

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## What Live For.

I live for those who love me,  
For those I know are true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communings  
With all that is divine,  
To feel that there is union  
Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction—  
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,  
For those I know are true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that I can do.

## ANCIENT BELLS.

Bells were known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold, alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe roundabout. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister; and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not."

Hand-bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighbourhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit. By the command of Pope John the Ninth, church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.

The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St Stephen's church. The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin, at Moscow. Its weight is two hundred and fifty tons, and the value of the bell-metal alone, not counting the gold and silver ornaments which were thrown into the pots as votive offerings, is estimated at \$66,565, or about \$332,825.

## A GREAT MAN'S VOW.

The one man to whom we owe the opening of the great continent of Africa to the world, in this nineteenth century, is David Livingstone, the dauntless missionary explorer. Here is his solemn vow of consecration to God's service, early in life:

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given, or kept, as

by giving or keeping it shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes both for time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this."

## TELLING THE TIME BY A SUN DIAL.

When clocks and watches were few, or quite unknown, people depended entirely upon the sun to tell them what the hour was. Country folk, who are much in the open air, can make a good guess at the time by looking at the place where the sun-shadows fall; some have reckoned it by noticing the way in which a shadow falls from a tall tree. We might call this a kind of natural sundial, the tree answering the purpose of the gnomon or style, by which a shadow

and those who were wealthy, sometimes had the sundials beautifully inlaid with gold and silver, or even set with gems. In gardens of large mansions, there were often a number of sundials of different sizes and styles put upon the walls, or along the terraced walks. Texts from the Bible, or quaint mottoes, were inscribed upon them, so that persons coming to know the hour, or looking at them from curiosity, might learn something. For instance, one old sundial has on it the words: "You may waste but you cannot stop me," and on another, "We shall di-al" (die all).

Sundials were now and then placed against the outside walls of churches. There is a singularly-contrived one upon the south wall of Milton, near Gravesend, and it has for a motto, "Trifle not, your time's but short."

the long tail for the kite. I am sure they will have lots of fun in flying it. They have new-fashioned kites nowadays that do not need tails, the box kites, of which we will give a description in another number.

## A VICTORY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"You'll have to take the clothes up to Mrs. Bronson's this morning, Matt. I meant to go myself, so's to explain about that embroidered ruffle that got torn in the wringer. But little Janey's so hot an' worrying, I don't like to leave her. Please God, she mayn't get sick, with all the rest."

Mrs. Chandler, poor woman, spoke in a discouraged way. She washed and ironed for several families. The wringer was worn, from much service. Careful though she might be, it did sometimes tear the fine trimmings, yet there was no money to buy a new one.

"All right, mamsie!" Matt gave her a sounding kiss. "Don't be dismal."

Dismal! The word didn't agree with Matt's jolly face. He was a boy who was bound to see the bright side of life.

"I'll tell her a prettier story than you could about the wringer. True, too. Never you fear. I won't exaggerate—what you call it? one bit."

Off he went with the neatly packed clothes basket, leaving smiles on his mother's anxious face.

"Don't spill them," she called after him.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bronson, as she lifted the fresh linen carefully, piece by piece, and her eye caught the torn flounce.

"My nicest petticoat." Her face grew rather severe.

"Mother's so sorry," Matt began. "She said I should explain just how 'twas." He was grave now, and his eyes deep with earnestness. Even the commonplace story of a clothes-wringer was made dramatic, as he detailed its generally worn-out condition, its especially weak points, and his mother's inability to buy a new one.

Mrs. Bronson became interested. "Never mind about the petticoat, she said; I can get another."

"What a wonderful lady," Matt thought, "who can buy embroidery whenever she chooses."

"I'll be down to see your mother in a day or two. She's a good washer, and I don't like to give her up. Maybe a new wringer can be managed somehow."

Matt beamed.

"Here's an orange for you." Dismal? No, indeed! Matt showed pretty much all his teeth in smiles as he started for home, with the empty basket turned over his head like a great hood.

He began to peel the orange, turning back the golden cover with his fingers. Then a thought stopped him. Oranges didn't grow on trees, and drop into laps in their door-yard. They cost money—and there was Janey, feverish, crying for cool drinks.

A genuine battle to fight! It was self-love against love for another. Matt stopped still and braced himself. All the laugh went out of his face, it became troubled, then resolved. He looked down at the orange. The inner skin was not broken. Not a drop of the delicious juice had escaped. Carefully he turned the yellow cover back to its place, and shut his hand tight over it. Then he just ran for home.

"Mrs. Bronson's all right, mamsie. She's coming to see you, and I must know you're to have a new wringer. Here, Sis! here's an orange she gave me; but I'd rather you'd have it."

Poor, sick little Janey crowded with delight. Then the laugh came back into Matt's face. It was a victory!



KITE TIME.

is thrown upon the face of the metal dial.

By whom this was first made we do not know; it has been supposed that it was invented by the Chaldeans, who studied the law a great deal. We read of a dial which appears to have been well known at Jerusalem in the reign of King Ahaz (2 Kings 20. 11).

It has been stated that there was in old Babylon a lofty stone staircase, open to the sky, and below it a stone semicircle; by these time was calculated, and the movements of the sun, moon, and stars observed. Remains of staircases or columns, probably made for this purpose, have been found in Egypt, India, and even in South America.

During the Middle Ages, the nobles

## KITE TIME.

In the last number of Pleasant Hours we read how Tom Brown went to Albert College, and how he liked it there. But if Tom was a good student at school, he was good at play in the holidays. We wouldn't give much for the boy who wasn't. Tom was especially good at making kites. One day he made one nearly as tall as himself, and painted on it the most tremendous griffin, or dragon, or whatever you might call it. It was about as terrible as those monsters the Chinese used to paint on their shields to terrify the enemy.

We see Tom putting the finishing touches on this work of art. His little brother sits at his feet full of admiration, while his sister Etile is making