

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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INDIAN TEMPLE.

SOME of the most costly and elaborate structures in the world are the temples the Hindus raise for the worship of their false gods. They are, as will be seen by our cut, of very fantastic architecture, and are most elaborately carved, generally with figures illustrating the mythological exploits of those false deities. The goddess Kali was a very cruel deity, and is well symbolized by the dragon-shaped beast in the foreground represented as devouring one of his devotees.

ANNA'S IDEA OF GIVING.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

The Junior League had just organized itself into a missionary society, and Jessie was the treasurer. Their president had talked with them about taking one of the famine orphans in India, paying for her board and clothing in an orphanage; and when she became a woman she would probably go out as a Bible-reader, or, like the girl for whom the young ladies' society had cared the last ten years, marry a native Christian and settle down in one of the villages, a daily object-lesson for Christianity. The League had decided to raise the twenty dollars each year to do this work; had taken a girl, through the Branch secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and named her after their own president of the League.

The girls of the society were in the parlour at Jessie Gray's, and talking with perfect freedom, for they never thought that Jessie's mamma, who sat at her study table writing, was taking the least notice of their remarks.

"I'm getting awful tired of so much missionary talk," said Dolly Rowe. "It's nothing but beg, beg, all the time. My Aunt Sarah says that the Methodists never meet but they spend most of their time in praying their Church, and then they propose begging for some cause or other. She says she never goes to church but the contribution box is held before her, and she always has to put in more than she can afford because Mrs. Colonel Stalker sits right behind her. Then, as like as not, when she comes out of church there will be Mrs. Major Snodgrass or Mrs. Captain Clinker with a subscription paper to get a present for somebody, buy papers or books for the Sunday-school, get new shingles for the parsonage, or carpet for the church. Now we always give our nickel in church and in Sunday-school and Loyal Legion and at our mite socials. Come to add to all these this orphan in India, I say 'tis too much."

"My father feels just as your Aunt Sarah does," said Jennie Russ. "At least, I suppose he does, for only last Sunday afternoon, after they'd raised so many hundred dollars to pay off the big debt on the church, he said to mamma that he

guessed he'd have his salary paid right to the church, and then draw enough to pay the grocer and for fuel and clothes. I do think it's a shame to beg all our parents can give, and then beg of us children, too."

"That's just it," said Clara Leydon, whose father was a minister, and who would never have thought of saying anything against giving if she had not been in company with a lot of growlers. "That's just it. I've got a mite-box for home missions, an iron bank for foreign missions, my little 'beehive' for our Junior League, and every little while go out with a card and get pin-pricks and pennies on that for something or other. Just as true as I live and breathe I've heard so much about the poor heathen in India, the distressed in

after supper he went into the garden and smoked two cigars. I saw him! I asked father how much cigars cost, and he said, 'Decent ones, ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty five cents!' You know, girls, how much that man talked about 'self-denial.' All the grown up folks aren't saints yet, are they, Anna?"

Anna was Julia Crofton's older sister, who had been a member of the church longer, perhaps, than any of the other girls. She was not a member of the Junior League, for she was just old enough to go into the Epworth League; but she came, this afternoon, with her younger sister, for they were both on their way to take their music lesson. She was a girl that did her own thinking, and because any one said a thing was right or wrong it

years old, was afflicted by an easily curable form of paralysis. The mother had neither time nor money to attend to her child. At five the little cripple began to sew buttons on trousers. She is now thirteen—a year younger than I am—hopelessly crippled, but finishes every day twelve pairs of trousers and earns twenty cents. When we think about such people, can't we give up an orange to help the poor in cities? When we know about little children on the frontier going bare-foot when snow is on the ground, can't we put a nickel into our 'beehive'? When we think about the little girls in India, or China or Japan who never heard of Christ, is it too hard to deny ourselves a concert, a pair of kid gloves, or even an extra dress to help them? You know our mamas do give and love to give.

When we put our money, whether it is a penny or a dollar, into the box, if we gave it as though we put it right into the hand of the Lord Jesus, and asked him to look after it, I think we'd like to give."

"I never thought of it that way," said Jessie. "Nor I, nor I," said one voice after another.

"We can't see him, that's the reason we didn't think," said Clara. "But he can see us, and we ought to think," replied Anna.

"Out of the mouth of babes thou hast perfected praise," thought Jessie's mamma.

