

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Sword and Plough.

There was once a Count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plough, he called for his sword—
That gallant, good and brave—
They brought them both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave—

"My firstborn son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well beloved younger boy,
My plough I o'er bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en to their dying day.

"Now, tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight,
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight."

Oh! ask not of me what the end may be;
Ask of the country round;
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide, in the golden bride,
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honour abides with the plough.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The picture here needs no explanation. At the top is a young lad—fair, bright, and hopeful, with life before him, and with the power of choice between good and evil, between light and darkness. The cut shows, on the one side, the different steps in a career which was the result of the former choice, and on the other side the steps following the latter choice. On the right hand, he develops into an honest, upright young man, fits himself at college for his life work, chooses his profession, business or trade, and fearing God and possessing the respect of his fellowmen, walks on along life's pathway to an honourable and happy old age.

On the left hand, how different! Look at the first step; what a contrast between that face and the one under the mortar-board! Those eyes dare not look you straight in the face. And so he goes on his downward path, for it is so easy to go down hill when a start is made. Every one of those five pictures is worse and more degraded than the one before it; then comes old age—a loveless, cheerless age, spent in the shadows and the gloom of poverty and sin. What is at the root of it all? Don't you see it is the Bible that is shedding the light, and the bottle that casts the dark shadow? And it is all in the starting, you see. They were in the same place at first. Be careful of your first step, boys.

SCHOOLBOY SLIPS.

Recently Truth offered a prize for the best authentic blunder made by a schoolboy. The following are some of those sent in:

Henry VIII. was brave, corpulent, and cruel; he was frequently married, before his death, to a widow; had an ulcer in his leg and great decision of character.

The British Constitution is what you may call a sound case, but on account of

its insolent position it suffers from fogs. A schoolboy, being questioned relative to Adam, was asked how Adam knew everything. "I suppose his mother told him," he replied. Schoolmaster—"Why was Jerusalem surrounded with walls?" Boy (after a careful pause)—"To keep out the milk and honey."

What were the last words of Charles I.? He held up his head and said, "This is the head of a traitor."

What was the use of the Cities of Refuge? They were used by those who had unintentionally committed suicide. Bombay is built in a hollow surrounded by hills, and the climate is such that the

A small child of eight, when asked, "What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?" promptly replied, "They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the devil and all the commandments."

CIGARETTE FILLINGS.

They are very often made of Turkish tobacco, into the composition of which opium enters largely. The effect of the constant inhalation of this narcotic is exceedingly injurious. It acts directly upon the nerves and the liver, and the

PRAYING FOR APPLES.

"I don't know, grandpa; I've prayed and prayed, and it don't seem to do much good. I've got almost discouraged." And Archy hung his head, and looked downcast enough indeed.

"I wouldn't," said grandpa; "I think apples are going to be plentiful this year."

"What if they are?" asked Archie in surprise.

"Why, I thought you liked apples as well as any boy?"

"So I do, grandpa; but what in the world have apples to do with a fellow's prayers? 'Pears like none of you can understand how hard it is for a boy to do right; you would not make so light of it if you did."

Grandpa was just about to laugh at Archie's aggrieved tone, but he turned and said to him, "Let me finish what I was going to tell you about apples, and then see if I don't understand more than you think I think apples are going to be plenty, because I just passed Mr. Miller's orchard, and he was out praying for a good crop."

"Not out in the orchard where every one could see him, surely?"

"Yes, he was out in the orchard and I don't think he cared who saw him. He is there yet, I presume, and if you want, you shall go and see him yourself."

Archie was too surprised to answer, but he took his grandpa's hand and went with him.

When they got there they could look over the high fence and see what was going on in the orchard. There was old Mr. Miller following the plough, and turning furrow after furrow of the green sod under, while the boys were hauling manure and spreading it in the furrow.

"I thought you said that Mr. Miller was—"

"Praying for apples? Exactly he has not had a good crop off the old orchard for several years now for the sod needed breaking up, and the trees enriched by fertilizing. Don't you think that after he has done all he can to make the conditions right for fruit bearing he can go to God and finish his prayer, with the feeling that all now rests with the Lord of the harvest?"

"Finish his prayer?" echoed Archie, in amazement, "if that is finishing his prayer, then I guess I have never begun some of mine."

"May be so, may be so," answered grandpa softly, as though speaking to himself. And then he added: "It would be hard for Squire Miller to pray a good crop of apples on those trees unless he made the soil richer first, eh Archie?"

"Forgive me, grandpa," answered Archie, "for what I said a minute ago about not understanding how it is for a boy. I was the only one who didn't understand that it was hard, and now you have shown me. I'm going to begin some of my prayers that I finished a long time ago. I'll quit playing with James Barnstone, and read my daily passages more, and see if I can't get the soil for my resolution a little richer."

"Nellie," said a mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is, she has been quite ill." In a few minutes Nellie came running back and reported, "She said I was to tell you that it was none of your business." "Why, Nellie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?" "Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent. "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."—Household Words.

"Of all the delegates that I met at that Christian Endeavour Convention," said Dr. Hill, "I liked him best who, on being asked what his business was, said 'I am a cheer-up-odist.'"



LIGHT AND SHADE.

inhabitants are compelled to live elsewhere.

A boy, asked what manna was, said, "Please, sir, it's taking your cap off to master and missus."

We know that St. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, because he mentions it in several of his epistles.

Methusalem was the longest man that ever lived.

Austria is watered by the Danube and its tributaries.

What was the Sallie law? A law which forbade any one coming to the throne whose mother wasn't a woman.

At a board school in London the other day, the children were set an essay on "Kindness to Animals," and one girl wrote: "It is cruel to cut off dogs' tails, as some wicked men do, for what God has joined together no man must put asunder."

constant smoker of so-called Russian or Turkish cigarettes soon becomes pale, jaundiced, and listless, the enervating drug sapping up the life of the smoker, and at the end of a few years leaving him unfit for work, and a veritable object of compassion in his inability to free himself from the baneful influence of subtle poison.

Another deleterious effect of cigarette smoking arises from the paper in which tobacco is wrapped. In the manufacture of this peculiar paper, white lead forms one of the component parts, and this is a deadly poison, which, absorbed into the system, produces blotches on the face, injures the teeth, and makes sores on the lips. These results may be seen frequently in a day's walk—startling warnings against the pernicious custom.—The Safeguard.