

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Brothers and Sisters.

Sha'n't and Won't are two little brothers,
 Angry and sullen and gruff;
 Try and Will are dear little sisters;
 No one can love them enough.
 Sha'n't and Won't look down on their
 noses—
 Their faces are dismal to see;
 Try and Will are sweeter than roses
 In June, and as blithe as the bee.
 Sha'n't and Won't are backward and
 stupid—
 Little, indeed, can they know;
 Try and Will learn something new daily,
 And seldom are heedless or slow.
 Sha'n't and Won't love nothing—no,
 nothing—
 So much as to have their own way;
 Try and Will give up to their elders,
 And seek to please others at play.

THE MOTHER.

There is no human love more like a
 mother's love. There is no
 human tenderness. And
 there is no such time for a
 mother first displaying her
 tenderness toward her child
 as in the child's earliest years
 of life. That time neglected
 and no future can make good
 the loss to either mother or
 child. That time well im-
 proved, and all the years
 that follow it can profit by
 its improvement. Even God
 himself measures his fatherly
 love by a motherly
 standard. "As one whom
 his mother comforteth, so I
 will comfort you," he says;
 and what more than this
 could he say? And many a
 strong man who was com-
 forted by his mother's lov-
 ing and tender words and
 ways while he was a helpless
 child, has never lost his
 grateful, trusting dependence
 on that mother's ministry of
 affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson
 was fifty years old he wrote
 to his aged mother as if he
 were her wayward but lov-
 ing boy: "You have been
 the best mother, and, I be-
 lieve, the best woman in the
 world. I thank you for all
 the indulgences to me, and
 beg forgiveness for all that
 I have done ill, and for all
 that I have omitted to do
 well."

John Quincy Adams did
 not part with his mother
 until he was nearly or quite
 fifty years of age; yet his
 cry even then was, "O God,
 could she have been spared
 yet a little longer. Without
 her the world feels to me
 like a solitude."

When President Nott, of
 Union College, was more than
 ninety years old, and had
 been a college president half
 a century, as strength and
 sense failed him in his dying
 hours, the memory of his
 mother's tenderness was fresh and
 potent; and he could be hushed to needed
 sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder
 and the singing to him of the old-time
 lullabies, as if his mother were still
 sitting at his bedside in loving min-
 istry, as she had been well-nigh a cen-
 tury before. The true son never grows
 old to a true mother.

PELICANS.

These strange birds have an enormous
 pouch under the lower bill which is used
 as a scoop for catching and carrying fish.
 They are abundant in tropical regions.
 There used to be a tradition that the
 pelican pecked at its own breast to feed
 its young with its blood. This is absurd.
 It feeds them by the regurgitation of food
 which it has swallowed, which, perhaps,
 gave rise to the tradition.

A TALK ABOUT FLIES.

The body of a fly has three parts, one
 of which is the head. On its head are
 two large eyes. But what will you
 think when I tell you that each of these
 large eyes is made up of about four thou-
 sand small eyes!

Each of the small eyes has six sides.
 Of course these tiny eyes are placed very
 close to each other, for the four thou-
 sand together are not so large as a pin-
 head. Is it any wonder that the fly is
 so hard to catch? It can see every way
 at the same time.

The fly's feet are also very curious.
 They are made so that it can walk on
 the wall of a room as well as on the
 floor; and it can even run up and down
 the glass in our windows.

The fly has no teeth. Its mouth is a
 kind of trunk, through which it sucks its
 food. It cannot eat anything that is
 hard. Still, you know that flies are very
 fond of sugar, and you want to know
 how they can eat that. They have some-

STORY OF A BRAVE BOY.

If Charles Reade were alive he would
 paste into his dramatic scrap-book, for
 future use on the stage, the story told
 recently by Judge Denman at a temper-
 ance meeting at Cromer. A plucky
 young lad, burning with indignation at
 the treatment received by his mother at
 the hands of his drunken and dissolute
 stepfather, had the nerve to tell the
 brute fair and square that if ever he
 dared to ill-treat his mother again he
 would shoot him like a rat. So saying
 the boy went out and bought a three-
 and-sixpenny revolver and loaded every
 chamber.

Returning home one night he found his
 stepfather fiendishly drunk as usual, and
 dragging the boy's mother round the
 kitchen by the hair of her head. Out
 came the revolver, and the drunken beast
 received the fourth shot full in the
 cheek.

The boy was placed in the dock
 charged with wounding with intent to

SALUTED WITH A SHOWER OF STONES.

