

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## LAND'S END.

**T**HE engraving shows the remarkable cape at the extreme, south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat. The clouds of seabirds which make the lonely rock their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags with the surges of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible;  
A point of time, a moment's space  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God my inmost soul convert!  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

These reflections will be very appropriate as we have just crossed the "narrow neck" between the old and new year, and indeed every day and hour of our lives.

"Work for me!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "What can such a little tot as you do? Why, you are smaller than my Bessy, and I don't believe Bessy is old enough yet to be of much use in housework."

"I'm older than I'm big, ma'am. I'm almost eight, an' I can wash dishes, run errands, an' mind the baby."

"Where do you live, and why do

But the little one drew back, saying, "Mother wouldn't want me to beg."

"O mamma! do let her come help nurse run after Eddy, she says she is all tired out every night," said Bessy, eagerly.

Mrs. Barton looked from one to the other, and thought, "Suppose it was my child wanting food." Then she said, "Come, we'll go back, and you

Montana to see her parents. Bessy begged permission to accompany her mother, and in a short time they found the tenement house where, in one room, the family lived. The sick father lay upon a straw mattress on the floor, and beside him sat his wife, sewing on some coarse garment, while a little girl, smaller than Susy, held a pale, sickly baby in her arms, rocking to and fro, trying to hush its cries. There was no fire, although the weather was freezing.

Mrs. Barton told them that she had met Susy, and had heard of their trouble from her, and had now come to see how she could help them.

She listened to the story of the accident, and how gradually all their money was used up; then she gave them enough to buy food and wood for their present need, and said she had engaged Susy to run after her two-year-old boy, and she would see what more she could do to help them.

When they left the house Mrs. Barton said to Bessy, "Now, dear, we will go buy your toys."

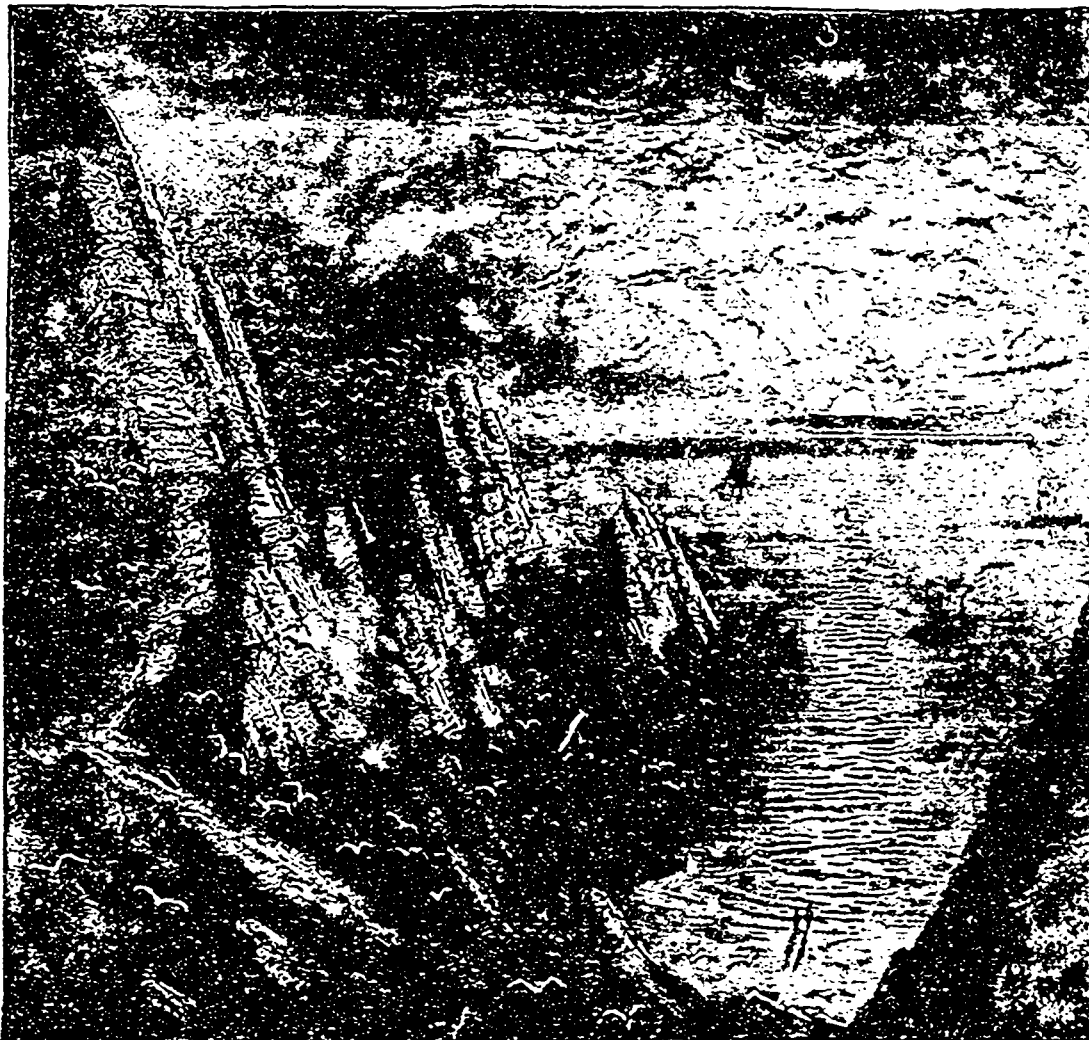
"But, mamma, I think I'd rather give the money to those poor people. When papa read that verse this morning, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' I thought I'd never find it so, yet now I believe it would be a great deal nicer to see how happy it would make them."

"Wait till to-morrow, love, and think it all over, and if you still want to give it to those poor children you shall decide what to get them."

Early the next morning Bessy ran into her mother's room, saying, "Mamma, I've such a nice plan for Mrs. Davis and all, if you will only consent. You know that our old gardener is gone, the cottage at the gate is empty, all but John's room. Why couldn't we bring them there to live? Then Mrs. Davis could take care of John's meals, and Susy could go home every night."

"I declare, that is not a bad plan, Bessy. I'll talk with your papa about it, but don't tell Susy till we decide."

The next day Bessy's parents gave their consent, and Mrs. Barton had



LAND'S END, CORNWALL

## HOW BESSY BARTON SPENT NEW YEAR'S.

BY M. A. ROE.

**T**HITTLE Bessy Barton and her mother had just left their beautiful home on the main street of Clayton Village, one morning, a few days before New Year's, and were on their way to buy some toys at Mr. Dayton's large store, when another little girl, poorly clad, with a thin, pale face, stopped them, and said: "Please, ma'am, mayn't I do some work for you?"

you want a place?" asked the lady gently, won by the earnest blue eyes that looked so pleadingly into hers.

"We live down at the Montana factory. You see, father got hurt in the machinery last fall, an' mother can't take care of us all, so I thought I'd hire out. Oh, ma'am, we're so poor! I—haven't had any breakfast."

The voice hesitated, and tears came into her blue eyes.

"I'll give you a quarter to buy one," replied Mrs. Barton, opening her purse.

shall have a good warm breakfast, then help amuse the baby. If you do well, I may hire you by the week. What is your name?"

"Susy Davis. O ma'am, I'll do my best, for we are to be turned out of our room by the middle of next week if mother don't have the rent."

"Well, we will see how you behave," replied Mrs. Barton, as they returned to the house. There she told the old nurse Susy's story, and what she wanted her to do, and said that she intended going right down to