

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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YOUNG ITALY.

THIS is a fine specimen of the gondolier boys that one sees about the canals in Venice—although the gondoliers are for the most part men. He is not burdened with a superfluous quantity of clothing, the climate being warm and the work somewhat hard. The boys of Venice are almost amphibious—as much at home in the water as on it. I have seen them swimming about the canals like water-rats. They learn to swim when almost babies—as is very necessary since the doors of the houses open right on the canals. I have seen the little children crowding on the door steps till I wondered that half of them were not drowned. I venture to say that this boy—bright as he looks—does not know his letters. Indeed few Venetians, old or young, do. I was going past an old church one Sunday, when I heard a buzzing like a hive of bees within. I went in and found a Sunday-school taught by a couple of nuns. I asked to see the lesson book, and found that it was a catechism which the nuns were teaching the children by rote.

Behind the boy in the picture is seen the prow of a gondola.

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre-funereal-looking bark, draped in black, its steel-peaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:—

"This a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT.

A LITTLE more than twenty-five years ago Robert J. M. Goodwin was one of the two or three most promising men in Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind. His habits were good, his industry untiring, his ambition high, and his ability considerably above that of most men in his class and college. He was a man full of combativeness and abounding

energy. Courageous, high-spirited, witty, and generous, there was no man more generally loved by his fellows than he. He came of a family of high character, the habit of whose members it was to wind distinction in life, and his promise in that way was greater than that of any other Goodwin

turned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar. All the fair promise of his youth and early manhood seemed about to be fulfilled abundantly, and the brilliancy shown in his college career had obviously ripened

to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but, as is usually the case, the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

For this murder he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and a few days ago he committed suicide in his cell. The sad story of his downfall seems one worth telling in this plain way for purposes of admonition. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*



YOUNG ITALY.

of them all. When the war came he entered the service, and although neither his training nor his taste was military, he quickly distinguished himself, rising to the rank of colonel, with the brevet rank of brigadier-general conferred for meritorious service. When the fighting was done he re-

turned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar.

But the good habits of his youth had given place to intemperance. His thirst for alcohol had become uncontrollable. In a little time his intellect was in ruins. The man was a sot. His friends sought to save him, and sent him for a time

to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but, as is usually the case, the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

THE BROTHER'S PART.

BROTHERS should be their sisters' guardians. Every young man knows what true gallantry is, and what it requires of him. He is to honour every lady, whether rich or poor, and show her every respect. He should be ready to be to every woman a true knight, ready to defend her from danger, to shield her from every insult, to risk his own life in her behalf.

Now to whom should every young man show the highest gallantry? To whom, if not his sisters? Have they not the first claim on his affections? If he is not a true gentleman to his own sisters, can he be at heart a true gentleman to any other woman? Can a young man be manly, and treat his own sisters with less respect and honour than he shows to other young ladies? He must consider himself their true knight, whose office is to throw about them every needed shelter, to serve them, and to promote their highest good in every way.

Besides this standing between his sister and danger, every brother should also show her in his own life the ideal of the truest and most honourable manhood. If it be true that the best shield a sister can make for her brother is to show him in herself the loftiest example of womanhood, it is true also that the truest defence a brother can make for his sister is a noble manhood in his own person. If he is going to shield his sister from the impure, he must show her in himself such a high ideal of manhood that her soul shall