

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Tell Me About the Master.

Tell me about the Master,  
I am weary and worn to-night;  
The day lies behind me in shadow,  
And only the evening is light—  
Light with a radiant glory  
That lingers about the West;  
But my heart is awfully, awfully,  
And I long like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master—  
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,  
When the tears and the blood of his anguish  
Dropped down on Judea's sod;  
For to me life's weary milestones  
But a sorrowful journey mark;  
Rough lies the hill-country behind me,  
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master—  
Of the wrongs he freely forgave,  
Of his mercy and tender  
compassion,  
Of his love that was  
mighty to save;  
For my heart is awfully,  
awfully,  
Of the woes and tempta-  
tions of life,  
Of the error that stalks in  
the noonday,  
Of falsehood and malice  
and strife.

Yet I know that whatever  
of sorrow,  
Or pain, or temptations  
befall,  
The infinite Master has  
suffered,  
And knoweth and pit-  
ieth all;  
So tell me the sweet old  
story,  
That falls on each wound  
like a balm,  
And the heart that was  
bruised and broken  
Grows patient and strong  
and calm.  
—The Advance.

## THE STORY OF A SUPPER.

BY MARJORIE S. HENRY.

I DON'T believe they have a whole suit between them—nor a whole home either, for that matter, if one cares to go into the family history of three incorrigible little Arabs, Greasy and Jim and Flute by name. But they have hearts tucked away somewhere. I doubted it sometimes myself until this incident happened; then I felt as I used to do when I found a glade up among the hills, and scraped and poked with my penknife until the gray crust crumbled away and a bit of the glistening garnet peeped out. There are jewels and jewels under the crust.

I did not know this story until long after it happened, or, perhaps it might never have been a story, after all, for the good boy did not get rewarded, as good boys always do in story-books, but ate his poor—There! I must begin at the right end of the telling.

There were tickets to be given out at the mission rooms for a supper, and big boys and little boys, poor and hungry, came in anxious crowds to obtain the coveted bit of pasteboard that meant to them, for once, the full satisfaction of a good meal. Greasy and Jim came too, Flute couldn't come, for he worked late that night, and knew nothing about the orange-red ticket that sent such a glow into Greasy's heart as he walked down the frozen street.

"No, sir!" answered Jim, with a grin

of satisfaction at his own good fortune. "They're done givin' 'em out to-night, full up, seats taken. Old Flute's out this time." "I say, Jim!" returned Greasy; "if that's so, you and me played a mean trick. Why didn't you speak for Flute when you got your own?"

"Why didn't you?" retorted Jim, turning an extravagant hand-spring on the flagstone pavement. "We're all right, anyhow. Come on, old boy!"

Greasy tried to forget. All night he hugged the pasteboard tight, and woke once from a troubled dream muttering, "Tain't yours at all, Flute; it's mine."

He tried to forget the next day when he went to duty down at the glass-works, but somehow Flute's hungry little face came between him and the chips of glass he

ticket was a mistake; it was made out in my name, and I"—a bit of a tremble in his tone, but only for a minute—"I allers has a square meal enough. There's another feller oughter to have this; he's pretty poor."

Without further questions Greasy's ticket was made out in Flute's name. The lady, satisfied that the "mistake" had been satisfactorily rectified, and with a smile for the boy's honest statement, turned to other work.

Greasy went out to meet Flute down by the old mill.

"By the way," said he, "there's your ticket fur the supper. Jim said I couldn't get yer one, but I did."

Flute's eager grasp of the ticket spoke volumes.

means wolf. He had long, straight hair, sharp ears, and long, sharp teeth like a wolf. When he was angry he would show his teeth, and when he bit his teeth came together with a click, just like a spring trap.

Soon after that I bought him and then we became better friends. I found him to be so faithful that I liked him very much indeed. One time I went to a place where he had lived before, and when he got loose he went to his old home and lay on the front steps. One day I wanted to drive him and so went after him. I did not want to whip him for going, so I shut him up in a stable and talked to him. I said "Now, Ma-in-gon, I don't want to whip you; but if you ever go there again I shall give you a good whipping."

Then after a few hours I let him out and went away and watched him. He went and stood on a high rock and sniffed the air and looked wistfully and long at his old home. Then he heaved a sigh which was plainly audible and came and lay down at my feet. He looked so sad and heartbroken that I was very sorry for him. He never went there again. Was he not good and obedient? How many boys are as good?

One day in the spring poor Ma-in-gon was nearly killed. We were on a log drive and a man put the old dog in the timber slide to have him go through. As he was going down the poor fellow's foot caught in a crack in the bottom of the slide, and he could go no further. The men rushed to his rescue, but we forgot a log that was just sticking through. This rumbled down and we all thought that it would strike and kill the poor dog; but it passed quite close and only took off one claw. We got him out, and I was very glad he was alive.

Ma-in-gon had a mate called Major, and they two spent the summer on a timber drive. They became quite expert at riding logs. At night they slept outside the tent where the friend who kept them lay. They always lay just as near as they could to the place where his head was. Two or three

times during the night Ma-in-gon would go into the tent, followed by Major, and go to where their friend lay. If his face was covered Ma-in-gon would gently draw away the blanket with his paw and then stand and look into his face. Then they would go outside, and lying down they would thump on the ground with their tails for very joy because their friend was safe.

When the man went to town the dogs accompanied him, and they always watched over him when he slept in the woods. He said that he always felt safe when they were with him. After that I had him with me in town. The dogs were fed on bread, but poor Ma-in-gon would not eat bread, but would gather up all sorts of old bones and try to eat them. I would get my hat and take some money and say, "Come, old fellow, let us get some meat." He would just bound for joy and follow me to the butcher's shop. When I got the meat I would give it to him and he would carry it up to the shop and there eat it.



THE THREE LITTLE ARABS.

sorted, and shone out haggard and beseeching from every reflected surface. Once he paused and wiped away a big tear that glistened white and pure on the grimy face.

It was late when he was through that night, and quick and fast his feet flew over the streets to the mission rooms. At a table where the lady sat who had given out the tickets the night before, he stopped.

"Say, missis!" Then he held his breath and gave one tight squeeze to the orange ticket. For a moment before she turned he thought he must run out again, but Flute's face seemed to look up at him once more. "Taint no use," he muttered.

"Say, missis!" "No, little boy," the lady said as she turned, misunderstanding his purpose. "I'm sorry, but all the tickets are given out."

All hope went then from Greasy's heart, but the rough little voice went on:

"It ain't that way, missis. This 'ere

"I ain't a-goin' myself ter-day; I'm to take dinner somewhere else."

And Flute never questioned where Greasy's "somewhere else" was, but ate his supper at the mission rooms with satisfied delight.

Greasy took his "somewhere else" down on an old wharf by the river with his feet dangling over the edge, and his supper was just one cold potato and a bit of a half-stale bun.

## MA-IN-GON.

BY FRED. G. STEVENS.

THE first time I saw Ma-in-gon was at a lumber camp on the river Pickerel. He was a large yellow dog, and was one of a train that a man up there used to travel with. When I saw him he looked so fierce that I was afraid to go near him.

When he was little an Indian owned him and he gave him his name, which