

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vo. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

[No. 45.

Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely
gilded:

Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath
bullded.

Home! go watch the faithful dove;
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us,
Home is where there's a one to love,
Home is where there's a one to love us.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright!
Did you ever know me to break
my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did,"
and Mrs. Dunning stroked the
soft brown curls lovingly, as
she looked down into the
honest eyes that never in all
Harry Dunning's fifteen years
had failed to look straight-
forwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never
will; I'll be home by ten, sure.
Now I'm off!" and Harry
sprang down the steps, and
was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew,
had invited him to a candy
pull and "general good time,"
and Alden's invitations were
always accepted by his boy and
girl friends: for Father and
Mother Mayhew and grown-up
Sister Nell had to perfection
the "kna-k" of making a
"good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry
couldn't believe his own eyes
when, in the height of fun, he
looked up and saw the hands of
the clock pointing to a quarter
of ten. No one else looked
as though even thinking of go-
ing home, but Harry's "honour
bright" promise rang in his
ears. Nobody guessed the
struggle that was going on in
the boy's heart, as he me-
chanically performed his part
in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the
rest go? Don't I work hard
enough? And I have not had
an evening out for weeks."

It was all true. Very few
and far between had been his
"good times" since his father
died, two years before, when
little Day was a baby, and left
him to be the support and
comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought
irritably; "mother's only nerv-
ous." Then his cheeks red-
dened, and he straightened up
quickly. "Who has a better
right to be nervous," he
thought, fiercely, as though
fighting an invisible foe. His
sweet, invalid mother! And
he knew Day was not well; she
had been pale and fretful all
day. And he had promised.
Abruptly he excused himself,
bade hasty good-nights, and
sped away across the fields,
putting on his reefer as he ran.
His mother met him at the
door.

"Day is worse," she whis-
pered, huskily. "It's croup;
run for the doctor, quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he
had never dreamed he could,
even when he belonged to the
"line," and its honour depended on his
speed and sure-footedness; and the old
doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless
energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's
help, in an incredibly brief time, and
drove off down the hill at a pace that
brought night-capped heads from dark-
ened windows and caused many a con-
jecture as to who was sick down in the
"holer."

The keen-eyed old man looked very
serious as he bent over Day; but he was
a skilled physician, and before long the
little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, im-
pressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't

have been of much use to call me or any
one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they
were once more alone he drew his mother
down by his side on the shabby little
sofa, and told her of the resisted tempta-
tion.

"And, oh, mother," he concluded, "I'm
so glad I kept my promise 'honour
bright!' I feel as though I just escaped
being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave,
true laddie," said the happy mother,
stroking the bonny head bowed on her
shoulder.—Zion's Herald.

trouble. Everything had to be dragged
up by force of human muscles, often of
slaves made to toil like beasts of burden.
Cruel taskmasters yelled and shouted at
the tops of their voices and enforced
their commands by harsh blows. Thank
God that the conditions of life for the
millions of mankind have greatly
changed for the better through the in-
fluence of the Gospel of Christ.

PUNCTUATE.

The Bible societies are most careful in
their publication of the Word of God lest

SHE WASN'T WANTED.

She was a little old woman, very old, in
dressed in black bombazine that had seen
much careful wear, and her bonnet was
very old-fashioned, and people stared at
her tottering up the aisle of the grand
church evidently bent on securing one
of the best seats, for a great man
preached on that day, and the house was
filled with richly-dressed people who had
heard of the fame of the preacher, of his
learning, his intellect, and goodness, and
they wondered at the presumption of
the old woman. She must have been
in her dotage, for she picked out the
pew of the richest and proudest
member of the church and
took a seat. The three ladies
who were seated there beck-
oned to the sexton, who bent
over the intruder and whis-
pered something, but she was
hard of hearing and smiled a
little withered smile as she
said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable
here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted
here," said the sexton, pomp-
ously. "There is not room.
Come with me, my good wo-
man, I will see that you have
a seat."

"Not room?" said the old
woman, looking at her sunken
proportions and then at the
fine ladies. "Why, I'm not
crowded a bit. I rode ten
miles to hear the sermon to-
day, because—" But the sex-
ton took her by the arm, and
she took the hint. Her faded
old eyes filled with tears, her
chin quivered, but she rose
meekly and left the pew.
Turning quietly to the ladies,
who were spreading their rich
dresses over the spot she left
vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll
be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pomp-
ous sexton to the rear of the
church, where, in the last pew,
she was seated between a
threadbare girl and a shabby
old man.

"She must be crazy," said
one of the ladies in the pew
which she had at first occu-
pied. "What can an ignor-
ant old woman like her want
to hear Dr. ——— preach
for? She would not be able
to understand a word he
said."

"Those people are so per-
sistent. The idea of her forc-
ing herself into our pew!
Isn't that voluntary lovely?
There's Dr. ——— coming out
of the vestry. Isn't he
grand?"

