

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

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No. 1.

TIRED.

Of all Thy promises, O Christ,
This sometimes seems the best—
"Come to Me, ye that labour,
And I will give you rest."
We get so tired, we cannot care
For many things. We creep
Like weary children near to Thee,
And only pray to sleep.

We have been strong to dare and do;
We have gone forth to fight;
With force that led to victory
Have striven for the right.
Where thou hast called us we have gone,
With gladsome step and free;
But what can worn-out hearts and hands
Avail to do for thee?

We have gone forth to work among
Thy busy servants, Lord:
Oh, pleasant were the merry songs
We sang with sweet accord!
But night comes after the long day,
And we, by care oppressed,
Come to thee, Master, in the dark,
And ask for leave to rest.

Oh, Jesus, Thou wast weary too,
And Thou wilt understand
Why the unfinished tasks are put
From out the nerveless hand
We thank Thee for Thy patient love,
That gives to us its best;
We turn from all the world beside,
And come to Thee for rest.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbour on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late Wm. K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1884.

bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway.

On page 5 we give another view of the bridge when the tide is out, showing the falls in the river. In the

background is the good city of St. Johns, where a hundred years ago the brave U. E. Loyalists who for love of king and fatherland left their homes in the rebel States and founded the good city which now spreads in beauty

on the shores of the St. John. The large engraving is a specimen of several full-page cuts of Canadian subjects which will appear in early numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

MOTHER LOVE.

WE were at a railroad junction one night waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, it is his mother!" We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking-chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor she's my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time." The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand and grasped the big man's hand with the other and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know the