

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A MAN-OF-WAR, now-a-days, is a sort of floating fort and great fighting machine combined. The giant iron-clads with their stumpy masts, huge funnels and turrets are not nearly so picturesque as the old "Hearts of Oak," with their towering masts and immense spread of snowy canvas—one of the most beautiful sights in the world. On the new ships almost everything is made of iron or steel, hollow masts and yards, etc., and almost every kind of work is done by machinery, raising the anchors, moving the guns, steering the ship, reefing the sails, and the like. Our cut shows the view of the "for'ard" part of one of these floating forts. It is a winter view as may be seen by the snow on houses on the shore. Very strict discipline is observed and the sentries pace their rounds, day and night, as if in the tented field.

While great Britain has fewer soldiers than any other of the great powers, she has a much more powerful navy. This seems to be a necessity on account of her many colonies and commercial interests in the remotest parts of the globe. It is, however, maintained at an immense cost and we trust that under the influence of Christian civilization the disarmament of the great war powers may take place, which will lessen the necessity for the expenditure of such enormous sums on British forts and fleets by land and sea. We are reminded of Longfellow's fine poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield," and its prophecy of the reign of peace, part of which we quote:—

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal misere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach their own.
Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the earth with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain!

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

A SHORT time before his death, the renowned engine builder, Corliss, found it necessary to enlarge his great machine shops, and set a squad of men at work to prepare the material for building. One morning, after some progress had been made in the preparation, he visited the quarry from which the stone for the foundation was being taken. While the masons were arranging to blast a huge rock, a workman, pointing to a bird hovering over a ledge high up in the rock, said:

"That bird will have to change its nest-

must stop if we carry out your orders," urged the man, anxiously.

"I understand all this, my friend; yet I cannot conscientiously do otherwise than adhere to my first command. What right have I to build up my fortunes upon the ruins of even a bird's home?"

"The men will be dissatisfied, sir. They feel that they have rights, too," retorted the man, a dark frown stealing over his honest face.

"I recognize their rights, also; and their pay shall go on just as usual during these waiting days. Send them to their homes, and let them spend the time in improving their homes and garden patches."

