

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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SAVAGERY AND CIVILIZATION.

OUR PICTURES.

The graphic illustrations of Indian life in this number are full of interest. The dog-teams show the mode of winter travel in the Northwest. In the background is one of the Hudson Bay trading posts. These sturdy Indian runners will keep pace with their dogs all day long. A single frozen fish is their supper, shared by dogs and man alike after the long day's journey.

On the second and third pages are portraits of two notable Indian missionaries; the first, that of the Rev. E. R. Young in his Indian costume, with his faithful dog "Jack" at his feet. This noble animal was given to Mr. Young by Senator Sanford, an imported St. Bernard of gigantic size, the biggest dog we have ever seen. On more than one occasion he saved the missionary's life; very notably once when lost on Lake Winnipeg in a blizzard.

The other portrait is that of the heroic George McDougall, the pathfinder of empire throughout the great Northwest. At the close of a severe journey, bewildered in the storm, he lay down and died upon the prairie, the snow his winding-sheet, the winter wind his requiem—a blessed martyr and witness for his God as surely as any who suffered at the stake.

Another cut shows the remarkable contrast between civilization and savagery; on one side the squalid Indian tepees, unchanged from time immemorial; on the other side of the cut, the latest triumph of civilization, the iron road piercing or climbing the mountains, crossing the streams on iron bridges, running straight as an arrow for hundreds of miles across the prairie, and conveying from ocean to ocean a train of cars with all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel.

The cut at the foot of the last page shows the mode of snow-shoeing. Without this simple but ingenious arrangement it would be impossible on the deep snows to make any progress whatever.

In our second cut we have an illustration of the mode of camping in the wintry snow. The snow is merely scraped away to make a barricade or wind-break, a fire is kindled and the tea is made; the trappers are as fond of tea as any old woman. The dogs gather round while the furs are being thawed out, and after a hurried supper the travellers wrap in their furs, lie down upon their rugs in the snow, or creep into their skin bags, often with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero or even more.

Our other pictures are Indian types, the Medicine Man, or conjurer, and others who wear the cast-off finery of white men.

BILLY THE HEATHEN.

BY ANNE WESTON WHITNEY.

They were waiting for the train to the cranberry bogs; Mrs. Dale, the sick baby, four older children, and Billy the goat. Other "pickers" were waiting, too; but though they were all to be gone several weeks, there were no trunks to be seen—only great bundles tied up in patchwork quilts. In that belonging to the Dales there was a feather bed, and on it lay "Baby Dale."

A coloured boy, tired of waiting, began to stand on his head, turn somersaults, and walk on his hands with his feet in the air. Billy the goat laughed and clapped her hands, and cried, "More, more!" till Virgil noticed her and grinned. Then he took the tin pan he was going to pick cranberries in, and, using it for a drum, gave a shuffling dance that delighted Baby Dale still more. But Billy the goat did not like the noise, and, as the train came puffing into the station, made a dash for it, with the intention of showing disapproval, in the manner of goats, by butting it vigorously.

There was a cry of dismay from the Dale children, but Virgil with a bound went for the goat, caught him by the horns, and together they rolled down an embankment, just as the train went over the spot where they had met. Virgil was found still and bleeding, the goat butting him most energetically. They laid him on the platform, while the goat was put on the train and secured so that he could do no further harm.

The little Dale children were all crying as they got on the train, and Mrs. Dale looked very much distressed as she said:

"I would not leave the boy, but my baby is sick, and I must make money to buy bread for my children."

When Virgil came to himself, he was in a hospital, and he asked:

"Dat goat wa—hurt none, were 'e?"

"No," said the doctor, "but I suppose you wish he was."

"Lor' sakes!" said Virgil, "I doan't know no better."

"Then you forgive the goat?" asked the doctor.

"Ain't no call ter forgive 'im w'en 'e don't

know no better. Dat goat jest same as de heathen."

Well, Virgil, said the doctor, most boys would not care whether the goat knew better or not, they would want to 'have it out' with him."

But Virgil never seemed to feel any resentment towards the goat, and when he was able to go to the cranberry bogs, he found that he had not been forgotten by the Dales. Every night, each of those who had been picking through the day put some pennies in a box "for Virgil." He objected to taking them at first, but they insisted, and little Millie said:

"When I put mine in, I always said, 'Thank you, Virgil, for saving the goat, but I wish he hadn't hurt you.'"

"Dat's kind in you all," said Virgil, "but yer ain't no call to blame dat goat; no one ain't ebber tole him no better; he jest like them heathen." And so the goat got the name of "Billy the Heathen."—The Outlook.

The Hero of the Fleet.

BY PAUL EASTNOR.

[We are glad to reprint the following generous tribute, by an American writer in the foremost religious paper in America, The Independent. It describes an incident in the boyhood of that distinguished admiral—Sir Cloudesley Shovel. —Ed.]

