

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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EASTER-EGG ROLLING.

ONE of the droll customs of Easter-tide in Germany is "Easter Monday rolling." The boys and girls go to the top of a grassy hill, and at a given signal, down they all roll. One girl has a bowl of coloured eggs that, as they start, she pours after them; they all scramble for them as best they can, each trying to get an egg before reaching the bottom.

Probably the only place on this continent where this rolling is practised is at Washington, and here it is only the eggs and not the children that roll. It usually takes place early in the day in front of the Capitol and close to the White House, where the sloping hillocks form a very favourable place for rolling the variegated, hard-boiled eggs. During the forenoon of Easter Monday it is the custom for thousands to flock to the play-ground, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, in the most democratic way, and the children of all classes join in the chase, over the green sward, of the rolling and bounding eggs. The spoiled boys and girls of the millionaire are seen running side by side with the joyous and sometimes bare-footed little coloured children, and the frolicsome egg-rolling assumes the character of a great public festival, all class discrimination being entirely laid aside. Those who have witnessed it pronounce the trooping of the children into the White House at one o'clock to offer the President a joyous Easter greeting a pretty sight.



FACING THE WORLD.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD tells the following story:

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired, young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the money he borrowed (make a note of that, boys) and he now had one cent of his own. With

that he bought another paper and sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favourite place with the newsboys and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing room for himself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class of two hundred others. When graduated from the course only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They

Thoburn, and is making a trip around the world. At the same time he is studying for his degree in the university, being permitted to substitute French and Sanskrit for some other studies that he would have taken if he were here.

He was my stenographer, on and off, for two years, and I think most highly of him. It seemed to me I could not do a greater service than to tell you his simple story.

In these lives of ours, tender little acts do more to bind hearts together than great or heroic deeds; since the first are like the daily bread none can do without, the latter, occasional feasts, beautiful and memorable, but not possible to all.—*Louisa Alcott.*

as the boys chasing a butterfly. Pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods or they stop to skip pebbles in the river. It is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and mother by his stenography for the professors. He kept up his health by outdoor exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, or tobacco, or alcoholic drinks. His food was simple—mostly fish, vegetables, and fruit. He had a good conscience, there was no meanness about him.

When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course, he had a large salary. He was clear cut in everything he did; there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him that he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honour you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagonian is Jerome Raymond. He is now the private secretary of Bishop