

# THE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## Pretty Is That Pretty Does.

The spider wears a plain, brown dress,  
And she is a steady spinner;  
To see her, quiet as a mouse,  
Going about her silver house,  
You would never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of it  
In all her life had stirred her;  
But while she moves with careful tread,  
And while she spins her silken thread  
She is planning, planning, planning still  
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,  
With eyes down-dropt and tender,  
Remember, the old proverb says,  
That pretty is that pretty does;  
And that worth does not go or stay  
For poverty or splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,  
That makes the saint or sinner.  
To see the spider sit and spin,  
Strut with her webs of silver in,  
You would never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.

## SAGACITY OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

BY MRS. C. H. JOSSELYN.

BONAPARTE, or Bony, as usually called, was the name borne by our old friend, purchased on account of his immense size and build, for a watch dog at the store.

But for all his ferocious appearance, his noble,—and when off duty—gentle and domestic qualities soon caused him to become the pet of the household; and children on the street frolicked with him as one of their own playmates.

Bony was much attached to a little child, just old enough to sit alone upon the floor, who for some months was an inmate of the family. He would lie down beside her, allow her to pass her tiny hands through his long hair, and use her fists as hammers upon his prostrate body, with apparent delight.

During a summer shower, he ran in through an open door to the room where the child sat upon the floor, at her mother's feet, busy with playthings scattered about. His feet being damp, left prints upon the white matting; and as he approached the babe his mistress fearing for the clean white frock, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bony, your dirty paws!" The dog immediately raised each paw in succession; licked it clean carefully, and then stretched himself contentedly beside the child. The remark was made at the time, "If we had read this we would not have credited it."

Changes occurring in business, the store was closed, and Bony became the home dog. His favourite position on summer evenings, was at the open street door, in the front hall, his fore-paws hanging over the threshold. One evening it chanced his mistress was to be alone through the night. Heavy clouds were gathering, and a thunder storm of considerable violence was imminent. A caller expressed regret on going out the door, to have the lady stay alone, and remarked, "I wish Patrick (a former servant in the family, then living some quarter of a mile below) could come and sleep in the house." The evening was sultry, and the lady afterwards sat reading with open doors. By and by the dog sprang to his feet, hunted a short

distance down the road, rushed back to his mistress' side, repeating it several times, with apparent anxiety, so that at last the lady followed him to the door if possible to ascertain the cause. The night had become fearfully dark, footsteps were approaching. Bony left her side, and sprang joyously upon the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store. Whether the dog intended it or not, he

## DR. SUTHERLAND IN JAPAN

The General Secretary thus describes one of his journeys in Japan during his recent visit to that country. On Friday, July 5th, in company with Bros. Saunby and Hiraiwa, I took the 6:30 a. m. train on the way to Kofu. As yet this line extends only about thirty miles, but will soon be completed all the way. On reaching the terminal station we took a basha,

not at all about a basha, for it requires including very often. One of these vehicles will accommodate six persons, without luggage, fairly well, but Japanese ideas of economy will crowd in ten if you let them.

A most interesting part of the journey was that over the Sassago Togo Pass. At Kuronaka the bashes had to be abandoned, owing to the steepness of the way, and the choice was between packhorse, kago, or walking. Inquiry revealed the fact that no packhorses were to be had, and in an evil hour I consented to try a kago. This conveyance consists of a bamboo pole from which depends two end pieces, in a sloping position, attached to a bottom piece, on which a cushion is placed. There is also a top piece to keep off the rain. You seat yourself on the cushion, lean back against the end piece, and bestow your limbs where you can. But, like the prophet's bed, a kago is "shorter than a man can stretch himself on it." "and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report." Moreover, the roof part was too low to permit me to sit upright, and my position was like that of a double bladed jack-knife when half open. When all is ready, a couple of coolies put their shoulders under the ends of the bamboo pole, lift it up, and away we go. I sat it out for nearly half a mile, and then explained to the brethren that I wasn't hungry for any more kago, and would prefer to take the rest of the meal on foot.

The walk I enjoyed very much, for though the whole distance was over five miles, and the ascent in places very steep, the road was fairly good and the scenery grand. The exercise in a close, warm atmosphere induced free perspiration, but as we reached a higher altitude the atmosphere rapidly cooled, and near the top we found ourselves enveloped in a mist as cold as a "January fog." In clear weather the view from the summit of this pass must be magnificent. Descending the pass, we again took a basha, and as the principal part of the route was now on a down grade, we made good time. Here, as well as on some other parts of the journey, the road, as it skirts mountain sides and descends by a succession of leaps into the valleys below, presented a piece of engineering skill that would do credit to the most highly civilized nation on the globe.

[For a small-sized Japanese lady, as shown in the cut on our last page, the kago may do very well, but for a man of the inches of Dr. Sutherland, it must be anything but comfortable.]

## A DUTIFUL SON.

GENERAL GRANT, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, were "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Nearly fifty years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point.

Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work. Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me. His written desire was realized in a wonderful manner.



BONAPARTE.

conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which in spite of punishment he was never broken. One was sucking hen's eggs on the sly, thus getting into disgrace with his neighbours sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

and had as fellow passengers the nation of the Azabu Girls' School, and one of the pupils who was returning home. For the information of the uninitiated, I may explain that a basha is a very primitive four wheeled vehicle, with no springs, but the body is swung on leather straps. As a travelling conveyance for those who desire comfort, it cannot be highly commended, but as an instrument of torture it is a tolerable success. If the old proverb, "the least said is soonest mended," holds true, then the wisest thing is to say nothing.