

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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If!

If every boy and every girl,  
Arising with the sun,  
Should plan this day to do alone  
The good deeds to be done.

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,  
Strong, helpful hands should lend,  
And to each other's wants and cries  
Attentive ears should bend;

If every man and woman, too;  
Should join these workers small—  
Oh, what a flood of happiness  
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,  
Which now are filled with care!  
And joyous, smiling faces, too,  
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun  
Would shine more clear and bright,  
And every little twinkling star,  
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see  
If other folks are true,  
And thus neglect so much that God  
Intends for us to do.

## THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

The mountains of Switzerland have been styled the crown of Europe, and in that crown is no fairer jewel than Lake Lucerne.

Its shores are lined with beautiful parks and gardens, hotels and villas, and these, with the snow-capped mountains towering above all, and charming little villages upon the grassy slopes, are all reflected in the clear waters and form a most beautiful picture.

Lucerne is a lovely spot and a favourite resort for tourists. One of the finest monuments in the world is the Lion of Lucerne, an immense figure of a pierced lion cut in the solid rock. It was carved in memory of the Swiss guard who lost their lives in defence of the Tulleries in 1792. Trees and vines overhang the rock, and a little pool at the base adds to the beauty of the spot.

Near by is the Glacier Garden, where there are wonderful memorials of the ice period. More than twenty great holes, from which the debris of years has been removed, are found in the rocks. The largest of these is twenty-eight feet wide and thirty-three feet deep. The great rocks are worn smooth, and the deep cavities were formed by the stones which were driven round and round upon them in those long-ago days.

Many boats steam up and down the lake connecting Lucerne with Fluellen at the other end, and touching at the little villages on the way. At Rutli the spot is pointed out where the Confederation was formed in 1307, when the brave Swiss people determined to defend themselves from the oppression of the Austrians. It is a beautiful meadow surrounded by woods, now the property of the Government and kept in excellent order. In it are three fountains, which the legends say sprang up after the oath was taken.

The little village of Altorf was the home of William Tell, the story of whose life and exploits is firmly believed by the Swiss people. A statue of him has been placed upon the spot where he stood when he hit the apple on his son's head, and a little chapel marks the spot where he sprang from the boat and escaped from his captors. The latter was erected in 1383, thirty years after the hero's death.

## A GOOD JOKE.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school-time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone. He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and had a fashion of reading his history lesson and rolling his eyes around to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on the slate one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing anyway. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose, and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twitch. Just then the bell rang, and we hadn't a chance to show it

did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my little sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

And there he stood, holding up our nice, big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of that joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't—" began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him. "We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first-rate now; he's tip-top when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandma how we came to get acquainted, though, and she laughed a little and said: "A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if we only took the trouble to be kind to them."

## THE WORM AT THE HEART OF THE TREE.

There was once a very beautiful garden in which stood a tall tree. This tree was also beautiful, as it was full of leaves, which hung gracefully.

One day the gardener spied a worm not more than an inch or two long, crawling upon its trunk and pecking away at the bark.

A gentleman near by told him that if he did not kill that little worm it would kill the tree. But the gardener did not really believe that a worm so small could hurt so great a tree, and took no pains to destroy him, and the worm kept at work.

So time went on. The next year it was noticed that the leaves of the tree commenced to die very early at the top, and all the leaves fell off much earlier than those of the other trees. And at the end of the next season the tree was dead. That great tree was killed by that little worm. He bored straight into the heart of that tree, and kept at it until the life was all gone. That only illustrates what sin does for people. The leaves become dead and dropped off because there was a worm in the heart of the tree.

When you see people do what they ought not to do because sin, like a worm, is in the heart. I saw two boys quarrelling, and one struck the other a hard blow. He did not strike him because the hand that struck him was bad, but

because the heart had sin in it. Sin in the heart makes people do bad things. I heard a boy say a bad word to his mother. He did not say it because his tongue was bad, but because sin in his heart made his tongue say the bad word. The bad word came out just as the dead leaves fall off the tree.

Unless the worm could be got out of the tree, there was no hope for the tree. It must die. And unless sin be taken from the heart it will kill us. With it in the heart we can never go to heaven to live with God and the holy angels.

Only God can destroy sin in the heart. If we go to him and ask him in faith he will destroy sin, and thus we may be kept from doing wrong. Christian Witness.

## A GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A lady in Newton was drawing her little girl on a sled, just after a great snow storm, through a long, narrow path to the school-house, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when she met midway a large St. Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance, until he found a place where the snow had been shoveled out a little at the side. Into this he backed, and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman, he wheeled about and started again on the path.

## MAKING BLIND BOYS DRUNK.

The papers state that the managers of the institution for the blind in Columbus, Ohio, are exceedingly troubled over the fact that the boys who are inmates of their institution are being enticed into the saloons of that city on Sunday when they have been allowed to go outside of the institution to attend church, and are there being made drunk.



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to anybody else, but Dick said, "We'll put it on a stick and pass it around at recess. Won't Tom be mad?"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said—and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me. "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell all the boys, so they'll be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer, and, when he got a chance, dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it; for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one, Tom rushed up to us, with his face like a full surprise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that

## BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

Abraham Lincoln would as soon have cut off his right arm as to have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun, says Our Dumb Animals. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was vice president of the Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young.

Cleveland wore the badge of our Bands of Mercy on his breast while ten thousand children filed by him in procession at Rochester, N.Y. No Southern general, to our knowledge, ever rode a mutilated horse.

Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. Bismarck's dog has been almost as well known in Germany as Bismarck, and the Queen of England is the head of our work in that country.