

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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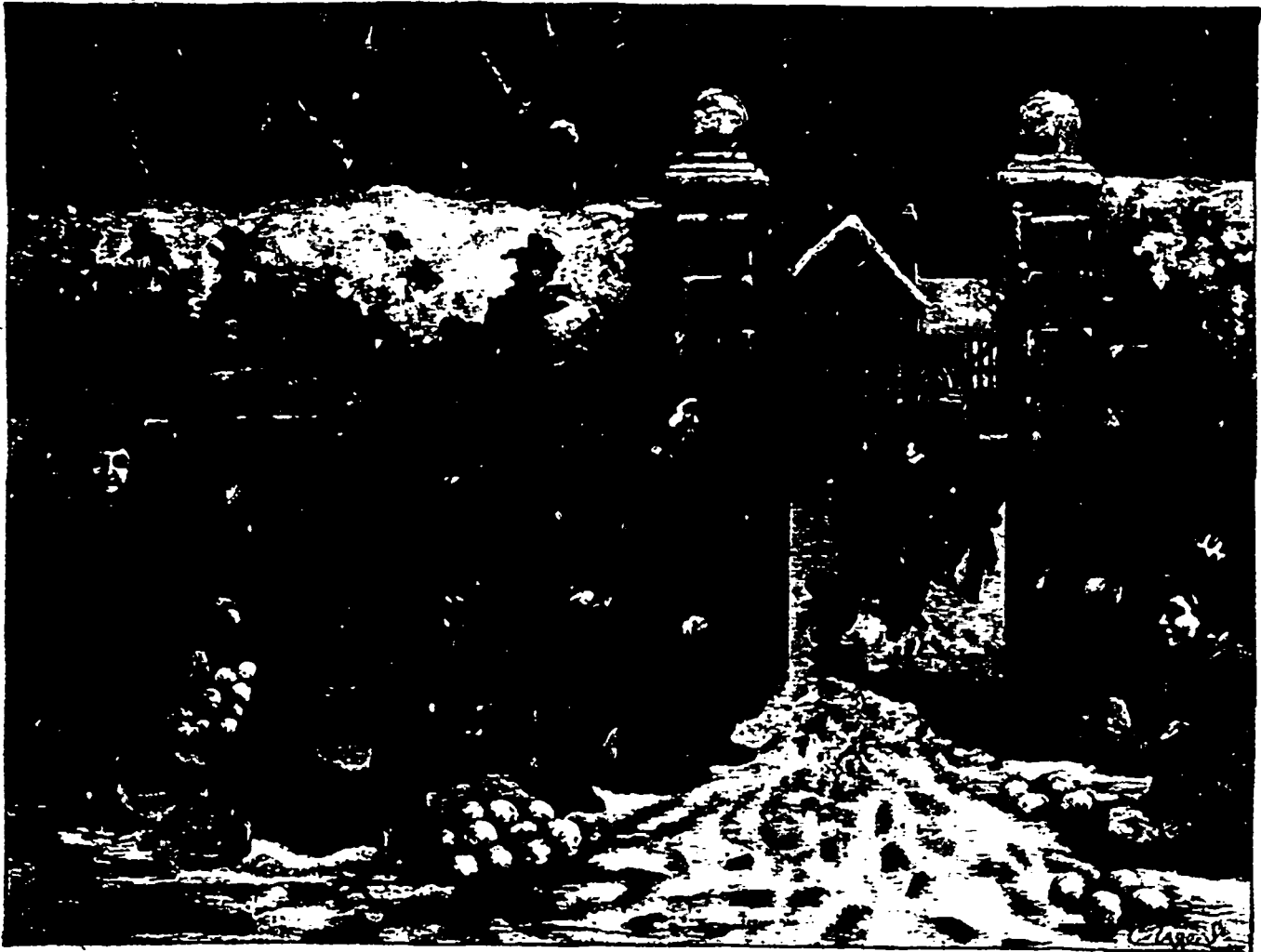
SNOWBALLING.

Did you ever have a snowball match, boys? I suppose you did. It is a kind of sport some people don't enjoy, for the snow has a fashion of melting and trickling down one's neck in a very cool and insinuating way. But it is great fun for all that, as you know. The battle in the picture has not started yet, but, judging from the size and number of the balls being prepared, it is going to

man was put in his place, and next morning he too was found dead there. So the officer selected a sharp man, and said to him, "Now, let nothing escape you. Shoot at anything that moves. If a dog goes by, shoot him." For an hour or two the man heard nothing stirring. But at last a little twig snapped, and it seemed as if something were softly treading on dry leaves. The sentry's heart beat fast, and he strained his eyes but could see nothing. After a

skin with a wounded Indian inside it. This Indian night after night had approached the sentry, crawling along the ground in the dark skin of the bear, and when near enough had suddenly sprung up and killed him.

Now, you know very well that things come to you in life to do you harm—things which are called temptations. You do not notice them, they come so quietly and spring so suddenly. You have to be



SNOWBALLING.

be a rather "hot" one. This is an old-fashioned English school, as may be seen from the timbered building and ivy-covered stone wall.

RED INDIAN WARFARE.

One time when the British soldiers were fighting against Indians in America, a sentry at a very important point was found one morning dead at his post. The guard had heard no sound and they could not imagine how any one could have come so close to the sentry as to kill him. They thought he must have fallen asleep at his post. Another

second or two he was certain something was coming near to him. He called out "Who goes there!" but no one answered. The next moment he saw something black and was going to fire, but noticed that it was a small bear moving near a bush a few yards off. So he lowered his rifle, and was going to laugh at himself at the thought of how near he had been to raising an alarm about a little bear. But suddenly the sentry remembered the words, "Shoot anything that moves, whatever it is!" and he lifted his rifle and let go at the bear. The bear fell, and the guard ran to where they had heard the report. On examining the bear they found it was a bear's

warned and put on the alert. Bad companions, and bad tempers, and bad and angry thoughts are like the Indian in the bear's skin. People are overcome by them before they are aware. This is the great sentinel duty of life, to watch and pray lest you enter into temptation.

CHILDREN should remember that what they are now, so they will be as men and women. If they are good now, they will be better then, and if they are wicked while young, they will be worse as they grow old.