

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## The Daughter of a King.

BY WM. H. CLARK.

A princess of the royal line,  
The daughter of a King;  
She lives beneath the smile benign,  
And wears his signet ring.

Her robes of purity and grace,  
With royal splendour shine;  
Her matchless beauty all can trace,  
In lineaments divine.

Her hands are full of loving deeds,  
For human nature's weal;  
And earnestly her spirit pleads  
For heaven's approving seal.

With faith and hope and holy love,  
Those crowning graces rare;  
Her treasure is laid up above,  
In yonder mansions fair.

The fallen ones are lifted up,  
The outcasts gathered in;  
Her hands reject the poisoned cup,  
The poisoned cup of sin.

Her feet are swift to find distress,  
As swift to bring relief;  
Her spirit yearns the poor to bless,  
Of sinners though the chief.

Her youthful life is given all,  
To him whom angels sing;  
Her love goes out to great and small,  
Though daughter of a King.

In death's dark vale if called to tread,  
With radiance 'twill be bright;  
While walking with her living Head,  
Whose presence giveth light.

## MR. GLADSTONE.

One of the most famous of living men is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who for a long time was "Premier," or prime-minister, of England, and really governed the country. His whole life, from boyhood until now, has been remarkably interesting, and blessed to the good of his countrymen and the world.

Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, in 1809. He was the son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of that city. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, where he graduated in 1831. Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament the following year, and quickly distinguished himself by his splendid oratorical powers.

In 1835, he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in 1841, vice-president of the Board of Trade and privy councillor. In 1846, he ably supported his chief's great measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1847, Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament by the University of Oxford, which he continued to represent until 1865. In 1852, under Lord Aberdeen's "coalition" ministry, he accepted office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and held the same post subsequently in Lord Palmerston's cabinet. In this capacity he proved himself to be the ablest financial minister England had known, and warmly supported Mr. Cobden's commercial treaty with France.

After the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons, retaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Earl Russell's second administration. On the retirement of the Lord Derby cabinet, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the helm of state as first minister of the crown. In the same year he introduced a measure before Parliament for the dissolution of the establishment of the Irish Church, which passed into a law after a prolonged and obstinate resistance on the side of the Conservative party.

In February, 1871, the Gladstone cabinet also introduced a measure before Parliament for the modification and adjustment of the Irish land question; and Mr. Gladstone's sturdy championship of this cause, in the various forms which it has assumed under his inspiration, has given him pre-eminence not only at home, but in all the liberty-loving nations abroad.

Mr. Gladstone has acquired no mean

celebrity as an author while forging his way to the van of modern statesmen. His contributions to the literature of his time are characterized by all the ripeness of scholarship, originality of thought and vigour of expression, which have given him so high a rank in oratory and diplomacy.

In his private capacity, also, Mr. Gladstone is highly esteemed; and, perhaps, the most lovable phase of his life is that exhibited in his occasional reticacy at Hawarden. His neighbours and friends always welcome the great man thither, and speak with true affection of his gentle, unaristocratic intercourse with them, and of his active Christian labours in their parish church.

Mr. Gladstone's devout habits of thought and life are familiar to all. But what is possibly less known is the fact that, in his Oxford days, under the full stress of the tractarian movement, Mr. Gladstone earnestly desired to be a

sage, put her hands on her broad hips and solemnly wagged her head. It was a good head, with a comely red face. She wore a white cap with tabs, a gold band across the top, and a sort of gilt corkscrew over each ear. Her mother had owned the same ornament, and her grandmother. The Widow Schalcken kept a little ship-chandler's shop in the old Dutch town of Schereningen. She also took in washing from the hotels and made a comfortable living. She was honest and pious. There was always plenty of black bread, sourkroot and salt fish in her larder. Nobody's copper pots or kettles were scoured brighter than hers. When her hard work was done she used to knit and plan out Dirk's future. He must sell fish or work on the beach, according to the season. When he got older, there was the shop. Every year Schereningen grew and business increased. After that—when he began to call himself a man—

was tempted to run away—to go on a ship—but only for a second, then he remembered that he promised his father to obey his mother, and Dirk was loyal. Loyalty is another trait of a Dutchman if he is worth anything.

As Dirk proceeded towards the bathing machines he met a party of summer boarders. One stout woman rode a small, lean donkey, who sank so deep in the sand under her weight, Dirk thought to himself things would look more equal if she were to carry the donkey. She nodded to Dirk in a kindly way while she went on talking to her friends. The donkey being last she had to about, and Dirk heard her say: "But there are always the between-times, you know, and one can do a great deal in those if he tries."

