

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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When I Was a Boy.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy!
In through the lattice the moonlight
Crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over a low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While the moonbeams played at hide-
and-seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned
cheek—
When I was a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I
dreamed!
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice
streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring the glimpses of time to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Oh! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep,
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would
peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint
to-day;
And those dreams should give me back
again
A peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

The hideous idol, Juggernaut, whose name means, "Lord of the World," is worshipped by many millions of Hindus. There are a great many temples dedicated to him, but that at Puri, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, is the largest, and the one which his worshippers esteem the most holy of all. This splendid temple is surrounded by a wall twenty-one feet in height, and its tallest pinnacle is one hundred and eighty-four feet high. This is richly gilt, and looks very beautiful in the gleaming, golden sunlight, surrounded by luxuriant tropical trees and flowering shrubs. But, while without, "every prospect pleases," telling of the wisdom and goodness of our loving Father; within are seen only hideous idols—placed there to be worshipped, instead of the one true God, who made heaven and earth.

The temple contains images of Siva and Sathadra, as well as Juggernaut; and just in front of the altar is an image of the hawk-god, Farounda. The idols are all of carved wood, hideously ugly, and of crafty, cruel countenance. Juggernaut is painted dark-blue, with a great blood-red mouth. Siva is white, and Sathadra yellow. Every day a feast is spread for the idols; and about fourteen hundred pounds of provisions, consisting of rice, flour, butter, milk, and other things, are in some way disposed of. It is pretended that the idols eat the food; but as there are about twenty thousand Brahmins, or "holy men," living in this temple, it is easy to imagine what becomes of all the food brought in to feast the idols. The great annual car festival of Juggernaut is held on the eighteenth of June, at Puri; and is generally attended by more than five hundred thousand pilgrims. The car consists of an elevated platform, thirty-four feet square, supported by sixteen large wheels, and upon this platform, under a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold, is seated the idol. Six ropes, each three hundred feet long, are attached to the car; and thousands of people, taking hold of these, draw the hideous god from place to place, that they may "obtain merit," or secure the pardon of their sins in return. Nearly half of the pilgrims are women, many of whom carry little children in their arms, or strapped to their shoulders,



GUARDS BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF AGENAR.

as they toil on, over hundreds of miles of burning sand, with but little food or rest. You, dear children, in your happy homes, cared for by tender, loving mothers, cannot at all understand the sufferings of these poor women, drooping, fainting, and falling daily by the wayside, from fatigue and hunger, till the plains are almost white with their bones. All this they suffer in the hope of finding pardon for their sins; for many of them never heard, even once, of the full pardon purchased for them by the sufferings and death of our dear Saviour. If they only knew about Jesus, how glad and happy they would be! Will you

pray for them, and save some of your pennies to send them the "good news" of Jesus and his great salvation?

PROCURING FIRE.

It is an easy matter for us to obtain a fire by the aid of matches that are with us so common and cheap, but with our ancestors, and with many people in different portions of the world, it is much more difficult, and the methods used are interesting. Friction or concussion are the usual methods.

The Aleutians and Alaskans cover

two pieces of quartz with native sulphur, then by striking them together they ignite the sulphur, and so fire a heap of dry grass and feathers previously made ready. The Eskimo knocks quartz and iron pyrites together. Broken china and bamboo, or even two pieces of bamboo, are used in Burma and Cochinchina.

The Oceanian lays a piece of wood on the ground, and rubs a blunt pointed stick up and down on it. Much depends upon the quality of the wood and the expertness of the manipulator. Others make a stick rotate rapidly in a round hole in a stationary piece of wood, a method which has been denominated that of the fire-drill.

The Gaucho of the Pampas of South America takes an elastic stick about eighteen inches in length presses one end to his breast, and the other into a hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part like a carpenter's centre-bit.

The Eskimo winds a cord round the drill and pulls alternately at each end of the cord, causing it to rotate rapidly, and steadies the drill by letting the upper end turn in a socket of bone or ivory held in the mouth.

The North American Indian applies the principle of the bow-drill, and in a short time obtains the desired fire, and in China the burning-glass is in common use.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much, and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion; for, of course, their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

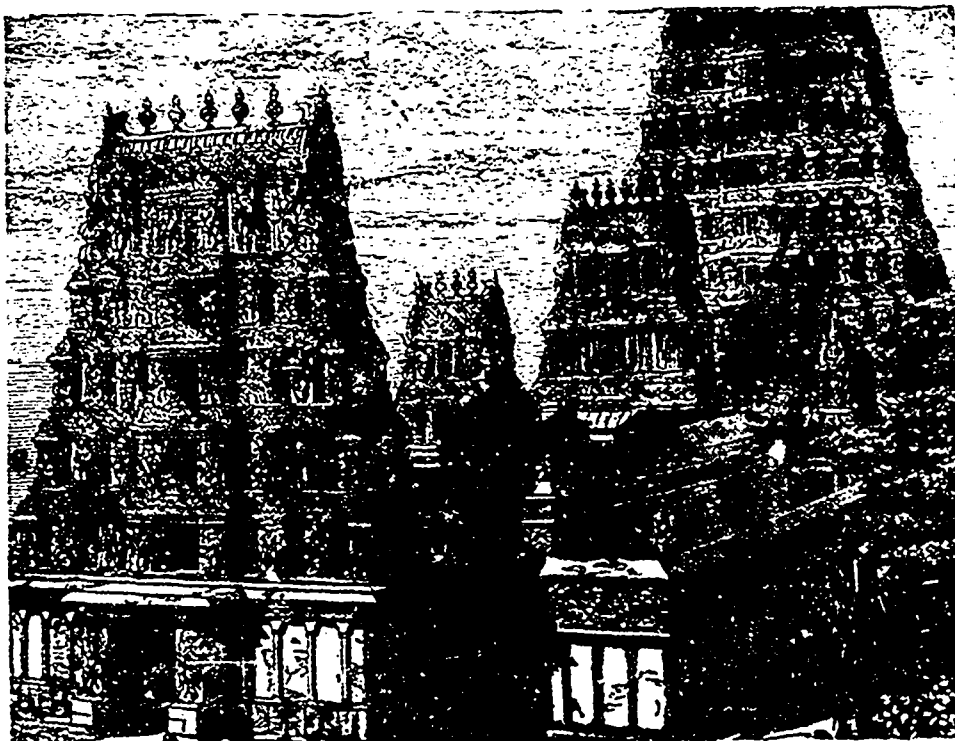
They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus, and come back to the worship of his people; but to their entreaties he firmly answered, "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me, but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer if you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house, because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school, and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply. Jesus and his religion were more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen than his dearest earthly friends.



THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

"In running your engine along the busy highway of life do not keep your hand on the lever that applies the air-brakes, your friends and your enemies will attend to that, keep your hand on the lever that applies the power," said a speaker. The air-brakes check the wheels. Checks and hindrances enough there will be, must be, without our magnifying them by our apprehension and lack of faith. Friends will bid us pause for pleasure. Enemies will tell us that our work is useless, and that we may as well stop. Our own doubts and fears will often lay their hands on the brakes. But the "lever that applies the power" is a reasonable purpose and trust in God.