

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

V. L. XIX.

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## How the Leaves Came Down.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down  
Said the great Tree to his children:  
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and  
Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red;  
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,  
"Let us a little longer stay;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;  
'Tis such a very pleasant day,  
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,  
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,  
And let us stay until the spring,  
If we all beg and coax and fret."  
But the great Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their  
Prayer,  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bed-clothes heaped upon her  
arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and  
warm.

"The great bare Tree looked down and  
smiled,  
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he  
said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed."

## MISS CHATTY'S HALLOWEEN.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

Miss Tempy looked up at the calendar  
hanging above her little cheery writing-  
desk.

"O hum, almost the last of October!"  
she said, and then suddenly paused with  
an apprehensive glance toward her sis-  
ter, Miss Chatty, who sat by the window  
engaged at her annual task of making  
over Mrs. Deacon Rogers' winter bonnet.

The two Misses Martin were sisters,  
but did not resemble one another in the  
slightest degree, for Miss Temperance,  
the elder, aged fifty, was thin and dark,  
black-eyed and solemn-looking; Miss  
Charity was barely forty years old and  
had rosy cheeks, merry blue eyes, and  
was, moreover, as plump as a partridge.

Miss Chatty's eyes (everybody called  
the Misses Martin Chatty and Tempy)  
had a roguish twinkle in them, as, look-  
ing up from the rusty black velvet, she  
said:

"Aha, Tempy! I know of what you  
are thinking. To-morrow—yes, let me  
see—to-morrow night will be Halloween.  
And there are those Thurston children!"  
"Well, yes," with a sigh, "I must  
confess you've read my thoughts. Those  
Thurston children, indeed! You know  
how they acted last year. Somehow  
they seem to regard us as their especial  
victims. Don't you remember their  
pranks? The boards I had piled up  
for a new sidewalk were lugged away  
down to the end of our street, they hung  
our millinery sign over the office door  
of the horse doctor; they lifted our gate  
from its hinges and carried it up on top  
of the band stand in the park; they put  
a red flannel jacket on little Dude and  
tied a ribbon to his tail, and the dear  
dog was nearly wild trying to scramble  
and chew his way out!"

"I remember they placed a long row  
of cabbages on our front porch and  
scared us, for when we peeped out of the  
window we thought some tramps were  
lying there sleeping; those cabbages did  
look just like round shaggy heads." And  
Miss Chatty laughed.

"Laugh if you want to, but I can't,"  
Miss Tempy rejoined, grimly. "I think  
it's too serious a thing being at the mercy  
of half a dozen youngsters. They'll  
treat us worse this year—you'll see now!  
Do you know"—here Miss Tempy's  
black eyes snapped angrily—"do you  
know they are plotting mischief this  
very minute? I saw the whole five  
going out for a consultation behind our  
own barn. Five? I should say six,  
for that three-year-old Capple is able to  
keep up the family reputation for mis-  
chief, I'll warrant."

A thoughtful expression came over  
Miss Chatty's face.

"True, I laugh, sister, at the funny  
things they do, but at the same time I  
feel sorry for the children. They're  
motherless, you know, Tempy, and their  
father is so absorbed in his business.  
His housekeeper, old Mrs. Grindstone,  
knows no more about the care of chil-  
dren than—than our old Tabby cat—and  
not as much, for I must say, that old  
Tab is a dear, good, faithful mother to  
her little kits. But really, Tempy, I  
can't help being interested in the Thur-  
stons; they're such bright, pretty chil-  
dren. I do want to help them. Did my  
best to coax them to come to my Sun-  
day-school class, but they sort of shy

twenty minutes after their arrival at the  
milliners' cottage, they sat as solemn as  
a row of young owls, blinking away with  
round inquiring eyes. But presently Miss  
Chatty, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed,  
started one merry game after another;  
and it wasn't long before the house re-  
sounded with pattering feet and gay  
laughter and the passers-by might have  
heard even Miss Tempy singing shrilly.

"Oh, say, do you know the Muffin man?"

Old games and new ones; Halloween  
games, of course—apples floating in tubs  
and chestnuts popping from their shin-  
ing brown coats by the red coals.

Last, but not least, they had the jolliest  
kind of blindman's buff. Going into  
the sitting-room the children found a  
network of cords stretched from wall to  
wall, and on these ropes were parcels of  
all kinds, red toy balloons, jumping  
jacks, and little Japanese parasols and  
fans, and to say nothing of oranges and  
bags of candy, all dangling beside dollies  
dressed so gaily from remnants of bright  
silk ribbons from the milliners' "plec-  
bag."

Each child was blindfolded in turn and  
furnished with a wand, and while Miss  
Chatty sat down to the old yellow-keyed  
piano and rattled off a sprightly jig, he  
or she circled round and round, striving  
to strike or loosen some of the gifts  
overhead.

Such a happy evening as it was, and  
how astonished everybody was, to be  
sure, when the tall, old-fashioned  
clock struck ten.



THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.

off. I suppose they're a little afraid of  
us. You know you have scolded 'em a  
good deal, Tempy."

"'Spose I have, but not a quarter to  
what they've deserved," was the grim  
rejoinder.

Miss Chatty tucked a black ostrich  
feather on Mrs. Deacon Rogers' bonnet  
and held it aloft on her chubby fist to  
study the effect. Suddenly she pushed  
her work aside and sprang up, eagerly  
exclaiming:

"Oh, Tempy, Tempy, you dear old  
girl! I've thought of a charming plan.  
It'll be such a joke, too. We'll win the  
Thurstons by a master stroke! Let us  
play a Halloween trick on them!"

