

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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The Farmer.

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The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant, he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain.
And men may rise, and men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

FEEDING THE GULLS.

GULLS are groups of sea-birds, belonging to the genus *Larus* or *Linnaeus*, of which there are forty-nine species. Some of the species are distinguished by their size, others by their colour, the shape of their tails, wings, or feet, and one especially is distinguished from all the others by their unselfishness. As soon as one of the birds of that species sees anything to eat, it immediately gives a peculiar cry, which at once summons all the others to come and partake too. I think this is the species shown in the picture, for see how they are coming from all directions to get the food offered by the young lady.

A SAD STORY.

LOOKING over the daily papers not long since, this heading appeared among the local items, "A Sad Story." It was a short, concise story, printed in ten lines of the column devoted to local items: "Frank Talbot, a young man twenty-six years old, died in the jail last night of consumption. He had been committed for drunkenness the week before. When he was told he could not live long, he gave his story to the physician. He had been living in the city under an assumed name for a year, because he did not wish to disgrace his friends. His family did not know where he was, although they had always been kind to him, and tried to do all they could to save him. He had a good position in his native town, but lost it, because his head was not kept level enough to fill the responsibilities. He would have his sprees. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, the exposures incident to a vagrant, drunkard's life, had told upon him. His friends were notified of his illness, but he had passed away before their arrival."

A sad story indeed! But the boy who heard it read said, "He needn't have been a drunkard, he might have behaved himself." Yes, yes, he might have been somebody of whom his friends would have been proud, but instead of that he was a source of sorrow to them. That young man had good parents and Christian teaching, but liquor was his master. Once he was a temperate, happy boy, but sometime he took a first drink, and that was the beginning of all his ruin and shame. You boys may not

liquor-drinking once formed is something very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper a few weeks since an arrest of a middle-aged man for a serious crime was mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds of all the crime committed, was due to the same cause—strong drink. Following the notice was this statement made by the prisoner:

"Drink was the cause of my ruin. Nobody knows the power of such an appetite but the man who has suffered from it.

loved my child, but chains were forged about me that I could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is to reform after one has formed the habit of drinking. The problem of rescuing the country from this terrible curse is agitating the wisest heads. They feel that it must be driven out; but what is the best way to do it? That is the question. You boys can solve the problem, as far as you are individually concerned, by being determined that you will never take even one drink. If every boy would make that resolution and keep it, old King Alcohol's head would soon tumble off and roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in view of the ruined lives—thousands of them—the broken-hearted mothers, the sorrowing friends, and the unlimited amount of human misery caused by this power of evil, I beg that you will consider this momentous subject, and pledge yourselves to do all you can, in the name and with the help of the Lord, to exterminate "the serpent of the still."—Susan Teall Perry, in *Evangelist*.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A FEW years ago, as the story is told in the English papers, the Princess of Wales went to the table of the Holy Communion accompanied for the first time by her eldest son. She gave him that morning a little manuscript book containing texts and verses of hymns, which she had copied for him, "hoping," as she said afterward, "that they might help him to keep closer to the cross."

After his death, as she was stooping over him to lay some flowers on his breast, she saw upon a little table close to his bedside, the book, bearing marks of long and constant use.

The Princess told this fact to Canon Fleming, adding, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "I could not but feel that Eddy had clung to the cross."

The woman who, in her grief, told the story of her dead boy, because she knew that all other mothers would be glad with her, is the daughter, the wife, the mother of kings and princes. Yet the little worn book which gave her a hope that "Eddy had turned to the cross" is of more value to her now than that proudest of earthly crowns, which he lost in dying.

The boy who is a prince or the boy who is in a school or shop or office may believe that power, money, prizes of one sort or another, are the only things to think of and work for, and his mother may spend her life in trying to gain these things for him; but when the boy, in the midst of his work or fun, suddenly feels Death's hand upon him, it is only his soul and his fate that he thinks of.

And his mother, be she queen or slave, when she stands over the dead body of her boy, would give all the rank or wealth or success which she had hoped to see his, for one word to tell her that he had clung to the cross.

It was Richter who said: "I love God and little children." I think that those of us who can sincerely say those words of ourselves need fear no evil thing in this life.



FEEDING THE GULLS.

as yet have been tempted by this form of evil, but the temptation is sure to come to you, as it has to others. Many a boy as bright, as well beloved, as well brought up and cared for as you have been, has become a drunkard.

Older tempters have argued with him that a man who cannot drink as much as he thinks good for him, but no more, is not a very strong character. But let me tell you, my boys, the only safety from being overcome by strong drink is to let it entirely alone. No arguments for or against will be necessary then. The power of the habit of

Years ago I took my dying mother's hand and promised her I would never drink another drop. I meant just what I said. I tried hard to keep my promise; but the terrible thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a few weeks I was drinking as hard as ever. Two years ago my little girl died. She begged me on her death-bed to stop drinking, and I promised her I would. I called upon God to witness the promise. I wanted to keep it, but after my little girl had gone the terrible thirst for liquor came again. I fought against it, but it overpowered me. Drink had destroyed my will-power. I