

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Lie!

BY EILEEN M. H. GATES.

SHE told a lie, a little lie—
It was so small and white;
She said, "It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow.

But O, the lie! it larger grew,
Nor paused by night or day,
And many watched it as it flew;
And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death,
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
And there were grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shrivelled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and white
Were large and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
Had smote her in the face—
Something that cried in thunder-tone,
"I come! I come! Take back your own!"
—The Century.

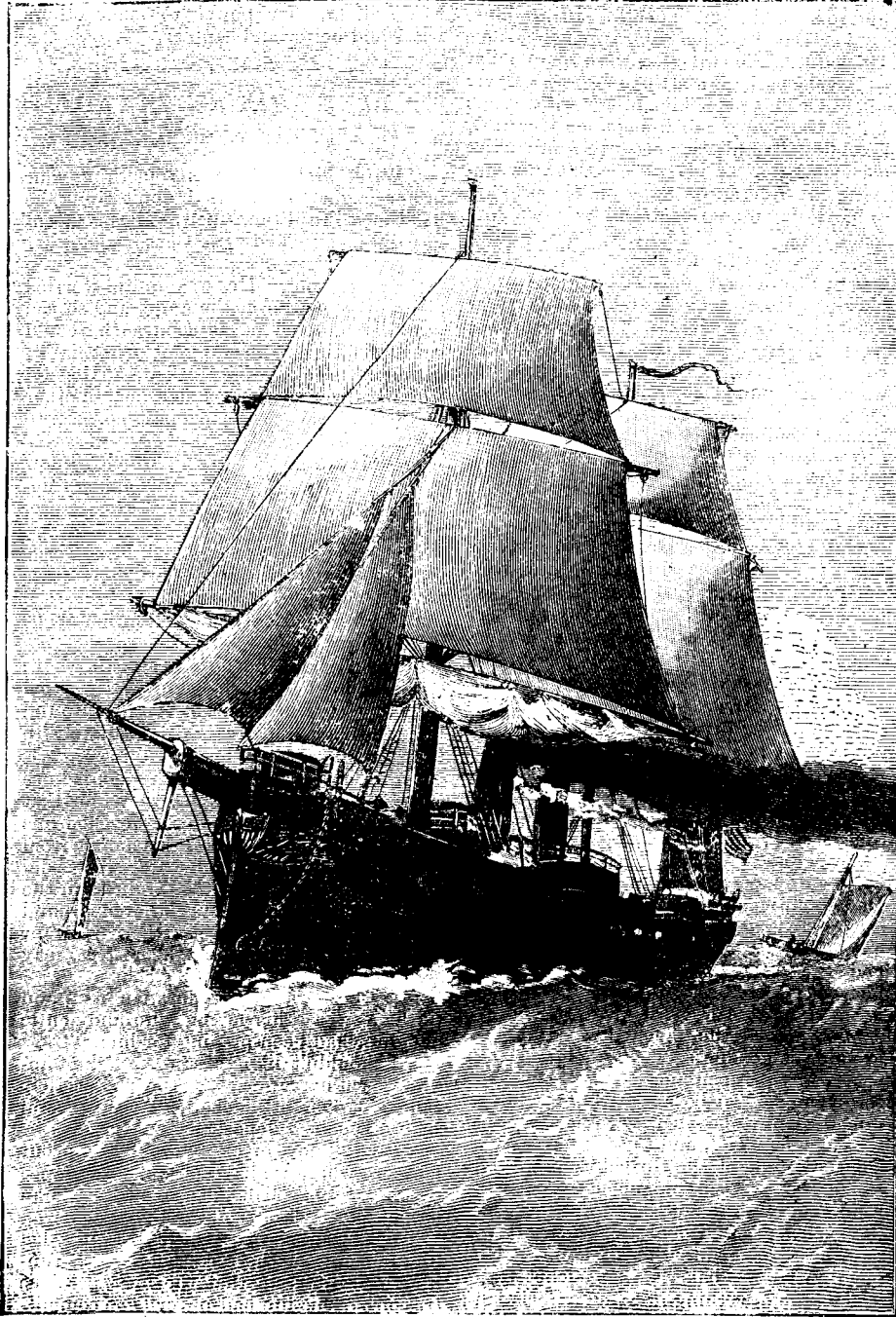
AN ARMED FRIGATE.

ENGLAND'S "wooden walls" were her protection for many a long year against hostile invasion. They carried her flag to victory in all parts of the world. Her "hearts of oak" won the great battles of Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen, where "the boldest held his breath for a time." Nothing could be more stately than a fleet of square-rigged ships manoeuvring under full sail. They looked like a flight of snowy-winged birds, but as warships these are as extinct as the "Dodo" or the "Megatherium."

