

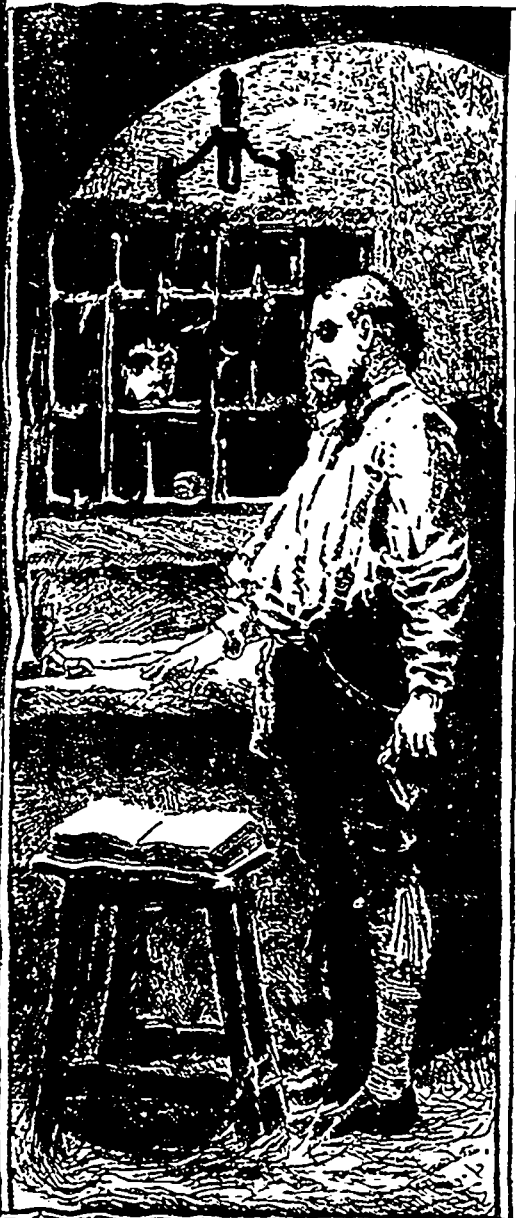
# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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*Loyal, true, and true  
What need have I to go?*

### Sir Walter's Honour.

BY MARGARET T. PRESTON.

#### III.

It was midnight; but in Plymouth yet  
Went on the wassail-bout;  
The early moon was just a-set,  
And all the stars were out,

When at Sir Walter's prison bars  
A muffled tap was heard;

And as his ear was bent to hear,  
He caught the whispered word.

"Haste, father, haste! The way  
is clear;  
I've bribed the seneschal;  
The warder o'er the henchmen's  
beer,  
Keeps riot in the hall.

"I hold the key that opes the  
gate,  
And at the water stair  
In the moored barge my mother  
waits—  
She waits to meet thee there.

"Quick, father! catch thy doubt-  
let up,  
Without a moment's stay,  
Before they drain their latest cup,  
We must be far away.

"Outside the bar a galley lies,  
And ere the sun doth glance  
Its earliest beams across the skies,  
We shall be safe in France."

"Ah, boy—my boy—my brave  
Carew!  
Why tempt thy father so?  
I loyal, conscience-clear, and  
true—  
What need have I to go?"

"My traitrous foes, once trusted  
friends,  
Would be the first to say  
I flout the laws, and flee, because  
I am as false as they."

"Yet, father, come! Foul threats  
they bring,  
Dark counsels they have plan-  
ned;  
And justice thou shalt never  
wring  
From cold King James's hand!

"My mother, at the water's brink,  
Waits, all her fears awake;  
And if escape should fail, I  
think—  
I think her heart will break."

Too much! His bravery shrank  
to meet  
The weight of such a blow;  
And springing instant to his feet,  
He answered, "I will go!"

They thrid the narrow, stony  
hall;  
They found the door unbarred;  
And in the shadow of the wall,  
They crossed the prison yard.

With stealthy steps they reached  
the shore,  
And on its rapid way  
The boat, with softly dipping oar,  
Dropped down the silent bay.

#### IV.

Across the star-lit stream they  
steal,  
Without one uttered word,  
The waters gurgling at the keel  
Was all the sound they heard.

The good French barque, that soon would  
bear  
Them hence, lay full in view;  
"An oar's length more, and we are there!"  
Whispered the boy Carew.

They rocked within its shadow. Then,  
Sir Walter, under breath,

First spoke and kissed and  
kissed again  
Lady Elizabeth.

"Nay, Bess! It must not,  
shall not be,  
Whatever others say,  
That I should like a dastard  
flee  
For fear of mortal man!

"All Orinoco a mines of gold,  
All virgin realms I claim,  
Are less to me a thousand  
fold,  
Than my untarnished name.

"Put back the boat! Nay,  
sweet, no moan!  
Thy love is so divine,  
That thou wouldst rather die  
than own  
A craven heart were mine!

"My purse, good oarsman!  
Pull thy best,  
And we may make the shore  
Before the latest trencher-  
guest  
Hath left the warder's door.

"Hist! Not one other plead-  
ing word:  
Life were not worth a groat  
If breath of shame could blur  
my name;  
Put back! put back the  
boat!

"Ah, Bess"—(she is too  
stunned to speak!)  
"But thou, my boy, Carew,  
Shalt pledge thy vow, even  
here, and now,  
That—faithful, tried, and  
true—

"Thou'lt choose, whatever  
stress may rise,  
Whilst thou hast life and  
breath,  
Before temptation—sacrifice!  
Before dishonour—death!"

#### V.

The boatman turned, he dared  
not bide,  
Nor say Sir Walter nay;  
And with his oars against the  
tide  
He laboured up the bay.

And when beside the water-  
stair,  
With grief no words can  
tell,  
They braced themselves at  
length to bear  
The wrench of the fare-  
well—

The boy, with proud, yet  
tear-dimmed eyes,  
Kept murmuring, under  
breath:  
"—Before temptation—sacrifice!  
Before dishonour—death!"

### The Boy for Me.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,  
And his face is as clear as the sky,  
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,  
He looks them straight in the eye  
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,  
Though he bows like a little knight,



*And in the shadow of  
The wall they crossed  
The prison yard.*

Quite debonair, to a lady fair,  
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball  
Or the prettiest game can stay  
His eager feet as he hastens to greet  
Whatever she means to say.  
And the teachers depend on the little friend  
At school in his place at time,  
With his lessons learned and his good marks  
earned,  
All ready to toe the line.