

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894.

[No. 19

Mother's Boys.

Yes! I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlour is littered,
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly at all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes! I know there are four little bed-sides,
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings—
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

MOSES.

ONE of the most romantic stories ever written is that of the career of Moses. He was born the child of a Hebrew slave, and was intrusted in his pitch-daubed ark of bulrushes to the current of the mighty Nile. But God's eye watched that frail bark freighted with the future destiny of Israel. He guided it to a quiet eddy, where it was discovered by the daughter of the greatest sovereign of the world. His winsome smile won the heart of the princess. With what joy the mother clasped again her babe in her arms as Pharaoh's daughter said "Take this child away and nurse it for me." Our picture shows the royal train at the portico of the stately palace.

For forty years Moses was trained in all the learning of the Egyptians, mighty in word and deed. Egypt was then the great university of the world. In the great temple of Thebes he was instructed in all that the age could teach. Yet at the call of duty he chose rather "to suffer with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." What a lesson this is for every boy and girl to choose the right, even though persecution attend it, rather than the wrong, though gilded with splendour and pomp.

On the banks of the Nile, near Cairo, the tourist is shown the spot where this Egyptian princess drew little Moses from the water. I made a pilgrimage to it just as the golden glories of the Egyptian sunset filled the sky, and the distant pyramids seemed changed to topaz in the flood of light.

I saw a few days later the monument erected by Pharaoh at Karnak, to Queen Hatsuz, this very princess who rescued Moses. Two of the loftiest obelisks ever made, 108 feet high, still bear her name. Across the river are the ruins of the great temple where Moses was trained in all the learning of the Egyptians. Now these are all crumbling ruins. The body of the princess of the Pharaohs is open to the gaze of the multitude in the museum of Gizeh. But the inspired teachings of Moses are incorporated in the laws and literature of all civilized nations on the face of the earth.

HOW THE JUNIORS EARNED A LIBRARY.

BY O. L. B.

THE Epworth League of Mayville had a fine library and the Juniors wished to have one also, and they had been working hard all summer to earn the money with which to buy it.

They had held several socials, and the older members had each pledged themselves to earn twenty-five cents for the League during the summer, but with all their work they had only nine dollars and sixty-eight cents left after buying a small

kind to her—and," said Mina, after a pause, "Jesus was kind to everybody, and we are trying to be like him."

So they decided to send the flowers. "Aunt Betsy" Smith was an old, very little sad-faced lady, who lived all alone in a cottage surrounded by apple trees, which bore an excellent quality of fruit, and she made her living by selling apples and raising chickens. No one knew much about her past life, but the children who had been driven from her place a few times for helping themselves to apples, had decided she was very stingy, and had, for some reason, given her the name of "Aunt

voice, while the lady sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, how can I thank you enough?" she said. "I was beginning to think that no one in all this world cared for me, and that even God had forgotten me; but I see it all plainly now, it was because I had been trying to bear my burden alone. I had not asked him to sustain me, but I will now," and throwing her arms about Mina she knelt and prayed.

When they arose from their knees Mina asked Mrs. Smith if there was anything she could do for her. She answered that she had been unable to leave for a week and had nothing to eat but a little bread.

Mina started to go home for food, but Mrs. Smith detained her, saying she had money enough to buy everything she needed, and sent her to the store instead. She soon returned with a basketful of provisions and, promising to call again next day, hastened home.

On her way to school next morning Mina stopped and made things comfortable for Mrs. Smith, then hurried on to tell her young friends of her experiences of the night before. They were all very much interested, and planned to go, two at a time, to visit the old lady each day and help her all they could. The boys promised to chop the wood and carry the water for her, and the girls were to do the rest until she was well again. When the boys' and girls' mothers heard of their plan, they went and offered their assistance, but Mrs. Smith declined, saying that she preferred the children's work as long as she was not very ill; and under their watchful care she soon grew better. One day when some of the League were calling upon her, she took a letter from her pocket and said that she had just received an invitation to go and live with her only brother, whose home was in California, and that she intended to go. Then she told them that she had once had a beautiful home of her own, with a kind husband and loving family, but God had called them all to his heavenly home, and she and her brother were all that were living of a very large family, and they expected to join their dear ones soon. Then she thanked the children very heartily for their kindness to her, and ended by placing a large white envelope in the hands of Julia Evans, their president, which she made them promise not to open until the next Sunday at the Junior meeting.

