

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

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[No. 1.

SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

THIS is a graphic sketch of a favourite winter sport in Canada. It is a picture of a part of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club. A favourite tramp is around or over the mountain, and a very exhilarating tramp it is. The bright moonlight, the lovely winter landscape, the crisp frosty air, the vigorous exercise, all combine to make the trip thoroughly enjoyable. This cut is an example of a large number illustrating Canadian life, which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1888.

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE.

Mr. S. turned over uneasily in his bed, then ran his fingers through his hair, and that awoke his wife.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"They have come," said he; "so get up and let us get out of the house as quickly as possible." As he said this, Mr. S. picked an army ant out of his hair.

Mr. and Mrs. S. were missionaries. They lived on the high table-lands of Africa, several hundred miles from the coast and while you, dear reader, were either sound asleep or engaged in some pleasant pastime, they were retreating in the dead hour of the night from what they considered an enemy.

The army ant is a strange creature. Thousands upon thousands of them form in a close column. They have their officers and their privates. When once started upon their line of march, the army ants cannot be stopped or turned aside. They come into your house by day or by night, and when they come in you must go out.

So this good missionary and his wife were driven out of doors in the night, and took refuge in a neighbour's house.

Their busy little soldiers, however,

did not stay long. They held no dress parade, they beat no drums, and they waved no banners, but they worked. Before sundown of the next day their work was done, and well done. "Forward march!" had been spoken by their officers, and they had marched on to some other place.

the premises; there was not a rat left; all the fleas and cockroaches had disappeared. You could not find a dead fly anywhere, neither could you see a spider's web in any corner. In fact these army ants were simply a vast horde of housekeepers. They worked for nothing and boarded themselves.

THE WAY SHE CURED HIM.

"MARY, what brings you here?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you; I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shop-keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink that!" said Tom in huge astonishment.

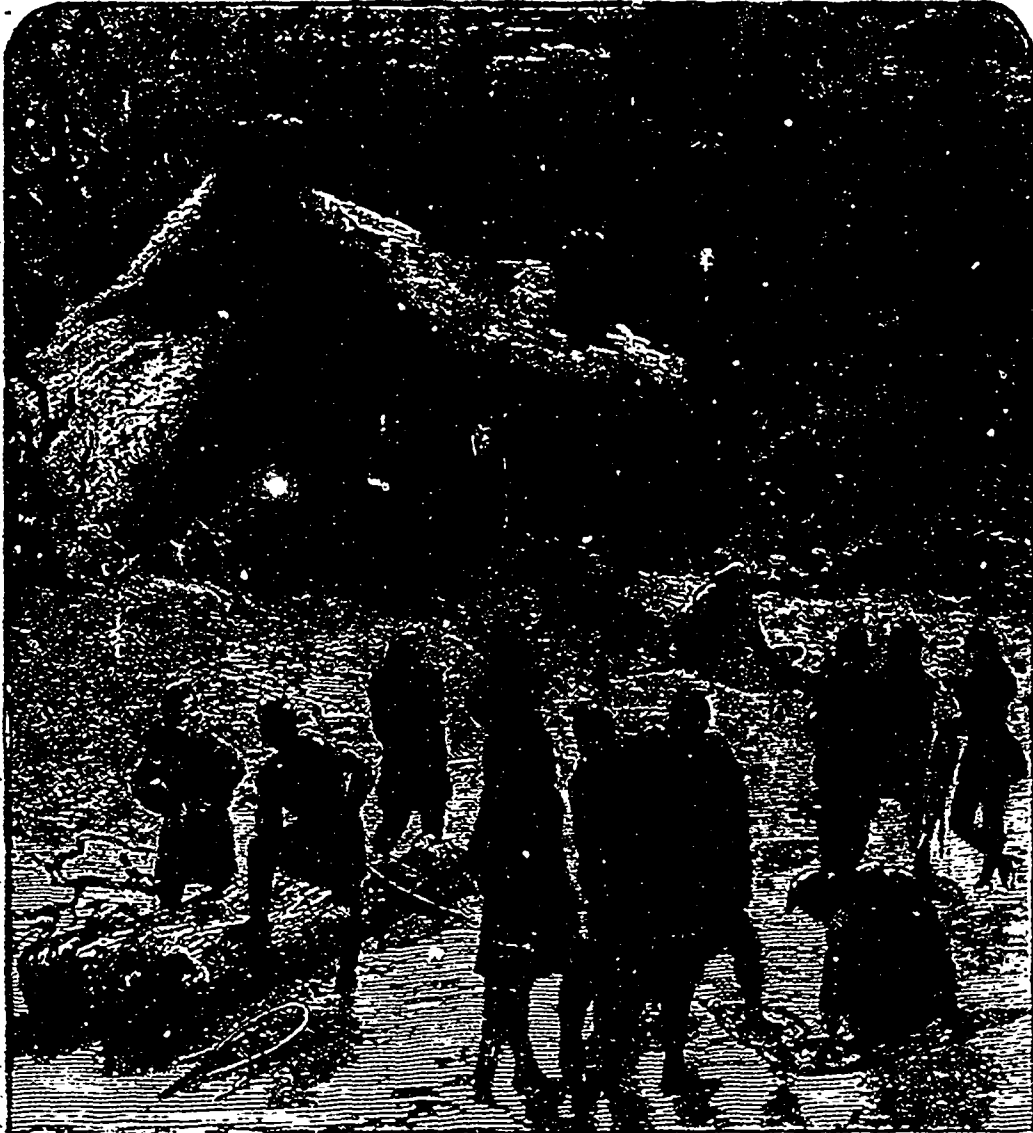
"Why not? You say you drink to forget, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire, and bed and food, and clothing. Drink, you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—*Selected.*



SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

There were millions of them in the missionaries' house that night, but in less than twenty-four hours not an ant was to be seen. Wonderful soldiers! Were these little creatures really the enemies of the missionaries? No, they were their good friends. They helped the missionary's wife do up her house-cleaning. When they marched away there was not a mouse left on

When they left they took away nothing that did not belong to them.

The missionaries went back into a clean house, and when the army ants visit them again they will be welcomed as old friends. To be sure, they will have the house all to themselves, but they will not stay long.—*Child's Paper.*

Do not forget that you may die.