

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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No. 18.

What is Whiskey Bringing?

Asked a portly liquor dealer:
 "What is whiskey bringing now?"
 Well I knew he meant the dollars
 That 'twould sell for; but somehow
 Differently the meaning struck me
 As upon his words I thought:
 These, methinks, the things that whiskey
 Now is bringing, and has brought:
 Bringing men to crimes unholy,
 And to dismal prisoned lives;
 Bringing poverty and sorrow
 To their children and their wives;
 Bringing pain and shame and cursing
 Where sweet love and peace should
 dwell;
 Bringing souls that might win heaven
 To the lowest depths of hell;
 Bringing tears where smiles should
 hover;
 Bringing groans where should be sing-
 ing;
 Bringing endless stores of anguish—
 These the things that whiskey's bring-
 ing!

OLDEN-TIME LETTER WRITING.

It is hard for our young people to realize the difference in the ways of letter writing in 1800 from those of the present time. Envelopes were not in use, so our Sunday-Afternoon informs us, and the sheet of paper had to be folded in such a way that there would be a blank space to put the address on.

The letter was sealed with wafers. Merchants used large red wafers, but ladies had smaller sized wafers of a variety of colours. Sealing wax was also used.

Steel pens had made their appearance in the market, but quills were universally used. It was quite an art to make a good quill pen, and one of the requirements in engaging teachers was that they should have a gift for pen-making. The teachers had to be good writers, too, for they set the copies in the writing-books for the scholars to follow.

On everybody's desk was a box of fine white sand with perforations on the cover like a pepper-box. When a page of writing was finished, the writer would shake the sand-box over it to keep from blotting—there were no blotters in use. Some of the sand would do its work and tumble off, but oftentimes some of the letters would have little sand hills and ridges on them. There were no stamps, and postage rates were varied in regard to the distance the letters had to go. An old letter shows twenty-five cents marked on the back, by the postmaster, in red letters. That letter went to Washington from New York. Rate from Boston to New York, eighteen and one-half cents. Half-cents were carried then.

There were no letter-boxes then, and no carriers. Everybody went to the post-office to mail and receive letters. But the distances were not nearly so great as they are now, and there were not nearly so many people to write letters.

Letters were letters under those considerations, and there was always something of importance to tell in them. The first postmaster-general under Washington was Samuel Osgood. The Continental Congress, as early as 1775, a year before the Declaration of Independence, assumed control of the postal service for the colonies, and appointed Benjamin Franklin postmaster-general.

Read the Sunday-school lessons at least once a day.

TREES THAT GROW BREAD.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbuto, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park, the great traveller, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream-fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China. In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves. The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapindus or soap-berry order also grow in the north of Africa. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about thirty-eight per cent. of saponin.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

the northern, western, and southern sides, are fourteen rude paintings, representing the fourteen stations, as they are called, of Jesus on his way from Pilate's hall to the cross and the sepulchre. A gravel walk, about five feet wide, passes between the wall and the garden fence to enable visitors to examine the pictures.

WHAT A BOY DID IN SPARE MOMENTS.

A thin, awkward boy came to the residence of a celebrated school principal and asked to see the master. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request. "You want a breakfast more likely," said the servant girl, and set him down to some bread and butter.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes maybe you want; I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight," remarked the girl, eyeing his ragged clothes.

"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word.

OUR NAMES FOR FOOD.

"Bread" comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and is derived from the same root as "brew," a reference to the raising or lightening of the bread by the use of hops. "Butter" comes from the Greek word "bous," one form of which word is "boutyron." The familiar nickname by which we sometimes call the cow—"boss," had the same origin.

"Beef" is supposed to have been derived from "bos," the Latin for the ox. It was once spelled "boef." In the rude Norseman's language, a roast of beef was "steik," and from that came our "steak." "Sirloin" steak was the "sur" or upper loin. There is a story that James I. once knighted a loin of beef, making it "Sir Loin," and thus originating the name.

"Porcus" is the Latin for "hog," hence it is easy to see how the flesh of swine came to be called pork. "Sausage" evidently comes from the Latin "sal," salt, originally sausage was salt meat, smoked and dried. Sauce is derived from "salsus," and meant a relish or flavour.

It is probable that "mutton" was once a Latin form for sheep, hence mutton. There used to be an Anglo-French coin with the picture of a lamb on it, which was called a "mutton."

"Veau" was the French for calf and so the flesh of a calf came to be called veal. "Venatio" being the Latin for hunt deer flesh is venison.

Perhaps you would like to know how the name soup originated. It used to be spelled "sop," and meant a gravy or sauce in which bread was sopped or dipped, as is still the custom in some parts of the world.

Having seen how the plainer and more substantial portion of our food was named, let us look up the christening of our sweetmeats and desserts.

"Pie" is the name of an English bird. Possibly when magpies or some other pied or spotted birds were cooked in a crust of paste, the dish was called a pie, afterward all dishes of this form, whether filled with fruit or flesh. "Cake" probably comes from cook, indicating that which has been cooked.

Coke, a refined form of coal, comes from the same source; it is cooked coal. "Pudding" seems to have come a round-about road. "Poot" is Danish for pud, paw, so

pudden is to thicken by stirring, and hence a pudding is something which has been stirred. One of our favourite desserts, "Charlotte russe," comes from the name of a Russian princess, while "blanc-mange" is from two French words, signifying "something white to eat."

WHAT IT REALLY WAS.

A recent visitor to Bulawayo, South Africa, reports some very interesting remarks made by the Matabele natives upon the white man's locomotive. One man described it thus:

"It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."

But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled.

"It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE.

The garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus frequently resorted for prayer and solemn meditation, and where he was arrested about midnight and led away to a mock trial and to death, is one of the most sacred places in all the world to the Christian. A picture of that famous garden is given on this page. The garden is outside of the city of Jerusalem. It is inclosed by a wall about ten feet high. The wall is well built of limestone, fresh-looking, plastered, and white-washed. A small one-story building occupies the angle of the garden wall at the north-east corner. A grated iron door at the south-east corner of the garden wall affords an entrance to the garden. The inclosure is nearly square, and it includes about a half-acre of ground. The garden is divided by light picket fences into six squares, all of which are prettily laid off and cultivated in flowers of many varieties. A well near the centre of the garden affords water for irrigation, which is conveyed in pipes to every part of the garden. Around the inner face of the wall, on

The girl for the first time stopped her work.

"Well, he is in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must, I s'pose," and she whisked off to the room, remarking, as she opened the door, "Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you, sir; so I let him in."

The professor laid his book aside and talked with the boy with increasing interest, and soon took down some books and began to give him an examination which extended even to Greek, and every question was answered correctly and promptly. The professor was amazed at such youthful erudition, and asked the boy how he managed, with his apparent poverty, to accumulate such an amount of knowledge.

"Oh, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy, brightly, and with the utmost unconsciously that he was an example to even the man before him.

Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time."