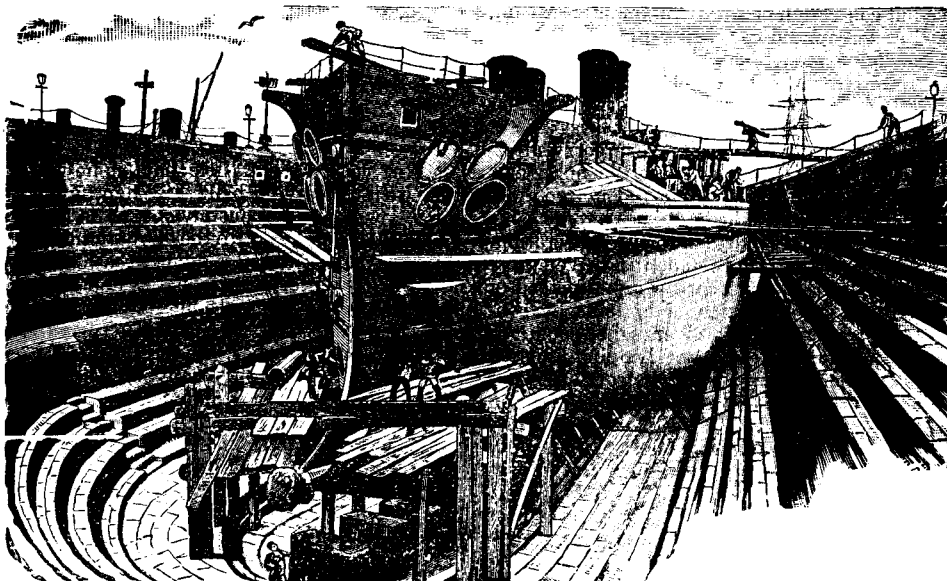
A huge, grim, iron structure, often carrying no sail at all, more like a floating fortress than a ship, impelled by twin screws, moved by engines which exert the force of 18,000 horses against wind and tide, at the rate of twenty-five or twenty-seven miles an hour, is the present warship. They are enormously expensive, costing two, three, or even more, millions each, for first-rates. Around the vital parts—the engine and boilers—they are armed with metal plates from twelve to fourteen, or even more, inches, in thickness, and the largest carry eighty-ton guns. They are a highly organized machine, and while a perfect volcano of energy, they are so enormously heavy that there is danger, if injured, of their "turning turtle," like the *Victoria*, or even without injury, like the *Captain*.

The British fleet is largely the police of the sea. It has exterminated the ocean slave trade and has probably preserved peace more than all the land forces in the country. Till the principles of international arbitration and of the Prince of Peace shall prevail, it is probable that these costly, tremendous, and destructive floating forts must be built and manned. Their cost is far less than that of an army, and Great Britain's forty colonies throughout the world make her ships a necessity everywhere.

Our picture shows one of the smaller classes of these war-ships, combining sail and steam power. The lower cut shows how one of these vessels looks in the dry-dock, where they have frequently to be placed to scrape off the barnacles which impede their progress through the water. They have a way now of copper-plating the ship in dock which



AN ARMED FRIGATE.



SHIP IN DRY-DOCK

prevents barnacles becoming attached, when they can keep at sea for two or three years.

Let us hope for the day when the only ships upon the sea shall be the white-winged messengers of commerce, which shall weave the ties of peace and brotherhood around the world.

AT POLK SCHOOL.

BY JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

IN Topeka, Kansas, the boys do not know very much about liquor-drinking and drunkards. A few have never seen a man drunk. The large majority have never seen a liquor-saloon, though in the recent Original Package excitement, nearly every boy in town managed to get a look into an Original Package House. But the boys there have a great deal too much to do with something nearly as bad—that something is tobacco.

A law was passed that no one could give or sell tobacco to a boy under sixteen, but though this is a good law as far as it goes, it does not give much hold on the boy under sixteen who is actually smoking. One great trouble is that not one boy in a hundred understands what tobacco is, or the effect it has. He desires to smoke or chew simply because he thinks it is smart. If he only knew it, the really smart thing is to leave tobacco alone.

One of the schools in Topeka is called Polk School, and in that school there was a twelve-year-old boy named Jim, who was neither handsome nor well-dressed nor bright at his books; he was a slouching boy who pinched little boys and laughed; who made noises in the school-room; who always had dirty hands, and stood lowest in all examinations; and who sneaked off by the fence at recess to tell little boys things that were bad.

He did not know it, but anybody could have told just what kind of a boy he was by looking at him. He thought no one could know if he did not tell. His face told.

He carried to school cigarettes and pieces of cigars. He would smoke when he thought no one saw him but the boys, and they laughed and thought it very fine to see so bad a boy. He persuaded some other boys to smoke, and one day they all went into the school-room making a very bad tobacco smell. The teacher and the other children sniffed, and all eyes were turned on these boys. The principal of the school came up, and she talked to them a long time about dirty habits, and meanness, and sneakiness, and untruthfulness. One of the boys who had smoked felt ashamed, and resolved not to smoke again, but the others meant to keep on.

Jim brought more cigar-ends and cigarettes, and more boys joined in, and it did not seem easy to detect the source of the trouble, and things went from bad to worse.

There was a boy in the school named Arthur Cleaves. He was a very bright, jolly boy, with red cheeks and white teeth. He was quick in his studies and could kick the football farther than any other boy, and could beat boys two years older at foot and a half. His mother was a W. C. T. U. woman, and had often talked to Arthur about tobacco, and he understood about it. To see the boys in his school so taken up with cigarettes troubled him, and one night after he had gone to bed he said, "Mamma, what can I do about it?"

"Invite all the best boys you know, and