

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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One at a Time.

One step at a time and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height ;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden
stores
Will slowly come to light ;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows,
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest
book
Is written and is read ;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head ;
One blow at a time, the tree's cleft
through,
And a city will stand where the forest
grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued
And the conflict will be won ;
One grain at a time, and the sands of
life
Will slowly all be run ;
One minute, another, the hours fly,
One day at a time, and our lives speed
by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well
stored,
Another, and more on them ;
And as time rolls on your mind will
shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will
tell
"One thing at a time, and that done
well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

FARMER BOYS.

"Farmer boys," says a wise and noble thinker, "you need not envy the young men who stand behind the counters of the city shops. You need not envy the young men who are making ready to take the places of the great army of lawyers and pettifoggers who are subsisting by the litigations of quarrelsome and contentious clients. And certainly you ought not to envy the boys who have no employment at all—those who are growing up to manhood without acquiring industrious habits upon which to rely in times of great need and pressing emergencies, whose idleness invites to temptations which so often lure to mental and bodily ruin. Your clothes may not be so finely spun and made as the raiment of the city boys ; but you are the peers of them all, with your bronzed faces and horny hands, however pretentious their employments. Your business is one which antedates every other vocation in the world. The farmer was ploughing and sowing, and reaping his harvests long before a merchant, lawyer, or doctor was known ; and he still stands foremost at the gates whence issue to the millions of the world the steady, never-failing streams of plenteousness and life.

"A generation or so ago, the brightest boys of the farmer's family were assigned to the professions. The dull fellows were sent to the farms. Nowadays a different order of things prevails. Once the idea was popular that only muscular strength was necessary on the farm—the strength to guide a plough, to wield an axe, a hoe, or a scythe—the endurance to go through with the sweltering tasks of summer or the exposing duties of winter. These important requisites given, a booby might fill the place as well as anyone else. So some folks used to think, but what say you working farmer boys ? Do you not place a higher

estimate upon your skill and upon your services ? Look up, then, and vindicate yourselves. You are getting health and strength from the wholesome exercises of the fields ; and that you may have the necessary intelligence to combine with the strength for the proper prosecution of your calling, apply yourselves diligently to acquiring knowledge whenever the respite from labour shall give you the opportunity."

historian, France is believed to have lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, of whom one hundred and fifty thousand died of cold, fatigue, and starvation. For a thousand miles the broad track of the retreating army was marked by the bodies of famished and frozen dead.

Reading this, and remembering how the death of half a dozen persons in a city fire or a railway accident sends a

BURDENS.

It was a dark winter's evening. The streets were almost deserted. Most of the houses on State Avenue were brilliantly lighted, but in one beautiful residence most of the windows were dark. In the parlour, with the lights turned low, sat a beautiful girl. Her golden hair was coiled loosely about her head, and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, mamma," she sobbed, "how could you be taken from me ? You were all I had. Papa's heart is broken, brother is going to the bad just as fast as he can, and I am all alone. Where shall I find help ? Must I bear it all alone ?"

As her sobs increased there was mingled with them the sound of music. A child's voice, apparently just outside the window, was singing the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She listened, first in wonder and then with deep interest, until the words :

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

The tears were gone from the sad face. "Will Christ help me ? Shall I go to him ? I'll see who the singer is."

She stepped to the window, and saw a small figure moving away. Raising the window, she said :

"My child, come here."

It was a poorly clad little girl who entered the room, with large, expressive brown eyes and dark hair, and a very pale face.

"Why did you come to my window and sing, Margaret ?" for that was the child's name.

"Oh, Miss Lenore, I was passing and saw you in the window, and thought how happy you must be, but when I came closer, I saw you were crying. When I feel bad I sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' Did I help you ? Oh, I wanted to very much."

"Yes, my child, you did help me, and now I must help you," said Lenore. "Why are you out this cold night ?"

The child told her she was looking for a letter from her papa, who was in the West trying to earn money to take them all there. She was going home from the post-office without any letter, and was asking Jesus to help her to be pleasant and a comfort to her mother, who was very anxious about the husband and father, as they had not heard from him for so long. Their last money was spent for coal that day.

After Lenore had promised to visit her, she went to her own room, her heart full of the thought, Jesus will help. Opening her Bible she found comfort in its promises, which she had never found before. Suddenly a thought came to her, and she returned to the parlour. When her brother came home he found her waiting for him. They talked till late, and when he kissed her good-night, he said : "Sister, I am going to be a better brother, and a better man."

The next morning she came down to breakfast with a lighter heart than she



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

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Just now everybody is talking, reading, writing about Napoleon Bonaparte. Next to Waterloo, the most striking and important military movement in the great Emperor's career was the march to Moscow, in the early fall of 1812, and the terrible retreat from that city, after its destruction by the Russians, in the following November and December. In the Russian campaign, says one

thrill of horror throughout our country nowadays, we may realize what a terrible thing is war, and how truly thankful we should be that our days are days of peace.

Charley--What makes the old cat howl so ? Walter—I guess you'd make a noise if you was full of fiddle strings inside.