

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Drunkard's Daughter.

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She knew little—for no one taught her

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;
Hope promised her no bright morrow
Or, if its light flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow

She softly said: "We have no bread
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill, the winds were chill;
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them, for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day in beauty shining,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent ever sought her;
In a winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The most conspicuous feature of the Paris Exposition of 1900 is the famous Eiffel Tower, erected in 1888, as shown

which, indeed, it needs to have to sustain the strain of the winds and the pressure of the enormous weight of iron.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

BY D. L. MOODY.

I remember a man who enlisted in our war, and left a wife and two children, and the wife was not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was shot in battle, and the mother was in great sorrow.

Soon after the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent so regularly as before, as she had only her needle, and sewing machines were just coming in then, and as she could not buy one, she had a very poor chance. The man was a heartless wretch, and said that if she did not pay the rent

day to this. A beautiful cottage was provided for her and her two children, and she has lived there without paying any rent. When the fire swept over Chicago and burnt up her home, another little home was put up for her, and there she is.

I remember another little incident connected with the same family. They heard I was going to the army a few weeks after they had been provided for, and the mother came to me with her two little children, and they brought down all the money they had, some peantries which they had been putting away in a little bank, or at least the eldest one, and it was like the widow's mite. I thought at first I could not take the money; but then I thought it is God who had prompted them to give it. They wanted me to take it down into the army and buy a Bible and give it to a soldier, and tell the soldier who got it that the children who gave it were going to pray for

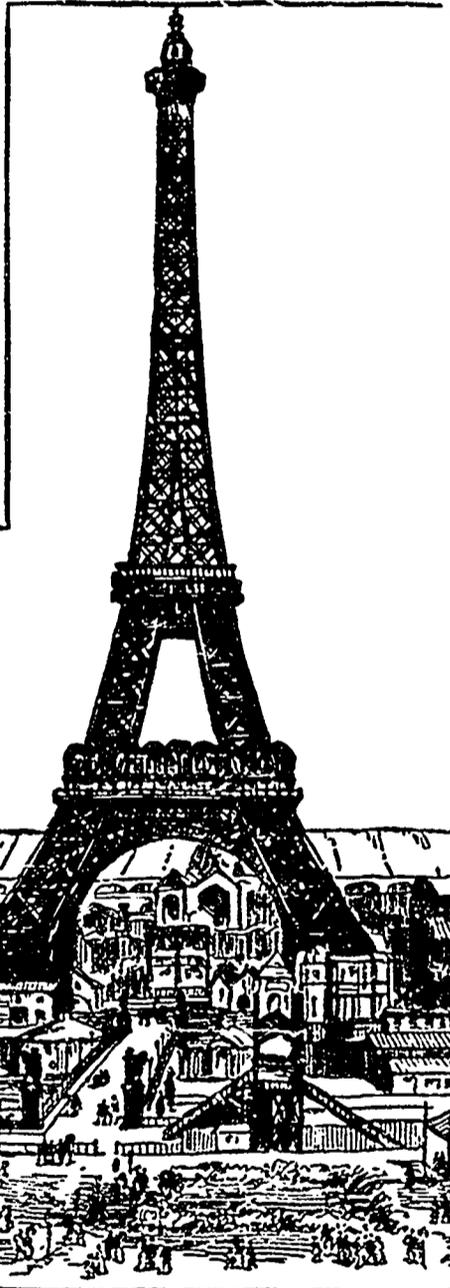
LISTENING FOR NOISES.

There had been a noisy bedtime romp, and the home-keeper was just wondering how to quiet her little lodgers for sleep, when Four-Years solved the problem for her by suddenly suggesting, "Let's listen for noises."

The windows were open to let in the sweet air of the summer evening, and the lodgers all settled themselves into comfortable positions to prevent any rustling. The transient also settled herself with an air of expectancy to see what was coming. When all were ready, the home-keeper gave the word, "Now!" and the mystified transient sat for three or four long minutes in what seemed to her total silence, wondering if some spell had been cast over the lodgers and put them all to sleep.

The silence was broken at last by the home-keeper asking, "How many?" and the quick answers showed that something else than sleep had kept the lodgers quiet.

"Seven!" "Four!" "Nine!" "Six!" were the various answers given, and the transient was astonished at the list of sounds heard when she had heard nothing. The ticking of the clock, the night-call of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, the distant barking of a dog, the far-away rumble of an electric-car, a long breath from Four-Years, who had found it hard to keep quiet still so long, the far-off rattle of a waggon, the shutting of a door in the next house, and the



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS EXPOSITION.

upon this page, the highest structure in the world. It is a beautiful lace-like structure of iron and steel, resting on four great legs and rising gracefully to the height of about 1,000 feet. On the first platform, about 200 feet above the ground, is a great concert hall with restaurants, and on the second and third are similar refreshment stalls. On the top is a powerful electric light which may be seen about 100 miles.

The most peculiar feature about it is the series of elevators which run up and down the legs to the second gallery, from which a single elevator conveys visitors to the topmost gallery. The details of these elevators are shown on our last page. The present writer went to the top in the elevator, and then walked down a winding corkscrew stair which seemed to rest upon nothing. And a very queer sensation it was to wind one's way downward seemingly with little between one and the horizon or the earth than the gauzy network of steel of the tower.

The cut on the last page shows the enormous strength of the foundation,

regularly, he would turn her out. After he went away the mother began to weep. Her little child, not quite five, came up to her and said:

"Mamma, is not God very rich?"

"Yes, my child."

"Can't God take care of us?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask him?"

The mother said she might if she liked. The little child knelt at her cradle-bed, where the mother taught her to pray, and the mother told me the child never looked so sweet. She stood weeping over her misfortune, and the little child knelt down and said, "O Lord, you have given and ta' a way my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money, won't you please lend us a little house to live in?"

And then she came to her mamma, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will take care of us. I know he will, for I have asked him."

It is upward of twenty years, and that mother has never paid any rent from that

him, as they used to pray for their father. They wanted some soldier to pray for God bless such children. I bought two Bibles, and one night I was preaching, and had a lot of men hearing me, and I told them this story, and holding one of the Bibles, I said, "If there is a man here who has the courage, the moral courage, who is not a Christian, to rise and take this Bible and have the prayers of these two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward."

To my surprise sixteen men sprang to their feet, came forward and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so thankful that we have a God who hears and answers prayers.

When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness, but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them. But I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.—Jeremy Taylor.

taste of the transient's dress, were all noted.

The advantages of this simple game are obvious. Will not other home-keepers give similar expedients that they have found useful for quieting or entertaining their little lodgers?—The Evangelist.

BULLER AT HOME.

Sir Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago a certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so off colour that the ladies were exceedingly distressed.

When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A's carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared.

"I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes.

Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm and led him gently into the hall. It is time for you to go, he said, quietly, and his guest went.