

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Grown Up Land.

Tell me, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Do you know the way to Womanhood  
Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will  
drop.

'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will  
pay.

'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the  
pence.

'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to  
frown;  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood  
Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I  
pray;  
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell  
the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that  
land—

A bit with the head a bit with the hand  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street  
Shirk.

'Tis by always taking the weak one's  
part,

'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions  
down;

Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.  
And the lad and the maid ran hand in  
hand

To their fair estate in the grown-up land.

## FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city I saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

I lodged at the magnificent Hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. I was shown the handsome salon in which this historic act took place, the inkstand and table used, and Bismarck's room. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But to me its chief attraction was its ancient, narrow alleys with the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof; the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls; and the old inn courtyards, with huge, long-armed pumps.

One of the most picturesque of these streets is the Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter. Though much improved of late, it is still very crowded and squalid. Hebrew signs abound—I saw that of A. Rothschild, the father of the house—and keen-eyed, hook-nosed Shylocks were seen in the narrow shops. 'Till the year 1806 this street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Romerberg an ancient square, was the inscription "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

I tried to get into the old Jewish Cemetery, a wilderness of crumbling mounds and mouldering tombstones, but after crossing a swine market and wandering through narrow lanes around its walls, I could not find the entrance, and

could not comprehend the directions given me in voluble German gutturals. There are now 7,000 Jews, many of them of great wealth, in the city, and the new synagogue is very magnificent.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Romer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Romerberg. I visited the election room, decorated in red, where the emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the

preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

## SERVING HIS COUNTRY STILL.

The fact that suffering often tries the gross out of a human life is no novelty. But we seldom hear of a human being whose affliction actually blots out of his memory all the evil of his past and leaves the good. Something like this appears to have been true in a case lately reported to us by a lady correspondent

army during the Civil War, the injuries that kept him for months in the hospital, "not much better than a dead man"—were all forgotten history, known to him only by others' testimony.

"I came to myself," he said, "with mind and body badly twisted, and pretty much everything gone."

The loss was never made up, for he was too weak to study. The only thing restored to him was a gleam of the innocent life of his childhood.

"Day after day," he said, "it kept coming back to me—what I'd learned when I was a little fellow—till I could repeat all my Bible lessons and hymns."

With this simple equipment, and a patriotic instinct that never left him, the broken-down veteran was unwilling to sit still. He felt like serving his country. This he did in the only way he knew of, by limping from place to place and preaching his child-reigion, a religion that "the wayfaring man, though a fool," could understand.

His pension kept the old man from actual want, but everywhere on his slow journeys he was more or less dependent, and his idea of his own value was very humbly phrased. To the lady who gave him more than the "disciple's cup," he said:

"All I can give you back is my story and my texts. It's all I can do for my country now. I gave her my youth, and I want to give her what's left of me. I go about and repeat my Scripture verses, and tell everybody to be good and learn the Bible and never say bad words. I'm just one o' God's birds. I hop to folks' doors and pick up crumbs, and pay for 'em with my song."

The lame pensioner was a patriot-eyangelist, although he did not know it; he told of two whom he often went to see, and whom he called his "helpers"—one a nurse among the sick, and the other "a blind old woman sitting in the sun." Both, like himself, had filled their minds in childhood with sacred texts, and the treasure made them ministers of benediction.

It gave the worn-out veteran—a physical wreck of a man—the power to sow germs of peace, good-will and religious hope. And the same God who matured to fruit and shade the scatterings of humble Johnny Appleseed "by the waysides, will bring good harvest out of the poor soldier's last work "for his country."—Youth's Companion.

## PROMPT DECISIONS.

Sir Arthur Helps has said: "The great labour of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than anything else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision."

But on this power of speedy and correct decision peace and success largely depend.

Daniel Webster used to speak of one who lacked both precision and decision as a man who went neither forward nor backward, but simply "hovered," and the "hoverers" are always a band of peevish, disappointed men.

It is far otherwise with the men who rise to the height of a great occasion, either public or private. These are prepared men, prompt men, men of the single, watchful eye, and the quick and steady hand.

Young Astley Cooper saw a lad fall from a cart and wound his thigh in such a manner as to sever the femoral artery. The spectator—only a boy himself—immediately took his handkerchief, and in a good, workmanlike fashion applied it so as to successfully control the bleeding. The opportunity brought out the genius which was soon to make Astley Cooper a great surgeon.

The power of swift decision must be part of the outfit which makes a man equal to the occasion. It does not do to waver before odds on the field of enterprise. General Von Moltke's motto—"First weigh, then venture"—is the one to adopt.

Many "kind to a fault" are only kind to their own faults.



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole series of emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day; long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretched florid manner, and everywhere we read, "Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns"—"Holy Mary, pray for us." Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

Of special interest to me was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he

A one-legged old soldier, on crutches, stopped at her house for a drink of water, and while enjoying the glass of milk she gave him, expressed his thanks with such a flow of Scripture language that she remarked:

"You must be a great Bible reader."  
"Bless your kind heart," said the cripple, "I can't read a word: I don't even know my letters."

Of course explanations followed. The old soldier was the only child of a Christian minister, now long dead. The obliquities of his youth, the anxieties of his parents, his education received at school, his enlistment and life in the