

## The Return.

I RODE o'er the crests of white foaming waves,  
That bore me so joyously on,  
And left far behind the shadow and caves  
That checkered the past; and strong with new hope,  
I looked where the setting sun shone,  
And smiled in the sky, and laughed in the sea,  
Loved Canada! welcome from thee.

O Canada, home, my country beloved,  
How pleasant again in thy breast!  
From wandering afar my heart deeply moved,  
Yet filled with a joy that throbbingly beats,  
Returns, like a bird, to its nest;  
And river and rock, and forest and field,  
I claim for my own—as thy child.

May sturdy and strong, our sapling become  
A giant, o'ershadowed by none;  
May sons aye be true to honour and home.  
Should danger assail we'll meet it unmoved,  
For brothers we be, every one!  
True freedom is ours, true justice our laws,  
God blessing our country and cause.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

## SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS was asked one day, "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor, and mixed with much of sin; but if they come really from the heart, he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian, who had done the state great service, in which he had lost a hand. His brother, for some offence, was tried and condemned, and was about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced the other came into court, and, without speaking a word, held up his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven, and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Youth's World*.

## TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

"BUT do they not have the Sunday-schools?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honour to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher. He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those having no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be—and never can be—a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling-place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports, and fashion, and gossip, and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers, while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all of your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler*.

## PROTECTION OF TOADS IN ONTARIO.

It is gratifying to know that a bill was introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. John Lewis, M.P.P., at the session of 1888, providing, among other things, for the protection of toads. It failed, however, to become law. It stated that: "It shall not be lawful to destroy in any way any native toad (*Bufo lentiginosus*) or to wantonly or unnecessarily injure or destroy the spawn, or larvae thereof in streams or ponds of water."

It is related of the great Duke of Wellington, that many years ago, he found a little boy crying because he had to go away from home to school in another town, and there would be no one to feed the toad which he was in the habit of feeding every morning, and the noble-hearted Duke, sympathizing with his young friend, promised that he would see that the toad was fed every morning. This he did, and letter after letter came to this little boy from the Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the toad was alive and well.

All children should know that toads are not only entirely harmless, but are among our best friends. They live on, and destroy thousands of ants, spiders, and the many bugs that injure our gardens.

## VALUE OF TOADS IN GARDENS.

Toads suffer greatly, chiefly at the hands of boys and of others, who do not know, or who do not think, of the value of toads in gardens, etc.

So useful are toads in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on insects, and never does harm to plants.

The toad trade for garden purposes is a most singular branch of traffic. On some of the market gardens near London as many as five crops are raised in one year. Under such a system of culture slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half a dozen is given for full-grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in an insectivorous way. Who can say



TOADS IN ONTARIO.

but that Shakespeare, who knew everything, guessed everything, and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

"Ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

There is no man, or child, or woman, rich or poor, that may not be made happier by the love of the lower creatures. If, then, you would add to the happiness of children through life, teach them to say kind words and do kind acts to these lower creatures.

## THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,  
A funny old fellow is he;

Living under the stone by the side of the road,  
'Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.

He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,  
Save his vest that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,  
And walks in the cool, dewy night.

"Raup, yaup," says the frog,  
From his home in the bog,

But the toad he says never a word;  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,  
And sleeps just as sound as a top.

But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,  
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;

He changes his dress only once, I confess,—  
Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,

With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,  
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

"K-ruk, k-ruk," says the frog,  
From his home in the bog;

But the toad he says never a word;  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.

—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society*

## SEEING THE LAND.

ON board the ship the long voyage will soon be over. Far off where the sky and the sea seem to come together, lies a long, low bank of clouds, we would think, but the captain says, "That is land."

Willie who has come to be quite a brave sailor, wants to "see, too," so the kind old captain lifts him high up, and points the way, and Willie sees. The captain says, "In the morning we shall be there." The people on board the ship are all very glad, and thank the captain, and sing, "Home, Sweet Home" together. Let us hope they remember to thank the Lord, too, that he has kept them, and brought them safely across the wide, deep sea.

Ah! by-and-by, when the voyage of our life with its dangers, is over, shall we sing, "Sweet Home" together, and come to the happy land, and the Father's house in heaven? Remember, Jesus lifts us up, and points the way, and makes us see. He alone can keep us, and guide us safely there. He is our Captain. Let us love him, and obey him, and thank him.