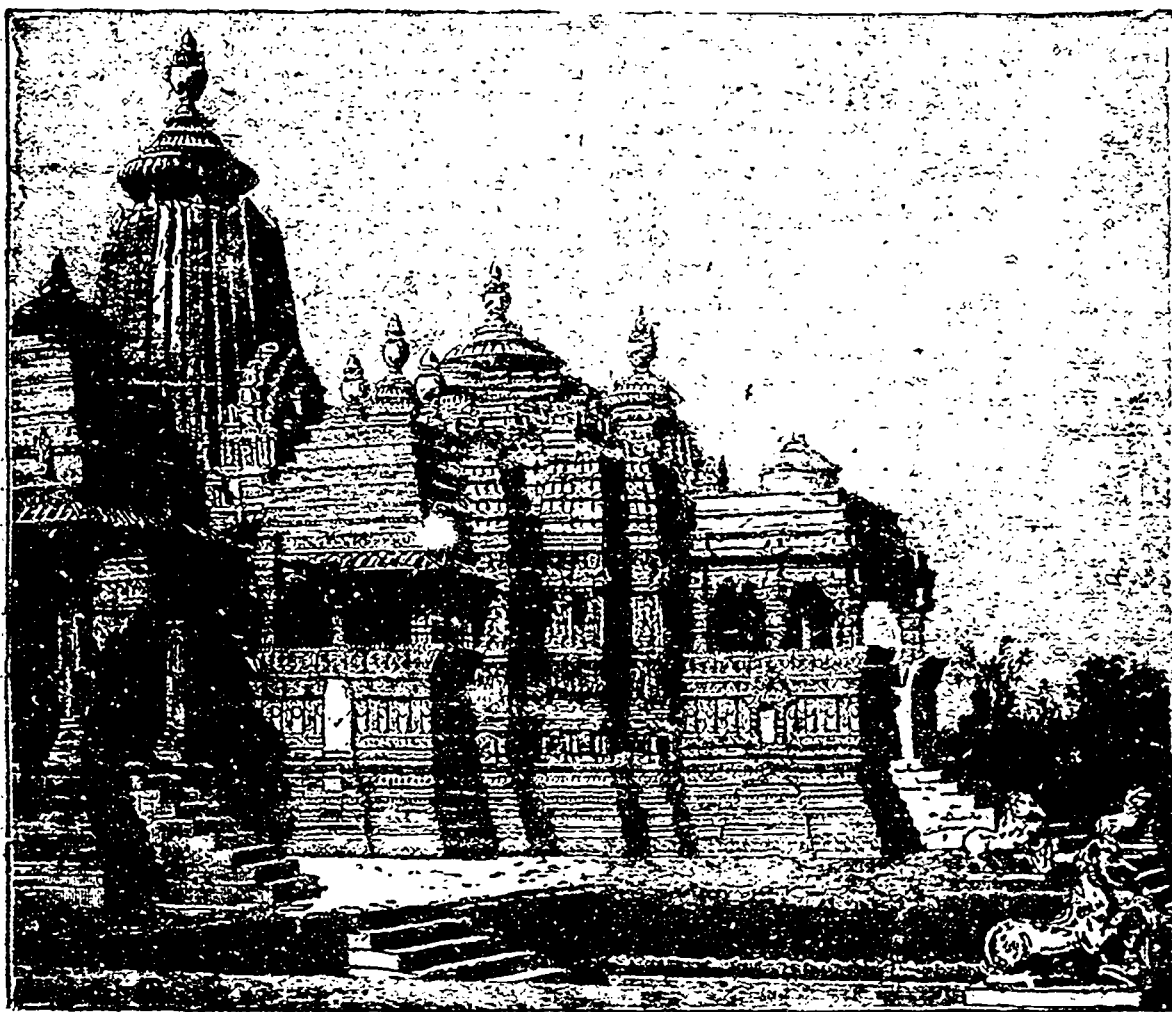
"DROP IT."

Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscles, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says, "No tobacco in the schools." It affects the brain and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France. "No tobacco," is the response.

Try West Point and Annapolis. "Drop that cigarette," is the word. Indeed smoking boys are not likely to get so far as that.

Major Huston, of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is, "Do you smoke?" "No, sir," is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use beer, tobacco, or cards, the bank has no use for you. Business life demands a fine brain, steady nerve, firm conscience.

A little girl on being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mad in high spirits."



INDIAN TEMPLE.

our big cities, the awful hard times ministers have on the frontier, and I don't know who all and what all about practicing self-denial, that I haven't dared to buy an orange—and they are so cheap now—this longest while, and—"

"Self-denial! I think that is a pretty word for those men to use that come to us begging for so many things," said Julia Crofton, another girl who had been taught that it was a pleasure as well as a duty to give, but forgot all her teachings for a minute when she heard the discussion against giving. "Just look at those people. They ride around over the world in palace cars, and just live on the fat of the land. That man that came to our house when he was begging for poor children in—in some place, he just took two heaping, clear-away-up spoons of sugar in his coffee, he ate three slices of cake, and

did not convince Anna that they had sinned a fact. After waiting a moment she replied, saying,

"Because others do wrong I see no reason why we should. I think we ought to give because Jesus sends us to, and because we love him. I like to deny myself, because I am so happy afterward."

"But, Anna, do you think we ought to deny ourselves everything for the sake of giving?" asked Jennie Russ.

"Don't you remember, girls," Anna replied, "how Charlie Maynard read in Sunday-school that verse where the widow put two mites into the treasury, and Charlie went on with his reading, and instead of saying 'farthing,' said, 'Which make a fair thing'? Now, if we give a fair thing we will give all we have; that is what the widow did. I was reading to-day about a little child in Chicago who, when three