

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1897.

[No. 17.]

## QUICK.

Oh, how many hearts are breaking!  
Oh, how many hearts are aching  
For a loving touch and token,  
For the word you might have spoken!  
Say not in the time of sorrow,  
"I will soothe their grief to-morrow."  
Prove your friendship, lest they doubt it!  
Go at once; be quick about it!

## A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

Do not toss your head and thrown down the paper when you have read the heading of this article, my pretty one, and say, with a curl of the lip, "There's another lecture," for you are mistaken. I dislike personal lectures, too, but I would like to gather you all around me for a little chat about some things of interest to you and me. Having lived a few years longer than you, I have learned some things which perhaps might do you good.

The world needs bright, cheerful, Christian girls. There is enough of gloom and sadness. Faces become clouded, because of the heartache beneath, and too many turn to the vain amusements of the world for relief. Let your life be a ray of sunshine, warming and brightening everything it touches. A smile is contagious, and there are few persons who can resist its influence. Your mission is to be good and do good; while you are fulfilling your mission you can have a good time. Crowd every day with pleasure. The world is full of beauty for eyes that are open to it. God loves the beautiful. Why should not you enjoy it? But do not abuse it, or it will become like apples of Sodom in your hands.

Now, girls, there is one thing I do not want you to do. Do not give your best to strangers, leaving the dear ones at home to take as a matter of course. Your love to them. Too often there are

"Smiles for the sometime guest,  
And for your own the angry tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

Let father, mother, brother, and sister, feel that you are the dearest, most helpful girl that ever lived, whose very presence is restful. Have you never seen the tender, mellow light in a mother's eyes as she talked about the daughter who had been her staff and comfort till another had taken her to make a home for him? Richer than a crown of jewels is a mother's blessing, and more to be desired than wealth or fame a father's benediction. They are worth all the time, patience, and labour you can give.

## THE SAILOR'S YARN.

There are few things that old sailors like better than to tell their adventures to an interested audience of young people. And such an audience the ocean salt in our picture seems to have. The boy and girl are eagerly drinking in his story of perils by sea and by land. Indeed, sailors often fear the land more than the sea, and in a storm are said to often express their pity for "them unhappy folks ashore." The boy is in a fair way to become infatuated with the sea. But probably a voyage before the mast would take a good deal of the romance out of it.

Diner—"Waiter, how long will my omelet be?" Waiter—"I can't tell exactly, sir; but they average about nine minutes."

## A COW'S MOO.

Harper's Round Table picks up a good many interesting stories about children. A recent number has the following:

A very small girl was learning to write. Her teacher ruled the slate and set her "copies," and Lucy took great pains with the pot-hooks and round o's with which she began. One day the teacher set down something new for Lucy to copy—M-o-o—Moo.

"What is it?" asked Lucy, with a puzzled look.  
"That is 'Moo.' The noise a cow

## CAN YOU GRASP IT?

The newspaper is a wonderful enlightener in these modern times, but the good in it is often like a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. Read this, and think of the amount of chaff a newspaper reader devours.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate of the circulation of the papers of the world is estimated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp the idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,460 square miles of surface, that it is printed on

## A WIDOW'S ONLY CHILD.

A poor widow had a son, whom she loved dearly, for he was her only child. Her love met with no kind return, nothing that she said was heeded by him. He would do just what he liked, in spite of his mother's wishes and entreaties.

When about sixteen years of age, this stubborn lad left his mother without bidding her good-bye. Many an anxious tearful night did she pass, wondering what had become of him. About a year afterward he was brought home very ill. He had fallen from a scaffold,

fever had seized his brain, and for several days his life was in great danger. His mother was ever near him doing all of which her loving heart could think. At the end of a fortnight his senses returned. At first he wondered where he was and such was his weakness that he did not wish to open his eyes but lay very still, trying to call to mind what had taken place. He soon thought of the fall by which he had been stunned, then called to mind what he had been doing some time before this, and felt a little ashamed of himself. "But where am I now?" thought he. While thus thinking he heard his mother's voice saying very softly, "He has had a fine sleep; I think he is better." The sick lad then said to himself, "I find that I am at home. In my own little room, with my mother to nurse me; and she still loves me." Next came such thoughts as these: "I ought to love my mother for all her love to me, and try to make her happy. I do love her, and feel very sorry that I have caused her so much sorrow.

At that moment he felt his mother was leaning over him. Her gentle hand was laid on his still aching head; a warm tear fell on his cheek, and a soft kiss was impressed on his forehead. He could contain himself no longer. He opened his eyes, which were filled with tears, looked up in his parent's face, as he had not for many a long day, and said, "My dear mother!" His look, his words, his tears, his pressure of the hand, all went to the mother's heart, and made her weep tears of joy. This was the beginning of many happy days; for the mother loved God, and she had the pleasure of seeing her son love Him too as well as love herself. Now was it not true that this mother loved her son before he loved her? And was it not the knowledge and belief of her love to him that led him to love her? Was not her love very strong? And was not his love quite reasonable? And did it not make him very happy? Now apply this to yourself. God loves his children wherever they are far more than that mother loved her child. Well may the Christian exclaim, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins."

Oh, what love the Father bore us!  
Oh, how precious in his sight!  
When he gave his Church to Jesus—  
Jesus, his whole soul's delight.

Though our nature's fall in Adam  
Seemed to shut us out from God,  
Thus it was his counsel brought us  
Nearer still, through Jesus' blood.

For in him we found redemption,  
Grace and glory in his Son. (Col 3:3)  
Oh, the height and depth of mercy!  
Christ and we, through grace, are one.

In Russia only one-quarter of the men can read and write, and only two women out of every hundred.



THE SAILOR'S YARN.

makes, Lucy. See, it is made up of pot-hooks and round o's, just what you have been learning on."

So Lucy sat down and prepared to copy "Moo." But she did it in a queer way. She made an M at the beginning of each line and followed each M with a whole string of o's across the slate, like this—Moooooo.

"But that isn't right, Lucy," said the teacher, when the little girl showed her the slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it. So—Moo."

Lucy looked at the teacher's copy, and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly.

"Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said. "For I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Moo' as you wrote down!"

781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number (12,000,000,000) represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these, and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate) we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee.