

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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[No. 24.]

Cabot.

BY ISABELL.

Everywhere, everywhere,
Cabot's in the air,
And we mean to do him honour—
How? and when? and where?

Now's the time to tell the patriot!
All who love the "Land,"
Sinking self will join together
In one common band.

Self ne'er served a cause, and Cabot
Must stand all alone;
Not another name but Cabot's
Seen, or felt, or known!

Let the world know we are worthy
To proclaim his name,
Do our duty, just like Cabot,
Without seeking fame!

THE CABOT CELEBRATION.

It is a very notable event which will be celebrated on the 24th of June, namely, the discovery of the mainland of America by John Cabot in the year 1497. This event will be celebrated on both sides of the sea. In the old world, at Bristol, from which port John Cabot sailed, and in Venice, from which he originally came. It will also be celebrated at Halifax, where the Royal Society of Canada meets in honour of this event, and will place a brass tablet commemorating Cabot's discovery in the Legislative building, the oldest structure of the kind in the oldest maritime city of the region first visited by the famous navigator. A monument will also be erected at Sydney, Cape Breton, the first part of the continent seen by European eyes.

In the United States, too, this event will be widely celebrated. It was one of the great epoch-making events in history. It is through it that Great Britain laid claim to all her possessions on this continent, now shared between the United States and Canada. We give on this page a picture of the quaint old high-decked ship, the *Matthew*, in which Cabot and the gallant men of Bristol crossed the stormy sea; also a cut of the famous old cathedral of Bristol, with which Cabot and his men were well acquainted, and where they probably attended worship before sailing on their notable voyage.

We have not space in this paper to describe the voyages of Cabot and his son, but in the number of *Onward* for June 12th, we have done this very fully. As *Onward* goes to most of the homes where *Pleasant Hours* is found, we hope the boys and girls will read up that number in which an account of the early British and French discoveries in North America are recorded.

It would not be just in this connection to forget the great pioneer in the discovery of America, although it was not till after Cabot's voyage that the eyes of Columbus rested on the mainland of the New World. It was he who conceived and carried out the bold idea of sailing westward week after week in the hope of reaching India and the furthest east. We, therefore, give on the last page some pictures illustrating the life of Columbus and sundry poems on that great man.

WHY HE WAS ADVANCED.

The boy who learns to see, not merely to look; but to see so that he gets impressions and information, has discovered one of the most useful secrets of success, and one which will give him great pleasure withal. "A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the manager to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee," says a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly*. "The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

"Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

"The clerk went forward and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by.

"Then the manager asked him what they were loaded with, and again the

more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romeo & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling."

"The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: 'My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you.'"



CABOT ON THE SHORES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

"The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent out to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

"The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man, and said to him: 'Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?'

"The young man replied: 'Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty

NOT "ME AND MINE," BUT "THINE."

BY MARGARET SPENCER DELANO.

"Father, that new boy looks lonesome, and I want you to ask him home with you to dinner to-morrow."

"Lonesome? The new boy? Whom do you mean? What are you talking about, Jenny?"

"Now, father, you know—the little new messenger boy from Baltimore. You sent him up to the house yesterday, and I saw him in the office just now, and I noticed how kind of sober he looked—

so sort of—of—homesick. I talked with mother about him, and she said we must bring him home, of course."

"Jenny Wrens are odd chicks, but your mother is generally right. She ought to know. We'll see about that boy in the morning."

Jenny tucked herself under her father's arm confidently and laughed: "There's a good daddy, now! I just know you would. I've been thinking about that boy a great—deal."

A very rich man in Washington had lately built and moved into a beautiful new home. It cost \$75,000. His one little girl was twelve years old—brown, dark-eyed, and tiny. Her name was Jean, but her father always called her "Jenny Wren."

The weekly letter from the messenger boy to his mother read like this:

"My Own Dear Little Mother,—This will be such a jolly letter you will laugh and cry altogether! I'm well acquainted with the loveliest people in Washington! So, no more homesick letters from your good-for-nothing homesick boy! I am ashamed of making you feel so bad, but I was so lonely last week.

"Mr. Morgan in the bank asked me to go home with him to dinner. Mrs. Morgan is splendid! She asked me all about my mother and home, and how I came to be a messenger boy, and she was so beautiful and sweet I couldn't sleep when I got home, thinking it all over. I stayed till ten o'clock! It was like a story in the Bible, it was so good, mother!

"Little Jenny Wren—they call her—is an angel. Why, she visited with me, asked all about our little Polly and Rosy, and wished she had two such funny little sisters. She sang for me while her mother played on the piano. Gee! but it was good!

"Oh, mother! that night when I prayed, I cried for joy and thanked God he was so good to me!"

Little Jenny Wren had learned early to say: "Not me and mine, but thine."

WHIPPED A PRINCE.

Tom Benton occupied for many years a responsible position in the household of Queen Victoria. Benton, who was of humble birth, was but a lad at Brighton when his parents died within a few months of each other. It was shortly after these events when the Queen's attention was called to the young boy under these rather peculiar circumstances:

One day while Benton was gathering shells on the beach at Brighton to make pincushions, which he sold to the summer visitors, a young boy, nicely dressed and about his own age, appeared upon the scene and scattered with a vigorous kick the accumulated shells. Benton gathered up his treasures, and, placing them again in a pile, warned the intruder that if he repeated the trick he would give him a "good licking."

The kick was repeated with even more vigour than before, and the shells were sent flying in every direction. True to his word the "poor boy" soundly thrashed the stranger. It was a close contest at first, as the lads were quite evenly matched, but the more fully developed strength of Benton finally brought him off victorious.

Just as the melee was over a gentleman and lady approached, and the former said:

"You did quite right, young man; we have seen the whole transaction. This boy is our son, but he was the aggressor and received the thrashing he well merited."

A number of questions were asked the lad as to himself and his family. The replies told the lad's life, how the death of his parents had brought poverty to himself and his brothers and sisters.

"This is the Queen," said the gentleman, who was none other than Prince Albert, "and the young man to whom you administered such a merited whipping is the



THE CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL.