

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Coming Man.

The beautiful true-eyed laddie,
The lad alert and brave,
The lad who obeys like a soldier,
And not like a timorous slave.
This is the lad to be trusted
To do whatever he can,
In the very best way,
And to do it to-day!
And this is the coming man.

THE BOY WE LIKE.

The boy we like has a merry, open face, fresh and ruddy with the combined effects of healthful exercise and clean and water. Although not pedantic, he always looks neat, and takes care of his clothes, and does not consider it "fun" to use his hat as a football. He prefers a brisk walk, or a football match, to moping over the fire on a winter's afternoon, and if there is skating to be had he does not think it an "awful nuisance" to take his sisters, but he puts on their skates for them without a murmur. He is fond of reading, but does not mind putting his book aside to join in a juvenile game with the younger members of the household. At school he is a pains-taking scholar, and he is quite as earnest in the playground and cricket field, where, although he is an excellent "bat," he is always ready to take his share of "fielding." Though he has not a very musical voice he cheerfully joins the others around the piano, "chiming in," as he expresses it, in the hymns on Sunday evenings. Of course, he is his "mother's pet," but that is not his fault, and he does not encroach upon her kindness toward him for selfish ends.

He likes good, hearty, not foolish fun, and never frightens or teases his sisters by throwing spiders or frogs at them. He is kind to animals, and is very gentle with little children. He never minds "holding" the baby—in fact, rather likes it—and that "uncrowned king" is generally "very good" with him. He does wrong things sometimes, but is speedily very sorry, and quickly asks forgiveness. He is usually as readily forgiven as he readily forgives an injury. When asked what he would like to be, he does not quite know, but thinks, in a vague kind of way, that he would like to be a carpenter, or a railway guard. He makes boats and things, and is particularly handy in correcting a broken latch, or fixing shelves. His great difficulty is getting up in the morning. He does not grumble if he cannot invite his companions home to tea more than three times a week. On Sundays he sits very attentively in the pew, does not look at his watch (a present from his mother) on an average of once a minute, eat sweets, or read the hymn-book during the sermon. Above all, though the boy we like is human and has his faults, he has a bright, happy faith in the power and love of his Saviour and Master. He tries earnestly to follow him, and endeavours to fulfil his behests in daily pursuits and pleasures. The boy we like is a good boy. His life is happy and useful, and is a foretaste of that still larger life that lies before him in his years of manhood.—London Baptist.

The true soldier wins his victory before the battle. It is a victory in the heart. That won, no matter how his cause may fare, the soldier is bound to come off conqueror.

THE HOLLYHOCK AND THE HEARTSEASE.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a tall, flaunting, red-coloured Hollyhock, who thought a great deal of herself, as she looked scornfully down at her feet, where grew a lovely group of Heartsease, spreading out their violet velvet and yellow satin dresses in the sunshine.

"Dear me!" she said. "I wonder that you ladies can bear to crouch there, instead of standing upright as I do. What is the use of living, if one cannot see and be seen and admired?"

And it must be admitted that she looked very handsome and stately in her

corn-sheaves, that was passing down the lane on the other side of the garden wall, caught her tall stem, and cut it in two!

Then all the Heartsease sighed, and shook their heads, and tears of dew stood in their eyes; and they all cried, "Poor thing! poor thing!"

It always was so, and it always will be so. However much pride and conceit may flourish for awhile, they are sure in the end to meet with a fall.

A mother's intuitive knowledge of what is best for her boy or her girl is deeper and surer than any conclusion of philosophy or science.



BEFORE THE STORM.

crimson robes, with their large gold buttons.

"Madam," said one of the Heartsease, modestly, "we do not seek to be admired. If people desire to find us, they know where to do so."

"But," said the Hollyhock, "if you do not think a deal of yourself, no one else will think anything of you; you must keep yourself before people's eyes."

"We do not find it so," said another of the Heartsease, with a gentle smile. "It seems to us that merit, even as humble as ours, will always be found out and valued by some one."

Here the Hollyhock tossed her head disdainfully. But a cart laden with

BEFORE THE STORM.

All nature seems to know when a storm is about to burst, or is lurking somewhere in the atmosphere. There is a heavy, oppressive feeling in the air, which we all are aware of before the thunder storm finally breaks out over the land. On one of these still days a careful observer will notice how the cows and horses approach the hedges, or any shelter they can find and how the geese and ducks in the farm-yard begin to cackle and quack as if something unusual were about to happen. In the air a strange stillness reigns, only broken by the shrill voices of the birds which keep flying here and there in a state of

visible alarm. In the picture the storm seems just on the point of beginning—the first gust of wind that heralds its approach has passed, and the birds, butterflies, and all the forms of animal life that may be about, are seeking shelter under the trees and in the branches. These heavy thunder storms do a very great deal of good, for they rid the atmosphere of the excessive amounts of electric fluid which cause them. The air is always sweet and fresh after such a storm, and all nature seems to feel the change, which is certainly exhilarating and cheerful.

OLD AS A TITLE OF RESPECT.

Miss E. F. Andrews writes about "Some Vagabond Words" in St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews says:

"Of all the words in our language there are few that have wandered farther from their original meaning than the adjective 'old,' as a title of respect, and its modern use as a term of reproach or contempt. If a boy speaks of the guardian who has cut down his allowance of pocket-money as a 'stingy old 'ove,' or a girl describes the teacher that has caught her whispering in class as a 'horrid old thing,' they have got a long way from our Saxon ancestors, with whom eald, old, and ealder, chief, king, were almost the same thing—a belief to which the English earl owes his title of nobility. The Romans, too, formed their words patrician, meaning noble, and senatus, the most honourable body of men in the state, from pater and senex, words meaning father and old man."

MR. BEECHER AND THE HORSE.

A good many pastors have asked as Mr. Beecher did when he was about to take a ride behind a hired horse at a livery stable. He regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked, "That is a fine-looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?"

The owner replied, "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do."

The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked, "I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."

JACK HORNER.

Here is an odd bit of history recalled by the San Francisco Examiner:

Jack Horner, of the Christmas pie, really existed, though whether he deserved the title of good boy is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rascal. When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests, the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and, as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely. To accomplish this end, he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savoury pie to be made and inside he put the documents the finest filling a pie ever had and entrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner, to carry to London, to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth, innocent enough, wondering how it could have found its way there, tied up in pastry, and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells Abbey were missing. The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.