

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

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## THE PLOUGHBOY'S SONG.

**F**OLLOW the plough in its furrows deep,  
I bury the grass and the weeds,  
I turn the soil that long in its sleep  
Has waited its turn for the seeds.

I'll plough the broad field, and the germs I'll sow,  
While the sun giveth warmth and life;  
I have faith in my work, for well I know  
It is laden with blessings rife.

My face is aglow with the breath of morn,  
And my limbs move nimbly along;  
I follow the plow; the sluggard I scorn,  
And I sing the farmer's glad song.

In the grove near by is my little cot,  
Where my wee ones—Bessie and Ben—  
When at work or at play, forget me not,  
But they long for me home again.

The seed time has come, and I in the field  
With pleasure will follow the plough,  
For Harvest will come, with plentiful yield,  
And place her green wreath on my brow.  
—Young Folks' Rural.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

**T**HE picture on this page gives a very vivid idea of the perils of chamois hunting. The chamois is the most agile and daring of all mountain goats. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect the hunter at a great distance. When alarmed it bounds fearlessly from rock to rock, and takes refuge among inaccessible crags. We have seen at Lucerne a chamois hunter's outfit, consisting of boots or shoes with great spikes an inch long in the soles, a game bag, a gun, and ropes, the latter to fasten the hunters together when passing over ice slopes. It requires a cool head and calm nerve to pursue the chamois to his mountain home; but it is even more perilous to return laden with his dead body. When we wear our warm chamois-lined mits and vests we are apt to forget the peril attending the capture of their first wearer.

These beautiful animals may be tamed and become very affectionate pets. We saw several thus domesticated in Switzerland; and once with a strong glass we saw one far up on the slopes of Mont Blanc, his delicate head and curving horns sharply outlined against the background.

There is one famous path in the vale of Chamounix, renowned as the *Mauvais Pas*, the Perilous Way, which is a good deal like that in the picture, only there are iron rods bolted against the cliffs to hang on by, and steps cut for the feet. It is one of the grandest adventures of a lifetime to pass over it, with the vast mountain towering above, and a deep abyss yawning below.

## A NEW PLAN.

**T**HE papers have told us lately of a new mode of administering family discipline, which has, at least, the merit of originality. It seems that a certain distinguished man, the father of a large family, has been much perplexed by the injustice which it seemed necessary

conduct of his brothers and sisters, and all of whose reasonable orders they must obey. At the table he is helped first, the next younger than himself, we judge, taking second rank, and so on. It is alleged that this plan has been in operation in the afore-mentioned family for many years, and it has worked beautifully.

"Does the captain of the day never

faithfully to imbue them all with the idea that when subordinate, they must be perfectly obedient, but any interference is rarely necessary. It takes some executive and organizing capacity to get the scheme running, but when once fairly started it goes by its own momentum."

It is refreshing to see that the world does move, and that even in the once apparently hopeless matter of the tyranny of elder children over younger ones, a tyranny under which many of us have groaned impotently, there is justice to be done at last.

The advantages of the new system multiply as one ponders upon it. Besides the one sufficient thing, the doing of justice, there is sure to be engendered in each child a sense of responsibility which must be of benefit. In the looking after such matters as the hanging up of outer garments, the picking up of play-things, the putting to rights of rooms; in the endeavours to get at the merits of cases of disagreement; in efforts to inculcate propriety of manner at the table and elsewhere; and a thousand other things which must tax a child somewhat, however ready he may be to pass them up to the "supreme tribunal" of father and mother, he learns that honour has its burdens, and that positions of trust involve weariness and care. But the system sounds well in theory, and we wait with interest to learn the results of its adoption in other homes.—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark.

## DON'T SELL IT TO THEM!

**O**NE day a young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and let the world be rid of me, but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!"



CHAMOIS HUNTING.

to do the younger children in making them subservient in everything to their elder brothers and sisters, and has devised a method of relief for the oppressed. The children are allowed to "take turns" in being "captain," the supremacy of each one to last one day at a time. The captain of the day is a sort of monitor, who must oversee the

get into disputes or other difficulties?" asked a lady of a gentleman who was personally acquainted with the family in question.

"Almost never," he replied, "the idea of his responsibility is so fully impressed upon him that he is, for the time being, a veritable captain, and his father and mother have laboured so