On board the English flag-ship reigned terror and dismay;

The mainmast had been shattered, the colours shot away.

Still closer pressed the foe, with many a deadly stroke,

Till from its English consorts the ship was hid in smoke.

The admiral gazed around him. "No hope," he cried, "unless

Our ships upon the right, there, shall learn of our distress."

He wrote a hasty order—then shouted: "Sailors ho!"

Where is the stout-armed swimmer will bear this through the foe!"

A dozen started forward—and one, a stripling slight,

His brown hair soft and curling, his fingers slim and white.

Pray, let me go," he shouted. I've breasted many a tide. And if I'm killed 'twere better than that a strong man died."

The admiral looked on him with keen but kindly eyes.

Go then my boy," he answered, "No brave soul ever dies."

Remember that the fortune of all on board is yours—

Your glory, if successful, while England's flag endures!"

"I'll do my best—God help me!" the dauntless boy replied.

Then, stripping off his jacket, he plunged into the tide.

A cheer broke from the sailors, while through the boiling sea,

Tho' shot and snell rained 'round him, intrepidly swam he.

Still fiercer raged the battle, the ship was keeling o'er;

Her masts lay on the bulwarks, her decks were red with gore.

Hope died in every bosom, dread silence sealed all lips—

When suddenly to leeward loomed up the British ships!

Loud thundered all their cannon; with storm of shell they bore

Straight down upon the foe, hemmed in 'twixt reef and shore.

They massed about the flagship; they scattered far and wide

The broad white sails of Holland—the streamers of her pride

That evening, when the flagship safe in the harbour lay.

And in the gilded cabin was fought one more the day,

The admiral remembered the lad who bore so well

The order he had written, through raining shot and shell.

"The hero of the battle!" he cried, when, at command,

The blushing lad had entered, and stood with cap in hand.

"Some day, my boy," he added, in proud and kindly tone,

"You'll have a British flagship and colours of your own!"

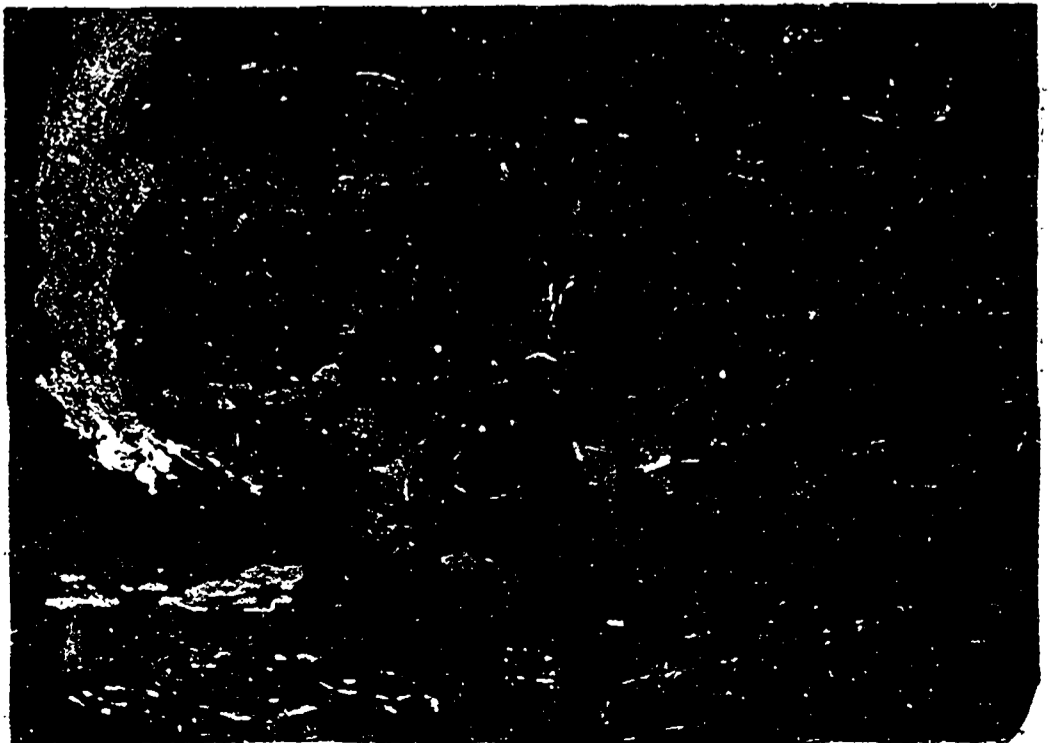
The brave lad was promoted. Time passed, and still he wrought

Each task in faithful earnest, nor failed of best in aught.

At last the once boy-hero—such meed does true worth bring—

Upon his own proud flagship was knighted by the king.

—The Independent.



CAMPING OUT IN THE SNOW, IN THE NORTHWEST.