

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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[No. 24.



And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

"My Bess," he cried, "my Bess! my boy!"
As through the throng he pressed,
And caught her, in his weary joy,
Dead-swooning, to his breast.

And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

He turned to see, as on they rode,
All dight in gallant gear;
Then out spake he right merrily,
With voice of sudden cheer:

"Ha, my good cousin! Scarce I thought
Such welcomings to win.
As thy fair courtesy hath brought
To greet thy kith and kin!"

"Gramercy! I am fain to vow
I nevermore will roam,
Since with such knightly guise as now,
Ye hail the wanderer home!"

Sir Lewis* quickly drew his blade,
As from his steed he sprang,
And on his kinsman's shoulder laid
Its weight, with sudden clang.

He gave no greet; but on the ear
His words did sharply ring—
"Sir Walter, I arrest thee here,
By mandate of the king!"

"What hath he done?"—the boy Carew
Flashed forth with angry frown;
And from his father's shoulder drew
The naked weapon down.

"What hath he done? Why, treason's taint+
Hung o'er his head of old;
And he hath failed, though thrice he sailed,
To find the mine of gold.

"And sheer against the king's commands,
Who craves all grave of Spain,
He left on Orinoco's sands
Full fifty Spauiards, slain.

"Nay, peace!—what if they were the first
To fall upon thy crew?"

(Continued on last page.)

* Sir Lewis Stukely, who arrested Sir Walter on his return from his last voyage, was his cousin.

+ Sir Walter was accused of siding with the party who wanted to put Arabella Stuart on the throne in stead of James.

Sir Walter's Honor

Margaret D. Weston

I.

"O, MOTHER! cast thy fears away,
Fling sadness from thy brow,
My father's ships, the sailors say,
Are in the offing now."

"Nay, lad!—full oft before, to me
Hath come the self-same tale;
A thousand times I've scanned the sea,
And never seen his sail."

"But hark, sweet mother! In the street
The folk make wild uproar;
Haste! let us be the first to greet
His step upon the shore."

"Ah, boy!—how dare my heart believe?
How dare I crave, good lack!
While foes so plot, and friends deceive,
To have thy father back?"

"They watch to seize and search his ship,
And O! mine eyes grow dim,
And terror palsies heart and lip,
—They lay their snares for him.

"My noble lord!—who weighed no pain,
Nor toil, nor cost, I ween,
Nor ruth of savage lands, to gain
New kingdoms for his queen.

"Bermoothes' rocks that gulfed his masts,
And tempest-wrack and foam,
Are kinder than the King who blasts
The joy of coming home!"

II.

With drooping sail and shattered mast,
Sir Walter's galleons lay
Beyond the bar, but soon they cast
Anchor in Plymouth Bay.

He leaped to shore with bated breath,
For there, right full in view,
Stood his fair wife, Elizabeth,
And his fair son, Carew.



O Mother,
Dry thy tears
Away.