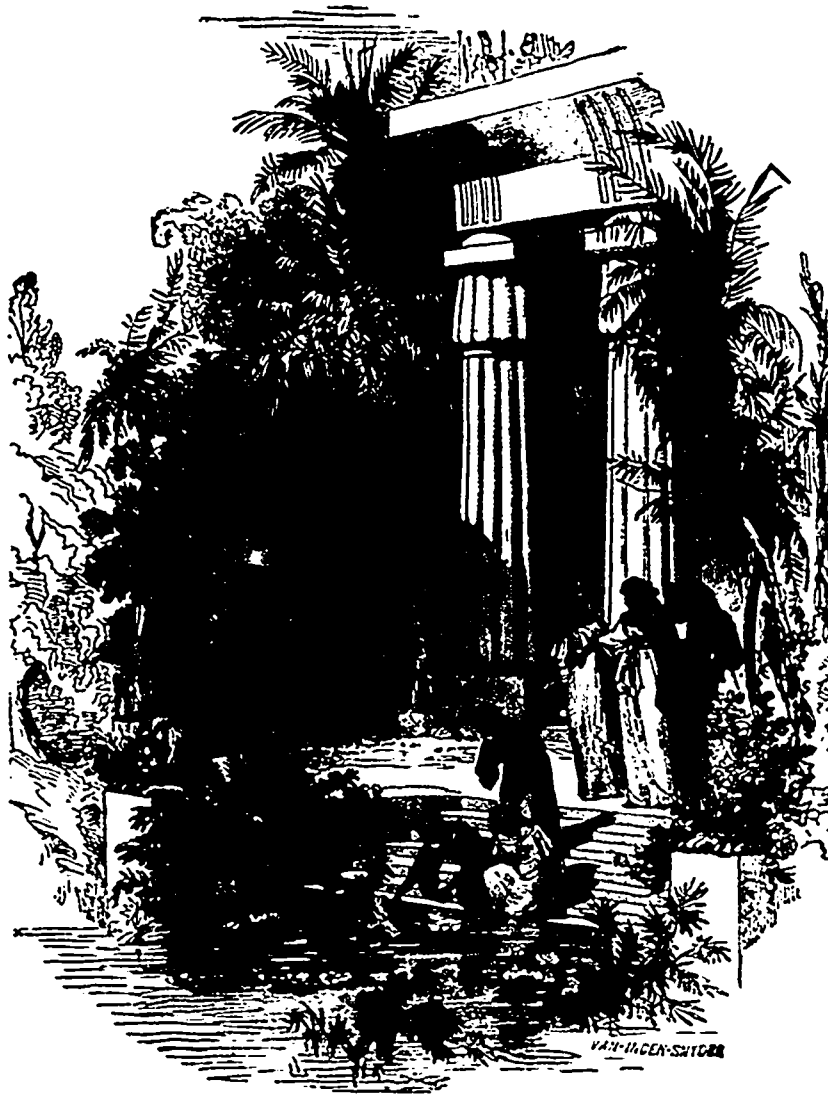
On the following Sunday every member of the League was in his place long before the hour for opening the meeting, so anxious were they to see the contents of the white envelope. When, at last, Julia arose in her place and opened the envelope everyone waited almost breathlessly. There was another one inside the large one, from which Julia read, "For the Junior Epworth League library, from Mrs. Smith." Then she tore open this envelope and slipped from it—what do you think?—a fifty-dollar bill!

The children clapped their hands, then remembering that it was Sunday, tried to be quiet.

"Let's all go up there together and thank her for it," said Dick Thompson. "We can't, for she is gone," she went yesterday," said Mina sorrowfully.

Then the girls all huddled together and began to cry, for they had learned to love Mrs. Smith dearly, and the boys walked away, for they weren't going to act like babies. It was but a short time before the Junior League of Mayville had nearly a nice library as the Epworth League had, and they take great pride in telling how they got it; and Mina always says, when telling about it, "God helped us because we tried to help ourselves and to be kind to the afflicted."

Clinton, Wis.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

book-case, and this sum would never buy books enough to start a library, such as they wanted, and they must study up some plan for earning more money. It was for this purpose that a business meeting was called to meet in the Sunday school room at 4.30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

Nineteen boys and girls, with earnest, hopeful faces, met promptly at the appointed hour and talked over several plans of work. Just as the meeting was about to close, Mina Telman, president of the Mercy and Help department, suggested that the League should send a bouquet to "Aunt Betsy" Smith, who had been ill several days.

"Oh, we don't want to send any flowers to her, stingy old thing," said Dick Thompson, decidedly.

"But she is poor, and I don't believe she has many friends, so we ought to be

Betsy," which seemed to stick to her, though people always addressed her as "Mrs. Smith," for there was an air of dignity about her which forbade familiarity. Mina and the girls of her department of work prepared a beautiful little bouquet and tied it with a white ribbon, to which was attached a card bearing on one side "Compliments of the Junior Epworth League," and on the other, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." This Mina carried to the little cottage, and Mrs. Smith, looking more sad than usual, opened the door.

"Here is a bouquet from the Junior League," said Mina; "how are you to-day?" The old lady took the flowers in her trembling hands, looked at the card and asked Mina to read the words, as she could not see them. Mina read them in a clear