

PLEASANT NOUERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Save the Boy.

Once he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine;
Questioned me so wondrously,
Of the mysteries divine;
Once he fondly clasped my neck,
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet:
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove the precious feet

Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
To the rescue swiftly come;
Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
Save him from the curse of rum!

Once his laugh, with merry ring,
Filled our house with music rare,
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossoms for my hair.
Oh, the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy,
But to-night! O God, to-night,
Where, oh! where's my wand'ring
boy?

'Midst the glitter and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there,
He who once so reverent knelt
At my knee and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God;
Oh, my heart is smitten—broke!
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy!
Led him down and down to death;
Robbed me of my rarest joy,
Made a pang of every breath.
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea!
Let your pleadings pierce the sky,
Pray and work most earnestly—
Let us save our boys or die!

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"He's paid me too much."
Ned's fingers were rapidly turning
over two or three bills.

"Yes—three dollars too much. He
must have thought this five-dollar bill
was a two."

The boy sat for a few moments in
deep thought.

"I don't care. It's no more than my
rightful due—only I don't get it. Twelve
dollars a month for my whole time out
of school. It doesn't begin to pay for
all I do, and I wouldn't stand it if I
could help myself. Everybody says old
Curtis is a real grind. Of course, I
shall keep this. He gave it to me. If
he has made a mistake that's his own
lookout. That settled, what shall I do
with this lucky windfall? I'm to have
a half-holiday the last Saturday in
the month. This would give me a run down
to the shore. I never get out of the
city. It seems as if this had come just
to give me a chance."

Carefully laying the money in a safe
place, Ned quickly absorbed himself in
study. All the week he took little time
for thought. It was easy to avoid it,
for between work and study few boys
were so busy as he. Night found him
so "dead tired" that the sound sleep
which blesses labour was his rich re-
ward. Then came a night or two in
which he had to fight hard against a
troublesome, intrusive thought. By the
aid of some intricate calculations he suc-
ceeded in refusing entertainment to the
unwelcome visitor. As the time drew
near, he laid all his plans for his sea-
shore frolic. And when early sleep
seemed to evade him, he strove to fix his
mind upon his anticipated pleasure. But
far into the last Friday night in the
month, he got up, lit his lamp, and
gazed fixedly into his mirror.

"Ned Harper, you're a thief."
Pausing for a moment, as if to famil-
iarize himself with the sound of his self-
accusation, he resumed:

"You are, and you know it. That
is, you are as long as that money is in
your hands. It is not yours, and all
your fine talk can't make it so. You're
on the right side of it now, but in one
day you would have been on the wrong
side. You would have been a thief,
thief, thief, all your life. Nothing could
ever have put you back where you are
now by the grace of God."
"You made a mistake in your last

payment," said Ned, going with the
money to his employer.

"Ah, did I? When did you find it
out?"

He looked keenly at the boy's painful
flush as he asked. Ned had hoped he
would not ask. For a moment he
thought of evading the question by half
truth. Then came the thought. "Be-
cause I came next door to being a thief,
I needn't come next door to being a
liar."

"I—saw it soon after," he said.
"Like enough he'll discharge me,"
was Ned's conclusion in the matter.
But he was not discharged. Little by
little Mr. Curtis placed more important
work in his hands, and by slow degrees
led him up to a position of trust and
confidence.

"I have kept him," he explained to a
friend, "because I like a young fellow
who has a conscience."

thoughtful grandchild can do a great deal
to make her grandmother happy and save
her trouble in her old age, if she only
tries.

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of
the islands of Western Scotland, there
lived a poor widow and her son. She
trained him in the fear of the Lord, and
well did he repay her care. He was her
stay and support, though only sixteen
years of age. They were very poor, and
to help their scanty meals, Ronald, her
son, used to collect sea-birds' eggs upon
the neighbouring cliffs. The feat was
accompanied with considerable danger,
for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's
blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs,
having supplied himself with a strong
rope, by which to get down, and a knife

