

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1898.

[No. 18.]

Legend of the White Crocus.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

Three early spring-time crocuses
Grew in the garden green,
A garden in Illyria,
The garden of the Queen.
Ring out betimes the Easter chimes!
The glad bells sang that day,
For Princess Alice passeth down
The chapel close to pray."

"So splendid is the Princess,
One listening crocus said,
That I will wear my purple dress,
And she will bend her head
All graciously, and gather me
Unto her regal breast.
For purple is the royal hue,
The Princess loveth best."

"But when the Princess bends her
head,"

Upspake a crocus bold,
"Then glittering is the coronet,
Above her hair of gold;
So I will don my yellow gown,
And wait without a fear;
For yellow has the golden sheen,
The Princess loveth dear."

Then softly sighed one modest flower,
"No purple robes are mine;
No royal fold in gown of gold,
Have I, in which to shine.
I may not hope the Princess' smile
Or favour to allure;
But I will wear my pearl-white dress,
Because her heart is pure."

And saintly Princess Alice
Passed down the garden way,
With one white crocus on her breast,
That Easter dawn, to pray.
For royal purple lured her not,
Nor gowns with gold bedight:
Thenceforth, in old Illyrian lands,
The crocuses were white.

HANS EGEDE AND THE ESKIMO.

Have you read about good Hans Egede, who lived in Norway some one hundred and fifty years ago? Though a pastor there, his heart was not at rest for the longing he had to be in Greenland. Remembering, perhaps, the old story of Columbus and Queen Isabella, Hans told his wish to King Frederick the Fourth of Norway. Quite likely, although I cannot be certain, the king replied in some such way as this:

"I hear that the Greenlanders are a forlorn people, living in tents through their short summer, and in filthy huts of stone all winter; also that they eat uncooked food and drink the blood of animals. Why should you leave Norway for such a country?"

"Because, sire," replied Hans, "I wish to teach the people."

"Are they not fine hunters?" asked the king.

"Yes, sire; they know well how to catch the walrus, seal, polar bear, and Arctic fox. The dogs also are their obedient servants in long journeys over the ice."

"I have heard even more about their skill," continued the king. "Men wrapped in skins venture out between mountains of ice, through fearful tempests, in boats made of thin laths joined together by whalebones and covered with sealskins—all for the sake of catching these creatures. No, my good Hans! the Greenlanders do not need you to teach them such feats, nor even how to use the precious seals. They take the skin for clothing, the flesh for food, and the fat for oil." "I hear, too," continued the king, much interested in



AMONG THE ESKIMO.

telling Hans what he knew of the Greenlanders—"I hear that when it is too cold to go on the sea, the Eskimo entrap the animals on the ice. The seal, unable to stay long under water, comes up through ice-holes and falls asleep; then the hunter is ready with his club or gun. At other times, if he would catch the creature awake, the man covers himself with skin, cries like a seal, and creeps along the ice till near enough to pierce the unsuspecting animal. Now, how could you teach them greater skill?"

"You speak the truth, O king; still, my wish to go continues," said Hans.

"I hear, too, that the people are full of conceit and laugh at Europeans, which is very absurd, since they themselves are a short, dirty-looking race, quite ignorant of books. Besides, what

would you, a minister of God, do among people who are stupid pagans?"

"Now, dear king," said Hans, "you have gotten at my secret wish. I want to tell the Greenlanders about Jesus."

"What does your wife say to this plan?"

"She is as anxious as myself to go," said Hans.

"But think of your boys. Paul, I hear, is a fine boy of twelve," continued the king.

"The boys will go with us. I pray to God that they may grow up earnest missionaries."

Seeing Hans was determined, the king helped him right generously, so that Hans Egede, with his wife and sons and a company of forty-five persons, set sail in a small trading vessel for the dreary country of Greenland. They found the

natives just as you see them in the picture, stunted in growth by the cold climate, running round on the ice with harpoons and lances, surrounded by sharp-nosed Eskimo dogs.

Years afterwards Paul Egede wrote all about their life in Greenland how the young Eskimo taught them to catch seals, till they became good hunters. On the other hand, they taught the Greenlanders to read and write, and above all, to worship the only true God. I saw in a book the other day a funny anecdote from his life. A Greenlander carried off a Latin dictionary belonging to the young Egedes, supposing it made of skin, and persuaded his wife to sew the leaves together and make him a coat. One day he went to visit Hans Egede arrayed in the coat, which was adorned with a border of sealskin. When he tried to get out of the boat, however, the coat fell to pieces in various places, and young Paul Egede did not know whether to be amused or vexed at the loss of his book.

