

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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ON THE TRACK OF CIVILIZATION.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a great surprise to the Indian tribes. They know not what to make of the iron horse with breath of flame and lungs of fire, that snorted its way like a huge dragon over the prairie and through the mountain canyons. But they soon accepted the situation and readily availed themselves of the facilities it offered for rapid transit, and learned to travel with all the composure of veteran

SELFISHNESS PUNISHED.

It was one day when everybody was tired and anxious to sit down that a large man, carrying a gripsack, boarded an eastern railroad train, and, after walking through several crowded cars, finally found the one vacant seat. Seating himself he placed his bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat. As he stopped inquiringly before the man the latter said:

rest, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the gripsack.

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place; and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett; and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging. The large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea; but the stranger still held fast

with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left at Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it." He gave the conductor a wink, and as the official knew the stranger personally he understood the wink, and promptly replied:

"The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston, and stow it among the unclaimed baggage."



INDIANS RIDING ON THE C. P. R.

globe-trotters. The railway is to be the great civilizer of the great North-West. It is the path-finder of Empire—the pioneer of Christian civilization. It makes straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Son of man and the preaching of his gospel of grace. Instead of illimitable herds of bison we will soon have fertile farms and smiling villages and happy Christian homes all through our vast inheritance in the new Canada of the far West.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another one.

"This seat is engaged, sir. A man just stepped out, but will return in a moment. He left his baggage here as a claim to his seat."

"Well," said the second traveler, frankly, "I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns;" and, without ceremony, this he proceeded to do.

Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly prayed within the inmost chambers of his little heart that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea—anywhere but at Lynn or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's

rest, and never offered to stir.

The stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, and though thankful for his seat, he determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his selfish deception. So when Lynn was reached the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying:

"I beg your pardon, but this is not your baggage."

"But it isn't yours," stammered the owner, blushing.

"To be sure, but I propose to see it returned to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off

with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Hold on there!" said the conductor, showing a police badge. "none of this! What kind of a man was it who left the bag?"

And then the stranger, the conductor, and one or two sympathizing passengers combined to confuse the large man, and he, hating to confess to his piggishness, and knowing not what to do, precipitately fled, amid the frowns and sighs of his wickedness. But the stranger with a happy, contented smile, had the bag returned to Boston, where the large man had to come next day and identify it.

The moral to this true tale is obvious.