

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

THE most striking impression made on a landsman upon his first embarkation on one of the great ocean steamships is of its enormous size. Many of them are six hundred feet long, five turns about the deck being a mile. Many of them tower forty or fifty feet above the water line. In few places is the water deep enough for them to come beside a wharf. They therefore lie out in the stream, or in the offing some distance from land, and passengers come on board in steam tenders or small boats. The latter process is shown in our cut.

When the water is calm, as is here shown, this is comparatively easy, but when it is rough, and the great ship is rolling from side to side, and the boats are bobbing up and down like corks upon the waves, it is a matter of extreme difficulty. One must take advantage of the moment when the boat and gangway approach, and make a spring. He is, of course, helped by careful sailors or stewards, but it is a somewhat severe ordeal for ladies, seasick from the tossing of the boats or roll of the ship, trying to get off these huge leviathans.

I have seen a lady fastened into a sort of arm-chair in the boat and swung by ropes from the yard of the vessel, and then the chair and its passenger hauled up through the air and safely landed on deck.

This is quite safe and easy, but it is quite an ordeal. I have seen a lady at night, by the light of a lantern, swung up through the air while the tide swept dark below. Horses, oxen and even elephants, are often thus landed or embarked, not in a chair but in a sling, although some times they are unceremoniously thrown on board to swim ashore. Frequently, too, ships in the Mediterranean are unloaded and coaled by lighters, freight barges. At Beyrout, in Syria, one of these barges was upset with all its freight, and so rough was the weather the passengers were delayed two or three days before they could go on board.

A DOG THAT SAVED NINE MEN.

It is related that a party of nine adventurous tourists once undertook to ascend and explore one of the Alps mountains without the aid of a guide. Intending to return at nightfall, they took with them only a scanty stock of provisions, and no additional clothing to protect them against the cold of the mountain-top. Gaily bidding good-bye to their friends, they started out, and speedily disappeared from view around the shoulder of one of the lower hills.

But when night came they did not make their appearance. Their friends were not greatly alarmed, thinking that perhaps they had gone further than they intended, and that they had stopped somewhere on the way to wait for daylight. But when the next day passed without signs of them, measures were taken to find them, as it was evident that they were lost.

It is well known that a magnificent species of dogs called the St. Bernard, from a famous monastery of that name, has been trained for many years to trace and help lost travellers and tourists on the Alps mountains. One of these dogs was at once set to work to find the missing party. On the morning of the third day he discovered them wandering, famishing and almost despairing, on one of the upper plateaus. Constituting himself as their guide, the intelligent animal led them by a safe way to one of the little shelters built here and there, where they found protection and food. Had it not been for the dog, they would have continued wandering until they perished from hunger and cold. —Our Young People.

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender, when the boys were alone.

the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud.

"Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon, we are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoy

The five poison-branches, let us name them, discontent, greed, mortification, dislike, disparagement. These all grow out of one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer, and what a greed Alice has for that superior voice! There is mortification when her nipped voice makes its squeak besides Jennie's rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has for the owner of that fine voice, and what disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison-branches out of one stalk, and if there is not strychnine enough in them, we may be able to trace another poisonous outshoot, but there is enough to vitiate any character. You may know of a singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Christian love and common sense on that poisonous plant; then tugging at it vigorously, pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is a canary, and you are not, thank God that the world is richer for that one sweet voice, and that you have such resources in the love of Christ that you can be contented to be just what he has made you. No matter how destitute of gifts you may be, if the King will only let you stand in his presence and will crown you with his love. In his ears your satisfaction with him will make a music constant, even if inaudible to the world.

BORROWED BOOKS.

A PERSON who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permission of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule.

A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period.

If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honour requires that the borrower shall replace it with a new copy.

Never ask the loan of a very costly book, or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it by any means.

Teach children to be very particular in regard to the handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light of the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's Word is like this lantern." Then he told May what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing; there are dangers all about us, and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the Psalmist talks about, as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light.—Selected.



A SHIP'S LADDER.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squib." And he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession,

ing the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—Sunday-school Advocate.

"FEELS SO MISERABLE."

ALICE "feels so miserable!" Is it any wonder? There is a poison plant growing in her soul, one poison-stalk and five poison branches. It is enough to make the strongest feel most miserable, send them to bed and move their friends to send for the doctor.