

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Haying Time.

BY GEORGE E. BOWEN.

The heated sun is shining on the fields of rich July,
In blazing summer splendour from his throne of turquoise sky,
The perfume of the meadows fills the soft, sweet morning air,
The corn blades wave a proud salute to the fields of clover fair.
The farmer is the charmer in the romance of to-day;
A story of the glory of the time of making hay.

The mowers in the dewy fields press through the yielding stand,
To music of the keen machine now humming o'er the land,
The long windrows of clover surf the rakers leave behind
Are quickly tossed by gleaming forks in hay-cocks soldier lined.
The waggon takes its jag on to the yawning big barn door,
Where tramping boys with romping noise tread down the fragrant store.

There's stubble in the shaven fields clean swept of every spear,
The big red moon comes sailing up the sky so sparkling clear,
A gentle hush has touched the scene, the weary toilers sleep
To dream perhaps of greater fields of richer grain to reap;
The day is done, the hay is won, and grateful rest is meet,
Till morning sounds its warning ne'er disturb the slumber sweet.

Oh, clover-scented, sunny days of fragrant new-mown hay,
Your incense breathes ideal life that fills the soul for aye.
Oh, breezes waft the blessed joys to toilers in the town,
And gladden hearts that sigh with care 'neath smoke-grimed chimneys' frown.
The pleasures and the treasures of the glowing, mowing days,
Are fairer, sweeter, rarer, than a year of budding Mays.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into the honest eyes that never in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years had failed to look straightforward back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now, I'm off!" and Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends; for Father and Mother Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell had to perfection the "knack" of making a "good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one else looked as though even think-

ing of going home. But Harry's "honour bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks!"

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly. "Who has a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day

the holier. The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day, but he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, impressively, ten minutes later it would not have been of much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, oh! mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright'! I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true lad," said the happy mother,

to Boston to make his fortune. He was little, but wiry, and he had struggled with the winds of Cape Cod and battled with poverty until his purpose was hard and rugged, and his grit was well tempered.

Like every sensible boy should, he turned to do the thing he knew how to do, until he could get himself on his feet. He hired himself to an oyster dealer, and went around from house to house carrying oysters to the people. But, little as he was, he had a big soul in him, and he soon concluded that it was a good deal better to work for himself than for somebody else. So before very long he set up on his own account. As he did not have money enough to hire a stall in the market, or pay rent for a store, he began with a wheelbarrow. In winter time he

went up and down the streets crying out, "Fresh oysters! Fresh oysters!" under the windows of the well-to-do, and in good weather he ran his wheelbarrow out as far as Brighton, five miles away. He drove a big business there among the cattlemen. He carried with him a vinegar cruet, a pepper-box, and saucer, and with his oyster knife, and wheelbarrow full of Cape Cod oysters, he was a little business world all to himself. The big, jolly drovers admired the plucky little fellow, and came to patronize him largely.

But Isaac was constantly looking out for a step in advance. Though he began with a wheelbarrow, he had no idea of ending there, and he had his eye out all the time for a chance to get into a stall at Faneuil Hall Market. Not many months had passed away until he had saved money enough to seize an opportunity. Then he set himself to work with greater devotion than ever. Three o'clock every morning saw him rowing his little boat across the harbour after his oysters, and he was back in his place, the first boy in the market to be ready for business. He got many customers in this way.

He had been steadily advancing in his business until, at eighteen, his father died, leaving his mother a widow with eleven children, ten of them younger than Isaac. He was not selfish and indifferent toward her cares, but he put his young, strong arms underneath his mother, and out of his savings sent her money every week to help meet the wants of this large family. But God takes care of the boys who take care of themselves and their mothers, and Isaac Rich constantly grew in his business. After a little he began to add fish to the oysters. At first he could only buy a few fish and put them on his stall alongside the oysters. The landlord

of the Tremont House, the famous hotel of Boston of that day, had taken a liking to this bright, plucky young fellow, and asked him one day why he did not keep salmon. He replied that it was because he did not have money enough to buy them. "How much would it take?" inquired the hotel man. "Two hundred dollars," was Rich's reply. "The next boat that come in, buy it up, and I will lend you the money," was the big-hearted hotel-keeper's reply. You may depend upon it that Isaac was on the lookout for the next coming of salmon into town. He didn't wait for it to get into the dock, but he met it out in the harbour in his little dory, and, getting on board, bargained for the whole load. That was the beginning of a very great advance in his business. From that day he became



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was not well. She had been pale and fretful all day. And he had promised. Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor-quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the "nine," and its honour depended on his speed and surefootedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in

stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.—Zion's Herald.

CODFISH AND COLLEGE.

BY LOUIS ALBERT BAKER.

Methodism is rich in those heroes who have had to fight their own way from the start. One of these is a hero from the codfish region. Away down at the end of Cape Cod is Provincetown, where it catches the first chance at the winds and the codfish that come in from the sea. In a little, low red-and-brown cottage on the outskirts of this fisherman's town was born Isaac Rich. It was a big family, and not much money to keep it going; so when Isaac was twelve years old, and small of his age at that, he went