

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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OFF FOR A ROW.

It is a fine thing in summer to live near some large pond, river, or lake and to be able to go out in a boat of your own when you please. Not only is it great enjoyment to sail over the calm blue waters with the sweet, pure air blowing on your face, but if it be a row boat you own the exercise of rowing is one of the most beneficial you can take. It strengthens and broadens the chest and makes the muscles of the arm stronger. Thus in many gynasiums boys and girls who cannot go out rowing upon the water are made to go through all the motions of rowing in the large gynasium room. But those who can go out in their little row boat have the additional benefit of the open air. The young man and young lady seen in our picture are fortunate enough to own this very commodious boat; and they are not selfish, for their little brothers and sisters are to enjoy the day on the water also. The young lady and the young gentleman can both row well and the little ones have already learned to sit very still in the boat, so that they will not upset it. If you are fortunate enough to have a boat of your own I hope you are no less unselfish than this young man and his sister, for it is from sharing one's good things with others that the greatest happiness is derived from them.

ONE OF THE "WHOSOVERS."

BY J. F. COWAN.

He was an umbrella mender, grizzled and grimy. He had finished putting a new rib in mamma's brown silk umbrella, and replaced the ferrule on the end of aunt Mag's Henrietta, under the watchful scrutiny of two pairs of brown eyes that had peered through the window-pane. The man had lain the work down, after two or three approving openings and shuttings, and was gathering up his tools, with a glance now and then at the window, as a sign that he was ready for his money.

"Let me," said May, as mamma put her hand in her dress pocket and started to call Bridget.

"Ye-s," was the half reluctant answer, and the next minute a tiny, white hand was holding the money close to the tanned and sooty palm that opened to receive it.

"That's ever and ever so much to make in such a little while, isn't it? We watched you, Tony and I, and Tony says he means to be a scissors grinder and umbrella mender when he is a man; he says it is better than being just a bookkeeper, like papa, and bending like a figure two over a desk."

The man looked hard from under his shaggy eyebrows to see if the little one was poking fun at him, and then growled something about "twasn't much when you had no one to care for you and no place to call home."

"Did a fire burn you out?" was the

quick, sympathetic question, and the brown eyes looked tender. "Aunt Eunice was burnt out last week. Couldn't the firemen put it out?"

"Not that kind of a fire," muttered the man, in a low, thick tone, with a queer, half-ashamed look in his eye.

"Aunt Eunice's stable boy set her house

purpose, little girl," he was moved to explain; "but you can't understand."

"Oh, yes, I can; I know you wouldn't do that. You don't look bad, like Aunt Eunice's stable boy, and God wouldn't love you if you—oh, dear, what am I saying? Mamma says he loves us no matter what we do, but he doesn't love our bad

and child both in their graves, and here I am, an old wreck and no one to care for me. Who told you to say that about him loving forever?" His lips trembled and his eyes lighted with an intense look.

"Mymamma did," answered May, "and she knows."

"Are you sure—but I s'pose, of course, she does, though; such a fine lady as she is—"

"Why, of course my mamma knows, and it's right there in the Bible, in the 'whosoever' place, you know, and it says 'I.e. 'world,' an' that's all around, and I guess you are part of the world, aren't you?"

"A purty small part, missy. But just wait a mimit: I had a little girl like you once, an' I dreamt of her last night, an' it made me kind of hungry for—"

"Then you must come right round to the kitchen door, and Katy will fix you up something to eat," and she ran into the house to tell of the talk she had had with the funny, dark man.

