

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Some Glad' Morrow.

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In the dawn of some glad morrow,
When the nations know the Lord,
When the Isles their peace shall borrow
From the Spirit and the Word,
All shall know him. Oh, the glory!
Round the world sweet songs shall
swell;

O'er and o'er the blessed story
Man to brother man shall tell.

Praise the Lord! this sacred knowledge
Now the heathen lands doth bless;
Christian church and school and college
Glorify the wilderness.

Still his ranks are pressing forward,
Day by day are trophies won,
Hallelujah for the kingdom
Of our God and his dear Son!

Ships are sailing in the Orient—
On "his business" how they haste
Where the wide world's harvest whitens,
Overripe on field and waste!
Now by India's jungles, mountains,
Beauteous feet the tidings bring;
Northward far 'mong boiling fountains,
New-born souls his praises sing.

In the light of some glad morrow,
We shall hail his kingdom come!
All forgotten, pain and sorrow,
In the dwelling-place at home.
Then shall toil-worn workers gather
Near the glory of the throne;
Every reaper, every sower,
Waiting for his glad "Well done!"

Rally, then, O workers, rally!
Help us bring that "morrow" near!
See! the distant dawn is breaking,
To all waiting hearts how dear!
Blessed "morrow!" Praises, blending,
Break in cadence at his throne:
All the world shall join the anthem,
All the Christ as Saviour own.
—Herald and Presbyter.

BAPTISM OF ETHELBERT BY AUGUSTINE.

By far the most interesting event in the reign of King Ethelbert, and one which well illustrates the remarkable power of Christianity to spread among and influence all nations and peoples, was its introduction into Britain in the early part of the seventh century. In 596, Pope Gregory the Great organized and despatched a party of monks, under St. Augustine as their leader, to the shores of the British Isles, which were then much disturbed by internal strifes and bloodshed. Ethelbert, King of Kent, refused for a long time to have anything to do with the new faith which St. Augustine preached, but his wife, having boldly made an open confession of it, he was soon induced to follow in her steps, and as many as ten thousand of their subjects were shortly afterwards enrolled under the Christian banner.

Our illustration represents the baptism of the king in the full pomp and ceremony which the occasion merited.

WHAT A KITE DID.

In connection with the new bridge which has been built across the Niagara to take the place of the old railway suspension bridge, the first of its kind in America, and also the first bridge across the chasm, it is interesting to remember that a boy's kite established the first means of communication between the American and Canadian cliffs. The boy, Homan Walsh—he is still living—flew a kite on the American side and it settled on the Canadian cliff. To the kite-string a rope was attached and pulled across; then a wire cable was drawn to Canada at the end of the rope. Along this cable-way a basket-like car was operated, which greatly facilitated the building of the bridge that has been superseded by the present magnificent structure which, on its double-decks, affords carriageways and walks, a double track for steam-cars, and the first trolley-line that ever crossed from America to Canada. Yet the little basket-car is treasured by the Buffalo Historical

Society, and the great arches of the new bridge are memorials to Homan Walsh's kite-flying.—Zion's Herald.

A STORY OF CONFUCIUS.

The great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, lived nearly three thousand years ago; but he must have been as clever as any modern child, from this little story which is told about him.

One day, when he was only six, the little Confucius was sitting in the garden along with his book and his pet kitten. On the other side of a low hedge

ran round and round the basin, beading as far as he could over the top, trying in vain to catch the little hand. Suddenly a thought came to him. Gathering up some big stones lying beside the path, he dashed them with all his might against the china basin, which broke at once in pieces, like so much glass. The water ran out in streams, and in a moment the child was safe, crying, to be sure, but only from fright.

The little Confucius was leading him home when he met his own father, coming to look for him.

The boy had never been scolded in his life, but when he thought all at once

Budget, when the crater was filled from five hundred to six hundred feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage for twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant. In two days, flowing for three weeks, and heating the water twenty miles distant.

Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames.

Imagine Niagara's stream above the brink of the falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire—a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which give utterance to many deep-toned mutterings and sullen confined clamourings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flames; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapours and gleaming with the reflected contest.

Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact, indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray, they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with white heat; and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions, the outskirts of burning lava, as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments, and scattered by the strong winds in sparkling showers far into the country. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth clouds of steam at every wash of the waves.

THE PARABLE OF THE RATS.

A Scotch paper gives us a forcible temperance lecture in the following parable. We would like to shake hands with that bright boy:

A labourer at the Dundee harbour lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denote coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till see often; the two lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yerself, father."

THE PUPPY'S APOLOGY.

Prof. Asa Gray, botanist, had a puppy he called Jap. He was very fond of his little dog, but Jap was full of mischief. One day, while Professor Gray was entertaining a caller, Jap got hold of the visitor's overshoes and tore them to pieces. When the caller was ready to go his overshoes were in such a state that they could not be worn. His master was quite ashamed of him and the next day he sent a pair to the caller and this note with them:

"Dear Sir: Will you be so kind as to accept a puppy's penitent apology for his naughtiness and a new pair of rubbers in place of those which I wickedly destroyed because it was my nature at the time you last visited my master? I wish you to know that I am as sorry for it as I am capable of being, and that I have been punished as well as scolded, and that the cost of the rubbers has been stopped out of my allowance. So no more at present from your obedient
"Jap Pup."



BAPTISM OF ETHELBERT BY AUGUSTINE.

which grew between the family garden, and that of the servants, he saw the little child of the gardener kicking up its heels in the middle of the grass plot where its mother had left it.

All at once the foolish baby made with all its tiny speed for a huge china basin full of water, which was always kept there from which to water the flowers. In the space of a moment the little one crept to the edge, spied its own face in the water, and popped heels over head into the basin before Confucius had time to realize the danger!

He sprang over the low hedge, screaming for help. The little head was still above water, but in an instant sank, and only a tiny arm and the light dress were to be seen. The boy, still screaming,

how costly the great china basin which he had broken must have been, his heart misgave him; but he told what he had done, and instead of being reprimanded, he found himself in his father's arms, and his father said, "I praise you, my child."

This boy afterward became the great philosopher and moral teacher of his people, honoured by them through more than twenty-eight centuries.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of an eruption in one of the Hawaiian Islands, as graphically described in the London