While on a missionary tour in the
 north-eastern corner of the Mysore king-
 dom of India, which extends to within
 ten miles of Madanapalle, Catechist John
 Hill and myself had gone from our camp
 into a densely populated town. It was
 the first time the Gospel had ever been
 proclaimed in that region. At the cross
 streets in front of the village chavadi, or
 council house, we had taken our stand,
 and ere long were surrounded by a goodly
 number of people, many of whom were
 Brahmans.

They listened to our singing, to our
 reading from the Scriptures, with scowls
 and evident hostility, but did not enter
 into argument. When we had finished,
 we offered them the leaflets, tracts, and
 gospels as a gift, but they would have
 none of them. We could get no kindly
 response to anything we said. We
 turned to go back to our tent.

As we passed slowly down
 the street, a great hooting
 began behind us, and soon
 small stones pellets of earth
 and other missiles began to
 shower upon us. One stone
 the size of an egg struck me
 on the head, but my pith hat
 prevented its doing harm.

Turning to the catechist who
 accompanied me, I said "We
 must go back and meet these
 people. It will not do to let
 them think that we are
 driven away from our work."
 Turning around, we both
 walked steadily back toward
 the hooting and missile-
 throwing crowd. Seeing our
 quiet men and fearlessness,
 the crowd gave way.

Walking directly up to the
 group of Brahmans in front
 of the chavadi, to whom we
 had been chiefly preaching,
 and who, we believed, were
 the instigators of this attack,
 I said to them: "Brothers,
 if you wish to stone us, you
 may stone us to our face.
 We have come back to you
 so that you can hit us every
 time. But first we would
 like to know why it is that
 you stone us. Is it because
 we, leaving our country, have
 come at our own expense to
 tell you what we consider
 the best news ever revealed
 to man? Is it because we
 have told you that the God
 who made us all so loved the
 world that he sent his only-
 begotten Son to suffer and
 die for us, that a way might
 be opened for the pardon of
 our sins? Is it because we
 have told you that the Son of
 God came to this world, and
 took upon himself our nature
 and became man, in order
 that he might understand all
 our weaknesses and tempta-
 tions and become to us a
 sympathizing High Priest?
 Is it because we have told
 you the divine words of in-
 struction and comfort which he spoke to
 those about him, and left on record for
 you and us?"

The whole crowd had by this time
 pressed forward to listen to what we
 were quietly saying to the Brahman
 priests. The priests themselves seemed
 to feel ashamed of what had been done,
 and were now ready to listen. Point by
 point, asking them if it was for this or
 for that that they pelted us, I went over
 each topic of my previous discourse.

All listened eagerly now. The sullen,
 hostile look had gone. Shame for them-
 selves, and evident appreciation of the
 spirit that we had shown, led them ere
 long to interrupt me, saying: "It was
 only some of the vagabonds that cast
 stones at you. We will now see that you
 have fair play."

When we had finished our second
 preaching to them, and told them that
 we had in our hands a history of this



PELICANS.

thing to drop upon the sugar, which
 softens it into a syrup; then they draw
 this syrup up through their trunks.

Flies do not breathe through their
 noses. I do not know that they have
 noses. They breathe through little holes
 in their sides.

I have only one thing more to tell you
 about this curious little creature. It
 always keeps itself very clean. Have
 you ever seen a fly rub its front legs
 over its head? I suppose you have
 often wondered why it does this.

The under side of the fly's feet and its
 legs have tiny hairs on them. These are
 its hair-brushes, which it always carries
 ready for use. If any dirt gets on its
 head or face it brushes it off. Then it
 rubs its feet and legs together, so that
 no dirt shall stick to them. Do you not
 think that there are many boys and girls
 who may learn something even from a
 fly?

kill. Nothing but the mercy of the
 judge could have saved the boy from
 penal servitude. But happily the judge
 was merciful, refused even to order a
 flogging, and eventually allowed the
 youth to come up for sentence when
 called upon. Mark the result!

From the dock this rescued boy rose
 in after years to become one of the
 bravest and most respected petty officers
 of her Majesty's naval service; and the
 consciousness of his own safety and the
 lad's peril so affected the drunkard that
 he became a reformed character, and
 with his much-ried but forgiving wife
 lived happily together ever after. There
 are chords of humanity in that dramatic
 story and it is true.—London Telegraph.

"You've been hanging around here
 long enough," remarked the citizens'
 committee, as it proceeded to give the
 White-caps a taste of their own medicine.