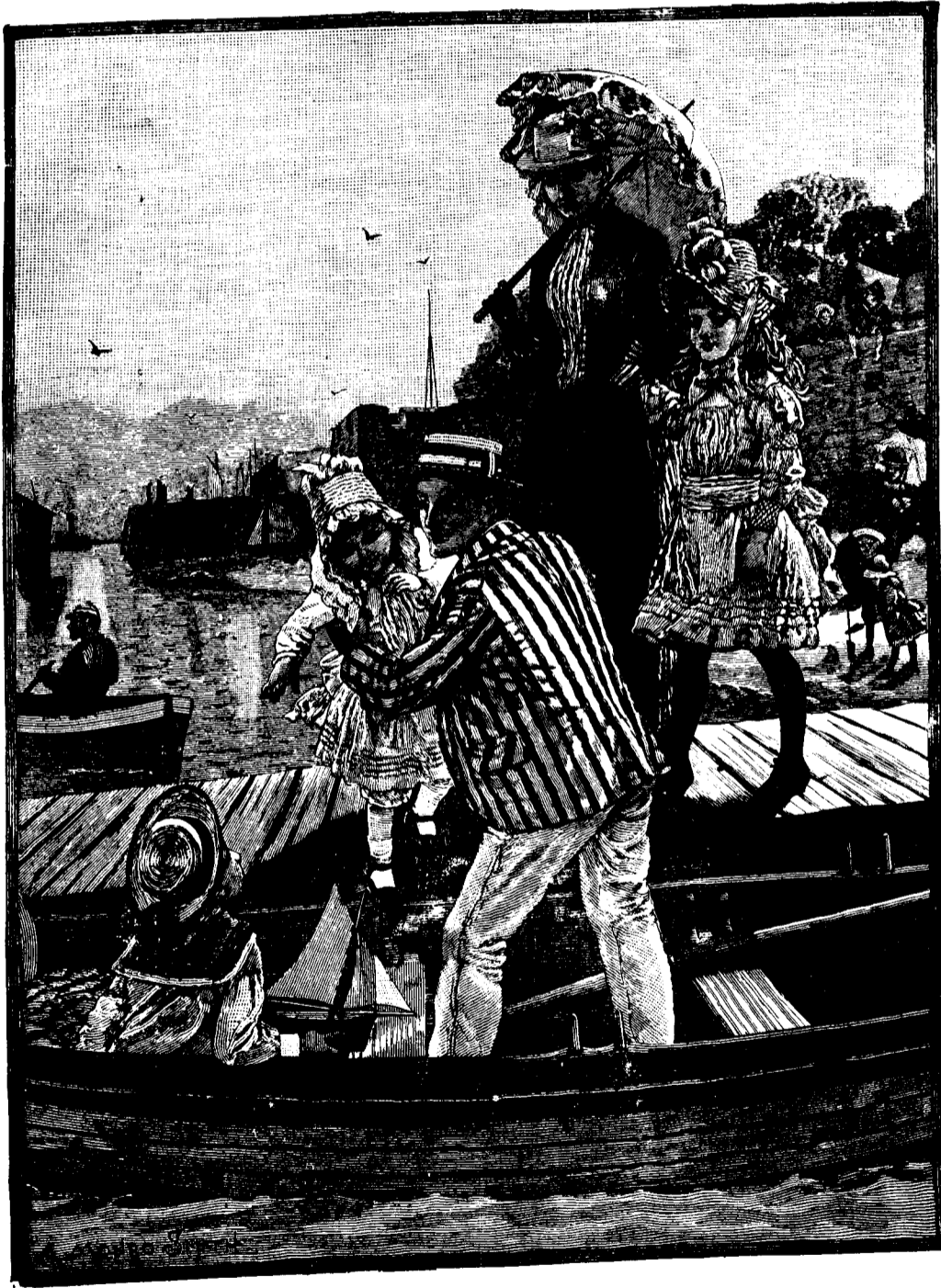
But when mamma came to the window he had gone. He had hurried off, muttering to himself: "It used to be there; it used to be there; but I had forgotten it, and I never got hold of it that way before, nohow. I must see! I must see!"

"Gone to get rid of the quarter in the nearest saloon," said Katy, when asked if she noticed which way the umbrella man had gone.

But Katy was mistaken for once, though it would have been a safe prediction any other day for the last ten years of his life. He had gone straight to a bookstore, and, in an unsteady voice, as though uncertain whether the name had been changed or the stores still kept what he wanted, asked for a cheap Bible.

"I've got the money," he growled, as the clerk stared in surprise, and the next minute he hurried off with his prize.

No one knows how it happened—the papers said it was a tramp stealing a ride—but next morning, when a mangled form was found beside the railroad track, face unrecognizable and nothing about the clothing to identify him, lying half wrapped in some tattered shreds of clothing was a new, five-cent Testament, and the corners of the leaves were turned down in the beginning of John's Gospel, and there were smutty finger marks around the verse near the middle of the page in the third chapter, and the underscoring made with the finger-nail to the words "world" and "whosoever." They buried it with him in the potter's field. Who knows the rest? Only God?



OFF FOR A ROW.

on fire because he was angry and drunk. Did any set yours?" asked May.

Again the man seemed as if struggling with some suddenly awakened emotion. "Suppose I set fire to it myself, little girl," he muttered; "but you don't know anything about it," and he was about to take himself away, but something in her look stopped him.

"I don't mean that I set a house afire on

ways. Of course, he'd have to love us, because he did once and he's always alike. Did the fire burn much?" she continued.

"A pretty home like yours, and a wife and little girl," answered the man; "but he can't love me after that, after making the wreck of myself that I have. No, he can't love such a sunken old wretch as I am. The fire I built was with whiskey. I drank until all I had was gone and my wife

it with him in the potter's field. Who knows the rest? Only God?

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.