Paul tells us of the earnestness with which his father tried to lead these poor people to Jesus. To this day the Greenlanders can look up to heaven and thank God for Hans Egede.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

The Dyaks are closely allied to the Malay race, but are more simple and honest, and morally superior in almost every respect. Their average stature somewhat exceeds that of the Malays; their hair is straight, coarse, and black, and they are well proportioned without any tendency to obesity. Agriculture is their principal means of subsistence. They are distinguished by many excellent traits of character, and when kindly treated are docile, industrious, and faithful. They formerly gained great notoriety as daring pirates and head-hunters, seeking to decapitate others under the belief that every person beheaded would become the slave of the hunter in the next world. The greater portion of them have substantial dwellings, and cultivate rice, the banana, sugar cane, and some cotton and tobacco for their own consumption.

The missionaries are laying hold of the Dyaks, a group of whom you find in our illustration. Though they are savages, they are intelligent and teachable. The Gospel will lift them out of the shadows of their life.

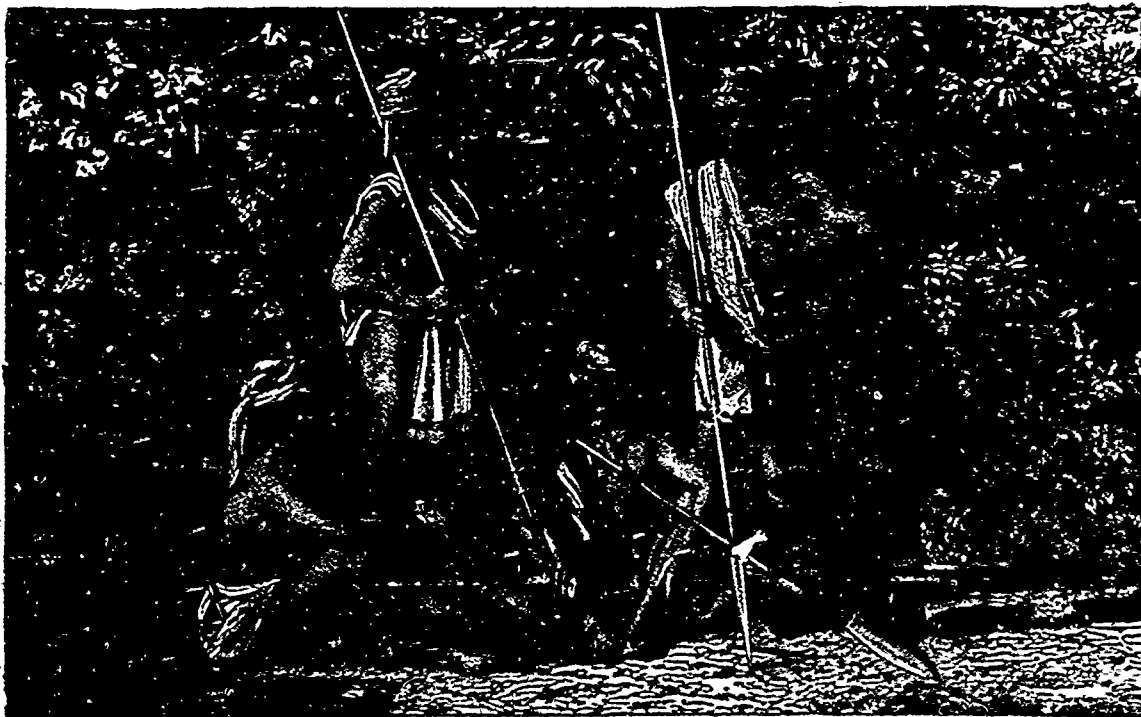
PEARL FISHING.

The beautiful pearl is born in the bosom of an oyster—a dark and obscure home, but worth often has such homes; and worth, like pearls, is sought for, and finds its proper value by-and-by.

The most famous pearl fisheries are near the island of Ceylon. The boats are of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with but one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving stones, each weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds.

A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other pieces of wood, on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung; three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop or stirrup on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket hanging from a rope is thrown to him and in this he puts his other foot.

Now he is ready. He grasps the rope in one hand, and his nose with the



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