

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Thanksgiving.

November has come with its festival day.
The sweetest home feast of the year.
When the little ones mingle in frolic and play,
And share in the Thanksgiving cheer.

And let us remember that tale of the past,
Of the Pilgrims who gathered their band,
And offered up thanks for the corn when at last
It waved o'er the famishing land.

For hunger had wasted these strong,
patient men,
Who struggled and laboured in pain,
And the blessing of plenty which gladdened them then,
Gave courage and hope
once again.

And the fame of their
bravery never decays,
While year after year
rolls away,
Since the morning that
ushered in prayer
and in praise,
The birth of our Thank-
sgiving Day.

"COME, FOLLOW ME."

A few weeks ago we watched a young girl and a lad somewhat older go down the aisle on Communion Sunday and stand before the people assembled in the church to say that they had resolved to follow faithfully, God helping them, the same Jesus who long ago called to the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, "Come, follow me." And we thought as they came back after the simple ceremony, their faces so bright and fresh and hopeful, how much better it was for them to give to Christ's service the beauty and freshness of their lives than to wait, as some young people think they must, till years have passed by—perhaps the best of their life. God wants, and we ought to give him, the very strongest and fairest and sweetest portion of our lives, and not the worn-out ends of them. If Christ loved us enough to lay down his life for us, is our living service any too precious to offer him in return?

But boys and girls have such strange ideas of what following Christ means. Sometimes they seem to think that they must become very holy before they are fit to become his disciples. "Don't ask me to be a Christian now," said a bright boy the other day, "for I can't do it. I'm not good enough, and there are too many temptations in the way. When you're older it's different; but I don't believe it's ever so hard to be a Christian as it is when you're a boy." You see he thinks he must fight his way alone till the temptations which he feels are about him are overcome or have passed away, and then he will offer himself to Christ.

But don't you see how greatly mistaken he is? Temptations will not stop coming after he is grown up, but will only grow stronger; and for those that come to him now he needs Christ's help, hour by hour, to conquer them. And when he has truly given himself to Christ, those very temptations will lose the greater part of their power over him; for temptation and sin come from Satan, and when Christ comes into the heart to reign, Satan and his evil works must go

out, for there is no agreement between Christ and Satan.

Christ wants you now, you need Christ now. If you are to lead a life that will make the world better and nobler because you have been in it, it is time for you to begin. Won't you come to him to-day and ask his forgiveness for the past and his help for all your life to come?

WHICH IS WORSE?

BY AMY LEONARD.

Mira came in one day with a smiling face and showed me a box of candy she had had given to her. After a few days she told me she didn't like her candy, for it had wine in it. Afterwards she

"Oh, yes, of course, but I didn't think a little in candy would do any hurt."

That is just the way every drunkard begins, by taking a little that he thinks won't do any harm. So he drinks till his body and soul are poisoned. Would that man who, a few miles from here last week, killed his wife, the mother of twin babies but three weeks old, have done such a deed if his soul had not been poisoned with alcohol? No! The paper said he was not bad only when crazed with liquor; then he shot himself. There is a Book where these things are noted, and one day it will be seen who helped and who hindered; who said 'Flourish the saloon,' and who said 'Down with it.'

BELIEVING AND TRUSTING.

Faith accepts as true everything which God has said. Trust puts all to practical and personal use. The need of trusting is so great that the Bible is full of exhortations concerning it: "Trust in the Lord and do good;" "Trust ye in the Lord forever;" "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." The comfort of every promise is ours if we trust. We may believe it all—what rational person would doubt what God has said?—but the blessedness of the promises is ours only when we trust God to carry them out in our life and being. When shall we trust? When we are conscious of sin let us trust the finished work of Christ for us. When tempted, trust him who is able to keep us from falling. When perplexed, trust him who has promised to lead the blind by a way they knew not. When tired, trust him who says "I will rest you." When full of pain, so that even prayer is difficult, trust him who says: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." When you are weak and unable to meet the duty or the pain of life, trust him who says: "My grace is sufficient for thee." When resources fail, trust him who says: "God shall supply all your need." "Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us."

COME NEAR.

There are some things which will do little good far off. A man might stand outside a house on a bitter night, and, looking through the window, see very plainly a glowing fire in the generous fireplace, without being any warmer for it. To thaw his chilled fingers, he must come in and come near.

A fountain of water may be springing, clear and cool, at arm's length, but what good will it do if a thirsty passer-by does not come near enough to take a drink? Then, too, no matter how wholesome and inviting any food may be, the hungry boy will not have the good of it if he does not take and eat it.

So there are other things, more important than fire or food or drink, which cannot be used at a distance. It will do no good to read of the "water of life" in the Bible, if one does not take it. Jesus calls, "Come unto me." It is not easy to keep up a conversation with a friend at a distance; and especially if one is in trouble, it is impossible to tell one's griefs in a loud tone at a distance.

So let all come near, come very close to the Saviour, so that his words can be heard in the heart, and his help may be felt each moment.—Happy Hours.

CRUEL AND HEARTLESS.

We often hear of the cruel things drinking people will do to obtain money with which to buy strong drink, they will pawn anything, however necessary it may be to the home and family, and many a little child has been almost heart-broken because its father has taken some of its possessions. We have known men to pawn their children's shoes or books, to sell a pet bird or dog, in fact anything that will bring them a bit of money. But here is the worst instance of cruelty we ever heard of, the most heartless, and being a mother's act makes it much worse. Mr. Bristol Wallen relates the instance as follows.

A little girl suffering from diphtheria was brought to a London hospital. To save her life, a little silver tube was inserted in her throat, through which to breathe. The child improved rapidly, and the mother begged very hard to take her home. The physician gave permission, but before the day was over resolved to visit the child's home the next morning. He found the child dead, and the neighbours told him that the mother had pawned the tube for eighteen pence, and was out spending the money in drink.



A LAKE IN THE ALPS.

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Climbers in the higher regions of the Alps and other lofty mountain ranges are often agreeably surprised to find a lake between the cliffs where they least expect it. The little lake shown in our picture is a typical one of the sort. After climbing up a long, steep and rough path where huge precipices and wild mountains rise on every side, the blue waters of the Oschenen Lake burst suddenly into view. From the great white snow-fields, that we see on the further side, several streams are always seen flowing in the summer months, and very pretty water-falls dash themselves down the precipitous sides of the mountains into the lake. Sometimes there are other falls besides those of water. A rock, loosened by the heat of the sun from its icy bed, will begin to topple over on one side and then suddenly lose its balance altogether and go plunging down the mountain side into the abyss below. But it does not go alone, for on its way it carries against others, which, in their turn, are hurled against others, and all join to form a tremendous rock avalanche. It is a grand sight to see these, bounding by gigantic leaps over the edge of the cliffs and then whizzing silently through the air till they reach the water with a splendid splash. The noise of their fall wakes many an echo in the surrounding cliffs, and we are sorry for any unhappy men or animals that may chance to be in their way.

said the more she ate of it the better she liked it; she wished she had some more

"That is what makes so many drunkards; a little poison always wants company."

"Well, I don't think I'll have any more given me, and perhaps I won't eat them if I do."

"I would not eat anything that had poison in it."

"Is alcohol real poison?"

"What is poison?"

"Oh, those horrid things like arsenic and Paris green that kill rats and bugs. I would not touch them for anything."

"They kill rats and bugs, alcohol kills men; which is the worst?"

"Do you think it kills many?"

"About one hundred thousand a year, we are told; alcohol not only poisons the body, but poisons the mind and poisons the heart. How quick it makes one crazy, how surely it hardens the heart. No other poison does that. Don't you think it best to keep clear of it?"