

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

The Bishop's Visit.

BY MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tell you about it? Of course I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,
My mamma said I must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum,
And made me unharness the parlour chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings away off upstairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.
When every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
When the bishop is coming to town
The house must be in order, you know.
Out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide and seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the bishop was coming—to stay a week—

She must make cookies and
cakes and pies,
And fill every closet and
kitchen and pan,
I thought this bishop, so
great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry
man!

At last he came; and I
to declare,
His grandpapa, he looked
just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his
silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shin-
ing through.

Whenever he read or talked
or prayed,
I understood every single
word;
I wasn't the leastest bit
afraid,
Though I never once spoke
or stirred:

All of a sudden, he laughed
right out
and asked me sit quietly listen-
ing so;
He began to tell us stories
about
those queer little fellows in
Mexico.

All about Egypt and Spain
—and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
He said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

He thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the banister-rails in the hall sometimes.

But Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the bishop—he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me!

But though he's so honoured in word and act—
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
I couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.

GIVE us a man, young or old, high or low, on
whom we can thoroughly depend; the friend faith-
ful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the
adversary just and chivalrous.

THAT OLD WHEEL.

A SQUEAK from the old wheel, and what is the matter? You have been turning musically day after day, but now you squeak. You may be dry and need oiling. You may be rusty and need polishing. What if there be a defect hitherto concealed? There must be oiling and polishing and a remedying of all defects.

"But why this tapping and rapping, this washing and scrubbing, this rubbing and polishing, if I prefer to be let alone?" groans the old wheel. You cannot be let alone. You are a wheel connected with other wheels. You are a part of a system, a wheel in a machine. The serviceableness of the whole depends on the effectiveness of every part. If you turn satisfactorily your neighbour will turn all the better for it. Sometimes public opinion, that serviceable wheel, will in a given locality squeak.

A BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

WHAT about the boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in the brick yard to day, and in the harvest field to morrow. He does the drudgery and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, carrying a pick on his shoulder:

"Tired, John?"

"More so than any horse in Detroit."

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers."

"Good wages?"

"So good that my family never have enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for that street car to run over me."

"Why didn't you learn a trade?"

"Because no one had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am working harder for \$2 or \$3 a week than many a man does to earn \$18."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled workmen. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with

the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skim along from one work to another without being discharged, but make your services so valuable by being such a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.

LET US HAVE MORE OF THEM.

AN exchange tells us that the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal has imported from England a "coffee barrow," in which the finest quality of this refreshing beverage is wheeled about the streets and sold at the small sum of two cents per cup. Good! It is absolutely necessary to put temperance beverages on wheels, if we are to keep up with the rapidity with which the saloon secures the best corners for its business. Why should not the aroma of hot coffee in winter prove a counter attraction to the fumes of the gin mill and beer-saloon?—Golden Rule.



THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

"Why keep up the temperance agitation?" is the complaint. "Why not leave us alone? Why turn us up and turn us over, looking about us and into us, now punching, now hammering? Why not leave us alone?"

It is an impossibility, this letting alone, if we consider the good of the community; but just now we emphasize the good of the great whole—all the land—and "letting alone" is a cannot-be. Each village, town, city is a wheel in a huge mass of machinery—the land at large. Make perfect temperance sentiment in your particular town, and you affect other towns. What if New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities—the big driving wheels of the long train—were right on the temperance question? What progress the country would make! Because great wheels are not right, the little wheels have less reason to squeak because they are not let alone. Make your community, your church, your Sunday-school, a bright, sound busy temperance wheel.