

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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JACK AND THE YELLOW-BOYS.

SAILORS generally spend their money as fast as they get it. They usually get their money at the end of the voyage, and in a few days after they get ashore, in drinking and other carnal frolics, their money is all squandered. During the last twenty years, however, by Bethels and other Sailors' Missions, a great reformation in the habits of the Tars has been effected, and the good work is still being vigorously prosecuted by earnest Christian workers, in many of the leading sea-ports of the world.

Our picture shows us a jolly Jack Tar—as sailors are generally called—who had been in the habit of spending all his earnings in drink at a certain saloon. Some good temperance workers had induced him to take the pledge and join their society, and then Jack found that he could save his money, and was beginning to feel proud of his accumulated stock of Yellow boys, as English sovereigns are often designated.

One day Jack was passing the old groggery, in which he had spent many a Yellow-boy in times past, and the landlord was very anxious for him to come in and "take a glass." He was sorry to lose such a good customer as Jack had been. But the smiling old tempter could not induce the Tar to go inside. The landlord then changed his tactics and said: "Why, how ill you look: you're quite yellow, or the want of some grog."

"No, no, old boy," cried Jack, "it's not my face, but my pocket that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking." Jack, suiting the action to the word, drew several sovereigns from his pocket, and holding them in the palm of his hand, said: "See here, it's my pocket that's yellow with these Yellow-boys."

Drinking alcoholic liquors is damaging to health; it deadens and perverts the finer principles of human nature; it is the great enemy of personal and domestic happiness; and one of the most unsatisfactory, and yet most effectual ways of squandering

THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE change that has been wrought in these people in these eight years is wonderful, indeed. The savage has come a peace-

Sabbath so strictly as the Christian Indians along this coast. No unnecessary work will they do on that day. Many of them, within the last few weeks, rather than break the Sabbath for the white man at the Canneries, have received their discharge, feeling it better and worthier to obey God rather than man. But still, these Indians need nursing. They are yet as children. They must have all the which care kind, loving, Christian hearts can give them—their former life having been so base. Peculiar tact is required to manage them, their prejudices and superstitions being welded into their very nature. We have in Mr. and Mrs. Crosby the right people in the right place. Each fills a sphere so efficiently that, in my opinion, if Ontario was searched, from one end to the other, two persons more suitable or more devoted to their varied duties could not be found.

Hold up their hands by earnest prayer. Never did I more see Mr. Crosby's fitness for his peculiar work than last week. About fifty of the Tongass tribe of Alaska, on their way home from the British Columbian Salmon Fisheries, which have closed their operations for the season, stayed a few days at Port Simpson. Mr. Crosby invited them to his house, and there, in what is called the Indian's room, he preached to them in Chinook. The Tongass sang several hymns in their own tongue; many of them related their religious experience.

Others, being pricked to the heart, confessed the wrongs they had done to one another, and desired to make restitution. Mr. Crosby appointed a time for the settlement of these difficulties, and with great tact and firmness disposed of them all with almost entire satisfaction to the parties concerned.

About four years ago, the Tongass were a most wretched people morally.



JACK AND THE YELLOW-BOYS.—(From the British Workman.)

money. Smash the glass and save the Yellow-boys.

The mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," explained the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

able, law-abiding citizen—a citizen, as far as his knowledge goes, willing to observe the laws of God and man. I have often thought since I came up here, that these people have made more progress in civilization during the past eight years, than the ancient Britons made in a century. I may safely say, that there are no other people in all the world that observe the