

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## THE BARNACLE FAMILY MARINE AND HUMAN.

WHILE cruising around the mouth of an ocean port we gave chase to a vessel bound out to sea, but fast as our launch is we are no match for her. She glides away swiftly through the salt water, and leaves us far behind.

On our way back to port we try our speed with another vessel returning from a long voyage, and are surprised to find that we can hold our own with her. How does this happen? A few days later, after she has discharged her cargo, she is placed in the dry dock for repairs.

We then see great masses of small animals scraped from her bottom, which we find, on inquiry, are called barnacles. These parasites, we are told, gradually accumulate on ocean vessels—fouling the bottom and greatly retarding the speed. In our picture is an excellent view of these troublesome animals, which have fastened themselves to some logs floating in the water.

Thus, all through nature and in our own society, we find many parasites. Useless men who fasten themselves on others, or on corporations, and living at their expense.

### "ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

LITTLE BET JACKSON had gone on an exploring expedition one day. Till now she had never strayed very far from the narrow lane, which, with the one or two streets and courts round it, had been all her world.

She kept her bright little eyes very wide open as she shuffled along by the curbstone, looking out for a possible piece of bread or half-eaten apple, which some less hungry child might have thrown away, but which would have been treasure-trove to Bet. The streets were pretty quiet, till by-and-by she turned into one, along which a number of people were going, all in one direction. Where were they going, Bet wondered, and so she followed till she saw many of them turn into a big building, whose doors were standing wide open.

As she stood and watched them she saw that they were nearly all children, boys and girls, some younger, and some older than herself; but they were very different from her, for they had all clean faces and smooth hair, and many of the little girls had warm fur around their necks and bright ribbons on their hats; and Bet stood and stared at them, her eyes growing rounder and rounder as she stared.

"Wot place is this?" she asked a boy nearly as ragged as herself, who was looking in too, with his hands stuck into what once were pockets. She was not afraid to speak to him.

"Wot place is it? Why, a church, stoop'd."

"A church!" repeated Bet vaguely. "Wot do they do there?"

"Dunno. Guess it's only for the big folks—for the swells; but if you wait awhile you'll hear the organ, and then singing inside."

Above Bet's head was a big board on which it was printed in gilt letters, that a Children's Service was held every Sunday

afternoon, but in spite of all the school boards the announcements might have been in Greek for all Bet knew of it.

The children had nearly all gone in now, only one or two stragglers were hurrying up the steps. Sounds such as the child had

the inner side, found herself within a church for the first time. She looked around in as much wonder as a savage might have done, at the gilded organ pipes and the white-robed choir. Another hymn was sung:

to poor Bet, but one new and wonderful idea entered her mind.

There was a Friend somewhere. Some one who wanted her to come to him. All her little life long people had told her to get out of the way, sent her off, not with words only, but with blows often; now some one wanted her. Who could it be? Puzzling over this, the warm air began to make her drowsy after the cold wind without, and she was aroused at last by a stern-looking man shaking her by the arm and saying gruffly:

"Be off with you at once, this ain't a place for you, you're after no good, I'll be bound!"

The service was over and all the people were coming out. The little girl was very much frightened, but presently she saw a very pleasant-looking gentleman, the minister who had preached, coming towards her. Seeing her alarm, he said kindly to the child,

"What little girl is this?"

