

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Lost Type.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy,
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead white, 'neath tangled hair,
And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows
flare,
Whose knees are patched always,
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who was born with an appetite,
Who seeks the pantry shelf,
To eat his "piece" with resounding
smack:
Who isn't gone on himself.

A Robinson Crusoe read-
ing boy,
Whose pockets bulge
with trash;
Who knows the use of
rod and gun,
And where the brook-
trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the
easiest chair,
With hat on his tousled
head;
That his hands and feet
are everywhere:
For youth must have
room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his
father "Old man,"
Nor deny his mother's
call,
Nor ridicule what his
elders say,
Or think that he knows
it all.

A rough and wholesome,
natural boy,
Of a good old-fashioned
clay,
God bless him if he's
still on earth,
For he'll make a man
some day.

STORY OF A PITCHER.

BY LILA DUDLEY.

A lady friend of mine has a very handsome jug—or pitcher, some might call it—which I admire very much. It is a handsome shade of red, known as Indian red, I believe, decorated with dogwood blossoms. The white flowers painted on the red ground make a very pretty effect. I asked her one day where she bought it, resolving I would not be slow in purchasing one like it if there was such another in the city.

My friend's face had an amused look as she replied: "I am afraid you will have hard work watching this if you want to buy one, for such pitchers are not made nowadays." Her eyes twinkled as she said: "No doubt you'll be shocked when I tell you that it was once our cider pitcher."

Of course I looked surprised, for she is one of the staunchest temperance women—the truest of the true—and will not allow a drop of alcoholic liquor to come into her home either for cooking, drinking, or medicine. And here was this immense pitcher, capable of holding five or six quarts, which I had to try hard to imagine filled with cider, and in her house, too.

She laughed at my surprised look, and then went on: "It is very old; has been in our family a great many years, and my mother very likely bought it before I was born. She had a large family, and it took considerable food to feed the many hungry boys and girls who

gathered round the table at meal times. We were very fond of rice-pudding, and I remember what a dismayed look came to our milkman's face when mother used to take out to him this pitcher on a Saturday for the necessary milk for the pudding. Milk and cider was all it was ever used for. We used to drink cider, I am sorry to say, and always put it in our mince-pies. An ordinary pitcher was not large enough, so mother used this. It was a common red earthenware pitcher, but glazed.

"Since I have been converted to temperance, and do not use cider for my mince-pies, I have had no use for it, and it has lain useless down in the cellar. My granddaughter, who has an eye for beauty, brought it upstairs

REMEMBER!

We wonder what mother is saying to her little daughter as she holds her hand and gives her a last word of caution and advice. The little girl has been listening to a long list of things she has to do in the village, such as giving messages, making purchases, and perhaps getting medicine in that long necked bottle in the basket, and her mother is just now saying, "Remember this and remember that," and the child, with thoughtful face, is going over in her little head all she has been told. You may be quite sure she will forget nothing and will come back in a short time with a smiling face and tell her mother all the results of her little

Samuel in his. Pretty soon Samuel heard some one calling him; he supposed it was Eli, so he rose quickly and ran to him saying here am I, for thou calledst me. But . . . said, I called not, lie down again. And he went and lay down. And he heard the voice again calling Samuel, he rose again and went to Eli and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son, lie down again. And Samuel heard the voice again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. Then Eli told him that it was the Lord calling him, that he should go and lie down, and if he heard the voice again, he should say . . . Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place, and the Lord came and stood and called, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. Then the Lord talked with Samuel, and told him what he wanted him to do. After that Samuel always knew the voice of the Lord and obeyed him whenever he spake. He was a good boy and grew up a good man, and always worked for the Lord as long as he lived.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

I remember a young woman who came to me in great trouble; told me that her father was drunk two or three times a week, that he insisted on having a large part of her earnings to spend in drink; and that when he came home at night with drink in him, he often beat her. Life was becoming intolerable to her. She wanted to know whether it would be right for her to leave him. Her mother was dead, her father, if she left him, would be alone; was it her duty to stay? I told her that, in my judgment, his treatment of her had released her from the obligation; but I asked her whether it would be possible for her to be happy at night if she went elsewhere; whether she would not be always thinking that in his drunken fits her father might come to harm, and whether she could not regard the care of this unhappy man, with all the suffering and misery it brought upon her, as the special service to which Christ had appointed her. She looked up, hesitated a moment, and then said: "I will." I do not think she would have made a good model for an artist painting a saint, she did not live in a picturesque monastery, but in a back court in Birmingham, her dress was not picturesque, but the somewhat unlovely dress of a poor working girl. Yet that seems to me to be the true imitation of Christ. Let me finish the story. She came to me three months later, and told me, with the light of joy on her face, that her father had never come home drunk since that night she had resolved to care for him for Christ's sake.

GLADSTONE AT ETON.

He persisted while at Eton in being an unostentatiously pious and religious student. He would not join in or countenance any mockery or levity about things which he had been taught to regard as sacred. Yet there was nothing whatever of the "prig" about him, and his force of character even then was such that he compelled the most light-minded to respect him and his ways. Nor would he stand any frolicsome cruelty to dumb animals. "He stood forth," says Mr. Russell, "as the champion of some wretched pigs which it was the custom to torture at Eton Fair on Ash Wednesday and when bantered by his school fellows for his humanity offered to write his reply in good round hand upon their faces."

This boy was father to the man who gave up his much-needed vacation at Naples in 1850 in order to investigate the condition of political prisons "carried on for the purpose of violating every law, unwritten and eternal human and divine," and whose subsequent letters aflame with such hot indignation set Europe ablaze, and ended in the downfall of Bourbonism and the emancipation of Italy.



REMEMBER!

the other day, and, after a couple of hours' work with her paints and brushes, the result is, as you see, 'a thing of beauty.' It stood on a small stand, and held some tall peacock plumes, and really was a very pretty ornament to the room.

Oh, that all cider pitchers and jugs could be thus converted to a better use! Better lie dusty and mouldy in the cellar than filled with what I believe is "the devil's kindling-wood."

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he often regrets that he has found out.

journey. What a queer, old-fashioned dress the mother and child wear. They are probably Germans, as the carved wood and iron hinges seem to indicate

LITTLE SAMUEL.

Samuel's mother gave him to the Lord when he was a babe. When he was yet a very small child she brought him to the house of the Lord and left him there with Eli the priest. Whenever Eli wanted Samuel to do anything for him, he always obeyed immediately. One night Eli and Samuel had both laid down to sleep, Eli in his place and