

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TILLY'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

THE Hon. Thomas Bowie was taking tea at the Wilson's before delivering his famous temperance lecture at Raymond's Hall. Early tea was served out on the little side-porch, where the vine ropes swayed softly in the breeze and the mignonette perfumed the air.

He told them story after story of the drunkards reformed by the prayers and efforts of temperance societies, of mothers and wives, and even of little children.

"Not till every private in the ranks of the great temperance cause goes to the fight," said the Hon. Thomas Bowie, enthusiastically, "can we hope to rout the enemy. But the weakest hand can wield the sword; even this little maid" (here the gentleman turned so suddenly to Tilly, sitting on the top step, that she nearly fell off into the mignonette bed)—"even little Tilly here might have some soul from the drink-devil."

Tilly was too much startled to make any answer, and the gentleman went on with his talk, forgetting all about the little girl. But Tilly felt very anxious and unhappy: if she only knew what she could do to help the cause!

The family went off to the lecture, and cook Nora promised to take care of Tilly. The little girl sat out in the back yard at the kitchen bench, waiting for Nora chatting with a visiting neighbour.

"It's meself as wad loike to hear the gentleman spake the noight," said Nora; "'tis a pretty-spaking gentleman, I can tell ye, and with a fine eye."

"It may be so," answered her companion, who was not Irish; "but such good all his speaking is goin' to do those poor wretches drinkin' now at Smoot's! I saw Bill Cross smash down that way as I came over, and leavin' no supper at home, all be bound." Then they talked about their other neighbours.

Little Tilly took a sudden resolve; not a wise one, for wisdom does not grow in little heads, but a brave and earnest one, and therefore overruled for good.

Away she slipped from careless Nora's side, and in a few minutes stood, flushed and trembling, in her pretty white company dress at the door of Smoot's saloon. A light summer shower had begun to fall, and its crystal drops glistened on her bright hair and bare arms and neck.

"Bill," she said eagerly, "come out here a minute." The astonished cabman, who knew the little lady well, came out to the doorstep. "Stoop down, Bill, I want to whisper something."

The man bent his ear to her lips. "Bill," she whispered, "if you'll go to see the gentleman at Rayman's Hall tonight, I'll give you my wax doll that opens and shuts its eyes. Please, Bill, and then you won't want to get drunk any more."

Bill snatched her up in his arms and carried her home through the dusk. He did not go to the meeting, but he went home, and Nora says his wife has picked



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up heart about him since; he seems to be trying so hard to keep away from Smoot's.

"God bless my little girl," said papa when he knew what Tilly had done, "and make her a noble worker in the good cause! But first of all she must take mamma into partnership in what she does."

THERE MUST BE A HEAD.

A CELEBRATED painter produced a picture, the coronation of Napoleon. It was profuse in richest draperies of crimson and purple velvets, gold laces and fringes, and so on. The artist Stuart was contemplating the painting, when some one asked him, "But what do you think of the head?" Stuart, affecting surprise, as though he had not seen it before, remarked, "Why,

the thing has a head, has it not?" In the excessive richness of the adjuncts it was quite possible to lose sight of that which was really the central object of the picture.

But the criticism is well worth remembering. It not unfrequently happens that the human form is so elaborately, so excessively, adorned that one might think the head quite lost. Akin to the remark of Stuart was that of another who, on hearing that a young man had taken his life by blowing out his brains, remarked that he must have been a good marksman, the implication being that his brain was so small that it required a good aim to hit it.

It is a good thing to have a good head, well poised and kept well in view, and to have it supplied with a brain of high order. No amount of dress, or show, or artificial manners will make up for the lack of this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

ONE evening in the Executive chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggested the thought, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs' (people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there). But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labour, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat large enough to take the barrel or two of things we had gathered, with myself and a little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and, looking at the different boats, singled out mine and asked:

"Who owns this?"

"I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.'

"'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?'

"'Certainly,' I said.

"I was very glad to have the opportunity of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, and the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted their heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money.

"Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle; but it was a most important incident of my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time on."—*Springfield Union*

"CAN you give a sentence illustrating the difference between mind and matter?"

"Yes, sir! When I don't mind pretty soon they's sunthin' th' matter!"