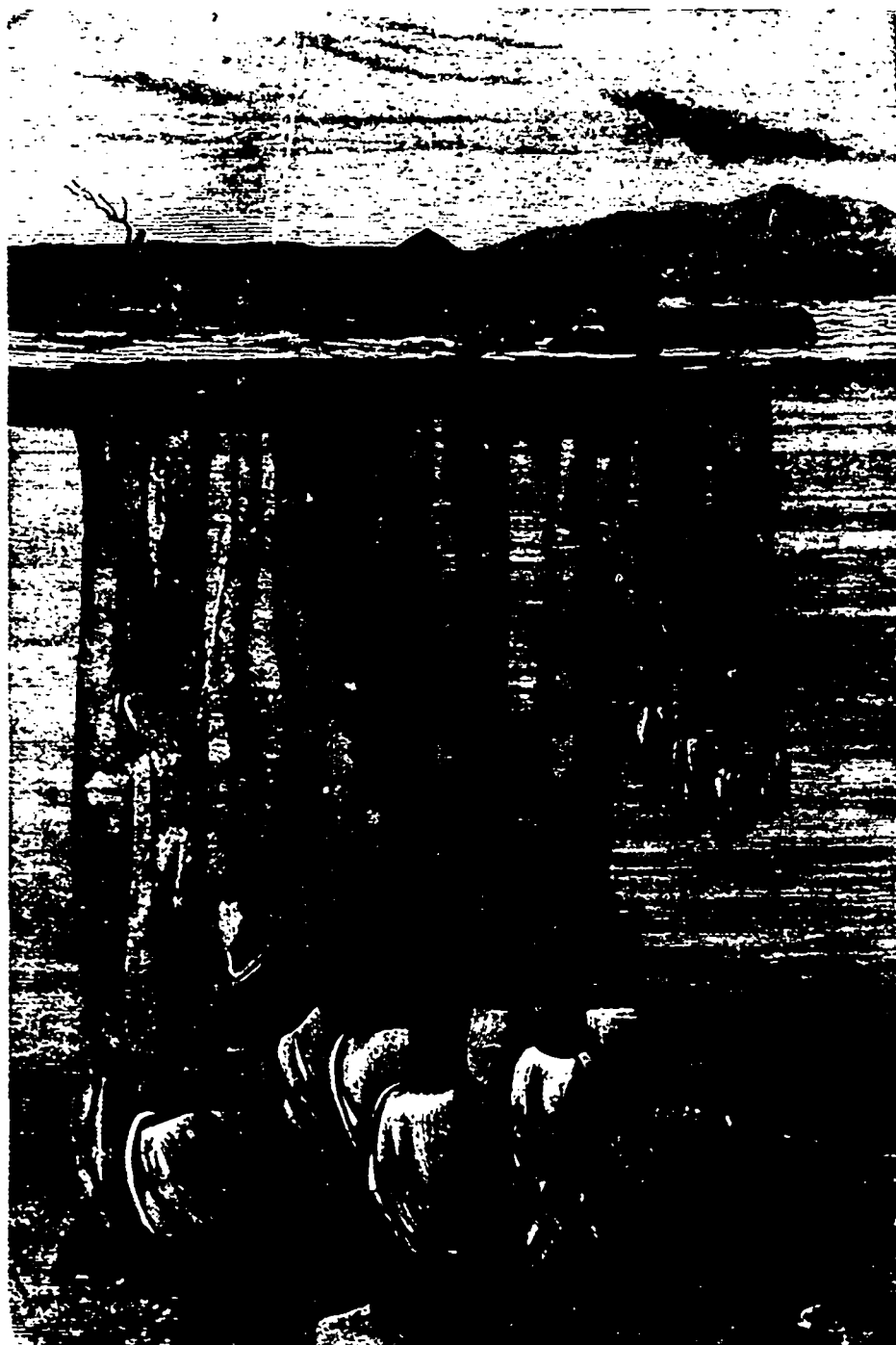
"A little ragamuffin, your reverend once, that doesn't belong nowhere," said the surly sexton.

The minister remembered the words of his text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." He took her home to his own house, gave her a good meal and had her washed and dressed in the neat clothing of his own little girl who had died. He afterwards took her to a good old couple who had no children of their own, who adopted little Bet and made her a happy home.

## REASONING POWER OF ANTS.

ONE morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly above the centre of the table, and to try their ingenuity the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to a hook with the cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch. First, the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away, and it was supposed that they had given up in despair. Within a surprisingly short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

A LITTLE Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky, intently meditating on the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"



BARNACLES.

never heard before swelled out from the open doors; the roll of the great organ, and the fresh, sweet young voices rising clear and high above it. A daring thought crossed Bet's mind. Why should she not go in too? She cautiously mounted the steps and peered in. No one was looking. Quick as a startled bird she darted across to a half-open door, stole around it, and sheltered by a heavy curtain hanging on

"There's a Friend for little children." Bet caught some words here and there and wondered what it meant. By-and-bye the minister went up into the pulpit and began to speak. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," he said, and the child behind the curtain listened with straining ears. She could not understand half of what was said. It was like a foreign language