

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Bishop's Visit.

BY MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tell you about it? Of course I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have
him come,
For mamma said I must be quiet and
still.

And she put away my whistle and
drum,

And made me unharness the parlour
chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the
rest

Of my noisest playthings away off up-
stairs,
On account of this very distinguished
guest.

Then every room was turned upside
down,

And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the bishop is coming to town
The house must be in order, you
know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide and seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the bishop was coming—to stay a
week—

And she must make cookies and cakes
and pies,

And fill every closet
and platter and
pan.

Till I thought this
bishop, so great
and wise,
Must be an awful
hungry man!

Well! at last he came;
and I do declare,

Dear grandpapa, he
looked just like
you,

With his gentle voice,
and his silvery
hair,

And eyes with a smile
a-shining through.

And whenever he read
or talked or
prayed,

I understood every
single word;

And I wasn't the least
bit afraid.

Though I never once
spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he
laughed right out

To see me sit quietly
listening so;

And began to tell us
stories about
Some queer little fel-
lows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of
men

Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and
climbs;

And mamma should be willing to let me
crawl

Through the banister-rails in the hall
sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see.

For the bishop—he didn't care for cake.
And really liked to play games with
me!

But though he's so honoured in word and
act—

(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
He couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!

But whispered to me to tell him how.

"I'd like to hear you play the violin,
Mr. Bishop," said seven-year-old Tommy,
who was entertaining the visitor.

"But I don't play the violin, Tommy." "Then
papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell
mamma that you played second fiddle at
home."

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

In a recent address before the Young
Men's Christian Association of Trenton,
N.J., General James F. Rusling related a
new and interesting anecdote of Abraham
Lincoln.

In the third day's fight at Gettysburg,
Daniel E. Sickles, ex-sheriff of New York,
lost a leg. It was amputated above the
knee, and the wounded man was con-
veyed to Washington and placed in a
building opposite the Elliott House.
General Rusling, who knew Sickles well,
called to see him. While there, Presi-
dent Lincoln was announced, and he was
shown into the room. The three men
fell into conversation about the battle.
Sickles asked Lincoln whether he had
been greatly worried as to the result of
the fight.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I thought
it would be all right."

"But you must have been the only
man who felt so," replied Sickles, "for
I understand there was a deep feeling of
anxiety here among the heads of the
Government."

"Yes," replied the President, "Stanton,
Wells, and the rest were pretty badly
rattled, and ordered two or three gun-
boats up to the city and placed some of
the Government archives aboard, and
wanted me to go on board; but I told

I have great confidence in him. I like
Grant. He doesn't bother me or give me
any trouble. I prayed for success here,
too. I told the Lord all about the
Vicksburg campaign; that victory here
would cut the Confederacy in two, and
it would be the decisive one of the war.
I have abiding faith that we shall come
out all right at Vicksburg. If Grant
wins here I shall stick to him through
the war."

This conversation took place on the 5th
of July. Vicksburg had been captured
the day before, on the 4th, but the news
had not yet reached Washington.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Do you want some walks swept, or
leaves raked, or kindlings chopped?"
asked a cheery young voice outside Mrs.
Grey's open door.

"Why, Jamie Lyle, is that you?" Mrs.
Grey brought her sewing to the porch,
and sat down on the steps. "Yes, the
lawn needs raking. And so you have
gone into business?"

"Yes'm; I want to earn some money
for Laurie's birthday."

"Your baby brother? I thought his
birthday came last month?"

"Yes'm; but things went very crooked

it means something, only you don't know
what—and then she said:

"Well, that will be a long time to
wait, so I must wrap it in tissue paper
and lay it away in my drawer where it
will keep bright. It's Laurie's present,
so it wouldn't be right to let any one use
it or spoil it before he gets it."

"Wasn't I disappointed! But I couldn't
say anything, and that knife was laid
away, and father nor mother didn't say
another word about it. This week my
birthday came. Did you know I was
eight years old, Mis' Grey? I hoped
father would get me a bicycle, but I
didn't know, and what do you think he
did that morning? He came into the
room rolling a great big wheel, a man's
wheel, and said he had bought it for my
birthday."

"Why, I can't ride that one," I told
him, and I felt most ready to cry.

"No, not yet," he said, cool as you
please, 'but you'll grow up some day.
It's just right for me to ride now."

He and mother smiled at each other
over my head; I knew they did, and I
thought if we were going to do that
miserable old present business all over
again, he should have it just the way I
did. So I said:

"It's a very nice wheel, but it's a good
while to wait. I'll do it up, though, and
lock it up in my room so it'll keep new
'cause it's for me, and 'twouldn't be fair
for somebody else to spoil it while I'm
growing up."

