

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

[No. 6

Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theatre, concert, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call
And a good, long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my
haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wander-
ing back,
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and
rest,
And every breath was a prayer,
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more
need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For their hearts grow strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed their eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite
That you deem it pleasure when far away
A long letter home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy
friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and
longed,
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

HOW SOME BOYS ARE EARNING AN EDUCATION.

If a boy really wishes to go to college, the lack of money or of friends to help him need not hinder him. One who has health, and is willing to work, can pay his own way through college without undergoing great hardship.

Among the boys whom I know that are now paying their own college expenses, is a young man twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who entered the freshman class last fall. He worked for five or six years, part of the time on a farm, and a year or two as a clerk, until his savings were enough, with what he can earn vacations, to take him through his course. He is one of the best scholars in his class. In speaking of some of his classmates who were not improving their time, he said: "If they had worked as hard as I did to come, they would have a better appreciation of their opportunities."

Many other boys have earned the money for their education in a similar manner; and many are supporting themselves partly or entirely by work while in college.

One young man who had learned the jeweller's trade before going to college finds work enough at his trade to pay all of his expenses and still leave him the necessary time for study.

Several college boys that I know are working in stores as clerks, or errand boys a part of each day. One boy is making his living in the news business. After spending an hour or two in the morning, and the same time in the afternoon, carrying papers to his patrons, he has the rest of the day for study.

A few boys find employment as janitors of the college buildings, or of churches. A considerable number work for private families, receiving a room and board as compensation for from three to five hours work a day. Others earn their board by being table waiters in boarding-houses. Some make a little money during the year by working in gardens, and mowing lawns in summer, cleaning carpets, and doing any other odd jobs they can find. For this sort of work they usually receive about fifteen cents an hour.

Some advanced students of good scholarship help themselves by teaching classes, or tutoring other students who

are behind in their studies. A few do writing or copying for the professors. Two or three young men of my acquaintance have work in college libraries which is furnishing them a support.

Several boys with good voices, and some knowledge of music, have had a nice little income while in college, from leading church choirs in some of the surrounding towns. Still others have agencies for various articles, from the sale of which they contrive to make a living.

A young man who has the ambition to go to college will find the means if he has energy.

KEEPING RANK.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"Attention!" Every member of the "Try" company knew what that meant. The company, composed of boys from the Dean Street Sunday-school, met weekly for drill, with their leader, Captain Elwood. It was not all marching, however. They had a little Bible drill besides, and the captain made this as interesting as the other. Whatever was undertaken, the boys promised to do their best. Nobody pledged himself to make a brilliant success, but all could try.



THE MORNING HYMN.

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

"When a boy comes into this company he must learn first of all what 'attention' means," said the captain. "He can't take a big jump into soldierly ways without taking his first step."

Now, Burton Foster knew perfectly well what position he should take when this command came, but knowing and doing are not always coupled, and the boy lounged so lazily that he looked like a straggler out of place. The worst of it was that two or three other fellows followed his example, and the result was a very uneven line which the captain straightened in short order. His drill would have been worth little if he had not.

Soon after this, Captain Elwood called the boys together to propose a plan of work. They had been having good times together and "no end of fun," as they expressed it; they had also been honestly trying to form good habits, but now it was time to undertake some actual service.

"Comrades," said the captain (the boys

liked this), "suppose we go down to Ford Street and try to help the fellows there a bit. They don't go to Sunday-school, and no one seems to care whether they do or not. What do you say?"

"Let's help if we can," said one.
"How can we do it?" asked another.
"By having our drills down there for awhile instead of in our own pleasant room. It might draw them in, you know, and if we make them feel that we are friendly, we can draw them farther."

When the vote was taken it was unanimously agreed to undertake the work. "I voted for it," said Burton Foster to Henry Field, "but I wasn't very unanimous," and he laughed. "It's no fun going down there, and what is the use anyhow?"

Henry, who had felt interested, began to have a little doubt about the matter, and afterward he said to Ralph Gray that Burton wasn't very keen about the plan and maybe it wasn't just the best thing. Whereupon Ralph, who was naturally lazy, and hated to take trouble, felt his enthusiasm cool, so easy is it to fall out of line and draw others after one.

But all the boys were present at the first meeting, and a number of curious onlookers gathered around and were invited in. A good beginning was made, and the plan seemed to promise well. Presently, however, Burton, Ralph and Henry began to be very irregular, and their example influenced others. The ranks were seldom full at the Ford Street drills, and the captain felt that something must be done.

One day, in their own pleasant hall, the leader had something to say to them.

"Boys," he began, "do you know why it is that a great number of men are seldom allowed to keep step when marching across a bridge not known to be perfectly safe?"

None knew, but all wished to know.
"Because," said Captain Elwood, "there is such force in the steady tread, when all keep step, that it must be a strong bridge to endure the vibrations unmoved. The force is, therefore, distributed harmlessly by breaking ranks. That is about the only time soldiers are allowed to fall out of step."

A buzz of talk followed this, and then the captain began again.

"Boys, I want you to remember the lesson we had about that grand army that came to Hebron to make the magnificent soldier David king. Don't you know that it was said in their high praise that they could all keep rank? Good soldiers keep in line, keep step, and march on together. Now, we want to go over the bridge to those Ford Street boys, keeping step, so that after we are over the bridge will fall and they will feel that we belong together. But we can't do soldier's work unless we keep in line and keep the ranks full. Now, shall we go on or give up?"

"Go on," was the shout that went up.
"But we must march together and all keep rank."

"We will," said Burton Foster, earnestly; and those who had been straggling after him, echoed, "We will," for as one can put others out of line, so he can also help them in again.

And in time, when all the "Try" company kept rank and made their name true, the Ford Street boys were won to the Dean Street Sunday-school and to better things.

THAT BOY.

His name is not Solomon. 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 steadily in the path which leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching high above the mountain peak.