

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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October.

The yellow and red
Are dancing o'erhead.
And the hollows are heaped with the leaves
that are dead;
And a low monotone
From the winds sings. Lone
In the bare, silent nests whence the nestlings
have flown.

With rustlings and stirs
Of grey, glancing furs,
The squirrels are nibbling the ripe chestnut
burrs;
And they chatter and cheep
As they pile up the heap
Of the glossy brown harvest so easy to reap.

Each day in the tree
One shy bird I see,
Belated and left by its winged company.
Oh, why did he stay
When the rest flew away
To the land of the rose and the long Southern
day?

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A TRUE STORY.

In its report of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, the *New York Observer* says:

In this great city the sea of human sorrow is deep and dark, and its turbid waters never rest. Ever and anon its waves toss themselves tempestuously. If their roar be not heard, it is because the ear has become indifferent to the sound, or that sound has become less defined amid the din and the roar of absorbing business life. A brother who labours for souls all night pictured a sad scene. He sees many sad scenes, but is often permitted to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the lowest of the lost. He says there is no place so bad in the city that he cannot enter it and find someone willing to listen to the reading of God's word. He sees sin in all its stages, from the delusive bud of promise to the bitter fruit of anguish, shame, and despair. A few days previously he visited a dying young woman in a small room that made indeed a grim gateway to the grave. The girl lay on an old, uncomfortable sofa, long void of any upholstery. She was in the last stage of consumption. Three Italians occupied another corner of the room playing cards. Still another corner was occupied by two persons who were quarrelling.

Amid such surroundings the man of God essayed to point the dying soul to Christ. He had to bend his head low to enable her to hear him as he sung a sweet hymn and read some of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

"Do you think," said the poor girl in a whisper, "that Jesus has a mansion for such a wretch as me?"

That was the wail of a broken, bleeding heart; but there is balm in Gilead, there is a good Physician there. There is One who can bind up the wounded, broken heart, and the good news of his grace gave peace and joy to the dying sinner. At peace with God, she feared death no more, but ere she died she had one favour to ask.

"You have been very kind to me," she said to her visitor; "you have known my story and kept my secret. Now I shall soon be buried in the potter's field. Will you do me one favour? My mother has not heard from me for five years. Will you



SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

write to her, and tell her that her poor girl died saved, and is buried? She will be glad to know that I am under ground, and out of the way of further trouble and harm."

THAT RED LION.

BY W. H. ANDERSON, D.D.

In a thriving town on the banks of the Missouri River was a noted tavern, before whose door swung a large sign on which was painted a red lion. Though there are in the woods of Africa or of Asia no red lions, this lion was very properly painted the colour of blood, for his history was connected with much suffering and many cruel

deaths. Many a young man received the beginning of his appetite for liquor, and many an old man died dishonoured, from the frequent visits here at this tavern. By-and-bye the place began to get a bad character, and they changed its name, as if to change its true nature. The figure of an eagle was painted over the red lion, and for awhile the bloodthirsty beast was forgotten; but in the course of time the rains and the hot sunshine so acted on the new painting that it kept coming off little by little, and the paws and the teeth of the concealed lion showed themselves more and more plainly. The same liquor was sold there, and the same method of ruining young and old by making them drunkards was going on.

One day the attention of the writer was called to an old man staggering out of the tavern under the sign of the red lion. The poor reeling wretch was a doctor. Once he had been a man of reputation, a surgeon in the British navy. He had spent a large fortune, and now in his gray hairs was disgraced and a beggar. He even had to beg his liquor from those he had known in better days, and who had helped to ruin him. He had often tried to reform, but he could not keep away from his old haunts, habits, and companions. This was but one of the many who had been ruined by this bloodthirsty red lion.

Children, there are some excellent lessons of warning for you. We cannot cure evil tempers or habits by painting something over them. We may change the name, but if the evil practice continues we are no better. The red lion will make his appearance when we least expect it, and we may be torn by his claws or teeth when we are not dreaming of any danger.

The best way is to take down the sign and quit the evil habit. The heart must be changed by the blood of Jesus and the Spirit of God, if we would get rid of the red lion. Mere outward morality cannot save us from others or from ourselves, or from sinful tempers and habits.

