

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

[No. 40.]

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE attention of the whole world is being directed to the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. On the 12th, of October, four hundred years ago, the new world was first seen by European eyes. In all parts of the East where we have travelled we have met many persons who propose attending the great Columbian exhibition in Chicago in 1893. We wish our young readers to know something of the character of this great man, who unveiled a new world to mankind. The story of the life of Columbus is familiar to every school boy, but there are certain lessons of that life which especially commend themselves to the attention of everyone at this time. One of these is his indomitable energy and perseverance. Many a less courageous man would have been disheartened and dismayed by the difficulties he encountered in enlisting the sympathy and help, without which it was impossible to carry out his daring project. Another is his devout faith in the providence of God. He seems to have felt that he was an instrument in the divine hands for the discovery of a new world and for bringing to the knowledge of Christian Faith, the millions of pagans who were without the knowledge of the true God. It is true that the errors of Roman Catholicism and the sufferings and cruel tyranny to which the native red men were exposed, were a bitter exchange for the lot that they had previously enjoyed, but the blame of this was more upon the greed of the countrymen of Columbus than upon himself. Few things are more pathetic than the ingratitude to the great discoverer of his sovereign and countrymen sent home a prisoner in chains, the iron entered into his soul and he kept the fetters hung up in his chamber till his dying day.

We have not space here to enter fully into the story of Columbus but in the number of *Oscar* for October 1st we have given a very full outline of that stirring story, also poems of his life by Lowell and Tennyson and an illustrated account of the pre-Columbian discovery of America, and Longfellow's noble poem "The Skeleton in Armour," commemorating one of the old Norse discoverers of this new world. We shall print a large edition of that number and hope that it will be very largely ordered for circulation in our schools, Boy's League, etc. That it may be



COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

brought within the reach of everyone it will be furnished at the rate of one dollar a hundred but not less than ten copies for ten cents. Please send in our orders promptly.

Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be amply repaid.

## CHILD-LIFE IN INDIA.

BY MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.

COME with me to my little Indian village. Here are "Jack and Jill," two stout oxen who have been trained to trot, adorned with bells, and fastened to a rattan carriage, and they wait until we have a large load. Off we go over the brick red roads running like bright ribbons through

green fields. Here, at the first turn, we come to the old court-house, standing in the dense shade of the magnificent banyan trees. Over here to the right is the grand residence of a native prince, who has several wives, fine elephants, camels, Arabian horses, birds of paradise, and a caged Bengal tiger at his gate.

Here we enter the bazaar, a trading street filled with low mud shops. See these long bearded, long tailed baboons, leaping from roof to roof, then down into the gardens to steal bananas and cucumbers. Hark!

"I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand."

They are singing the first hymn, and we are at the very door of the first Sunday school we shall visit to day. Fifty little hands are waving graceful salaams to you, and a hundred bright eyes, that never tire looking at white children, are welcoming you. Sit down, tailor fashion, on the mats the kind teacher is bringing to you. A few years ago she was rescued from a terrible famine, and now she is a most earnest teacher.

That group of boys are orphans, or worse, their parents are so bad. They run on errands, and earn a few cents, and frequently they creep into some old hut or fall asleep under a tree without any supper. That little girl carrying a baby on her hip almost as large as herself, lost her mother the other day. Now she cooks the rice, when her drunken father brings her any, carries the baby around with her wherever she goes, and begs a few kernels of parched rice when it cries too hard.

The girl next to her hasn't a friend, and she has worn that one piece of cloth until it is threadbare. She is always hungry and always sad. In deed, not one of those fifty children ever had a "home." A miserable mud hut, crowded frequently with drunken men and women, and half-starved dogs, has been their only shelter, and they had never heard of the one great God and the way to heaven before this Sunday-school teacher went to them. But from their babyhood their hands had often

been clasped in prayer to a huge idol around which serpents coiled. In their own language, so strange to you, they are reciting the same Sunday school lessons as yours and singing the same sweet hymns. At the close of the school they will each receive a beautiful Scripture-card, sent to them by American children 11,000 miles away. These they read to their mothers. - *S. S. Times.*