

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

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[No. 48.]

Thanksgiving.

The ripe rosy apples are all gathered in ;
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin ;
And nuts for the children, a plentiful store.
Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor ;
The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a size,
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies ;
And all the good times that the children hold dear,
Have come round again with the feast of the year.

Now, what shall we do in our bright, happy homes,
To welcome this time of good times as it comes ?
And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day ?
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this : to make thankful some other hearts, too ;
For lives that are grateful, and sunny and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad ;
For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share ;
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way,
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

A SHIP IN WINTER.

A ship in summer when the weather is clear, the breezes are gentle, and the water smooth, is a thing of beauty and a delight to those who have the privilege of sailing in them; but when the winter comes and storms of sleet and rain cover the rigging and decks with ice, the life of the sailor is dreary enough. The ship in our picture has been in a severe storm, and every rope, mast, spar, and cable is covered with ice. The waves dash fiercely against the sides of the hull and the sea means most dimly. Surely it is not a very pleasing spectacle. But let that same ship float out into a clear, calm sea, where the sun is shining, and the air is clear and balmy, and it would be a pleasure to ride upon her. Well, what good lesson can we learn from the ship? We were just thinking what if the ship should sail along willingly and faithfully when the wind and weather were favourable, but when the storm and cold came would say, "I cannot endure this tedious weather. I must be excused from service when the storm comes." That would be about the way some Christians do. You have heard of fair-weather Christians, have you not? Of course you have, and no doubt you have seen them too, for they are far too common. They are quite ready to be Christians when the tide of religious interest is favourable, but when temptations and persecutions come, they are ready to turn aside and shirk the responsibility of standing up for Jesus. The readers of Pleasant Hours must not be fair-weather Christians, but stand steady and strong against the storms of trial and persecutions, and Jesus will bring them through gloriously in the end.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.
"I had a rich neighbour, a man I was bound to propitiate, and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and had to stick to it. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude

and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap, with all kinds of animals, and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was: 'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!' Hebe was a favourite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I dis-

Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you sure.'

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum. 'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show came around me curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness.



A SHIP IN WINTER.

trusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said, in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum,' said I, getting into the carriage, 'if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with pain.

"Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was, we could hear her piteous trumpeting, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

"'She's only curling your hair,' sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"That man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten, yet not ungenially. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again?' I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife, the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packing it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—

well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her; she'll be glad to see you.'

"'Nonsense!' said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent. There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. 'That's the sober truth!'—Our Dumb Animals.

TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come around them in a quiet way, and hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good, stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'actly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Going on a 'scourtion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said:

"I guess I kin write if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted, of scarlet fever, aged 3 years, Funeral to morrow, gone up to Hevin, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped: "I I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the door step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins.

THE REASON WHY

The following amusing little scene occurred in an ophthalmic hospital in Manchester. An old man applied one day for some spectacles, as he complained that his eyesight was bad—indeed, he could hardly see at all. Accordingly, he had the usual large frame put on and strong magnifying glasses put into it, and a card with very large print held a little distance from him. Then the surgeon asked: "Can you read that, my man?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I can't." The surgeon, after putting in stronger glasses and holding the card nearer, said: "Well, can you read that, now?"

Still the old man replied: "No, sir I can't read a word of it."

The surgeon then put in the strongest glasses and held the card close to the old man's face, saying: "Well, can you read that?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, sadly, shaking his head, "you see, sir, I never learned to read."