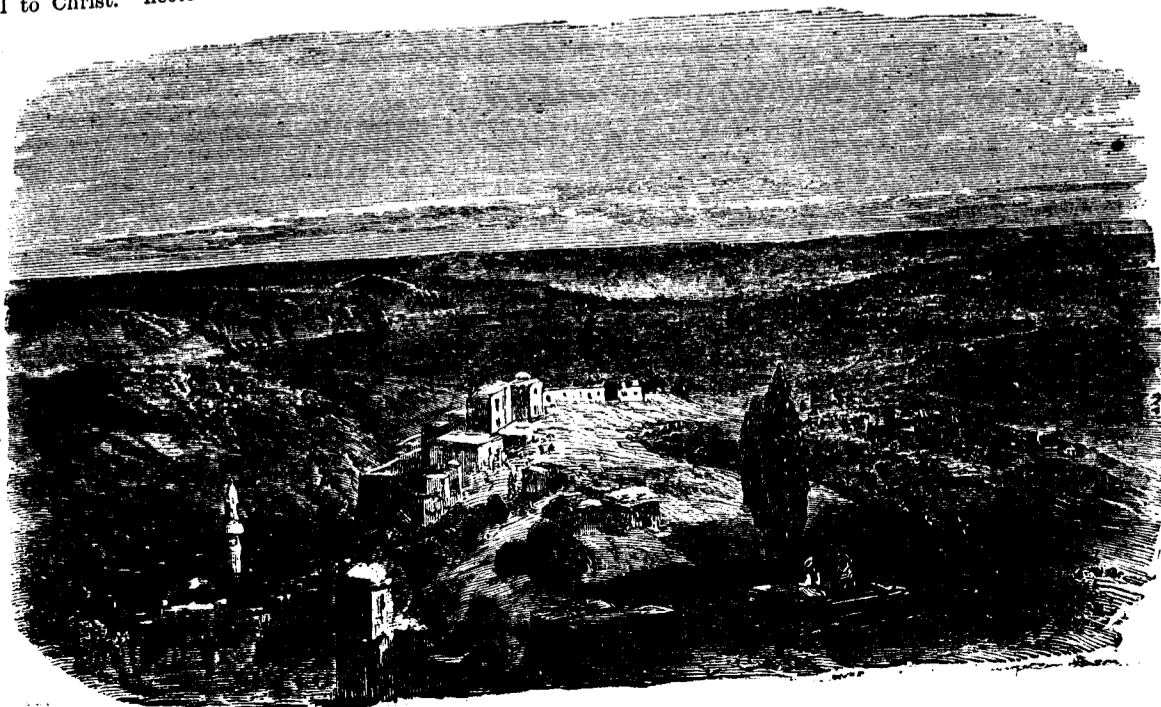
If we would not be torn by the red lion of intemperance, let us avoid the company that patronize the saloons. Beware of the appetite for strong drink that makes us desire to visit the red lion. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

FETICH.

SAID Tom to his father, "I don't quite understand all about this 'fetich' business." "No wonder," was the reply; "very few do. You see, the natives believe only in witchcraft. Everything bad that happens is in their opinion brought about by witchery or fetiches. In such cases they consult a 'fetich-man,' who lays the blame on some unfortunate wretch, who is sacrificed by being killed or sold into slavery. Oftentimes the man's whole family is forced to undergo the same punishment. At other times the accused is made to drink 'casca,' which is a preparation of poisonous bark. If it does not kill him he is declared innocent. The fetich-man, if paid enough, will make the casca so weak as not to produce fatal results.

"In almost every native town there is a fetich-house, under the care of a fetich-man. He prepares charms against sickness and misfortune, with which every man woman and child is provided; and it is quite remarkable that while the art of reading and writing has been in some cases handed down from father to son since the time of the first missionaries, and although many of the customs taught by those good men are still retained, the belief in fetiches never leaves them. Those natives who can write preserve all the paper they find. They make pens of quills, and then derive great satisfaction from writing to each other."—*Harper's Young People*.

—"Though I speak but one language I know many tongues," said a doctor.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.