

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Little by Little.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing soul
Struggle up nearer the shining goal.

Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new,
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
Little by little the seeds we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

—Woman's Journal.

WHALING.

BY GUSTAVE KOBBE.

REGULAR whale-boats are twenty-eight to twenty-nine feet long, with a cut in the bow through which the line passes, and in the stern a post over which the line may be checked if it is running out too fast. The officer sits in the stern, from where the line, which is coiled in a tub, is managed. The oars are called "leading," "tub," "midships," "bow," and "harpooner" (harpoon-er they pronounce it). When a boat "goes on," the harpooner draws in his oar and prepares to "strike." He doesn't always succeed.

When the whale is struck the harpooner shifts with the officer. This explains why he is often called the boat-steerer. The critical moment has arrived. The whale once fast, the future is narrowed down to "dead whale or stove boat." Therefore the killing of the whale is in the hands of the officer. He must judge nicely, though on the spur of the moment, when to lay on or off, and meet all the emergencies caused by the unforeseen actions of the wounded Leviathan.

Sometimes the whale will rush through the water drawing the boat after him at lightning speed, and almost tearing the loggerhead out of the stern, the while the line is taut as a fiddle-string. Or he may "sound" or dive, and fathom after fathom of line be rapidly paid out. Woo to him who gets foul of the smoking line! It often means loss of leg or arm, or even instant death; for the diving weight of tons at the other end tells before knives can be whipped out and the line cut. And where will the whale come up? Perhaps right under the boat, staving it, or raising it up with him and spilling all hands into the sea, where they will sink like so many stones unless they know how to swim, or unless another boat is at hand to pick them up. He may appear a little to one side, and in his convulsion shiver the boat with one lash of his tail, or splinter it between his jaws.

In the old days the whale was killed with a lance in the hands of the officer. It required eye and nerve for the fatal thrust. Now, however, they use the bomb-lance, which is shot from a brass gun, and explodes within the whale, usually with fatal effect.



THE STAR OVER BETHLEHEM.

A "LEAGUE" of boys in one of the public schools of New York City has recently been formed, and a pledge signed to abstain from the use of cigarettes until the age of twenty one. It is well, but if the fathers smoke cigars the boys are tempted

to smoke cigarettes. There is a law in some of the States against selling the latter article to minors, but it is easy to evade. The use of cigarettes by boys is most harmful, and every wise measure should be taken to discourage or prevent it.



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR.

The Wise Men Following the Star.

BY REGINALD HERKEL.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ALLSPICE.

THE home of the Allspice tree is South America and the West Indies, especially Jamaica. The tree is a beautiful evergreen. The flowers are small and do not make much display. In Jamaica the tree grows without any care, but the fruit is worth so much that the planters give more attention to this crop than to any other.

The berries must be picked before they are ripe or they lose their pleasant flavour. One hundred and fifty pounds of the raw fruit is sometimes gathered from one tree. The crops are uncertain; it is only once in five years that it is abundant.

CLOVES.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca Islands. It is said to be the most beautiful, elegant and precious of all trees. It is conical in form and lives from one hundred to two hundred years. The spice is not the fruit, as is generally believed, but it is blossoms that are gathered before they unfold.

About a dozen of these blossoms form a cluster at the end of each branch and twig of the tree. Cloves are gathered in December and are dried quickly in the shade.

In the year 1521 the Molucca Islands were inhabited by a great number of people, who were industrious, enterprising and happy. They devoted most of their time to the cultivation of the clove tree. Cloves were carried to all parts of the civilized world from these islands. At that time Spaniards and Portuguese came and took the first shipment of cloves to Europe. About one hundred years later the Dutch drove away the Spaniards and Portuguese. They also sent ships to these beautiful islands and destroyed every clove tree. Every year they sent ships there, and to other islands where the birds might carry the seeds, to destroy all the trees. Any of the natives who dared to set out a clove tree was put to death. The natives all died or were carried away as slaves. Then to raise the price of the cloves the Dutch burned a part of the crop every year. These annual burnings continued until as late as 1824.