

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1884.

No. 10.

## NO DANGER.

"ALL take good care of number one;  
To him I surely am no stranger.  
I love to see the cider run;  
I drink it too—there is no danger."

So said the youth, and drained the cup  
Until his mouth and eyes grew wider.  
"No harm can come from such a cup  
Of apple-juice, delicious cider!"

He drank until his eyes grew red;  
But lo! the lad so gay and frisky  
Remained all night within a shed,  
Beside a bloated cask of whiskey.

All said it was a pity that  
The tavern was so nigh and handy  
For cider to the youth was flat,  
And so he got supplies of brandy.

Seasons rolled round, and he was found  
Dead drunk beneath a horse's manger;  
And now he sleeps beneath the mound,  
Because he could not see the danger.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

WE have frequently spoken,  
in PLEASANT HOURS, of  
this beautiful charity.

We have had the pleasure of receiving from the readers of this paper considerable sums for its maintenance. We wish now to make a few extracts from its last year's Report. It must be remembered that the sustenance of the hospital is entirely a work of faith. All the moneys received come voluntarily, in answer to prayer, as God prompts the hearts of the givers. The motto of the hospital is—

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."  
"My God shall supply all your need."—Ph. iv. 6, 19.

The report begins as follows: Eight years! nearly nine! since we first opened the Hospital for the reception of children suffering from disease or curable deformity.

It is our great privilege in these Reports, year by year, to bear testimony to the truthfulness of God's promises; and any one who will read carefully the Secretary's Diary, will see how there has "failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken" (Josh. xxi. 45).

God's promises remain true; and only those who have tried them know the richness of them; and the unlimited supplies always forthcoming from His great storehouse, ready ever to open wide at the "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Since writing the last Report, we have received from our God \$6,492 61 in answer to prayer, besides the \$2,000 for the Convalescent Home. Our

meetings for prayer are still held every Friday morning at 11 o'clock; and we welcome any one who would like to join us. Here we not only ask for our daily bread, but "requests for prayer" sent to us, are always laid before our loving Father; and we wait and watch for the answer.

The ladies of the Committee wished very much to have a summer home on the Island opposite Toronto, and made

the Toronto *Telegram*, afterwards increased his gift to \$2,000.

God opened the hearts of every one. The plans of the building were given by the architect, Mr. Mark Hall, who also overlooked the whole work; and Mr. John Withrow gave his valuable services, until the whole was completed; sending in as a donation a large refrigerator, which proved a great boon during the warm weather. The



CANADIAN CHILDREN'S COT, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

it a subject of special prayer. A gentleman called to say he would give \$1000 towards building a Convalescent Home on the Island, if the city would grant the land—we had only thought of renting a house for that purpose; and taking over a few children at a time; but this is another proof of His willingness "to give abundantly above all that we can ask or think." This gentleman, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of

contractors did their work faithfully, giving us a good substantial building for the money.

In HOME AND SCHOOL, for next week, we will give a picture of the Island Home, and tell how the children got there and enjoyed themselves.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Her Royal Highness, when in To-

ronto, received the address of the citizens in the Park; and our little ones were placed at every window with flags in order to see her drive by. They were lifted from their beds, still wearing their night clothes, and bright red jackets; and were comfortably tucked round with quilts. The carriage at last drove by; they had "waved" to her and were satisfied, when a commotion was heard down stairs. Miss Fowler, fearing some accident had taken place, and that her help was needed, hurried from the ward, and just met Her Royal Highness on the stairs on her way up. She had been graciously pleased to ask for the Children's Hospital, and had her carriage turned round, arriving unexpectedly upon such a scene as is seldom presented to the eye of one holding so exalted a position.

She entered the Ward enjoying heartily Nurse Robinson's discomfort, who, from her lofty seat on the table, and with a helpless child on either knee, could not move. Such a scampering into cots of those who could help themselves, and a gentle laying down of the feeble ones as there was, and while little eyes were gazing their fill at her lovely sympathetic face, Alice struck up "God Save the Queen," and they all sang heartily. She remained quite a time talking to each little one, being specially tender to those who were suffering. After she left, she was pleased to express the pleasure the visit had given her, and to remark that "the little ones looked supremely happy."

To all who have helped in the work of making our sick ones happy, we would say, "God bless you! We cannot do this work without you." To those who from time to time regularly come to teach the sufferers long confined in bed, not only to read, write and sew, but also the "Way of Salvation," we say, "we pray for you that your work may bring forth much fruit." And to the ladies who every Wednesday come to make and mend, often very old garments, we say, "though your work is not interesting it is for Jesus, who views it as done to Himself." "Ye did it unto Me;" and who, when He comes, will bring "His reward with Him," even for those who but give "a cup of cold water in His Name."

The editor of PLEASANT HOURS had the pleasure of forwarding to the Hospital, from the Rev. Benjamin Hills, of Southampton, N.S., \$50, the dying bequest of his little daughter, Mamie, aged 14, who had read about