Dirk stopped. He gazed across the sea so intently it seemed as if he must be looking straight through Great Britain into America; then he ran home again. From under his bed he got a book to bring with him.

It was the height of the season in Schereningen. The hotels were full. The beach swarmed with people. Dirk's occupation was to drive a "bathing machine" or big white wooden waggon down to the water; there to wait while the person who had been disrobing within and putting on the bathing dress, should come out for a swim or a bath. Later, he drove the old horse back to the high and dry sands. This day Dirk attended faithfully to his monotonous business; but there were a lot of "between-times." In these he studied his Latin grammar as if he were to recite it to the most exacting teacher; and this he did every day for weeks until, if he had known it, he was far ahead of the class that he supposed he had left forever.

One morning he had inside his "machine" the same fat lady whom he had met on the shore riding the donkey. She was good-natured as possible, but the lean horse had a hard pull to get her down to the water. Now Dirk had a way of conjugating Latin verbs aloud as he sat on his box. The roar of the waves kept people on the beach from hearing him, and he did not suppose a person inside the waggon could hear any plainer. To his surprise, when the fat lady had bathed and dressed, she asked him if he went to school, and many other questions.

After that he was always seeing her. She had the funniest-looking old father; fatter even than she, lame and bald. Every day the hotel servants helped him to the sands and set him in a queer basket chair that had a canopy over his head. Dirk got into the way of doing errands for him, buying newspapers and taking messages. They chatted with him until he had told them his whole short history.

One day they offered him twice what he was earning to become the old man's servant for the time being; to black his boots, take things to the Hague, or do anything required. Dirk was delighted. He could not do enough to serve his new master, whom he would have thought a very simple old creature but for the many books in his room. There were times when Dirk could be idle, though, and then the Latin grammar came out. Of course they (these new friends) were not rich, or they would not be so friendly. Then, too, the old man wore a faded dressing gown and wiped the ink off his pen on the tail of it when he was busy writing. Yes, and the fat daughter once went to see Vrouw Schalcken in the little shop.

When Dirk learned that his new friends were going away he was very downhearted. The last day came and brought Dirk a great surprise. Not that anybody told him then (what, indeed, he was too ignorant to understand) that the fat old man was Professor H—, of Amsterdam, one of the most learned men in Europe. No; the surprise was this: the fat daughter had told Dirk's mother that the professor said Dirk must go to school; to the very best school at the Hague. She (the mother) had been told also that Dirk would then earn five times as much as if he kept her little shop. Vrouw Schalcken sorrowfully consented to the school. The next year she will



MR. GLADSTONE.

clergyman, and only yielded to strong parental pressure in abandoning a clerical for a political career. Had the young tractarian persevered in his intention of taking holy orders, there would probably, have been some day another "Life of an Archbishop of Canterbury," which would have exceeded in interest any of Dean Hook's celebrated volumes.—Sunday-school Visitor.

## BETWEEN-TIMES IN HOLLAND.

BY ANNETTE LUCILE NOBLE.

"'Tis no use! None of us was ever a gentleman. Keep to thine own place, lad."

"Mother, I could not be a gentleman, but I can be a scholar. The gentlemen's sons in my school did not learn as fast as I could."

"Thy master has spoiled thee for work, Dirk, but I tell thee once for all—what thy father was and his father before him—that thou must be."

before he got any nonsense in his head—she would pick Dirk out a wife. None of those girls in the shops near the hotels—girls with airs and pretty faces—"but a girl like Susanna Vas out there"; and the mother would nod approvingly to a young neighbour, with a waist like a barrel and an arm like a blacksmith.

A wife was the very last thing thirteen-year-old Dirk thought of as he stopped at the threshold to put on the wooden shoes or kloffmen, always dropped there lest he soil the clean-scrubbed floor. He walked sullenly down to the shore. Now, a Dutch boy is usually jolly, but often very thorough. Dirk was this last, and so, being sulky, he was sulky from the crown of his hard head to the wooden soles of his shoes. Oh! he did so want to learn mathematics and Latin; yes, and Greek! And to be told he knew enough of books for the rest of his life because his grandfather knew no more! He felt vexed with that grandfather who died before Dirk was born. He looked off at the sun-lit waves and thought of America. He