

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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What We Would Do For Jesus.

Jesus, we would please thee,
Please thee every day,
And we would obey thee,
Teach us, Lord thy way
Jesus, we would love thee,
For we all do know
That thou bledest and suffered
For thou lov'dst us so
Jesus, we would praise thee,
In our days of youth,
And we do so thank thee
For thy word of truth,
Jesus, we do trust thee,
For thy word is sure,
Saviour, come and bless us,
Make us clean and pure.

TOO BIG TO GO TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Some of the boys in H— church were beginning to think that they were too big to go to Sunday-school. And, luckily, just then Uncle Moses taught them a lesson. Everybody liked to hear Uncle Moses talk. He was a dear rosy-faced, twinkling-eyed old gentleman, and when he arose to address the children, every one, from the married folks in the Bible-class down to the smallest tot in the infant department, listened to him. "I notice there ain't so many boys here as there used to be," observed Uncle Moses. "And children, it reminds me of a little experience I had when I was out west. I was visiting a home on the prairie. There was no house near it, nor church, nor school-house. "But the family were Christian people, and the little daughter—Emily, they called her—was a very thoughtful and earnest little girl. "Don't you miss your Sabbath-school in the east?" I asked her. "Yes, sir," she replied, and then, drawing near me, she told me, confidentially, that she was going to have a Sabbath-school of her own. "Indeed!" I said. "And where are your scholars, pray?" "Oh, I will have my dolly and my birdie, and then—there's the little calf tied out in the yard." "Well, boys and girls, of course I was interested in that Sunday-school—it seemed such a unique one! "When I visited Emily again some months later I made respectful inquiries concerning it. "Oh, sir," said the little maid, soberly, "my Sunday-school is no more! The scholars are all gone! I lost my dolly; the bird flew away, and the calf—oh, the calf got too big to come to Sunday-school!" "And," added Uncle Moses, his blue eyes twinkling more merrily than ever, "when I see boys who think they are too big to come to Sunday-school, why I—I think—of that calf!"—Sunday-school Advocate.

HEROIC LIFE-SAVERS.

District Superintendent Jerome G. Klah, with headquarters at Sand Beach, Michigan, is one of the heroes of the Life-saving Service. He holds the gold medal, the highest award the United States Government can bestow for heroism in saving life. His name is associated with what was both one of the most daring attempts at rescue and one of the greatest tragedies of the service—a tragedy which wiped out an entire crew with the exception of this sole survivor.

Mr. Klah was at the time keeper of the Point aux Barques life-saving station on Lake Huron. A vessel struck too far out to be reached with the shot and line. The peril of attempting a rescue with the surf-boat was only too apparent; but Keeper Klah mustered his men, and made the launch. For a while

their strength and skill enabled them to surmount or push through the tumultuous seas; but, once in the open lake beyond the shoals, where the storm was free to riot at will, the real danger began. It was a test beyond human powers. The keeper remembers that twice the boat capsized and was righted. After that he has a vague recollection of the boat capsizing and righting herself several times, and of the crew clinging to it until, one by one, the surfmen, perishing of cold, let go their hold, and vanished beneath the waves. He has a dim remembrance of the boat, with himself clinging to it, grating over the shoal, and then being flung up on shore. He was found by two men, standing, with one hand on the root of a fallen tree, steadying himself with a lath in the other, and swaying as if walking, but not stirring his feet—a dazed, tottering

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

There is no more interesting or instructive page of history than that which relates the story of a long struggle between an unhappy prince and his people. The details of the civil war between Cromwell's "Ironsides" and Charles I. are ever a fruitful subject for reflection, and the tragic end of the long struggle is depicted in the accompanying illustration more clearly than words can tell it.

In 1645, not a year after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, the cause of Charles was completely overthrown, and he soon afterwards surrendered himself to the Scots. Even then, however, Cromwell had no desultory views, when a letter fell into his hands in which, writing to his wife, Charles said: "For Cromwell and Ireton I des'gn no reward,

on this earth with Bishop Juxon. The interview is thus given by the historian Hume:

"At the last moment Bishop Juxon said to the king: 'There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way, it will carry you from earth to heaven, and you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.' 'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.'"

One blow was sufficient, and the executioner, holding up the head of the king, uttered those historic words— "This was the head of a traitor."

"NEWNESS OF LIFE."

In youth, especially, we like new things. Many things as they are growing old lose attractiveness, and we weary of them. We study with more zest sometimes from the new book. We wear the new cloak or the new hat with a consciousness of its nicety and freshness, and we handle with a tender care the articles we use for the first time.

There is a charm in newness and freshness that extends even to our idea of "newness of life." We are tired often of our old ways, of our old selves and feel as if we would give them all for a new start in another direction.

"Am I not right, young friends?" is the middle-aged or those advanced in life who are most weary of the old, and long most for the new? Not at all! We long, but we long with far less hope upon us the old habits are strong the old ways fixed, we are farther on. It is less easy to change. Our souls less easily take on new ways, as our bodies less easily adjust themselves to new clothes. We feel the necessity for change, but find it less easy to make it.

"But you, who are young and strong, and fresh for any work, find it easier to adjust your thoughts, your feelings, and actions to a new life. It will be easier now than ever it will be again. This year is new. Over all the old marks that sin has made upon the past God will, if you wish it, let the white mantle of mercy fall, as he has let the snow fall over the dust and hardness of the brown earth.

"Whiter than snow." Yes, even though the sin stains be of "scarlet" or of "crimson," they shall be "whiter than snow." By his help the "old things shall pass away, and all things become new." The "old things," anything that you do not like in yourself, anything that God knows about you which you would not for the world have anybody else know, anything that hinders your progress, any old habit of mind or body—all the old things shall "pass away."

Think of what becomes of things that pass away. They are gone, they have no more power to trouble us, we are done with them.

And the "all things" that shall become new, means all old, wilful, and wrong wishes; all wicked acts; all waywardness; all our indolence and love of self—all things new. New motives, new affections, new courage, new power over sin, in short, "newness of life."

What glad, strong, courageous, earnest creatures the new heart and the new life will make of us we can never tell till it is ours. Why not begin at once? Why not put your life into the hands of the loving Christ, and let him make the old and evil things "pass away, and make all things new"? He wants to do it. You want it done. Why not let it be done now?

Small Daughter—"It's most school-time, and I've mislaid my geography." Cultured mother—"Well, tell me what the lesson is about, and I'll write out the answer for you to learn." Small Daughter—"The lakes of Africa." Cultured Mother—"Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it."



EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

wreck of his former self, murmuring in an incoherent way:

"Poor boys! Poor boys! They are all gone—all gone!" Temporarily shattered in mind and body, he was obliged to resign from the service. He was long in recovering, but finally it was possible practically to reward his bravery with the appointment to his present position.

Among the attractions of the Paris exhibition of 1900 is a huge telescope, by means of which the moon will appear at a distance of but thirty-eight miles.

but that for a silken garter they should be fitted with a hempen rope." Then Cromwell saw that it was to be his own life or the king's.

After being moved as prisoner from one castle to another, the king was at length brought before a specially constituted court in Westminster Hall, and on January 27th, 1649, was sentenced to death.

In our illustration we see the scaffold which was erected in front of Whitehall, and on it, awaiting his doom, Charles is exchanging the last words he ever spoke