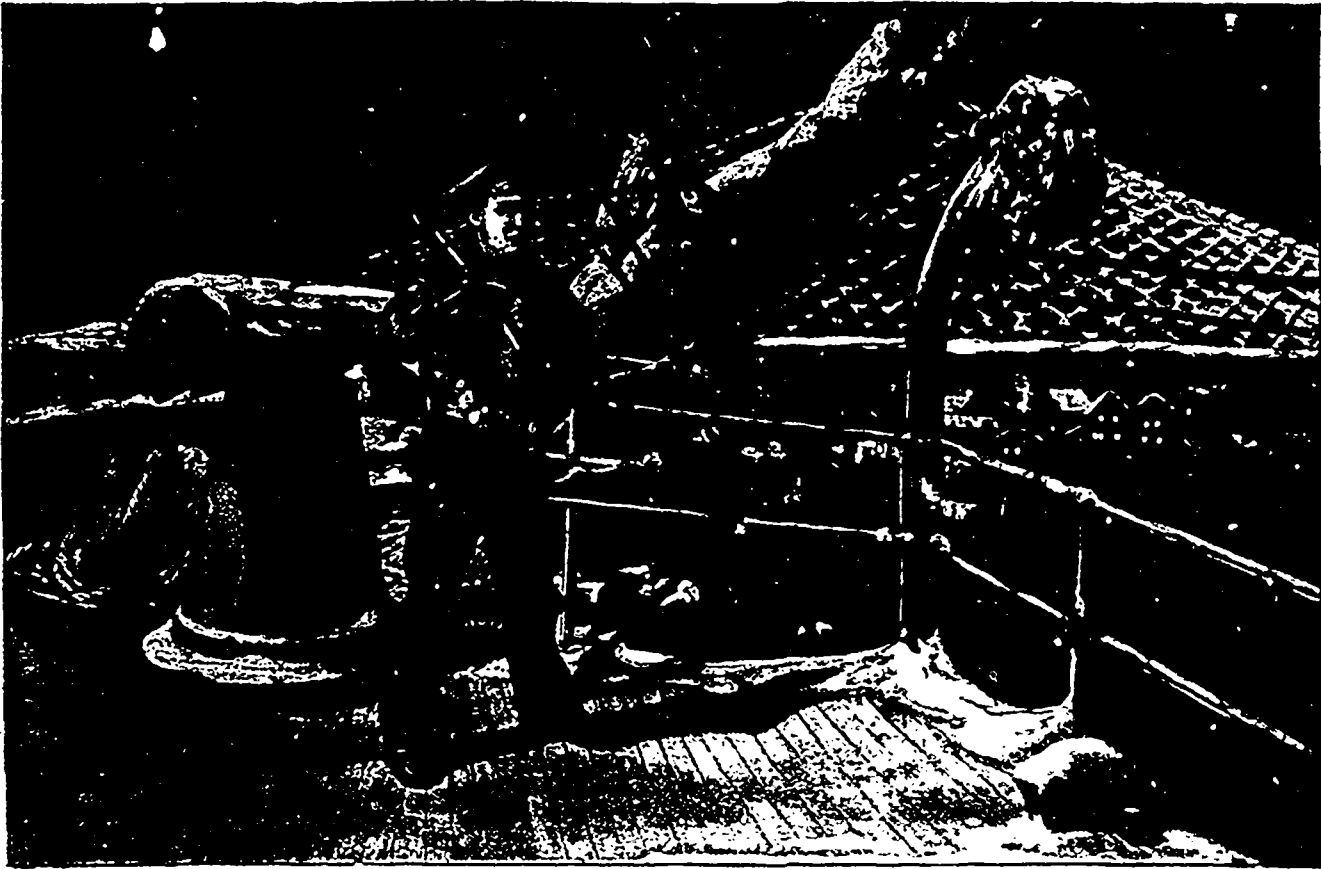
The sullen looks that had been gathering on the faces of the men vanished suddenly at his words, and instead of bitter imprecations and muttered curses the air was filled with cheers and benedictions that overwhelmed the modest proprietor, who never thought of being applauded for simply obeying the dictates of his conscience.

At the close of a week four little birds were seen hobbling up and down in the nest away up in the cliff, but fully two more weeks passed before the young fledglings were able to leave their mosaic home in the crevice of the rock. Instead of becoming irritable at the long delay, the great engine builder seemed to enjoy the days of waiting and frequently visited the spot to see how the feathered youngsters were growing. His devotion to the rights of the little

creatures won the admiration of the men, and they did their utmost to help repair the loss their employer had suffered.

"THAT ONE VERSE."

AN old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way off from the missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made such little progress, that the missionary got tired and told him one day that he had better give it up. "No, massa," said he, with great earnestness, "me nebbber give it up till me die." And, pointing with his finger to the beautiful words he had just spelled out of John 3 16, "God so loved the world," etc., he said with tears in his eyes, "Its worth all de trouble, massa, to read that one verse."



ON GUARD ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brass portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as song of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE, the famous African traveller, says: "I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors for more than twenty years. My opinion is that the most severe labours or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants."

ing in short order if it wants to save its neck."

"Are there eggs in the nest?" inquired Mr. Corliss, with evident interest.

"Yes, four little speckled fellows, over which the mother bird has been fussing ever since we began work," replied the man. "The young birds will soon be peeping through the delicate shells."

"Then let the work stop until the birdlings are ready to fly," was the great-hearted man's command.

"You are surely not in earnest?" exclaimed the foreman who was directing the preparation for blasting.

"I surely am," was the quick reply. "I have no right to break up the home of even the smallest of God's creatures, and these parent birds have rights that I am bound to respect."

"You are aware, sir, that the working men are all on hand, and that everything