

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

F

[No. 33.]

## THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The most conspicuous feature of the Paris Exposition of '89 was the famous Eiffel tower, 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 1000 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 top-most 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 cork-screw 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 English, not to be outdone by the French, are erecting a tower in London about one quarter higher than this, the elevators of which will run straight up from the ground to the top in a much shorter time than those of the Eiffel Tower. The cut on the last page shows the enormous strength of the foundation, 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 he said that if she did not pay the rent 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 misfortunes, and the little child knelt down and said, "O Lord, you have given and taken away 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 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 pennies which they had been putting away in a little bank, or at least the oldest 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 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.

## THE BOY MARTYRS.

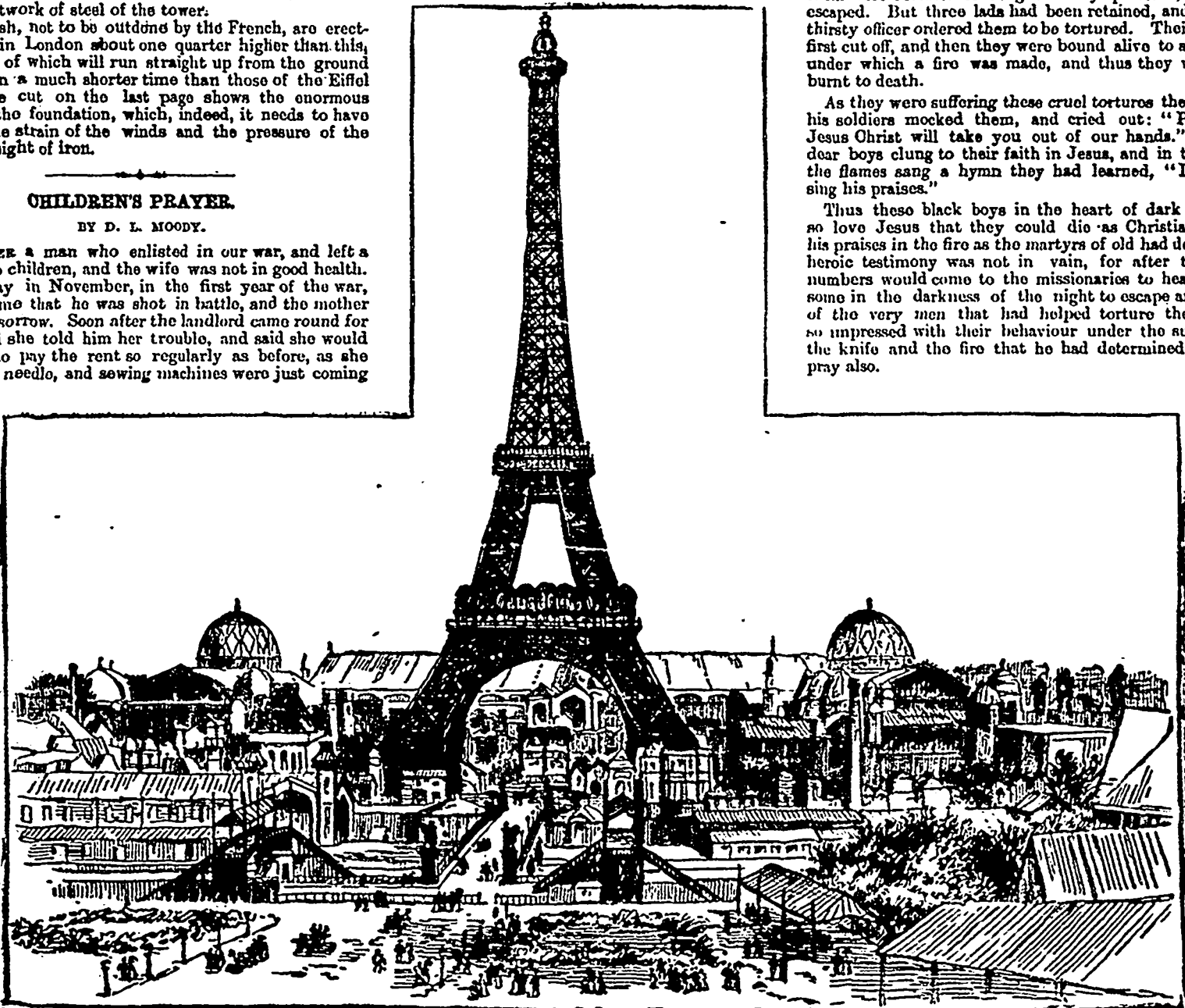
THE days when people are called upon to die for Christ have not yet passed away. From the interior of Africa came news, not long ago, of the terrible treatment wicked men bestowed upon three boys simply because they had accepted the white man's God and been baptized.

The cruel officers of the more cruel king of Uganda had arrested several Christians under the false charge that they were going to leave the country. Some of

them were released or bought off by presents, and a few escaped. But three lads had been retained, and the blood thirsty officer ordered them to be tortured. Their arms were first cut off, and then they were bound alive to a scaffolding under which a fire was made, and thus they were slowly burnt to death.

As they were suffering these cruel tortures the officer and his soldiers mocked them, and cried out: "Pray now if Jesus Christ will take you out of our hands." But the dear boys clung to their faith in Jesus, and in the midst of the flames sang a hymn they had learned, "Daily, daily sing his praises."

Thus these black boys in the heart of dark Africa did so love Jesus that they could die as Christians and sing his praises in the fire as the martyrs of old had done. Their heroic testimony was not in vain, for after this greater numbers would come to the missionaries to hear of Jesus, some in the darkness of the night to escape arrest. One of the very men that had helped torture the boys was so impressed with their behaviour under the sufferings by the knife and the fire that he had determined to learn to pray also.



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS EXPOSITION.