

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1895.

[No. 30.]

## Roses, Lilies and Violets—The Red, White and Blue.

BY JULIA M. HOOPER.

Keep thy heart so kind and loving  
There's for selfishness no room,  
So, about this bright earth glowing,  
More red roses spring to bloom.

Keep thy heart all pure and stain  
less,  
From the tempting evil free;  
Then around the wide world bloom-  
ing,  
More white lilies there will be.

Love the truth, and be true always,  
Let it rule thy actions o'er;  
Then among the fields and meadows  
Violets will bloom the more.

## TRUE BRAVERY.

BY A. L. H.

"You'd better not rock the boat quite so hard, Jack," said Bobby, "she might go over."

"I'm not afraid," said Jack, with an unpleasant meaning in his voice; "I'm a little braver than that!" and then he swayed from side to side, rocking the boat far more violently, to show how brave he was.

"Maybe you'd sing another song if you fell overboard," called down Fred Howe, who was holding the painter; "you can't either of you swim, you know."

"Pooh!" was all that Jack said in reply, but he "eased her up a little," as he would have expressed it, for he had not the slightest intention of falling overboard, being by no means as brave as he would have his companions imagine. It would, however, be great fun to give Bobby a little fright; so he put his foot down toward the gunwale, and pressed his weight on it till the water came over, keeping his eyes on Bobby—who sat in the stern with his legs dangling over—to note the effect. So interested was he in seeing the frightened look come into Bobby's face, that he forgot to be careful, and the next instant his foot slipped, and as Fred cried: "Look out!" he pitched to one side, his foot caught in the rowlock, and into the water he plunged.

The current set very strong around the head of the pier and the tide was running out; so when Jack finally came to the surface he was several feet away from the boat, and floating further every instant.

"Cast off the painter, Fred!" cried Bobby, who had twisted round in the boat the moment he heard Fred's cry; "the boat will drift in this direction."

So Fred let the rope drop, and then, like a wise boy, ran off calling for help.

The boat, as Bobby had said, drifted toward the spot where for an instant Jack floated and then disappeared for the second time. Bobby ran to the bow, caught up the painter and tied it securely about his waist, and as Jack rose again Bobby sprang into the water to the full length of rope, and seized Jack by his sailor collar, just as he was going down. It would not have been a difficult matter to draw himself back to the boat, if Jack had been quiet, but, as drowning people almost always do, he began to struggle; caught at Bobby and clasped his arms convulsively, and almost pulled him under. But the weight on the painter drew the boat toward them, and the instant

it was within reach Bobby caught it with one hand, slipped his arm under one of the seats, and held on to Jack with his other hand. He was only a little boy, and he could not have sustained the weight long, but help was at hand, for Fred's cries had been heard, and a boat put off after them immediately; so that before very long the weary little fellow found himself being lifted into another boat, and with the words, "Is Jack all right?" he fainted away.

Of course it wasn't possible to keep the cause of the accident quiet; on the contrary Fred was so indignant at what he called "Jack's smartness" that he was rather eager than otherwise to give a full account of how it had happened.

"And he bragged so of being brave!" he ended, contemptuously. "Very brave to tumble yourself overboard and let another fellow risk his life to save you from drowning! It was a pity that he couldn't have seen how a really brave fellow acts."

That night Jack and his Uncle Ray—with whom he had come to the seashore—had a little talk, and by the time it was ended Jack understood that running

unnecessary risks, or putting one's self into needless danger was far from being brave, and was worthy only of contempt, while such conduct as Bobby's was true courage.

I am glad to be able to tell you that, after all, Jack showed the best kind of courage, for the next morning when he thanked Bobby for what he had done, he begged his pardon, like a man, and confessed that he was trying "to show off," and that that was the whole cause of the trouble.

## TRUSTING IN JESUS.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDOE, BALTIMORE.

It was a discouraged little face that looked up at Miss Wilton, as she spoke to a poorly dressed lad, on a back street, and inquired why he had been absent from his class on Sunday.

"Cause 'tain't no use for me trying to do right. I always break my resolutions 'fore the day's up. I've tried, and tried; but I don't make no headway."



HINDU CARRIAGE.

This is a very queer sort of carriage. What clumsy-looking wheels and springs. Instead of horses the small cattle of the country are used. One would think that the drapery on the animals would be intolerably hot. I suppose it is used to keep off the flies.

"Perhaps you haven't tried in the right way, Jamie. Now, suppose I saw you standing cold and hungry, outside my window, and I invited you to come into the warm, cheery dining room, and get a good, hot supper. But instead of thankfully accepting what I freely offered, you stayed outside in the rain, and kept on wondering whether I would receive you if you came; or whether I should not be ashamed of your old clothes; or send you back in the cold and darkness without doing anything to make you feel better;—would you deserve to be warmed and fed by one whom you had refused to trust? Of course, I should not go out, and drag you in by main force, and compel you against your own will, to accept the good things I offered you; though I should feel very sorry to see a little boy so foolish as to remain cold and hungry, while I was offering to supply all his needs."

"Oh, dear lady, I could never act that way in return for your kindness; and if I did, I should not deserve to have you pity or care for me any more."

"But, Jamie," said Miss Wilton, kindly, "you are serving the dear Saviour, who died for us all, just in the way you would be ashamed to treat your teacher, who has never done half so much for you as Jesus has. He offers to save you, 'without money and without price;' to forgive all your sins, and wash them away in his own precious blood, if you will only believe on him. This is all he asks you to do. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You will find in this dear Saviour all the help and wisdom and strength you need, if you will only yield yourself to him. As a dear child once said to another, 'Just believe that he can save you, that he wants to save you, and then just let Jesus have it all his own way.'"

"But, dear lady, I'm not good enough; and I don't get any better by trying."

"And you never will, dear child. What do you think Jesus came into the world for?"

"Why, to save sinners, of course," was the prompt reply.

"Well, are you not a sinner?"

"Indeed I am, dear lady, and that is what troubles me."

"Then you are one of those whom Jesus died to save; and after paying such a price for your salvation, he desires to save you. Will you not let him?"

"But what must I do to please this dear Saviour?"

"Believe what he says: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' and the moment you do that, he becomes your Saviour, and he takes you for his child forever, so that 'neither life nor death, nor any other creature, is able to separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.'"

"How good he is! But, dear teacher, I want to do something to show him how glad and grateful I am for what he has done for me."

"You can use the life he gives you for his glory by telling your boy friends of the dear Saviour you have found; by living the religion you profess, being always honest and fair in your dealings; forgiving