

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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No. 10.

The Thing Not Done.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache.
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of your brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
For all our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do,
dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heart-
ache,
At the setting of the sun.

THE COZY CORNER.

Long evenings suggest good times together. As soon as the day's duties are ended the big study table is drawn out into the centre of the room. Then the family lamp is lighted, and the boys and girls are not long in finding their places around it. Now comes the hour for conversation and story-telling. To make the time a pleasant one, every member of the gathering should be ready to do his or her part in the way of entertaining, and so all share alike in the enjoyment of the occasion.

It need not be something of your own that you talk about, although one's own observation of things, when put into words, is apt to be well worth listening to. The fact of your having had to do with an exciting event, or that you have been witness to anything out of the ordinary, inspires your listeners with the feeling that they, too, can enter into the spirit of the narrative with a zest equal to yours when you become acquainted with that which you are relating.

Some time, when you cannot think of anything particularly good to say, have a little conversation about the month of November. Ask, What two very pleasant things does the month always bring with it? Of course every one will know they are the beautiful "Indian Summer," and our National Thanksgiving. But every one will not know

"What causes the 'Indian Summer,'

When the haze,
Soft and illusive as a fairy
dream,
Wraps all the landscape in its
silvery fold,
And the year takes on its part-
ing wing,
A rainbow glory?"

So you can be ready with the explanation:

"As either pole of the earth is turned toward the sun after the vernal equinox, the solar effect increases in the direction of that pole until a thaw of the winter's accumulated ice set in, when an interval of cold occurs, caused by the rapid absorption of the solar heat. Thus the frequent 'cold spells' of the later spring months have been accounted for. When, on the contrary, either pole is turned away from the sun after the autumnal equinox, the converse process takes place, the higher parts of the continent are chilled, and the ensuing condensation of the vapour in the air, liberating its heat, raises the temperature, and thus an interval of fine, comparatively warm weather or 'second summer' follows."

You may have to spend a little time in looking up the definition of some of the words you use in your explanation; but that will be excellent practice. It will also give you an opportunity to tell the others the meaning of these same words.

The Gaylord Herald wound up a compliment to a young schoolma'am with a good word about "the reputation for teaching she bears." The next day the schoolma'am met the editor, and chased him down the street with a blue umbrella, and every jump in the road she screamed that she had never taught a she bear in all her life.

cliffs, broken and contorted into thousands of fragments and shapes, crowned by perpetual ice and snow, and with great glaciers pouring into the sea from nearly every large valley, appear entirely barren. But as the vessel, on which the traveller is, approaches nearer, in the crevices of the huge rocks and towering precipices, and beside the glistening snow and ice, are to be seen patches of green. At first dull, and then vivid as the vessel draws nearer. This is the first glimpse of Arctic vegetation, which is to teach the student how indomitable this form of life is, and under what adverse circumstances it can and will flourish. These patches of verdure, seen from the sea, and which led Eric the Red, more

the unfortunate John M. Verhooff, it is now generally conceded, lost his life by falling into the crevasse of a glacier

On the west side of the bay, rising for nearly 4,000 feet above the sea level, is a conical-shaped mountain. About it are others, all covered with snow, or thrusting their heads into the clouds without covering of any kind, but this conical giant alone is mantled from its summit to its waterside in green moss, to a thickness of from two to ten feet, an unbroken mass of verdure, except where here and there patches of boulders and stones, marking the path of a once lateral moraine, have succeeded in keeping in the light. Beneath this covering of moss rests, to an unknown depth, blue and solid ice, created probably ages ago, and preserved as well as in an ice-house. This ice, as far as can be determined completely embraces the mountain from crown to foot, a mass which once gleamed as fiercely in the summer sunlight as un-conquered fields do in the present era in Greenland. Independent

WILLIE'S GOLD MINE.

"If I were rich I'd never go to school another day!" exclaimed Willie, as he threw his books and strap upon the sofa in the cosy sitting-room. "What's the use bothering away all one's time in school anyway!"

"Well, Willie," inquired grandma, cheerily, from her pleasant corner, "how would you like to own a gold mine—your very own?"

"A gold mine! My! I'd like it awfully, grandma, but," continued Willie, slowly, "I don't suppose I'll ever own one."

"I see no reason why you can't if you really want one," replied grandma, smiling.

"How? Do tell me quick!" cried Willie, eagerly. "I guess Jim West won't feel so big if I get a gold mine," and Willie whistled gaily at the thought.

After a moment's silence, Willie continued, thoughtfully, "I can't buy a gold mine, for I've only two dollars in my bank, and a mine will cost heaps."

"Sit down a minute while I explain," and as she spoke, grandma fondly drew her pet to her side. "You can't buy this gold mine with money; and no one can give it to you; you must work for it, and work hard, too, Willie."

"Oh, grandma, I'll do anything, sure! See how big and tall I am," and Willie actually grew six inches taller all at once, by standing on his tiptoes.

"You can't get your gold mine in a hurry, either," went on grandma. "You must get it little by little. It isn't like some gold mines that are full of wealth at the beginning—you must fill this mine yourself."

"Will it take long to fill it, grandma?"

"Yes, a number of years. Each day you can add some valuable bit to it, and by-and-bye, lo! you will have an inexhaustible treasure. No one can steal your mine from you, Willie, and you can never dig it dry."

"My!" exclaimed Willie, with sparkling eyes. "When can I begin to get my gold mine, grandma?"

"At any time! You have already begun to fill your treasure house, and by going to—"

"I know, grandma," interrupted Willie. "It's an education that you mean; that's the gold mine."

