

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Gertie's Almanac.

Monday to wash all the dolly's clothes. Lots to be done, as you may suppose, Tuesday to iron and put away; That takes a body the livelong day. Wednesday to darn and fix and mend. Plenty of sewing, you may depend. Thursday if shining, we visiting go; Then we are dressed in our best, you know.

Friday—O then we go out to shop; Once you get out, it is hard to stop. Saturday, polish, scrub, and bake; Tired out, hardly can keep awake. Sunday—O that day, of all, is the best; Glad when it's here, for we take our rest. Fifty-two weeks to make up the year. But all the year round to love every one here.

## LAND'S END.

The engraving shows the remarkable cape at the extreme south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat. The clouds of seabirds which make the lonely rock their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags with the surges of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

Secure, insensible;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert!  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart

Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

## MOTHER AND SON.

An incident occurred recently in one of the police courts of Chicago, in which a little street boy's devotion to his drunken mother was touchingly shown.

A woman had been picked up in a state of intoxication and carried to a police station, where she spent the night. The next morning she was arraigned before the magistrate. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out: "Come on; we's get to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work;

but if you'll jist let me go to gaol, stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed: "Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.—Winslow's Monthly.

## A TALK ABOUT SALT.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Oh! how horrid," cried Charlie one morning at breakfast, making a wry face over his oatmeal.

"It wants salt," said his mother, laughing at him as she tasted hers; "put on a little."

So Charlie sprinkled it with a little salt, then, tasting again, said that it was all right.

evaporated; but I don't understand what it has got to do with getting salt out of the sea."

"Do you remember what happened to the water that you put to boil on the stove the other day?"

"Why, I left it boiling too long, and when I went for it the pan was empty, and you said that it had all turned to steam."

"Yes; that was because it was pure water; now sea water, you know, is not pure, it is full of salt, so that when it is boiled the water part goes off in steam, but the salt is left in the vessel; and that is the way in which salt is procured by evaporation."

"That's simple enough," said Charlie; "and what about the salt from the mines?"

"That is what is called rock salt, and when it is unmixed with any other substance it is very clear and beautiful, and full of clear crystals, almost like glass. There are great salt mines in Poland, in which miles and miles of streets and

## "BEACH-COMBERS."

On almost every habitable sea-coast of the globe, there is to be found a class of people who have received the general appellation of "beach-combers." In some instances, dangerous stretches of coast have acquired a sinister reputation, the charge being made that the "beach-combers" there were little better than human vultures who prowled among the rocks and hovered over the sandy beaches watching for any unfortunate vessel which a gale might have driven into a position of danger.

Along the coasts of Southern Europe, at certain points of the coast of Great Britain, along the shores of the West Indies, and in not a few of the islands of the Pacific, there are localities that are still pointed out as having once been the resort of "beach-combers" who took part in many a tragedy of the ocean. Tradition tells us that many an unfortunate shipwrecked crew, falling into the hands of those lawless creatures, met a fate more cruel than that of engulfment by the angry waves, and that many a good ship was plundered and stripped bare to the hulk, and left with her bones to bleach on the jagged rocks.

But a vessel might almost search the world over for the old type of "beach-combers" to-day in vain. Everywhere, the patrol of the coasts is now so thorough and so general that it would be next to impossible for a lawless community of "wreckers" to exist. Besides, the number of light-houses, signal stations, and life-saving stations has been multiplied at all the points where danger to vessels is apprehended.

There are still many who live by the wreckage of the sea. Along the Atlantic seaboard, down by the Florida Keys, and on the shores of the Gulf, there are many lonely cabins, whose occupants are "beach-combers," subsisting upon the tribute of the waves. There are localities where the countless eddies and currents of the ocean deposit the debris of innumerable wrecks, frequently casting up on the beaches valuables that are sure to be redeemed by the owners. Still, the income of the "beach-comber" is a very precarious one.

These "children of the surf" love the storms best of all—because they bring them a harvest of wreckage. What with the diligent patrol of the beach, and the fact that one needs to be half fisherman and half agriculturist in order to get enough to eat, such a life can hardly be called one of leisure. Yet it seems to hold a singular fascination for those who enter it, probably because it has in it so much that savours of adventure.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts, too many parents reported no children in their families; and, in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work. Distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about 200 boys and girls.

Reggy Backbay—"Miss de Mudd, are you at all interested in psychology?" Miss de Mudd—"Oh, yes, very much indeed! But I know I should break my neck if I tried to ride one."



LAND'S END, CORNWALL.

"Isn't it queer how things taste without salt?" he said to his uncle when he went into his room after breakfast; "I couldn't eat my oatmeal, it was so horrid; but when mother told me to put salt on it, it was all right."

"Yes; we couldn't get along without salt at all—we couldn't live without it."

"Animals like salt too," said Charlie; "I remember once when we were staying at a farm seeing the men salt the sheep. They would put some on the rocks in the pasture and the sheep would come running as fast as they could and lick it all up. Does salt come out of the sea?"

"Some salt does; some comes from salt springs, and some from mines," answered his uncle.

"How do they get it out of the sea?" "They get it out by what is called evaporation; do you know what that means?"

"When mother left the alcohol bottle open, the next time she wanted to use some it was empty, and she said it had

passages are cut through the solid salt, besides great rooms; and in one place there is a little chapel, with a regular pulpit. When the emperor, or any member of the royal family, goes to visit these mines, they light up some of the passages and rooms, and then all the salt crystals sparkle and glisten in the most bewildering manner.

"There are hundreds of people living down in these mines, some of them very seldom coming up into the daylight."

"Do they have houses down there?" cried Charlie.

"O, yes indeed; enough houses and streets to make a village, besides a salt lake. And though they have been working them for hundreds of years, there is no prospect of the salt giving out."

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed Charlie.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pillgrim's Progress" was a tinker.