

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

[No. 14

## MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

THE Mohammedans are, in their way, a deeply religious people. They have frequent hours of prayer which they devoutly observe, no matter where they may be—on sea or shore—in the desert or in the city. It is very impressive in the early hours of the morning to hear the muezzins cry from the lofty minaret, "Rise to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

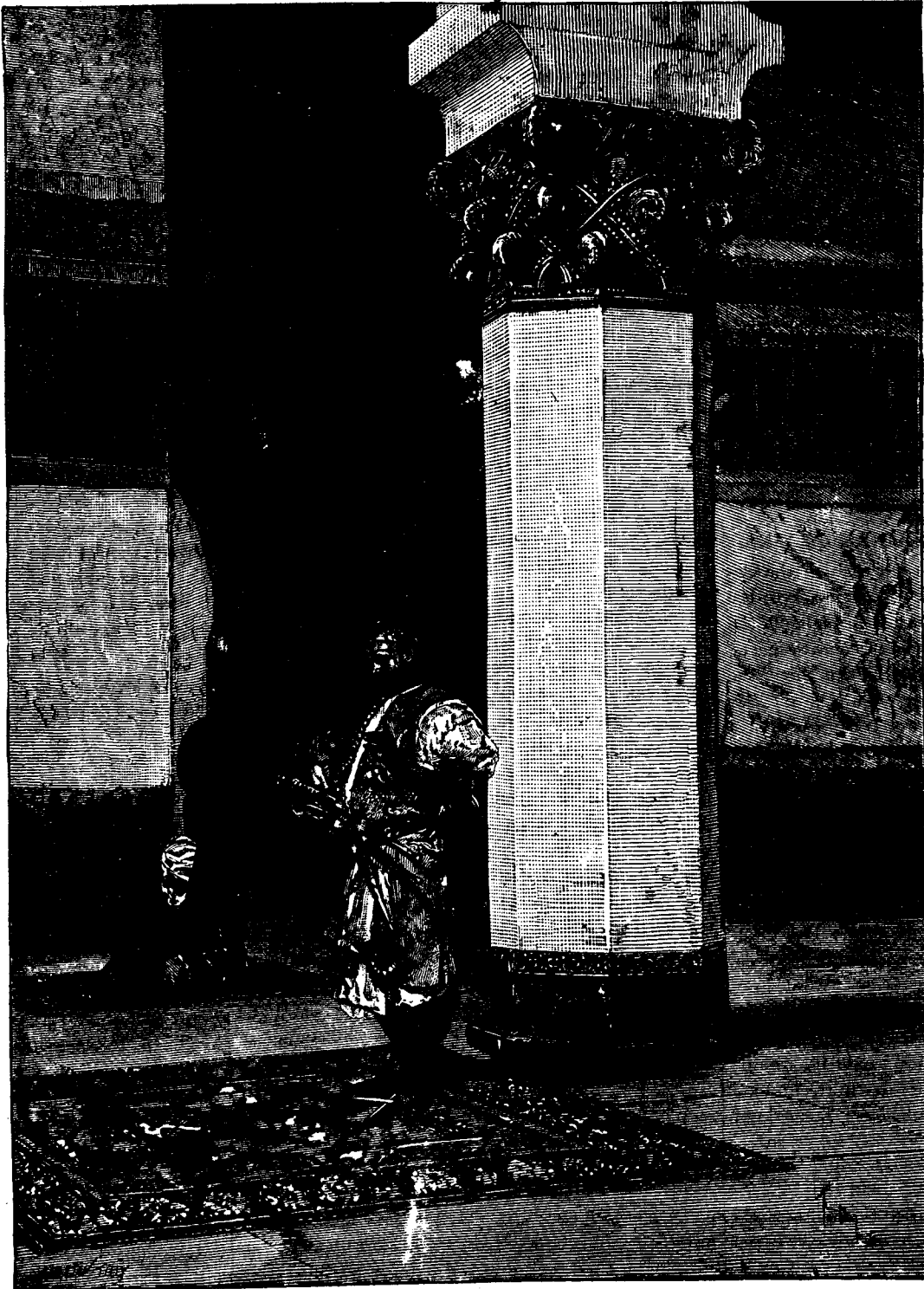
Though a very corrupt form of religion Mohammedanism is a great improvement on the degrading worship of idols which it superseded, and it may be a preparation of vast portions of the race for the purer religions of Jesus.

## LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them.

She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so, when she saw the drunken man coming, she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke. "Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"



MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

"I'm going to meeting, up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary, and she led the way; and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

sweet, childish way—to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.—S. S. Visitor.

THE weakness of your faith will not destroy you. A trembling hand may receive a royal gift. Great messages can be sent along slender wires. Think more of HIM to whom you look than of the look itself.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary, and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer and singing, the minister said: "Now, we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and they began to move away from him—some this way and some that—until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again and said: "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him; and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins, and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God; and he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him—in her