

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

No. 41.



AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

BY HELEN STIRLING.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together; and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main Street.

"Did you know that we were builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we ain't; we're only boys," said John.

"Put we are; we are building a house which is to last forever," said Jemmy, earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts for

ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred years more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John, soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shaky bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see, what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth, that's a big sill. Be honest, that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother, there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers, too," said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a Gospel beam, and keeps the frame steady."

"Be courteous; there's a brick," said John.

"And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any dirty words," interrupted Jemmy.

"And we shall go on building as long as we live," mother says, "every single

day we add somewhat to the house we are building."

The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped around beside them and said:

"Pretty good work, my boys, only build on a sure foundation."

The boys looked a little frightened, but they soon felt at ease, and listened while he said:

"Give your young hearts to God, my boys. He is the great Master-builder. He will teach you to build so that he will say, 'Well done.' Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be added unto you. Then he added, 'I wish everybody would build as wisely as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep them ever.'"