

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

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## Break, Break, Break!

BREAK, break, break,  
On the cold, gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## PAWNEE CHIEF.

THE Pawnees are a very fierce tribe of Indians in the far west. The picture gives a very good idea of their fantastic dress. The most conspicuous feature is the tremendous crest of eagle's feathers. It almost makes the man look as if he could fly.

## FOR OTHERS.

On the New Jersey coast there stands a quiet little farmhouse which was the scene of a long, heroic struggle, never recorded in any history. Twenty years ago it was occupied by Mrs. Blank, a woman of great beauty and intellectual power, a favourite in New York society.

After her husband's death, she remained throughout the year in this country house. One day a dissolute woman, in rags and bloated with drink, came to the door begging. Mrs. Blank inquired into her history, found that she had some feeble wish to reform, to "be like other women again." She took the woman in, clothed her, and gave her work.

The woman brought her companions. Mrs. Blank received eight of them. Her means were small. To enable her to do this thing, she was forced herself to dress coarsely, to live on the plainest fare, to share in the work of her inmates. For eighteen years she carried on this charity, always keeping her house full. Many of the women were brought back to decency and respectability; some of them even to a religious life.

She laboured to help each one, as if she were her own child. But she was often deceived by impostors; many of the women went back to a life of crime; still more were ungrateful. As time passed, too, her friends urged her to come back to



PAWNEE CHIEF.

the city again; to lead a life of ease and enjoyment in the society and pursuits for which she was suited. But she persevered in her work until her death, about a year ago.

Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands, as our readers know, is set apart as a Home for Lepers. Five years ago, a young priest, Father Damen, left his home and friends and gave himself up to work among these people, every one of whom is marked for a slow and awful death.

For some time he was able to return for a yearly visit to his family and home, but recently a farewell letter was received from him.

"It is impossible," he wrote, "for me to go any more to Honolulu, as the leprosy has broken out in

me. Now that I am satisfied as to the true character of my disease, I am more calm, and am resigned and happy among my people."

There he remains, administering consolation to the members of this wretched colony, more than ever devoted to the work of the Master now that he, like themselves, is living under the shadow of a terrible doom. Who, better than such a man, could inspire them with hope and confidence in an immortal life free from the spots and taints which in this lower world affect both body and soul!

This man and woman belonged to sects of widely different creeds. But surely, they who have thus given their lives to their fellow men are together, very near to that Saviour who is Elder Brother and helper of us all.—Companion.

## HIS MANNERS.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thanks" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw any-

thing so sweet. My children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'Please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.

THERE are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness, and can't find any time to practise it.