

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Sand of the Desert in an Hourglass.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HASTY FEEL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of time,
The minister of thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore;

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or Anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Facing the dead beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart:
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Elevates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

THE RIGHT WINS.

BY S. F. SURELLE.

ELLIS WARREN was alone in the world,
But he was a wide-awake, observant boy,
And he felt that success would be his
By the striving. He knew that his mother's
God would be with him; and he deter-
mined that he would live every day in the
Fear of the Lord. Two months had passed
Since Ellis had been received into the
Office of Rokesly Bros., bankers. He had
done all the work in the office, and most faithfully
did he perform his duties.

"A most capable boy," said one Rokesly
to the other.

"He will make his mark in the world,"
said the other.

Mr. Rokesly, sen., as so many rich men,
did what was harder to bear than lack of
money—a worthless son without honour.
Carl Rokesly lived for selfish pleasure
alone. His father was of no account to

him, except in so far as he gratified his
whims.

Mr. Rokesly was a man of determina-
tion, as well as of principle. When he
saw the down grade movement in Carl, he
made up his mind to put brakes on the
driving the youth of the needed money.
If that denial would not bring him to his
senses, what would?

Mr. Rokesly acted with what light he
had, and plainly told Carl that he should

clerk—only this boy. Could they suspect
him? They continued to talk in low
tones at one end of the office, while Ellis
was writing away with intense earnestness
at the other. Behind a portiere curtain at
his uncle's back stood Carl, listening with
breathless eagerness. As he heard his
father say, "I will never believe Ellis
guilty," Carl gritted his teeth and looked
maliciously at an envelope he held in his
hand, which bore the name of Ellis War-

ren, and he slipped the envelope into
Ellis' pocket.

Carl fooled a while longer with the
books, and then withdrew to the attic.
There he hunted until he found a jacket
which he had outgrown. It was the exact
shade of Ellis, and, in haste, no difference
could possibly be discovered.

Ellis had a habit of tossing off his jacket
when he washed his hands, before leaving
the office, and Carl knew this. He also
knew that the name of Ellis Warren was
neatly sewed to the lining of the collar.
When Ellis went to the ante room for his
usual ablutions, and threw off his coat,
Carl slipped in noiselessly, and made the
change. After tea, Carl went into the
library, where the brothers were engaged
in earnest conversation, and said:
"Father, Ellis Warren picked up my
light jacket instead of his. I took this up
in the dark for mine, and fumbling in the
pockets found this, coolly presenting the
envelope containing the fifty dollars."

Of course, no more evidence was needed.
Ellis was greeted the next morning with
dismissal, and told that he ought to be
thankful to escape prosecution of the law.
"Sir," said Ellis, the colour mounting
high in his face, "I own the jacket, but
not the theft. I leave my case with God.
The right always wins."

After the departure of Ellis Warren
there were no more money losses until
the arrival of the new clerk. Then the
brothers' business disappeared as change
commenced.

The bankers determined to serve as
their own detectives. One night they con-
cealed themselves in easy watching dis-
tances of the safe, and waited. The thief
came, but horror of horrors! it was not
the clerk, but Carl, the son and nephew.

They watched him open the safe and re-
move fifty dollars. At that instant the
brothers seized him. Carl's terror and his
father's grief knew no bounds. Ellis
Warren was sent for and reinstated at
once—not to his old place, but to a better
with a double salary.

After the reinstatement of Ellis War-
ren, there was a marked change in the
Rokesly establishment. The proud, grasping
bankers seemed suddenly to discern
the real use of money. Poor boys and
girls were sought out and sent to colleges
suited to their advancement. Ellis him-
self was given a first-class education by
the grateful brothers. The Lord used
Carl's weakness to his own children as a
living illustration of the triumph of right



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

cut off his allowance to a fraction of what
it had formerly been. The boy was en-
raged at first, but afterwards seemed more
reconciled, and Mr. Rokesly congratulated
himself on the wisdom he had displayed.

This circumstance in the Rokesly affairs
occurred at the entrance of Ellis Warren
into the banking establishment. At the
opening of our story, the bankers were in
close consultation.

Money was missing, heavy amounts,
from the safe. There was no clue. They
were their own cashiers, and there was no

ren, in Ellis' own handwriting. Carl had
found it in the waste basket, where Ellis
had tossed it by mistake. This envelope
in Carl's hand contained a fifty dollar bill.

"Now is my chance to save myself,"
said the wicked boy to himself, as he left
the curtain and entered the office by the
door. The gentlemen changed the con-
versation as he came in. Carl moved
about as if in earnest search for a book.
At last he got several and tossed them
down close to Ellis' desk. Then, with a
stealthy look in the direction of his father

STUDY UNSELFISHNESS.

I REMEMBER having advised a man who
had fallen into a sad, because morose, life,
and had put himself under my counsel,
and I said: "Suppose you begin by passing
the butter at the table." He needed to be
on the lookout, consciously, for little occa-
sions to serve those around him. Take
care in the least exercises that you care for
others.

"I do not like that man," said a sound
observer to me, "I saw him let his wife
pick up her own handkerchief." This
critic was right in that quick judgment.

"I judge him by the way he treats his
dog." That is a wise criticism. And if it
is wise in criticism, it is wise in life. Train
yourself to unselfishness in what the world
pleases to call little things.