

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## A NARROW ESCAPE.

The eyry of the eagle is commonly built in a high cliff, but sometimes it is placed on the ground, close to the sea, and at others in a tree. It is built of sticks, in the centre of which is a hollow lined with grass, in which they lay their three or four eggs. They are very strong birds, and dogs, lambs, and even children are carried off by them. The picture shows the nest built at the foot of one of the mountains in Scotland. It can only be reached by a rope let down from the top. The young eagles are hatched, and a boy is endeavouring to steal one of them, but the old eagles are close upon him, and he and his companions fear that they may pluck out his eyes, but the well-aimed stones from the boy above, numb the old eagles, and the boy is only too glad to drop the little eagle and get safely to the top of the rock once more.

## A BOY WITH NOTHING TO DO.

DID you ever see a boy who had nothing to do? I will tell you about one. He was the son of a rich man who had a great number of servants about the house. Willie—for that was the boy's name—had no duties to perform. His fire was always made for him in winter, and his shoes were polished by a servant every morning while he was asleep. Willie had a pony, but he was never allowed to saddle him himself. He had a little dog-cart, but he was not allowed to hitch the pony to it. That work had to be done for Willie by one of the many servants who swarmed about the great house where Willie lived. Willie went to school, but a servant went along to carry his books for him and to take the pony home. Willie always rode to school. The servant went for him in a closed carriage whenever it rained. When it was very cold he was wrapped up in furs and heavy blankets. He was not a sickly boy by any means. He was not really a lazy boy, but his foolish parents took a notion that he ought never to work. His dainty mother did not like to see him wear soiled clothes. She wanted him to have tender, clean, white hands, and soft, delicate skin. He was not even suffered to play with other boys for fear he might get hurt. In the summer time he had to keep in the shade. In the winter his place was by the warm fire.

When Willie grew to be a man he had no strength. His muscles were weak and flabby, his bones were soft, and his nerves feeble. He had no energy, no fire in his spirit, no courage. He went to school nearly all his life, but he never had any spur to drive him forward. When he went into society he was a kind of Miss Nancy. The young men all laughed at him, and all the sensible girls made fun of him. He tried to look after his business after his father died, but he knew nothing about business. His mother lived to see her mistake.

When Willie got his share of his father's estate it soon went. After spending his own money, he began to call on his mother and as she always idolized her boy she did not, could not, deny him anything. It did not take many years for Willie's mother to become a poor woman. She had to sell her property. She moved out of a big,

nearly fifty years old and his mother is a tottering old woman without home or friends.

Do the boys of the corner want to live such a life as Willie did? Too many boys think their parents are cruel and unkind because they make them work and do not give them everything they want. Wise

both weak, what may we expect of a boy or girl?

Life is a battle and full of hard fighting. What could a soldier do with a soft body and a weak brain? How can a young man expect to win his way in the world unless he is strong and vigorous. The youth that enters the world of business without a good foundation in body and mind is like a cripple in a race. He can't keep up with the runners. As soon as a fellow begins to fall behind, his comrades look back at him with scorn. If a boy wants to get an even start with the world he should have something to do. Even a rich boy ought to be required to do some definite task of hard work every day. He ought to be forced to bear heat and cold and hunger and to brave danger. In no other way can he get ready for the battle of life. —*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

## THE RESOLUTE SOLDIER.

SUWAROFF, Russia's great military commander, was a little man, insignificant in everything but that intangible power of mind and character with which physical strength is never to be compared. He had been sickly in his youth, but became hardy under the stimulus of cold bathing and the benefits of a plain diet. Buckets of cold water were thrown over him in the morning, and his table was served with fare which guests would fain have refused, but dared not, lest he should think them effeminate. He despised dress, and delighted in drilling his men in his shirtsleeves, sometimes with his stockings literally "down at the heel." But his hardihood of life and action had its effect on the men he commanded. He was often up and about by midnight, and would salute the first soldier whom he saw moving with a piercing cock-crow, in commendation of his early rising. During the first Polish war he had given orders for an attack at cock-crow, and a spy in the camp carried the news to the enemy. The attack, however, really took place at nine o'clock on the evening when the arrangements had been made; for Suwaroff, suspecting treachery, had then turned out the troops by his well-known crowing. The enemy, expecting the event in the morning, were entirely unprepared, and fell easy victims to his forethought. "To-morrow morning," said he to his troops on the evening before the storming of Ismail, "an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall wash and dress myself, say my prayers, give one good cock-crow, and then capture Ismail." It was hardly possible to find him off the alert. "Do you never take off your clothes at night?" he was asked. "No," said he; "but when I get lazy and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur."

SOME days seem to come from nearer heaven than others, filled with a sweet influence, as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.



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fine house into a little one, and out of that into a cabin, and then began real poverty. Willie hung around billiard saloons and dram-shops, and lived on scraps until the saloon-keepers got tired of him, and then he took to stealing and forging names to cheques.

At last he landed in the penitentiary. His mother, poor woman, has for years been living on charity. Willie is now

parents never allow their children to grow up in idleness. Every boy and girl ought to have to work. If a father were worth ten millions he should teach his children to labour with their hands. A boy who has never learned to work with his hands is worthless. The body cannot be sound and strong without work. Unless the body is sound and strong the mind is almost sure to be feeble. If the mind and body are

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