

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26 1892.

[No. 48.

Baro Boughs and Buds.

"ALAS, alas, how the north-wind grieves!"
Said the black-ash tall, "I'm losing my
leaves!"

And "Well-a-day," sighed the elm tree old,
"I stand in a rain of my falling gold!"

And "Oh," cried the maple, overhead,
"On the dark ground rustles my robe of red."

The birch tree shook in a yellow shower,
And glimmered more ghostly every hour.

While the silver poplar whispered loud,
As its shimmering leaves joined the flying
crowd.

A sound of mourning filled all the land,
For the trees grew barer on either hand

But the little buds laughed on the twigs so
brown
That sprang from the branches, up and down.

As tucked in safe and glad and warm,
Ready to weather the winter storm.

They waited so patiently and still
Till the wild, cold wind, should have worked
its will,

And blown the sad skies once more clear,
And awakened from slumber the sweet New
Year.

If you look, my child, at the tree top high,
You'll see them clustered against the sky.

The little brown buds that rock and swing,
Dreaming all winter of coming spring!

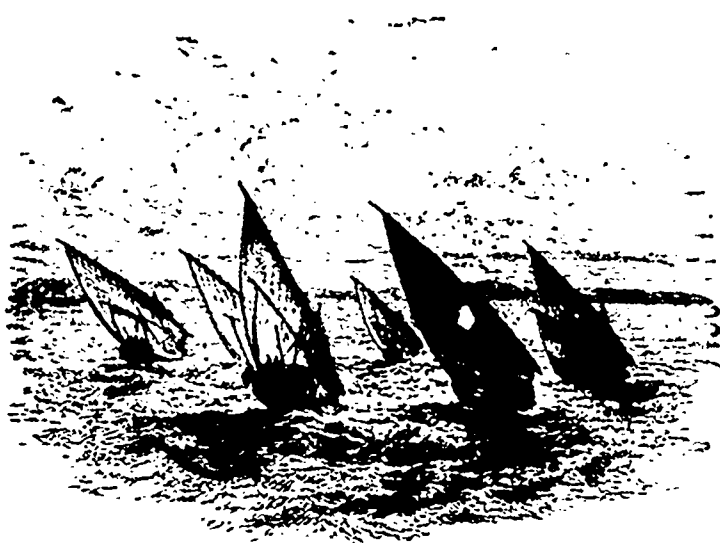
And if, when April comes again,
You watch through the veil of her balmy
rain,

You'll see them pushing out leaves like wings,
All crowned with the beauty that patience
brings!

ARAB SLAVERS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE has called the African
slave trade "The open sore to the world."
It is one of the most dreadful and diabolical
systems of iniquity on the face of the
earth. Great Britain has long waged un-
placable war against the slave-trade, by
sea. She has kept cruisers on the African
coast, ever on the alert to capture the
slave dhows and release their wretched vic-
tims. There is still, however, a deal of slave
hunting in the heart of Africa. Ruffian
Arab chiefs will swoop down on the native
villages killing the inhabitants who resist
and making prisoners of the remainder.
These are often driven in wretched coffers
to the slave market at a distance of maybe
hundreds of miles. Often they are loaded
with heavy fetters as shown in the cut and
often, too, have a huge yoke placed upon
their necks.

The agony of those long marches over
the hot desert sand, it is difficult to con-
ceive and impossible to exaggerate. The
slaves who are unable from weakness or
sickness to keep up with the caravan are
usually dispatched or, perhaps more cruelly,
left to die a lingering death on the way-
side. Such efforts are being made by the
civilized powers of Europe to put a stop to
this terrible traffic in the bodies and the
souls of men. In this as in every other
good work Great Britain is one of the fore-
most agents and as civilization and religion
spread through the heart of darkest Africa
the sin against God and crime against
man will doubtless be brought to an end.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.



SLAVERS ON THE MARCH.

HOW GOLD THREAD IS MADE.

The gold is brought from the Bank of
England in cakes weighing about one thou-
sand ounces. To secure the necessary de-
gree of tenacity a certain proportion of
copper is added, and the alloyed metal, in
the form of cylindrical bars, is next thor-
oughly heated. The hammering process fol-
lows, and the bars, originally about two feet
in length and two inches in diameter, but
now half as long again and proportionately
thinner, are in the next place filed and
rubbed until their surfaces are even.

What we may call the second part of the
process begins with the laying on of leaf
after leaf of gold in the proportion of two
per cent. Afterward each bar is wrapped
in paper and well heated in a charcoal fire.
A sort of vise stands ready, and in it bar
after bar as it comes from the fire is fixed
and thoroughly burnished. All traces of
its silver original has now disappeared, and
the bar is ready for conversion into wire.
This is accomplished by drawing it from
one hundred to one hundred and fifty times
through ever diminishing holes in steel
plates; and finally, when the capabili-
ties of this metal have been exhausted,
through apertures in diamonds, rubies, or
sapphires.

The delicate wire thus obtained must
be passed through the steel rollers of
one of Herr Krupp's little "flattening
mills." This brings us to the final process,
the spinning of the flattened wire round
silk, to form the golden thread of com-
merce. These spinning machines are
worked by water, although two steam
engines are to be found in the factory;
for water power is considered to be more
regular and even in its action.

There is a small home demand for the
round wire for the adornment of epaulettes,
etc., but the bulk of the manufactured
article finds its way in the shape of silky
gold thread to India and the far East
generally, where it is converted by skilled
native labour into those gorgeous cloths
and tissues in which the heart of the Orient
takes delight. What a wonderful property
does gold possess in its malleability! It is
asserted that every ounce of the bars, whose
fortunes we have followed with no little
interest, each containing only two per cent.
of gold, will run: the length of from five
hundred yards to two thousand five hun-
dred yards, and the amazing figure of five
thousand yards is on record. This latter
thread would be finer than human hair, but
the extreme limit is not even yet reached.
—*Chamber's Journal.*

LETTING MOTHER REST.

ONE of the papers tells of a pretty and
talented girl who had completed her school
course with credit, and by reason of rather
special talents had received more attention
and admiration than falls to the lot of most
girls, who was asked the other day how she
enjoyed her vacation.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she
answered, brightly. "I am doing the house
work and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away on a vacation
then, is she not?" was the natural question.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "she's at
home, but I am giving her a chance to rest
in the morning and to dress up and sit out
on the piazza when she feels like it. I
think it will do her good to have a little
change."