

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE FRIENDLY TERNS.

ONE day Mr. Edward, the Scotch naturalist, shot at a tern, hoping to secure the beautiful creature as a specimen. The ball broke the bird's wing, and he fell screaming down to the water. His cries brought other terns to the rescue, and with pitiful screams they flew to the spot where the naturalist stood, while the tide drifted their wounded brother towards the shore. But before Mr. Edward could secure his prize, he observed, to his astonishment, that two of the terns had flown to the water, and were gently lifting up their suffering companion, one taking hold of either wing. But their burden was rather heavy; so, after carrying it seawards about six or seven yards, they let it down, and two more came, picked it up, and carried it a little further. By means of thus relieving each other they managed to reach a rock where they concluded they would be safe.

But Mr. Edward did not approve of losing his specimen in this way, and made for the rock. He was soon discovered by the watchful terns, who now surrounded the rock in great numbers, and, with screams and cries, once more bore away their disabled friend right out to sea. Mr. Edward might have prevented them if he had tried; but he had too warm an admiration for the brotherly kindness of the birds, who, as he says, exhibited "an instance of mercy and affection which man himself need not be ashamed to imitate." Indeed, he was rather glad of the disappointment which had given him the opportunity of witnessing the remarkable scene.

THE PITY OF IT.

EDUCATION is certainly a good thing, and it is a good thing in parents to pass some days in order to give the best training in their power to the children whose special providence they are meant to be. And yet—and yet!

An intelligent girl of our acquaintance half wished, not long since, when she came home from the boarding-school in which she had been well trained in all the "logics," that she

did not know the English language any better than her parents.

"If he haint got nothin' of his own," were the words she heard. How they jarred upon her ear! They made her hot and cold at once. Had her father's language always been as bad as this? Of course it must have been, only she

Margaret suggested, with some spirit "Yes, yes, but eddication aint all. I've known college-learnt men that had hard pullin' to get their bread and butter. But ef you like him, Peggy, why, I haint worked all my life with out gettin' somethin' ahead to help you along, ef a pinch comes."

chosen this other thing: chosen to work for her, that she might have what they had lacked in their young days; that she might be well taught, and wear soft raiment, and keep her hands white and shapely!

And she—she who had never sacrificed one thing for anybody; who had grown like a fruitless flower in the warm sunshine,—she, indeed, had been impatient with their verbs, and scornful of their double negatives, and secretly ashamed of them before her school-fellows.

Something seemed to choke her at the thought, and with moistened eyes she went up to them and tenderly kissed first one and then the other, and said, gently,—

"It shall be as you say, father. If you think Harry and I ought not to marry without more money, we will wait. It shall be just as you wish."

"No, I don't want that," he replied, "I guess you'll have your way now; you pretty much always have; but you're a good girl, Peggy, and I'm willin' to please you."

And so he was, and it is right that parents should make life larger and better for the children God has given them, but oh, the pity of it, when to grow in knowledge, must be to grow away from home!

And yet it is better to be true-hearted and magnanimous and unselfish, than, without these qualities, to have all knowledge. Blessed is that child who heeds the unqualified command of him who possesses all knowledge, "Honour thy Father and thy mother."

YOUR COMPANY.

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps." That is an old proverb, and a very truthful one. But we might make another to put alongside with it, and perhaps it shall be one of even greater importance. Let us put it this way: "A boy is made by the company he keeps." What do

you say to the correctness of this? There are few boys who can resist successfully the influence of evil companionship, or who will not be made better by the influence of good companions. Imperceptibly and unconsciously to ourselves the words, the looks, and the acts of those about us



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did not notice it before those years at boarding-school, during which she had made friends with the Queen's English. "If he haint got nothin' of his own," her father was saying, with reference to a young man who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"He has, at least, a good education,"

Margaret's heart reproached her, then. She looked at the two true-hearted old people who were her parents, and who sat there before her. Yes, that was what they had been doing all their lives. They might have read and have given time and have become more intelligent—only they had