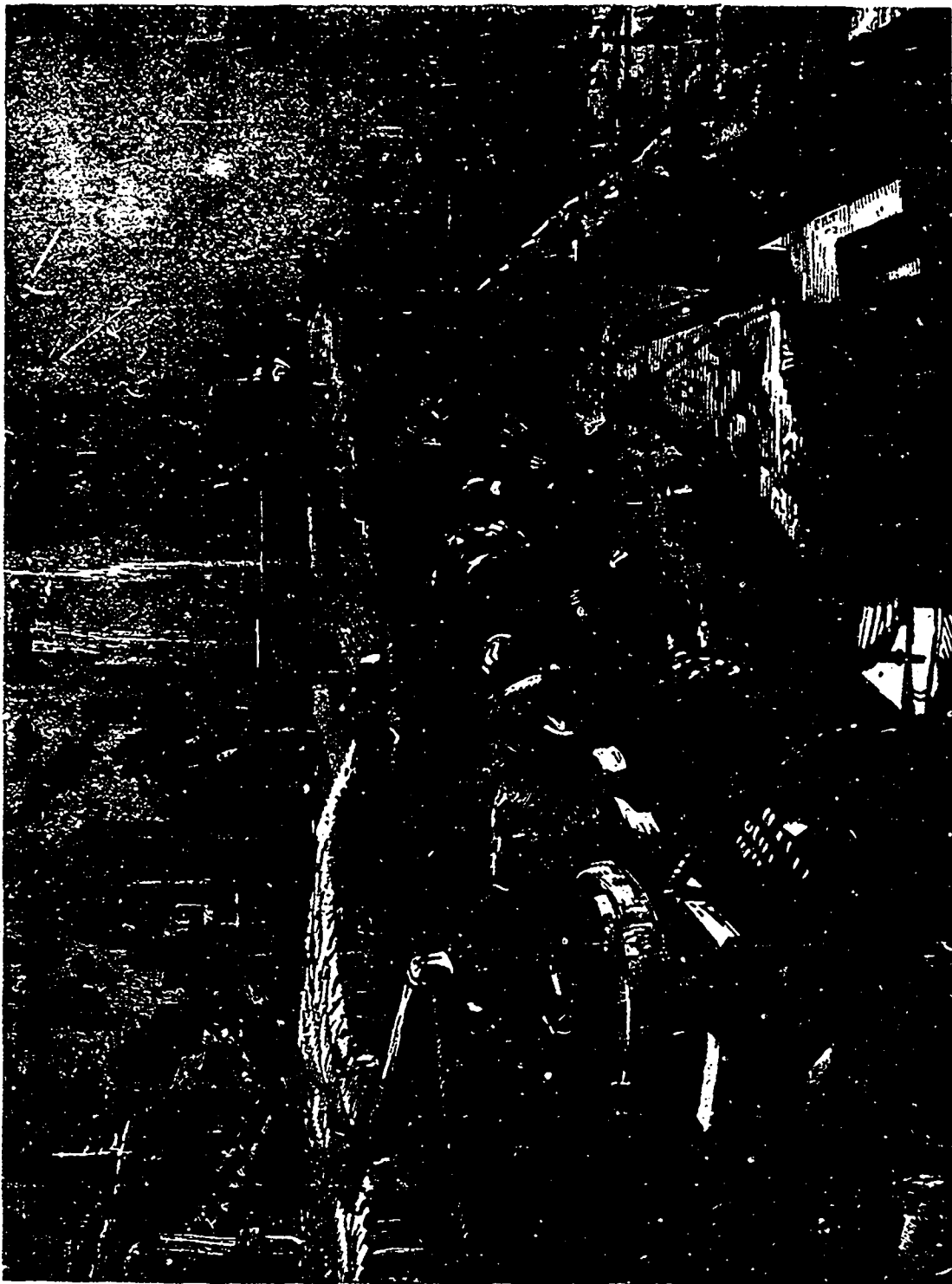
"Splendid! What a stately
man! You know he promised
to dine with us while he is
here."

He was a commanding-look-
ing man, and as the organ
voluntary stopped and the
looked over the vast crowd of
worshippers gathered in the
great church he seemed to
scan every face. His hand
was on the Bible, when sud-
denly he leaned over the read-
ing desk and beckoned to the
sexton, who obsequiously
mounted the steps to receive

a mysterious message. And then the
three ladies in the grand pew were elec-
trified to see him take his way the whole
length of the church to return with the
old woman, whom he placed in the front
pew of all, its occupants making willing
room for her. The great preacher looked
at her with a smile of recognition, and
then the service proceeded, and he
preached a sermon which struck fire
from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who
could not make room for her, as they
passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was all he
said.



BUILDING WALLS OF ANCIENT CITY OR TOWER.

ANCIENT WALLED CITIES.

Our lesson for November 13th describes
the invasion of Jerusalem by Senna-
cherib, King of Syria. To withstand
such assaults ancient cities were built
with huge walls many feet in thickness
and many yards high. On these were
built towers, from which clumsy ma-
chinery threw huge stones or cast dar's,
as shown in a cut on third page. The
striking picture on this page shows how
these huge walls were built. They had
no machinery like our modern derricks
and steam engines, with which great
weights could be lifted with little

a misspelled word should creep into the
text or the words should be
wrongly punctuated. But great care
also is needed in teaching the heathen
to read the Bible. This is diffi-
cult sometimes. A native of Africa, of
the cannibal sort, once came to the
teacher of religion and asked what the
book meant when it said, "As they were
sitting and eating a woman, one came
who had an alabaster box," etc. You
see the comma made all the difference
between cannibalism and Christianity.
Somebody must have carelessly and in-
correctly quoted the Scripture to the
African. . .

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