

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

A Winter Episode.

"That water is too cold!" now cries
The small boy in the case,
As mamma heartlessly applies
The liquid to his face.

"Ow Wow!" he howls; "I'll freeze, I'll
freeze!
Br-r-r-r! Let me go, I say!"
Then wanders forth into the breeze,
And makes snowballs all day.

"HECK," THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

BY REV. R. PAYSON HAMMOND.

The large Newfoundland dog "Heck," belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel, in the oil town of Eldred, Pennsylvania, was known throughout the Northern oil-field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel was a favourite with the dog. He slept in a room behind the office of the hotel. One night the porter was drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the barking of "Heck," who was jumping on the bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drowsy man tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in his efforts; and it finally dawned on the porter that the house was on fire. His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from his bed, but was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. At last the faithful dog seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of the room and half-way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting to his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street. The dog no sooner saw that his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house, and ran barking upstairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled until the inmate was made aware of the danger, and hurried out of the house.

A lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stair while hurrying out, and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman staggered out of the door, leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog jumped in through the smoke, and seizing the child by its night-clothes, carried it safely out.

The mother of the child being restored by the fresh air, cried out, "Anna is burning up in the house!" and made a dash for the building, as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. "Heck" had already brought the little one out, and he saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building. He sprang forward, and disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal was never seen again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt that but for "Heck" the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single one to have escaped; and that the noble dog thought, from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother, that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue that one he gave his own life.

As you have read this touching story, young friends, have you not thought of our dear Saviour's sufferings and death for us? He said, "I have power to lay down my life." He was led by his great love for us to suffer,—ah, much

more than poor "Heck" did for his friends. This noble dog did not intend to die—even the last time he rushed into the burning building; but Jesus knew when he came into this world all that he would have to suffer in our stead. Yet he gave himself up to bleed and die that we might be saved. Those whose lives were saved by him speak of "Heck," this noble dog, with much tenderness, and very likely at times with tears in their eyes. What a hard heart yours must be if you do not feel it going out with warm love to him who suffered, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God!

WHEN UMBRELLAS WERE FIRST USED.

Umbrellas are of great antiquity; among the Greeks they were a mark of elevated rank, and one is seen on a Hamilton vase in the hands of a Prin-

HOW TO CALL A GERMAN POLICEMAN.

An amusing frontier incident is reported by the London Globe from the village of Schoelbach, in the neighbourhood of Metz.

A boy who was minding a flock of sheep on a small island in the river was caught in a violent storm, during which the rain fell in torrents. The river rose rapidly and threatened to cover the island.

The boy shouted for help, and his cries were heard by two German policemen and several villagers, but none of them would venture into the swollen stream.

The boy had almost given himself up for lost, when he remembered hearing some of his playmates say, "If you want a policeman shout, 'Vive la France!'"

He immediately began to shout, "Vive la France!" whereupon the two policemen plunged into the river, seized the

"JUMP, OR YOU'RE LOST."

BY ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

Should he go to the baseball game? Something within him rebelled at such desecration of the Sabbath; and yet the rest of his set were going, and he had never before refused to do what the others did. They would ridicule him, if he did not join them now and then; but was their ridicule worth minding? Was he in the right set, after all? Was it safe to belong to it, even if he did not go the lengths the rest did? Would his mother think so if she knew?

A restless feeling came over him, and, rising, he wandered off into the heart of the town where he was attending school. The streets had put on their Sabbath air of rest and peace while divine service was being held in the churches, but as he went on an unusual commotion attracted his attention, and he soon discovered that a fire was raging and that a large tenement house was burning. Hurrying to it, he discovered that life nets were being spread below, and looking up he saw at an upper window, lighted by a background of flame, a girl with a look of agony on her face.

Cries went up from below:

"Jump, jump!"

The girl looked down, but hesitated and drew back, when a wave of dense smoke hid her from view, followed by tongues of flame that shot out around her in every direction. Then Carroll found himself joining in the cry,

"Jump, jump for your life!"

The girl leaned forward, but again drew back, and closer and closer came the flames, and once more the cry went up,

"Jump, or you're lost!"

A moment more and it would be too late; surely she would not hesitate longer. Cold perspiration started out on Carroll's face at the thought.

Then came the supreme moment, when, trusting herself to those below who were offering her safety, she threw herself far out into the air. Carroll caught his breath as her body flew swiftly through space, and he joined in the shout of triumph that went up as the girl was caught in the net and was safe.

He did not stay to watch the fire further. Somehow that girl's hesitation and the cry in which he had joined, "Jump, or you're lost," had seemed to strike home. Was not he in danger of being lost?

He walked on thinking of the boy who had tried to draw away gradually as he was thinking of doing. The night before that boy had been found in the gutter drunk. No, there was no other way out of it; he must jump before it was too late—jump, trusting himself to those who offered safety, salvation. Yes, that cry was meant for him,

"Jump, or you're lost!"

A USEFUL SERMON.

"The man who said, 'Tis the unexpected that always happens,' was a preacher, I'll guarantee," said a clerical member of the Lunch Club, remarks The Interior. "At my time of life I ought not to be stunned by anything, but yesterday after service a good woman of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about God's tender wisdom in caring for us all," he said; "I illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grow best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' I said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook.' After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with a pleasure that was evidently deep and true. 'Oh, Dr. —, I am so grateful for that sermon!' she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment though. 'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'"



AINOS, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF JAPAN.

cess. We find the umbrella figure upon the ruins of Persepolis, and the Romans carried it at the theatre to keep off the sun. Yet Coryate, the traveller, in 1611, notices the umbrellas of Italy as rarities. These and other umbrellas are only designed for keeping off the sun, which may be explained by the comparative scarcity of rain in the above countries. The frequency of rain in other lands led to their being used for a very different purpose. Jonas Hanway is described to have been the first to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head, which he had probably used in his travels in the east. And in 1778 one John Mardonald, a footman, was ridiculed for carrying in the streets an umbrella which he had brought from Spain, however, as he tells us, he persisted for three months in carrying his umbrella, till people took no further notice of the novelty.—Harper's Round Table.

boy, dragged him across to the mainland and off to the police station, where they charged him with uttering seditious cries.

AINOS, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF JAPAN.

These fierce-looking individuals are said to have been the earliest known inhabitants of Japan. The real meaning of the word "Ainos" is man, and although they have such a rough and almost dangerous appearance, travellers, who have come across what is now left of their race, tell us that they are peaceful and perfectly harmless. Their religion is pagan and they live together in huts, as many as ten or twelve families actually living in the same hut. Their chief occupation is in fishing and hunting, and it is by this means that they chiefly support themselves.