

THE LITTLE PILGRIM

LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1893.

[No. 17.]

Vol. XIII.]

Be Pure, Boys.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Be pure! Thy very lips be pure!
Oh, stain them not with words of wrong,
Nor soil them with the touch of Drink
That weakens all whom God made strong.

Be pure! Oh, let thy hands be clean;
By touch of sin, be ne'er defiled.
To smite the wrong, a man be thou;
In innocence, be thou a child!

Be pure! Thy feet be pure, and shun
The dark and miry ways of sin.
Take clean, bright paths that aim at heaven;
Who steadfast climbs shall enter in.

Be pure! If thou within be clean,
Thy life will shine e'en as the light.
Then, Father, hear thy children cry,
And make our souls like snowflakes white.

AVENUE OF PALMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

BY L. D. PHILIPS.

At first I thought I should never see any thing in the whole world that charmed me as the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. It is even more beautiful than the renowned Bay of Naples or the Golden Horn of Constantinople. As I lounged on the deck of our ship, watching the night steal over that city, the whole scene was one of marvellous enchantment and fairy-like loveliness. And I expected to bring away with me, as the rarest and dearest memory, a picture of this bay as it looked that night—the brilliant waters, the lamps on the ferry-boats, that glowed like rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, as they shot across the sea; but I brought another picture to remember best. I do not know that you would care for it as I did; but it rests me to recall it, and I can close my eyes and see at will that stately avenue, that grand old avenue of palms, in the city of Rio de Janeiro. Your book tells you much about the Brazilian forests. Well, their magnificence is awe-inspiring. The foliage shows every tint of green; birds of glittering plumage flit through giant boughs, and flowers of rainbow beauty are everywhere. They are worth talking about; but this palm avenue is too exquisitely beautiful for words to picture. You must see that yourself.

ONE BOY'S DECISION.

BY L. A. OBEAR.

He stood with his back against the side of the house—this boy of fifteen—with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seemingly watching his foot, pushing a pebble forth and back on the gravel. But he was thinking. His uncle had said at the breakfast-table:

"You are fifteen to-day, Ralph; just the age I was when I started out into the world to get a living. Make up your mind what you want to do, and I will try to get a place that will suit you. Here is a half-dollar to get you a lunch, and you can go into the city and look about, see what people are doing, and at night come home. If you don't see anything that looks desirable to-day, go again to-morrow."

If you could have looked into the boy's mind as he stood there, you would have seen something like these thoughts:

"I am bound to be a rich man sometime, and of course I must make up my mind to find something to do that I can begin right off to earn money fast. And I mustn't be afraid of hard work till I get money, as my uncle says, 'to earning money for me.' I will go into the city; and I'll look about sharper than ever I did before, and then I'll make up my mind."

Ralph went into the house to make some

he came into the city other thoughts besides that one determination to be rich were in his mind.

He must heed his mother's advice, and not let a desire to become rich lead him into anything that would injure others, or prevent him from becoming a good and honourable man. He'd bear that in mind.

He had thought, when his uncle spoke of an immensely wealthy man who got his

stroll. He was wide awake and quick to observe as never before. He examined drinking palaces and more common liquor-saloons with a critical scrutiny, both on his way and while he was eating his lunch at what seemed a very respectable restaurant; and this was the result: He did not apply for a place. He would go in another day, first taking his uncle and aunt's advice; and he would have nothing to do with ardent spirits. The finely-dressed men who came out of the saloons, fitted up so splendidly, were not such men as he liked; and certainly those he saw about the lower places he had passed did not look like prosperous men. Neither were those who passed from the lunch to the rear room, where he ate his dinner, men he would desire to be like.

None of them acted like good men. When they spoke they used profane words. They (most of them) were coarse and loud-talking, or silly, or bandying foolish jokes, and laughing at them themselves. This was true even of the finely-dressed men he saw through the windows of the elegant saloons.

Then he suspected there was gambling there, too; and it was likely he could be connected with such business and come out a good, honourable man? And if he could, would it be right to help so many spend their money uselessly? And could he be indeed a good man, and be the cause of all the sorrow and poverty and crime that came from the liquor he had made or sold? No! How could he have thought of such a thing?

"There were other ways of becoming rich than by rum selling or making; and if there wasn't, rich men aren't the happiest or most useful men always, and I am sure rich rumsellers can't be! So there's one way I sha'n't try to get rich!"

The next day he used his eyes in the city to good advantage, and when we hear of Ralph Hudson again it will be as a truly successful, if not a "rich," man.

WHAT JOHNNY THINKS.