piercing exclamation which was heard
by his companions above, who saw his
danger, and gently tried to draw him
up. Awful moment! As they drew in
each coil, Ronald felt thread after thread
giving way. "O Lord! save me," was
his first agonizing cry, and then, "O
Lord! comfort my dear mother." He
closed his eyes on the awful scene as
he felt the rope gradually breaking. He
nears the top; but, oh! the rope is break-
ing. Another and another pull! Then a
snap, and now there is but one strand
supporting him. He nears the top, his
friends reach over to grasp him, he is
not yet within their reach. One more
haul of the rope. It strains, it un-
ravel under his weight. He looks be-
low at the dark waste of boiling,
fathomless water, and then above to the
glorious heavens. He feels he is going.
He hears the wild cry of his companions,
the frantic shriek of his fond mother,
as they hold her back from rushing to
try to rescue her child from destruction.
He knows no more; reason yields; he be-
comes insensible. But just as the rope
is giving way, a friend stretches forward
at the risk of being dragged over the
cliff. A strong hand grasps him, and
Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I
want you, in this true and simple nar-
rative, to see your own condition. If
living for this world, you are frittering
away your precious moments in pursuing
perishing trifles. By the cord of life
you are suspended over the awful abyss
of eternal perdition.

As year after year passes away, the
rope of life becomes smaller and smaller.
Strand after strand snaps as the knell
of each departing year tolls its mourn-
ful notes. How many threads are now
left, can you tell? Do you realize your
awful position? It cannot be worse.
How vividly Ronald realized his position
in that fearful moment when the last
strand was giving way, thread by thread
—when, overcome by the sense of his
danger, and when that danger was most
imminent, a strong hand was stretched
out to save him, which brought him
safely beyond the reach of further dan-
ger, and placed him in the loving arms
of his parent! May the Lord reveal
to you, dear unsaved one, your danger
that you may flee at once to the Saviour
of sinners.



SUNDAY MORNING.

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The village church is probably a long
way for the old lady in our picture to
walk, and so when the other members of
the household have gone her little grand-
child places a comfortable arm-chair in
front of the porch and makes her grand-
mother nice and comfortable with a pil-
low. Then she brings a stool for her-
self, and taking on her lap the old family
Bible, their most precious book, she
reads aloud some of the pas-
sages the old grandmother knows so
well, and yet loves to hear over and over
again. Her life has been a long one,
and in her troubles and difficulties, she
has many a time sought comfort from
its golden pages, and is never weary of
listening to the same old story. What a
pretty picture it makes, with the little
girl reading reverently and the old lady
listening thoughtfully, and the old-
fashioned cottage-window behind them,
with the roses climbing up the wall. A

to strike the bird, should he be attacked.
How magnificent was that scene! The
cliff rose several hundred feet above the
sea, whose wild waves lashed madly
against it, dashing the glittering spray
far and near.

Ronald fastened one end of the rope
firmly upon the top of the cliff, and the
other round his waist, and was then
lowered until he got opposite one of the
fissures in which the birds build,
when he gave the signal to his com-
panions not to let him down any farther.
He planted his foot on a slight projec-
tion of the rock, grasped with one hand
his knife, and with the other tried to
take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at
him and attacked him. He made a
blow with the knife; but, oh! horrible
to narrate, in place of striking the bird,
he struck the rope, and, having severed
some of the strands, he hung over that
wild abyss of raging waves by only a
few threads of hemp. He uttered a

HOW GRANDPA BOILED THE EGGS

"It's half-past eleven," said grandpa,
"and the mason will not have the chim-
ney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must get along
with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment,
"perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will
try it."

"But isn't it too windy to make a
fire out-of-doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come
out and see. Bring the eggs," he added,
"and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few minutes after, grandma
and Edith went out in the back yard,
grandpa was putting some fresh lime in-
to an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought,
and filled it nearly full of cold water.
Then fitting the lid on carefully, he set
it in a hollow place he made in the lime.
Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn?" she asked.

"Shall I bring the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa. "I was
not to use any fire. We'll start it with
cold water."

"Now I know you're joking," said
Edith.

"Wait a moment," said grandpa,
"and you'll see."

He poured in the water and put a
board over the pail.

"Oh!" cried Edith, when, in a very
short time, it began to bubble and steam,
as if a hot fire were burning under the
pail, and "Oh!" she cried, a great deal
louder, when a white, creamy mass came
pouring over the top and down the sides
of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes
the bubbling ha' n'most stopped, and