

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

FOR many, many years there has been a peculiar fascination to men in the exploration of the arctic regions of North America. Sir John Franklin and others since his time have risked life and comfort for the pleasure and honour and reward of such journeys. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in his delightful "Nimrod of the North," describes the life and clothing of the dwellers of those regions, while giving accounts of many interesting adventures.

The winter's clothing and bedding, he says, are made from reindeer-skin, taken, when possible, in October, for these are "superior to those taken later in the year, the hair being less liable to come out, and not so heavy as to render the clothing unpliant. About the middle of August the short summer-coat is in its prime. From this is made all the native underclothing, or that which is worn with the hair toward the body. After this the skins are valuable for outside clothing and for bedding.

"When the white man has become entirely at home in this furry clothing, and accustomed to life in the native igloos (snow huts), the question of temperature alone, however low it may be, becomes of inferior importance.

"A word in regard to the Inuit reindeer-clothing. The native has two suits of it—an outer one with the hair turned outward, and an inner one with the hair turned toward the body. This is true of the coat, trousers, and stockings.

"One day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, and at no time did I feel at all uncomfortable from the cold, the highest the thermometer reached during the day being minus 50°. I really enjoyed the trip, and I attribute this almost wholly to the Inuit reindeer-clothing I wore, and constant living in an igloo, like the natives, when the temperature is never above the freezing point, and generally ten to fifteen degrees below it.

"Only once did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten to get a shot at a passing reindeer, with the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer at minus 37°; and the persistent refusal of the



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frozen gun-lock to work perfectly kept my hand exposed so much longer than I intended, that when I attempted to use it again it seemed paralyzed, and looking at it I noticed that the skin was white as marble. Toolooh, who was beside me, noticed it, and with an Inuit exclamation of surprise, hastily dropped both his mittens, grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body, under his *coo-le-tah*, or Inuit coat. It soon

resumed its functions, and although I felt for some time as if I were holding a hornet's-nest, I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters, where the iron of the gun had come in contact with the bare hand."

A TEACHER'S prayer: "Lord, take my lips, and speak through them. Take my mind, and think through it. Take my heart, and set it on fire."

NUMBER ONE.

"I ALWAYS take care of Number One," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's you, out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about any one but yourself, you ought to be called 'Number One.'"

"If I did not take care of Number One, who would, I should like to know?" cried he.

True. Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care.

"But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. "Number One thinks of nobody but himself."

Nobody but himself, that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. But Number One is committed to our own care. "What sort of care?" is the all-important question.

The care of his soul. Number One has a soul to be saved from sin and from hell, Number One has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

Take care of his habits. Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying, and frugal. Give him plenty of good healthy work to do. Teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and all idle company.

Take care of the lips of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth, that no angry, back biting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure words escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

Take care of the affections and feelings of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself, to care for others and share with others, to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all as he has opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home and neighbourhood and to himself. Boys, you all have Number One to take care of, and a responsible charge it is.