

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

[No. 41.]



HOW SHALL WE DIVIDE?

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It is a rather difficult problem to divide one orange among three people. I am inclined to think that the little girl will get the largest share. I want to call attention to the admirable quality of the engravings that are being given in our Sabbath-school papers. How well the dark eyes and rounded cheeks, and the very texture of the large white sleeves of these Italian dresses are given!

THE FROG SCHOOLMASTER.

BY W. K. MILLER.

A frog one day was sitting on a log in the middle of a swamp. It was a very warm day, and he sat there snapping busily at all flies and insects that came

his way. He was a very conceited fellow, and used to say, "Cro-dunk, cro-dunk," which, translated into English, meant, "I am a very wise old frog. I don't think that there is a wiser frog in all this swamp. By my outward appearance you might think that I am very green. But I know all about the great world in which I live." So he sat there soliloquizing. "You know that I have a very large school. I have got together quite a number of pupils. The school consists of six half-grown frogs whom I teach to dive, and nine tadpoles whom I am showing how to swim. After the exercises we sing a temperance hymn, for pure water is all that good frogs need." He then dived into the water and swam to an open place not far off. Here six or seven frogs were swimming

around, and also some tadpoles. As soon as the teacher came in sight they all swam toward him. "Now, then," said he, "take your places, and see if you can dive and swim the way that I told you to. They all went through their exercises perfectly, especially the tadpoles, who did excellently for such young creatures. "You may go now," said the frog. He then went back to the log, and said: "I think that I will go to my nice wife. We never fight nor quarrel, as people sometimes do—kerchug!" In England this last word means that he is a model frog in all respects."

Many a boy has missed a big opportunity by neglecting a little duty.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

When the grand old missionary, Judson, was one day laid aside from his work, his wife thought to divert him by reading some newspaper sketches of himself.

One compared him to Paul, another to John, and so on.

The modest old hero was amazed, and exclaimed: "I do not want to be like Paul, or Apollo, or any other man. I want to be like Christ. We have only One who was tried in all points like as we are, yet without sin. I want to drink in his spirit, to place my feet in his footprints, and to measure their smallness and shortcomings by Christ's footsteps only. Oh, if I could only be more like Jesus!"—Selected.