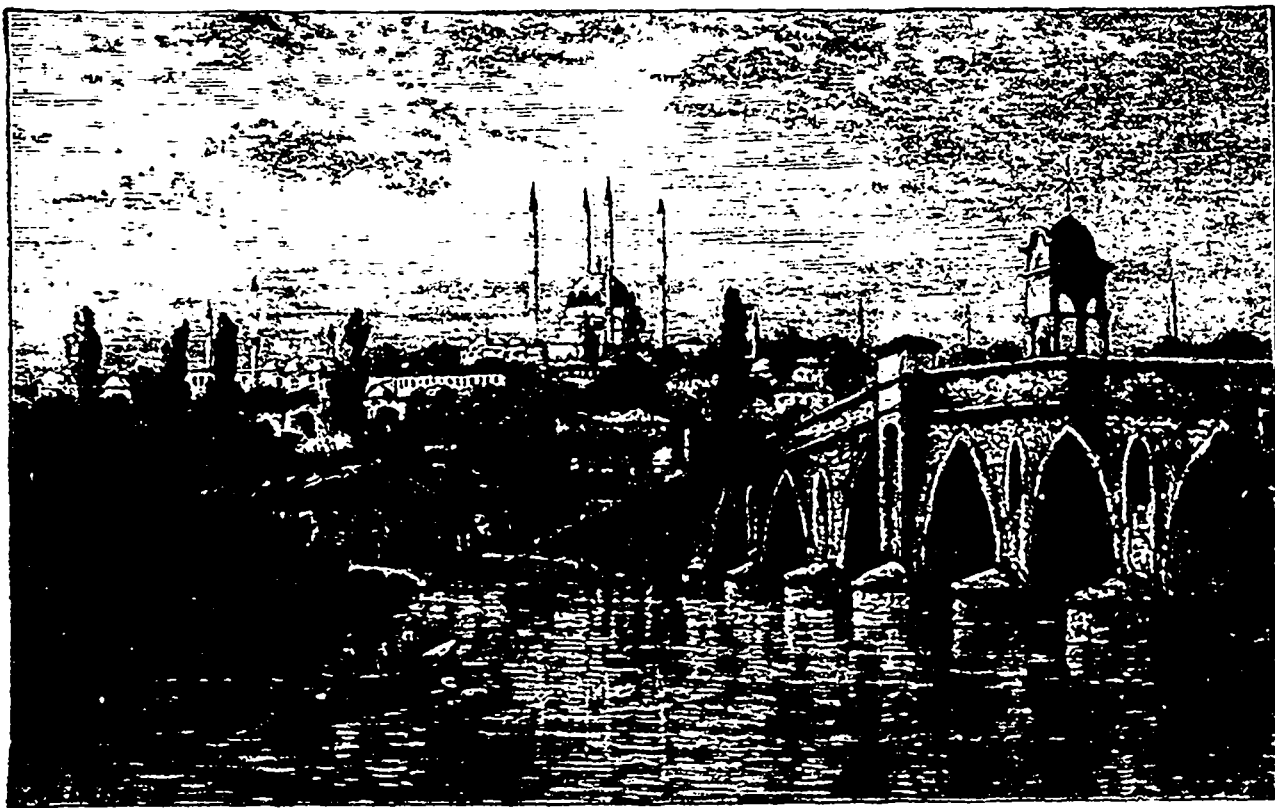
or a glorious mind like Webster's emerging from the false glitter and noisy commotion of the city. We think of Washington, the patrician sage, pacing among the stately oaks of old Virginia, of Jefferson in his country seat, and of John Adams tilling his farm in Massachusetts. These men, it is true, flourished in a time when there were no big cities in the United States. Not one American President, from first to last, was born in a city."

We do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous, we do what is righteous.—*Luther.*

that we may struggle for it. For the same reason he puts gold deep down in the mine, and pearls down in the sea, to make us dig and dive. We all understand that in worldly things; would God we understood it in religious things! Nobody is surprised to read that Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands rowing a ferry-boat.

Nobody is surprised to hear that A. T. Stewart used to sweep out his own store. You can think of those who had it very hard who have now got it very easy. Their walls blossom and bloom with pictures. Carpets that made foreign looms laugh now kiss their feet. The horses neigh and champ their bits at the doorway, gilded

harness tinkles, and the carriage rolls away, like a beautiful wave, on New York life. Who is it! It is the boy who once had all estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the streets of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, outside of Boston, playing kite with a thunder-storm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet after another of writing paper until al-



ADRIANOPLE.

interesting level. New York is an old city. It has produced generations of men. How few of them have ever made their mark here or elsewhere? It cannot be said that they go into other parts of the country and there develop the higher forms of manhood. They are never heard of except in the aggregate, concrete form of our 'fellow citizens.' How much of a man is due to qualities born in him, and how much to his early environment no philosopher has been able to tell us; but it is impossible to conceive of a sagacious intellect like that of Lincoln,

A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY.

BETWEEN us and every thing bright and beautiful and useful and prosperous there is a river of difficulty that we must cross. "O!" said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes!" "Well," said Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them?" The grapes are *always* on the other side. You have got to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts every thing valuable a little out of our reach,

most the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? It was Lockart, afterward his illustrious biographer.

It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford, and there has been struggle for every body that gained any thing for themselves or any thing for the Church, or gained any thing for the world. We all understand it, in worldly things; why can we not understand it in religious things?