

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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No. 3.

FROZEN OUT.

THESE poor little birds seem almost frozen to death, don't they? See how languidly they peep out of their half-closed eyes. The very severe winter weather is sometimes fatal to the dear little fellows. Just outside of my window a number come to pick the berries of the Virginia creeper. But when these and everything else are frozen hard, I hope my young readers will scatter some grain or bread-crumbs for these little feathered friends of ours—they will be very grateful, I assure you. Remember,

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

WHAT ALICE DID.

A GENTLEMAN was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would

or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from that what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

ONE BLACK DROP.

ONE black drop, only one, but what a tinge it has given that water! Spreading to every other drop in its neighborhood, it has clouded the whole mass.

That is the way with a thought that is not pure. It affects the desires, and there follows the wish to do the impure thing. It reaches the will, and there follows the deed. Then how the recollection of it clouds the hour when one prays, the hour when the Bible is read and God's house visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends.

Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dark cloud." Stop. Let him go farther



FROZEN OUT.

have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them,

sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly:

and God's house visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends. Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dark cloud." Stop. Let him go farther