"How he and mother did laugh! The
lump sort of went out of my throat then
so I could laugh, too, and father said:

"Well, that is turning the tables, isn't
it, Jamie, boy?"

"Then he brought in another wheel
just right for me, he'd only bought him-
self a new one, too,—and we had a splen-
did ride together. I guess he thought I
didn't need any more preachin' to, and
I didn't. It's the meanest kind of sel-
fishness to do selfish things and then try
to cheat folks by pretendin' you did 'em
because you're so generous. So I want
to earn some money, and I'm going to
buy baby something for his two-year-old
birthday, and not for my eight-year-old
one."

Mrs. Grey laughed heartily. "Well,
Jamie," she said, "I've got quite a lot of
kindling to be cut, and you shall have it
all to do. And I guess perhaps it would
be a good thing for all of us to learn
the same lesson you've learned about
giving."

ENGLAND'S STRENGTH.

No one takes a keener interest in the
proceedings of peace conventions than
does Queen Victoria. With all the ten-
derness of a mother and a true woman
she abhors war. She has known well
what it is. The experience of the Crimea
was to her most painful, as she felt in-
tensely the widowhood of her people at
that time. Quickly after the Crimea
came the Sepoy revolt, and again her
heart was made to bleed for the woes
of her subjects. No wonder she shrinks
from the contemplation of war. As a
Queen she not only presides over the
British, but also over all her other people.
And if she is strong in her goodness, it
is because of what is behind her. When
she invited her wilful grandchild to look
on fifteen miles of ironclads, and they
only one of many fleets under her orders,
she gave an object lesson to the world
which the world can never forget.
Queen Elizabeth did great things at Til-
bury, but nothing that great Queen ever
did more powerfully impressed the
nations than Queen Victoria's review of
the fleet over the waters commanded by
Fort Moncton. Let Russia pursue her
policy. Let France disturb Europe, as
she has always. But Britain sits still
on her throne of peace and says, No!
There shall be no war if she can prevent
it, because war is bad policy to begin
with, and, anyway, she says, whichever
of you, kings, emperors, or republics,
dares to break the peace of the nations
has to reckon with The Policeman of the
Sea—England. After a while the swash-
buckling nations will begin to under-
stand the truth and govern themselves
accordingly.—Truth.



THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

them it wasn't necessary; that it would
be all right."

"But what made you feel so con-
fident, Mr. President?" persisted Sickles.

"Oh, I had my reasons; but I don't
care to mention them, for they would,
perhaps, be laughed at," said Lincoln.

Of course the curiosity of both the
other gentlemen was greatly excited, and
General Sickles again pressed Mr. Lin-
coln to explain the grounds of his con-
fidence. Finally Lincoln said, "Well, I
will tell you why I felt confident we
should win at Gettysburg. Before the
battle I retired alone to my room in the
White House, and got down on my knees
and prayed to Almighty God to give us
the victory. I said to him that this was
his war, and that if he would stand by
the nation now, I would stand by him
the rest of my life. He gave us the
victory, and I propose to keep my pledge.
I rose from my knees with a feeling of
deep and serene confidence, and had no
doubt of the result from that hour."

"General Sickles and myself," con-
tinued Rusling, "were both profoundly
impressed by Lincoln's words, and for
some minutes complete silence reigned.
Then Sickles, turning over on his couch,
said, 'Well, Mr. President, how do you
feel about the Vicksburg campaign?'"

"Oh, I think that will be all right, too.
Grant is pegging away at the enemy, and

then." Jamie studied the toes of his
tan shoes for a minute, and then
looked up with a sudden burst of con-
fidence. "I s'pose I've been pretty sel-
fish a good while, but I didn't know it
till baby's birthday honest, Mis' Grey, I
didn't! He was two years old last
month, and of course father and mother
gave him things, but I meant to buy him
a present, too. I thought I'd get him a
rubber ball and a little red tin pail, so I
went to Mr. Denton's first. While I sat
on the counter looking at things, I saw
the nicest knife—four blades and a
gimlet!

"I wanted it the first minute, and the
longer I looked the more I wanted it. I
had money enough to do it if I didn't
buy anything for baby, so at last I took
it. I thought I'd call it buying it for
Laurie but I could use it just the same.
Well, when I showed it to mother she
said it was 'a very nice knife,' but there
was a little look on her face that made
me feel queer inside. She said baby was
too little to use it, for he'd cry to have it
opened, and cut himself if it was open.

"Yes'm, but I thought he'd like it
when he gets big enough" I told her.
'It's just the thing for a boy like me to
use."

"She and father looked at each other
—the kind of look that makes you think