

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Little Girl's Wish.

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes of blue,
"I'm only a wee little lassie,
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,
He's home from a great college, too;
He said so, just now, in the parlour,
'There's nothing a woman can do.'

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Is there nothing you can do, my
darling?
What was that 'pa' said last night?
My own little sunbeam has been here
I know, for the room is so bright."

"And there is a secret, my Mary,
Perhaps you may learn it some day—
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and
here was buried at last the fiery heart
of Bruce. I sat in Sir Walter's favourite
seat, and gazed where "the darkened
roof rose high aloof," and on the lovely
eastern oriel with its slender shafts of
foliaged tracery, of which he sings,

"Thou would'st have thought some fairy's
hand
Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work
was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to
stone."

Was ever ruin so sad and fair? I
lingered for hours in the legend-haunted
spot, and then walked along the green
Tweed side to Abbotsford, where still
wields his spell a mightier wizard than
even Michael Scott. It is a large and
rambling house with fantastic, yet pic-
turesque groups of chimneys, gables and
turrets. Over the door is the pious
legend,

"Can't a feller smoko a pipe and be-
long to de church?"

"Well, yes, he may belong to de
church buildin', but neber to de church
triumphant."

"I should like to know how you make
dat out?"

"Well, brudder, look at it in dis way:
how would you look walkin' de golden
streets ob de New Jerusalem wid dat ole
pipe in you mouf?"

"I would jus' snatch it out berry
quick."

"Yes, but what would you do wid it?
You could not find any place to frow it
out ob sight; no place to hide it; no way
to get rid ob it. You have been gibbon
a nice, white garment to put on, and
dare aint any pocket in it to put de ole
pipe, so you will hab to hide it in yo'
hand."

"I say, Brudder Jones, you are gettin'
a feller in a bad fix wid de ole pipe, de
way you am puttin' it."

"But dat ain't all, by-and-bye you will
want a smoke, and you will walk de

wrong thing about dem. for de Word
says, 'Let him dat is filthy be filthy still,
and let him dat is holy be holy still,' so
you see you will be jus' what you are
when you fotch up in dis worl'; so if you
lub to use the debbil's colone, you will
hab to go whera de brimstone kinder
kills de smell; you neber, neber can get
in the golden city, habin' on yo' de smell
ob 'Dat Ole Pipe.'

TELL IT TO OTHERS.

A professor in one of our principal col-
leges was noted among his fellow-
teachers for his habit of addressing pri-
vately the young men in his care upon
the subject of their personal relations to
Christ.

"Do they not resent your appeals as
an impertinence?" asked a friend.

"No," was the reply. "Nothing is of
such interest to any man as his own
soul and its condition. He will never
resent words of warning or comfort if
they are prompted by genuine feeling."



ABBOTSFORD.

"And the work that is sweetest and
dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folks happy,
Can be done by a lassie like you!"

ABBOTSFORD.

One of the most interesting visits the
Editor of Pleasant Hours made in Scot-
land was that to Melrose Abbey and the
home of Sir Walter Scott.

The old Abbey, dating from 1136, is
one of the finest relics of Gothic archi-
tecture extant. The image-breaking
zeal of the Reformers and the cannon
of Cromwell have left only a picturesque
ruin. It was quite pathetic to see the
roofless aisles, the broken windows, the
crumbling columns, and the grass-grown
chancel where once the cowed brother-
hood chanted their matins and even-
song. The battered saints looked down
reproachfully from their ivied niches,
and the emgies of the knights seemed to
keep watch over the tombs, where,
through the long ages, their bodies
"await the resurrection." I noticed the
touching inscription, "Cvm Venit Iesvs
Cessabit Vmbra"—"When Jesus comes
the darkness shall fly away." Here is
the tomb of the arch-wizard Michael
Scott, whose awful apparition is recorded

"By night, by day, remember aye, ye
goodness of ye Lord,
And thank his name whose glorious
fame is spread throughout ye
world."

The house is full of old armour—
targes and claymores, helmets and
hauberk; antique furniture and relics—
the keys of the Tolbooth, Queen Mary's
cross and purse, historic portraits, and
the like. Of especial interest was the
stately library, and the small writing
room, with the desk and books just as
the master left them, and the effigy of
faithful Maida. Then I stood with
hushed spirit in the room in which he
died, and through the open window
heard the murmur of the distant Tweed,
which in life he loved so well. I was
ferried over the brawling stream by a
stout-armed damsel with a pleasant face
and strong Scottish accent, and was soon
whirled by rail back to Auld Reekie
again.

"DAT OLE PIPE."

"I say, brudder, I thought you be-
longed to de church?"

"So I does."

"Den why are you suckin' dat old
pipe?"

golden streets tryin' to find a place to
hide, so you can smoke; and de streets
ob dat city is 'bout fifteen hundred miles
long, and if you should get to de end ob
de street you would fotch up again de
wall dat is made of jasper, and so high
you can't cllime ober, and no hole in de
wall to stick you head for a smoke, and
you will want a smoke so bad you will
almost make up you mind to smoke
right in de golden city. Den you will
begin to think ob gettin' a match to
light de ole pipe; and den it will come
ober you all ob a sudden dat dare aint
no matches in yo' new close. Den you
would wish you was back in dis ole worl'
again, wid de old close, wid de matches,
and de ole pipe, so you could take some
comfut."

"I say, Brudder Jones, I can't stand
dat. I can't afford to lose dem golden
streets for de ole pipe, so here it goes,
de pipe, de tobacco, de matches, and all."

"Dat is de right way. If you was
goin' to a weddin', whera would you fix
up?"

"I would fix up at home, ob course."

"Jus' so. Now, if you 'spect to go to
heaben you must get ready down here,
for de church triumphant is de folks dat
triumph ober all dare sins, by de help ob
de Lord; ober all dare nasty habits, and
lib just as pure as possible, and hab no

"When I was a young man," he added,
"I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a
young fellow not yet of age, lived in our
house for six months. My dread ob
meddling was such that I never asked
him to be present at family worship, or
spoke to him on the subject of religion.
He fell into the company of a wild set,
and was rapidly going to the bad. When
I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ.

"Do you call yourself a Christian?"
he asked, assuming an astonished look.

"I hope so," I replied.

"But you are not. If you were, He
must be your best friend. Yet I have
lived in your house for six months and
you have never once named his name to
me. No, he is nothing to you."

"I have never forgotten the rebuke."
The superintendent of London police
told an American visitor to Scotland
Yark lately that when a noted criminal
was visited before his execution by a
clergyman, he listened to the story of
Jesus and his suffering upon the cross in
silence and then, springing to his feet,
said, "Is this true? He came to save
men like me?"

"Yes," replied the visitor.

"And you sit here quietly! If I be-
lieved that story and were free I would
walk barefoot over the world, but I
would tell it to every living man!"