

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

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TO WIN SUCCESS.

A YOUNG man who does just as little as possible for an employer, sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business-house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is, that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously—always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:—

A boy, about sixteen years of age, had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No—full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said, "If you want to work half-an-hour or so, go downstairs and pile up that kindling-wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man, and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs, and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ay, yes," said that gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood?" Well, here's your money.

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood-pile, glanced into the coal and wood-room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hello," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work



PET DOVE.

than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well-brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here, —writing something on a slip of paper—" take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there.

He will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that downstairs and—that's all;"

and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling kindling-wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced step by step, and has not yet, by any means, reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business-house.—*Youth's Companion.*

A WORD OF CAUTION.

WE do not want to be hard on the young folks, as regards rightful exercise, and recreation, and social intercourse with one another; but how about those roller-skates that are rolling away with so many of the precious hours of leisure and the silver dimes? Have you all looked into the matter carefully, ay, prayerfully? Is there not danger of their rolling away with our good common sense? In fact, coming right down to what so much the truth of the matter, are we not being carried into an excess of recreation that is bordering somewhat upon dissipation? Where are the reading clubs that flourished so before this skating rink furor took possession of us? Where are the social "sing" and the "students' night," where the eager young minds sought for crumbs of knowledge? And more than this, where are the young people's prayer-

meetings? As we said at the start, we do not mean to be hard on young people, with hearts bounding with fresh life-blood, but when we find universal apathy creeping over our strongest bulwarks of society, we feel bound to throw out a word of caution. When recreation touches upon dissipation, its skirts smell of the scorching flame. We have but one life to live here, we cannot go back to make more of it when we see that we have handled it too lightly. We want our young folks cheery and light-hearted and happy, but we also want them to be constantly growing.—*Gracious Word.*

WE never graduate in religion; because the nearer we are to God, the more we see there is to be learned.