"Chatty," severely, "are you crazy?"  
Miss Chatty danced about, shaking off  
little snippings of velvet and ends of  
thread from her ruffled apron.

"What," she said, gaily, "do you think  
that one original idea would make me  
insane? No, ma'am! Let me tell you  
my plan. We'll give a real nice Hal-  
loween party for the benefit of the  
Thurston children!"

"Humph! they won't come!"  
"Won't, eh? Just let me drop a hint  
about the delicious cocoanut cake you  
make and the games we'll play after  
supper. Of course they'll come!"

Miss Chatty was right. Of course the  
Thurstons came. There was Bess, the  
eldest, a bright-eyed hoyden, with her  
mane of wondrous yellow hair; sturdy  
Walter in his new sailor suit; Tom, his  
face a network of grins and freckles and  
odd grimaces; then Leona and Marie, as  
merry as little grigs, and Capple, the  
youngest, with wide, wondering eyes  
peeping from under his fringe of flaxen  
bangs. Evidently Mrs. Grindstone had  
given some attention toward drilling  
them for the occasion, as, for the first

"Nicest Halloween I ever had!" ex-  
claimed Walter as he and Bess with  
much importance marshalled the rest of  
the Thurstons homeward. "It was lots  
more fun than scooting around as we did  
last year, playing tricks that we got  
scolded and punished for the next day."

"Yes, indeed," said Bess, enthusiastically.  
"I think Miss Tempy and Miss  
Chatty are just lovely. I'm going there  
again Saturday, and they're going to  
teach me how to make the dearest little  
apron for Marie! And say, Walter,  
Miss Chatty told me of a real nice pres-  
ent I could make for you Christmas."

"Did, oh?" complacently. "She isn't  
one bit like Mrs. Grindstone, is she?  
Miss Chatty seems to think boys are  
worth something, and—well, I say,  
Bess," lowering his voice confidentially,  
"I say, if she asks us again to join her  
Sabbath-school class, let's do it. I  
think she'll be the kind of a teacher a  
fellow'd like."

## ALWAYS STRIKE YOUR HOUR.

In one of Sophia May's delightful  
story-books this odd piece of advice is  
given to a young girl who sees a hard  
trial ahead: "Always strike your hour."  
When she looked up in surprise her

friend said something like this. "Watch  
that clock on the shelf, and you will  
see that when it comes time it always  
strikes the hour. It doesn't lag and  
delay a few minutes over, but precisely  
at the moment the long hand points to  
twelve it strikes the proper hour. If  
it didn't, the whole household would be  
in trouble, for each one of us depends  
on the striking of the clock to mark off  
the hours for us. When the time comes  
for you to meet a hard thing, do so  
bravely; don't complain or delay, for  
that would only make your trouble  
other people's as well." The boy who  
puts off filling the wood-box until he  
has finished his kite, and so delays his  
mother's baking, is refusing to strike  
his hour. So is the girl who puts off  
doing thorough work in her school until  
it is nearly time for examinations. Ever  
so many of us are trying to get out of  
"striking an hour" as long as we can.  
We shall save ourselves and others much  
if it is sounded the moment it becomes  
due.—Happy Hours.

## HELPING THE WEAK.

BY DR. JAMES.

An English traveller who was con-  
siderably interested in birds happened to  
be passing the autumn in the Isle of  
Crete, in the Mediterranean, and he often  
noticed a sound like the twittering of  
small birds at times when the sand-  
cranes were passing overhead on their  
way southward. As the only fowl in  
sight were the cranes, this aroused his  
curiosity, and he men-  
tioned the matter to a friend  
who was a native of the  
island, suggesting that pos-  
sibly the noise was caused  
by the whirring of the  
feathers of these great birds.  
His friend, however, said  
no; the noise, he declared,  
was made by song-birds that  
were riding on the backs of  
the cranes, and he further  
asserted that the saucy little  
fellows had come all the  
way from the coast of  
Europe with their good-  
natured companions, who  
lent, if not a helping hand,  
a helping back, which was  
much more serviceable. A  
few days later the English-  
man got pretty conclusive  
proof of the truth of this  
statement. He was cruising  
about in a boat about fifteen  
miles from shore, when an-  
other flock of cranes passed  
overhead, and he heard the  
same twittering notes. He  
therefore discharged his gun  
to see what would come of  
it, and forthwith he saw  
three small birds rise up  
from the flock in fright. After a short  
time they disappeared again among the  
cranes. The Indians of the region south  
of Hudson's Bay tell a similar tale of a  
song-finch which travels across that  
great body of water and lies very com-  
fortably on the back of a Canada goose.  
It seems that God has thus put into the  
instinct of geese and cranes to give a  
helping back to bear the burdens of  
weaker fowl. Those who name the  
name of Jesus Christ ought certainly to  
have hearts as tender as these birds.  
We show forth the spirit of Christ when  
we bare our back to carry the burdens of  
God's weaker singers. No music will  
be so sweet as the thanksgiving of such  
hearts whom we have gladdened by our  
help.—Dr. Banks.

Miss Leitch tells of how the native  
Christians of Ceylon contribute to the  
Lord's work. Each morning when a  
Christian measures out the rice for the  
family for the day, so many handfuls  
for her husband, for each child, for her-  
self, she takes one handful or so more  
and puts it into a box marked, "The  
Lord's Box." From time to time the  
church treasurer visits all the Christian  
homes, collects the rice from these boxes,  
sells it, and sends the money to the  
native missionary society.