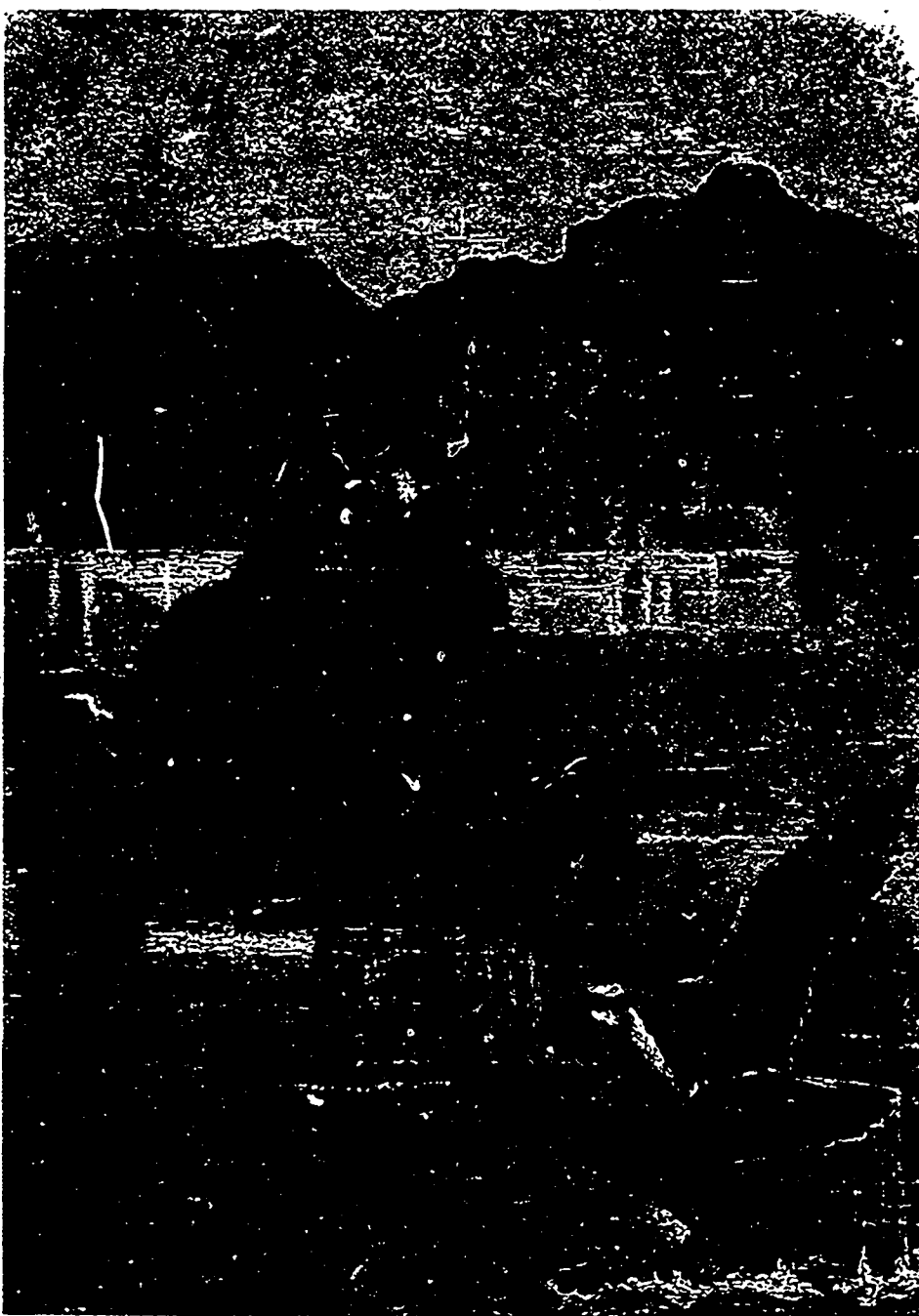
"And isn't that a fine one, Willie?"

"Y-e-s, and I'm going to begin now to fill it up. Hurrah for grandma and the gold mine!"

"And the school, too," added grandma.

"Why, of course," laughed Willie—Presbyterian.

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked, as he glanced at the paper she was reading. "I don't make any pretensions in that direction," she answered. "But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up." "Why, so it is," she answered in surprise. "I thought it was a dialect story."



THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

This powerful bird will sometimes be seen sailing on noiseless wing above the water. When it sees a fish beneath the surface it rushes down, dives boldly and brings up the struggling fish and carries it off to its nest to feed its young. They will carry off a fish weighing five pounds. Sometimes they plunge their talons into one too heavy to lift and will be dragged under the water and drowned.

FLOWERS IN GREENLAND.

Even in June or July, when the weather is the balmiest, as the traveller approaches the coast of Greenland, it is hard to believe in the existence of vegetable life on its bleak-looking shores, at least in any quantity. The frowning

than a thousand years ago, to call this "land of desolation" Greenland, are dwarf willows and birches, patches of clump moss, and sometimes luxuriant grass.

Once landed, no matter where, in Greenland, between Cape Farewell on the south and Independence Bay on the north, flowers are blooming, dwarf willows and birches thriving, grasses and mosses flourishing during the summer months, wherever the ice will afford an opportunity. Indeed, sometimes vegetation assumes the aggressive and overwhelms and buries huge fields of ice, enveloping them in green carpets, mottled with gold and white blossoms of other plants. Two of the most remarkable instances of this victory of vegetable matter over its icy foe are to be found on the shores of Robertson's Bay, where