

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## COLOSSAL STONE STATUE.

This is the largest statue in the world. It is over a hundred feet high, and is hewn out of the solid rock. Some idea of its colossal size may be gathered by comparing it with the figures on foot and on horseback in the foreground. It is not known whom it represents—probably some hero or probably some deity of the unknown people by whom it was made.

## THREE QUEER BIRDS.

The trumpeter-bird is the rag-picker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a most useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the chickens, ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and feeble, and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow-gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of reptiles and the protector of the flocks."

In Southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptiles—the snake-eater or secretary-bird—a magnificent creature, which attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of his wings and a sword of his beak. The name of "secretary-bird" is derived from the plumes projecting backward from his head, which look like quillpens carried behind one's ear.

In South America, in the very neighbourhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the "kamichi" or "kamiki," who wears a sharp horn projecting from his forehead and a murderous spur upon each of his wings. With these three weapons the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him, and are easily put to death.

The secretary-bird, the kamichi and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others—the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war-making, he fills the air with his trumpet-calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

Presently the bird arrives, flapping his wings and wielding them like a sword. Having killed the serpent, the trumpeter sounds his blast of victory as he had sounded his charge.—Youth's Companion.



COLOSSAL STONE STATUE AT BAMIAN, CENTRAL ASIA.

## OUR MINISTERS USE IT.

A young lady of ——— has had a number of lads in her Sabbath-school class in whose welfare she is greatly interested. One Sabbath she thought it necessary to speak to them of the evils which result from the use of tobacco. While she was advising them never to indulge in the filthy, disgusting habit, the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. ———, whom the youth had been taught to look up to as an example of purity and Christian manliness, walked down the aisle, and to her chagrin stopped before the heater and disgorged into the coal-scuttle a great quid of tobacco, followed by a profuse expectoration of tobacco juice!

The act had been done so near the class that the members could not help but see it. The boys looked quizzically at each other. The blushing teacher looked at the boys, when one of them, pointing towards the scuttle, exultantly exclaimed, "Why,

teacher, where's the harm? Our minister uses it!"

Many faithful and anxious mothers teach their boys that tobacco often creates a craving for strong drink, that it enfeebles the body and weakens the mind, that it takes needed comforts from the homes of the poorer class, that it is a curse to the young and a plague to the aged, who so become its slaves that they are unwilling to give it up, although their hands tremble, their heads whirl, and every throb of their "tobacco heart" is an annoyance.

The boy has learned from his mother all about these fearful effects, from which she would save him, but how often is her teaching in vain! For—"Our minister uses it!"—and the boy thinks "Mother has made a mistake! where is the harm?"

Ministers exert a mighty influence over the habits of the youth. If then the mouth of the watchman on Zion's walls

be unclean, what will be the effect upon the youth who are so unfortunate as to sit under the preaching of such a watchman?

Said a mother, "I dread to take my boys to church with me, and therefore send them to a different place of worship. Our minister is an able man, but such an inveterate tobacco chewer that I would not like my sons to follow his example."

Tobacco and alcohol are twin curses. Neither of them should be tolerated.—Christian Instructor.

## REMOVING STUMBLING BLOCKS.

A farmer in the west of England, happening to stay over Sunday in a market town, during the day casually dropped into a Methodist chapel. It pleased God to apply the word with such power to his heart and conscience that he came out of the sanctuary a converted man. Having experienced the joy of salvation himself, he was now desirous of bringing his neighbours to a knowledge of the truth; to this end he proposed to build a chapel, and called upon his landlord, a baronet, resident in the village, for his consent. He, however, was highly offended with his presumption, and declared that there should be no Methodist chapel on his estate. His tenant replied that he held his farm on a lease, and there was no proviso in that forbidding him to build a chapel if he felt so disposed; but he would much prefer having his landlord's consent. The latter, however, absolutely refused his permission, and dismissed him with scorn. The baronet, in the course of a few days, went to the market town, and, meeting with some of his aristocratic friends, related to them the interview with his tenant, saying that Methodism should never have a chapel on his estates. One of his friends replied: "I'd have you be careful, Sir Thomas, what you do in this matter. I know something of these Methodists. They are very peculiar people. They look upon everything that opposes their

plans as a stumbling-block, and then they pray to God to remove the stumbling-block out of their way. I would not interfere with them, were I in your place."

Sir Thomas returned home, but could not dismiss the words "stumbling-block" from his mind; they occurred to him again and again during the night's disturbed sleep, and they pursued him the next day and the succeeding night. On the following morning he sent for his tenant. "Are you still resolved to build this chapel?"

"Yes, Sir Thomas, and I have purchased several thousand brick for the purpose."

"Well, I give my consent, and here is £20 to assist you; but don't mention me! don't mention me!"

You cannot deceive God either by mock humility or by pride; he knows you better than you know yourself.