WELL, sir, I'll tell you. I think it pays to think of the church and those things first, and of yours secondly. I did not use to do that way; but last fall mother said one day:

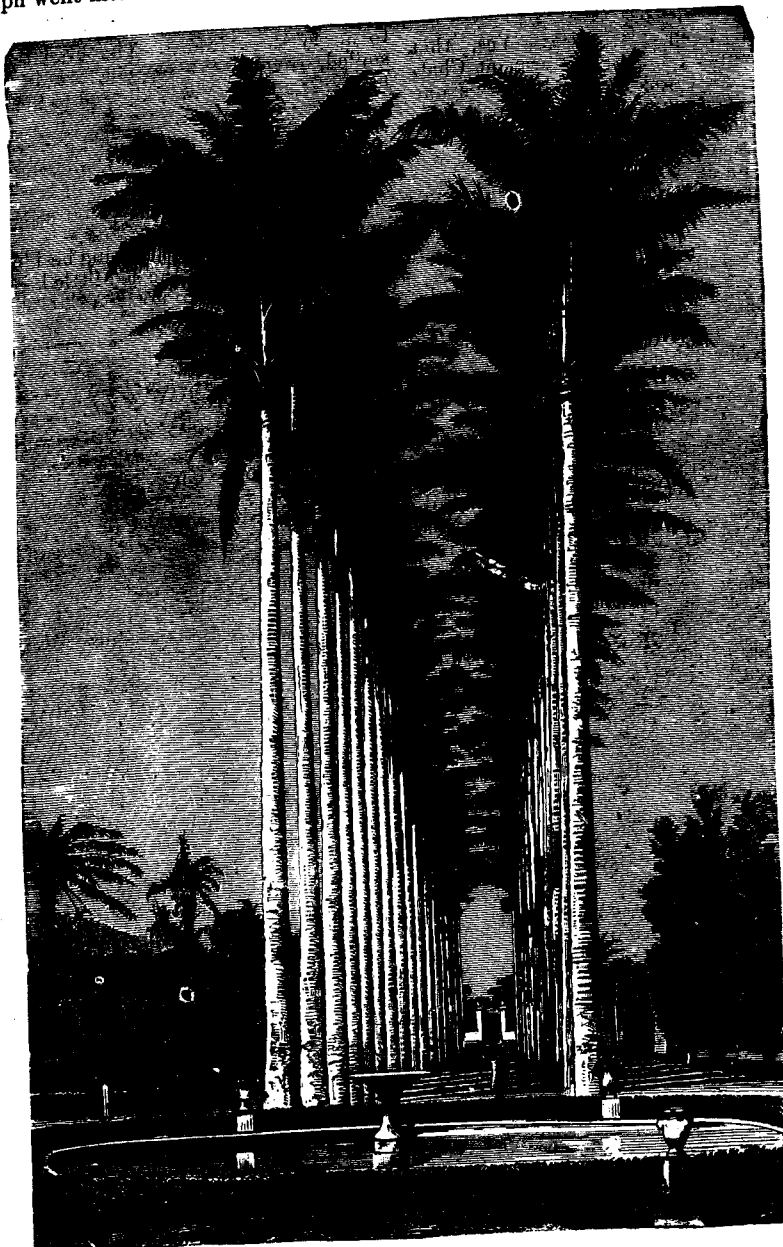
"Well, Johnny how much are you going to give to help build our new church? You've got five dollars."

"Huh!" said I, "that's all I have got. I want to get a pair of shoes with those five dollars."

Mother didn't say anything; but she went and got the Bible, and read me that story about Elijah, you know, and the widow.

Well, I couldn't get that story out my head. Every time I tried to get any shoes I'd hear that "Make me . . . a little cake first, and after that for thee." The end of it was, I gave the money to the church—I could not help it.

What do you suppose happened then? Well, sir, it snowed a steady stream after Thanksgiving, and I had more folks say "Yes" to me when I asked to shovel paths than I ever did before in my life. And I've had all the money I wanted! Shoes? Yes, sir, there they are! Ain't they good ones?—*The Little Pilgrim.*



AVENUE OF PALMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

change in his dress, and soon came out with an air of determination in his face and figure they had never worn before.

He was just realizing that he was coming into manhood, and it made him serious.

The first part of his two-mile walk to the city was over a quiet country road. Somehow this new feeling that he would soon be a man recalled the conversations of those last days with his mother three years ago—the dear, widowed mother whose dying-bed he had tended! Her last words came back, very vivid and real words; and when

fortune from liquor-dealing, and of another rich man who was a distiller, that he would try that way. What splendid houses some of them lived in! and how many fine things their boys at his school had!—watches and velocipedes, and one of them even a pony!

If he was sure his mother would be pleased to have him, he'd see if he couldn't get a place in one of those elegant saloons!

All day he walked through the streets with this doubt preventing his application at such a place. But it was no idle, listless