

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE MORNING HYMN.

HERE is no better way of beginning a day with a hymn of praise. In many schools this is the custom. In Germany, most of the schools sing the grand old German verse of Luther's and then in work with the words and the melody still ringing in their heads. In the state schools of England this is the case, only the German hymns are changed to those of some of our beautiful old English hymns. In our cut we see seven or eight girls singing the Morning Hymn of praise and thanksgiving. They seem to enter into it, all going away with their heads in different positions as the music rolls off of their young lips. Look at the tiny little one listlessly standing with her little head on one hand and finger between her lips, listening to the sweet strains of her school companions. What a pretty group it makes up altogether, with the bright, pleasing faces and picturesque caps and aprons.

which roots and herbs were their only food. When Mr. Vinton had given out his last bushel of rice, there were thousands of starving Karens who looked to him for their next meal.

Going to the rice merchants, he said, "Will you trust me for a ship-load of rice? I cannot pay you

The missionary filled his granaries and out-buildings with rice. He fed native Christians and heathen. He tried to keep an account with each applicant. But they came by thousands, and the account book was thrown aside.

"You are ruining yourself," remonstrated his friends. "You don't know the names of half the people to whom you are giving this rice. How do you expect to get your pay?"

"God will see to that," replied the man who had learned to do his duty and trust God.

"Every cent of the money expended was refunded," writes his daughter, Mrs. Luther.

After the famine was over Mr. Vinton went out among the Karens in their jungles. Even the heathen gathered round him, bringing their wives and children to see the man who had saved them from starving.

"This is the man who saved our lives!" cried crowds of heathen Karens. "We want his religion," and down on their knees they dropped and would have worshipped him, had he not sternly restrained them.

To-day, though he has been dead more than twenty years, "the name of Justus Hatch Vinton is a talisman through the jungles in all that country. The Karens speak it with moistened eyes and bated breath. They still say in hushed tones, 'He saved our lives.'"

THAT BOY.

BY ARTHUR SPRING.

His name is not Solon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were one once. Call to mind what you thought and how you felt. Give that boy a chance! Keep near to him in sympathy. Be his chum. Do not make too many cast-iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have a "good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball, or a half day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steady in the path which leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching high above the mountain peak. He is worth a million times his weight in gold.—Selected.



THE MORNING HYMN.

the Karen missionary, the Rev. Vinton, lived at Rangoon. He began giving the little store of rice which he had laid in for his mission-school. The news spread—"There is rice at Teacher Vinton's." The Karens flocked to his house. Stalwart men, hundreds of miles, carrying a basket or bag, came to receive rice for their families. Some fell at the missionary's door, others died in the streets, exhausted by their long journey, during

now, and I do not know when I can pay you. But I will pay you as soon as I am able." Their answer showed that these native merchants, shrewd, calculating heathen, who could see their countrymen die and yet raise the price of rice day by day, considered the missionary's words the best sort of security.

"Mr. Vinton," they said, "take all the rice you want. Your word is all the security we want. You can have a dozen cargoes if you wish."