

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Poor Rule.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "Oh, dear!
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—
Oh, Johnny, please, I want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch, and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labour to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "Oh my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
Oh, Mary, please, I want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labour, you see,
And you will have only the fun!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS SISTER'S HELP.

BY RUTH HAYS.

"No school for me!" piped Joe shrilly, jumping about the kitchen as if to keep time with the whirling snowflakes.

"Me neither!" echoed Bob, joining madly in the dance of triumphal glee.

It was the heaviest snow of the season, and there had been bad storms before. The air was full of a white smother, snow was piled up against the stone walls, and the road before the old farmhouse was one unbroken, trackless way.

But Susan stood by the window very gravely for some minutes. Then she turned and went on setting the table for breakfast. "I'm going," she said briefly, after a few seconds.

"Well, Tommy ain't," answered Joe gleefully. "Say, Tom, you ain't aching to see old Barrett to-day, are you? We'll pop corn an' make cornballs, an' have larks—can't we, mother?" as Mrs. Potter came in from the pantry with a pan of milk.

"Can't you what? Make cornballs? I guess so, if you don't make a muss," smiling good-naturedly on the eager boys.

"Hooray for mother! she gets there every time!" shouted Bob, rushing to bestow upon her an appreciated embrace, while Joe's antics grew wilder than ever.

Tommy looked at Susan doubtfully. She was moving deftly about, putting the finishing touches to the table, but she stopped long enough to give him an encouraging little touch on the shoulder. "Tommy's going with me," she said quietly, smiling at him.

"Ain't it 'most too bad for Tommy, Susan!" said good-natured Aunt Potter mildly. "I don't believe there's a mite of a path between here an' the schoolhouse, an' like as not there won't be any school after you've got there."

"Yes, there will," Susan answered cheerfully. "Mr. Barrett boards next house. He'll be there."

"Well, nobody else will," chuckled Joe. "My, don't I pity Tommy! Have old Barrett all to yourselves, you will. An' he'll cipher you straight through the 'rithmetic, Tommy, I shouldn't wonder!"

Susan laughed. "Wish he would!" she said merrily. "We ain't got any time to spare, Tommy and me. Tommy's going to college."

Tommy winked away a tear furtively as he took his seat at the table and began to eat his buckwheat cakes. Susan was the dearest sister in the world, but he sometimes wished she wasn't so "strenuous,"



GOING TO SCHOOL.

as Uncle Potter said, about getting an education.

They were orphans, he and Susan, and had lived at Uncle Potter's ever since their mother died, four years ago. Tommy was only three then, and Susan had been mother and sister and everything else to him. She was seven years older, a big strong girl of fourteen now, very capable and handy about the house, and a great help to kindly, easy-going Aunt Potter. The Potter boys had an easy time of it, for as long as they kept the peace indoors, and didn't shirk too much outside, they were allowed to do very much as they listed. But Tommy was Susan's care and was allowed much less latitude, in the matter of school-going at least. The small Potters were apt to find themselves afflicted with mysterious headaches and sprained ankles, or toothaches that were somewhat alleviated after nine o'clock in the morning, but never disappeared entirely until about half-past two. Tommy never had any. It was a matter of course

that he should go to school every day, rain or shine, just as Susan did, and he never thought of rebelling.

He was very fond indeed of Susan, and used to listen to all her plans for the future and her ambitious dreams for him with faith unbounded. He meant to be all she hoped and make her proud of him some day. So he muffled himself up and Susan pinned her little woollen shawl over her head and shoulders, and they set bravely forth into the snow.

"You'll get swamped in the snowdrifts, Tom," shouted Joe, watching them from the doorway.

"An' me an' Joe 'll have to come to dig you out!" chimed in Bob gleefully.

"I'll get Tommy along," Susan called back cheerily, while kind Aunt Potter promised to save some cornballs for them; and then on they went, plodding their way slowly through the deep snow, rather silently at first, for Sue was thinking, and Tommy's mind was dwelling longingly with Bob and Joe in the warm, cozy kitchen.

"You see," began Sue presently, going on with her thoughts aloud, as she often did for Tommy's benefit. "you see, Bob and Joe 'll have the farm by-and-bye, and they can get along without much schooling; but you and me, Tommy, we haven't got anything, so we'll have to learn all we can. I don't suppose," she added regretfully, "I can go to school much longer. I'm getting so big and old, but I mean you to keep right along, Tommy, an' I think you ought to be thinking about it, and making up your mind what you're going to be."

"J'm athinkin'," returned Tommy, "an' I guess," confidently, "I guess I'd like keepin' a candy store as well as anything."

"O Tommy!" cried Susan in deep dismay, "anybody can keep a candy store."

"College men don't do such things as that!" she added.

"I know—Bob says they don't," Tommy was rather crestfallen. "He says they go out West an' be cowboys. But I don't want to be a cowboy, Susan," he added deprecatingly.

"A cowboy!" echoed Susan in disgust. "Well, I should hope not! 'Lob doesn't know anything about it. You're going to be in a profession, Tommy. Of course you are."

"A minister?" Tommy looked up apprehensively. "O Susan, I don't believe I want to be a minister much. They have to write such awful long sermons, an' go to meetin' every Sunday, an' have Sunday-school classes an' all that. An' their boys are awful naughty, Susan," earnestly. "Don't you know Charley Hartley is the worst boy in school? Mr. Barrett says so."

Susan didn't argue the point. "Oh, well, of course you shan't be a minister if you don't want to," she said seriously. "You have to have 'a call,' you know, and I don't think you've had one yet. But I'll tell you, Tommy! how would you like to be a doctor, think? Seems to me I'd rather be that than anything, if I were a man. There's old Dr. Bradley, you know; how much everybody thinks of him! It's so good," she went on enthusiastically, "to go round helping folks all the time and making sick ones well. And once," her voice grew low and soft, "once while mother was sick, Tommy, and Dr. Bradley had just been in, she told me she hoped you'd be a doctor too, some day. She'd like to think her baby was growing up to do so much good in the world."

The children walked on in silence for some minutes. At last Tommy said with a little sigh of regret for the vanishing candy store: "Well, then, I s'pose I better be a doctor, Susan. I'd like to ride round in a buggy an' help folks, an' I s'pose they don't have to take their own stuff" anxiously, "do they?"

"No," answered Susan absently, her thoughts still with that dear dead mother. "No; I suppose they don't. And by-and-bye when you get to practising, Tommy," she added presently, "I could go round with you and be a nurse, maybe. I'd like that."

"Praps we could keep a hospital," suggested Tommy cheerfully. "Oo-o-oh! I say, Susan, see how it's drifted! 'Most went up to my knees then."

He struggled along valiantly like a brave boy as he was, but the snow lay deep here, drifted across the road, and as they went on, his childish strength began to flag, and he went more and more slowly.