

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## When Papa's Sick.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes!  
Such awful, awful times it makes,  
He speaks in oh! such lonesome tones,  
And gives such ghastly kind of groans,  
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,  
And makes ma help him up to bed—  
While Sis and Bridget run to heat  
Hot water bags to warm his feet,  
And I must get the doctor quick—  
We have to jump when papa's sick

When papa's sick ma has to stand  
Right side the bed and hold his hand,  
While Sis she has to fan an' fan,  
For he says he's "a dyin' man,"  
And wants the children round him to  
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through,"  
And kiss us all and then he'll die;  
Then moans and says "his  
breathin's thick"—  
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way  
Until he hears the doctor say,  
"You've only got a cold, you  
know,  
You'll be all right'n a day or so."  
And then—well, say! you ought  
to see,  
He's different as a man can be,  
And growls and scolds from noon  
to night,  
Just 'cause his dinner ain't  
cooked right,  
And all he does is fuss and kick—  
We're all used up when papa's  
sick.

## BRIDGET.

BY SYDNEY CLARE.

She was not a girl in the kitchen, but a calf on the farm. How she came by her name is not easy to tell. She was not Irish but Jersey. Perhaps as good a reason as any for her name was the fact that she thought a great deal of Patrick, one of the farm workmen. To her pat was the best man in the world. She followed him about the farm as though she were a dog, and when shut up in pasture with the cows, Bridget would find some way to get through or over the fences, that she might be with her friend. She even followed him on the road when he went to visit his friends. Though she could not go with him into the house, she waited in the yard until he came out, and then walked quietly home with him.

Pat was a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, who treated horses, cows and calves as though they were almost human, and only lacked the power of speech to make them worthy companions of himself. But Pat had one fault—he liked whiskey. He seldom became intoxicated, but when he did he was thoroughly drunk; and then the good-natured Pat was changed to a man of a very different character.

Patrick became very thirsty for liquor one Sunday, and, after after doing up his morning work about the farm, he started for a saloon two or three miles away.

Bridget saw him go, and wished to follow. It made little difference to her that Pat took no notice of her call, and that he seemed determined to leave her behind. Bridget meant to go along whether he wanted her or not. Making her way through the fence the calf was soon on the road, running and bellowing after her friend. At first Pat tried to drive her back; but as thirst was great and Bridget was determined to follow, he gave up the attempt and she was allowed to go along to the saloon.

Of course, as the calf had no money and would not even drink beer, she was not allowed to enter the saloon. Patiently she waited outside, but no Pat came. He had forgotten his sober companion without, in the company of the drunken ones inside the saloon.

Late in the afternoon Pat started for home. Bridget's patience was about exhausted, and she gladly welcomed his appearance. But the calf soon noticed something wrong about the man. His walk was slow, and he staggered from side to side so that the calf could not follow. She could not understand what was the matter, and may have thought that the Pat who came out was an entirely different man than the Pat who went into the saloon. The clothes were Pat's, but the man who wore them was so unlike her friend that Bridget, after watching him awhile, seemed to get the idea that he was a stranger, and that he was not fit company for her. While she appeared undecided the poor fellow stumbled and fell. As he lay almost

all. She hardly cared to go with him even about the farm. Instead, she chose the cows as her companions, and remained with them in the pasture-lot.

Bridget is a dignified cow now, and may have forgotten her fancy for Pat and her visit to the saloon; but could she speak of it, probably she would say that she was but a calf then, and that no respectable animal who knows what is proper will go to a saloon, or even keep company with a person who goes there to get drunk.

Though but a calf, Bridget was not a fool. When she learned what the saloon did to people she kept away from it. If even a calf can learn that much, surely a boy should learn more and have nothing whatever to do with saloons

those know what stout hearts it needs to face it all. Ought we not to be thankful that we have a Father who is on the sea as well as on the land?

## THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

Rear-Admiral Belknap's survey of parts of the Pacific, preparatory to the laying of the proposed trans-Pacific telegraph cable, indicates that extraordinary difficulties will be encountered. His soundings show the result of a trough or basin of enormous depth and extent along the east coast of Japan and the Kurile Islands and under the Kuro Siwo, or Japan or Black stream. The basin exceeds any similar depression yet found in any other region of the great oceans. In a run of thirty miles after leaving the coast of Japan the water deepened more than 1,800 fathoms, and upon the next cast of the lead the wire broke after 4,643 fathoms had been run out without the bottom having been reached. Thermometers specially constructed for deep-sea sounding were wrecked by the unprecedented pressures. The depth of the deepest cast—five miles and a quarter, the deepest water yet found—is sufficient to hold two mountains as high as Japan's great Fusuyama, one on top of the other; and then the summit of the highest would be nearly two-thirds of a mile under water.

## A BOY'S IDEA OF PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sleep on Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for service at the church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. However, he knelt down and commenced the alphabet, A, B, C, D, and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying the A, B, C's.

"What are you doing, my little man?" asked the gentleman, kindly.

The little lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what are you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I don't know any prayer, only I felt in my heart that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me to take care of the sheep, so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all that I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will! He will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes up to heaven must come from the heart.

## A MOTHER'S HEART.

BY J. R. MILLER.

We ought to watch closely the character of the memories we leave in our homes. One person has left this testimony:

"Many a night, as I remember lying quietly in the little upper chamber before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footstep on the stair, the door would noiselessly open, and in a moment the well-known form softly gliding through the darkness would appear at my bedside. First there would be a few pleasant inquiries of affection, which gradually deepened into words of counsel. Then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desires would flow forth in prayer. Her tears bespoke the earnestness of her desires. I seem to feel them yet where they sometimes fell on my face. The prayers often passed out of thought in slumber and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost. I willingly believe they were an invisible bond with heaven that severely preserved me while I moved carelessly amid numberless temptations, and walked the brink of crime." Is it not worth while for every mother to try to weave such memories into the early years of her children's lives?



PREPARING FOR SEA.

helpless on the ground, the calf came up to smell of him as though to make sure that it was not her friend. Perhaps his stupidity, perhaps his strange movements, or it may have been the smell of whiskey about him, settled the matter. After an examination, Bridget walked away and then started homeward, first walking quietly and then beginning to run. She neither stopped nor looked back, but hurried on towards home.

When late in the day Pat staggered home and, slightly sobered, tried to do up his night work, Bridget took no more notice of him than if he had been a stranger.

That was Bridget's first and last visit to the saloon. She never followed Pat after that when he went for whiskey, nor would she follow him along the road at

## PREPARING FOR SEA.

These are strong, brave, stout-hearted men in the picture here, working away right willingly to get their good vessel ready for her long voyage on the sea. We know they must be strong, because none but strong men could do the heavy, rough work that sailors have to do, and we know, too, that they are brave, for it takes a great deal of courage to face the unknown dangers of the deep. Only those who have spent days and nights, and perhaps weeks and months, away far out of sight of land, with the boat sometimes tossing and reeling to and fro, now on the top of a huge wave, now down in the trough, with danger, it may be, of being dashed on the rocks or broken in two by the violence of the storm—only