

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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DID THE KNIGHTS ALL DIE OF YORE?

I WAS sitting in my study,
And the night was growing cold;
I was reading from a story
Of the noble knights of old.

How they fought for fame and glory,
And befriended weak and old,
While the wind blew loud and stormy,
And the snow fell still and cold.

By the fire sat little Nora,
List'ning to the tale unfold;
Blue her eyes were, large and dreamy,
And her hair like waves of gold.

Then we heard a feeble knocking,
And the door I opened wide,
"Can I come in," said a beggar,
"From the cold by your fireside?"

And I answered him quite gruffly;
"Go away!" and closed the door;
But my little Nora whispered,
"Did the knights all die of yore?"

Back I called the poor old beggar;
Said, "Your pardon I implore;
You are welcome to my fireside,
Though I'm not a knight of yore."

RUSSIAN TARTARY.

FOR centuries the Russians have been steadily and stealthily pushing their domain into Central Asia. They are now almost at the frontier of British India, and it seems as though a struggle of the Titans must settle the question which shall be supreme in that vast continent. Our engraving illustrates the mode of life of one of the many Asiatic tribes subject to Russia. The Calmucks are the most numerous and celebrated of the Mongol nation. They are found in Central Asia, a portion of them being in Southern Siberia under the rule of Russia, and others are in Chinese Tartary, under the rule of the Emperor of China. They are small in size. The men have beardless faces, thick, colourless lips, and long, coarse, black hair. Their food is for the most part a species of oat meal, with pieces of cooked horse flesh. Some of them are Mohammedans, but most of them are Buddhists. The picture shows one of their queer, dome-shaped, and rather luxurious tents. The seated figure is grinding meal with the odd-shaped pair of mill-stones. The mistress is reclining on a rug—one servant plays on an instrument like a two-stringed guitar, and another brings refreshment, perhaps koumiss or fermented mairis mild, of which they are very fond.

A LITTLE girl suffering with the mumps declared she "felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

THE WORK OF A SONG.

I REMEMBER going to the Great Exhibition in London in 1862, and in the Roman room there was one particular piece of sculpture which I liked

The story was that a number of red men had made a raid into the United States, and had burned a village and tomahawked many a poor creature, and slain and quartered many more. And then they stole a little white

a report reaches her, "There is a white maiden among the red people yonder, nearly a thousand miles away." There was no rail, no road; but off set the mother, and she went over prairie and marsh, and moor and river, and at last, after many a toilsome day, she arrived where the white maiden was.

She thought, "Oh, that is my child!" The face was much altered; it had become Indianized. There was the mark that the child had come from the white race; but it was Indianized. Its language was Indian now, and the maiden had quite forgotten her mother. All her love now was given to the red squaw of the woods that had brought her up. When the mother tried to go near her, the young woman repulsed her; and the poor heart-broken mother knew not what to do.

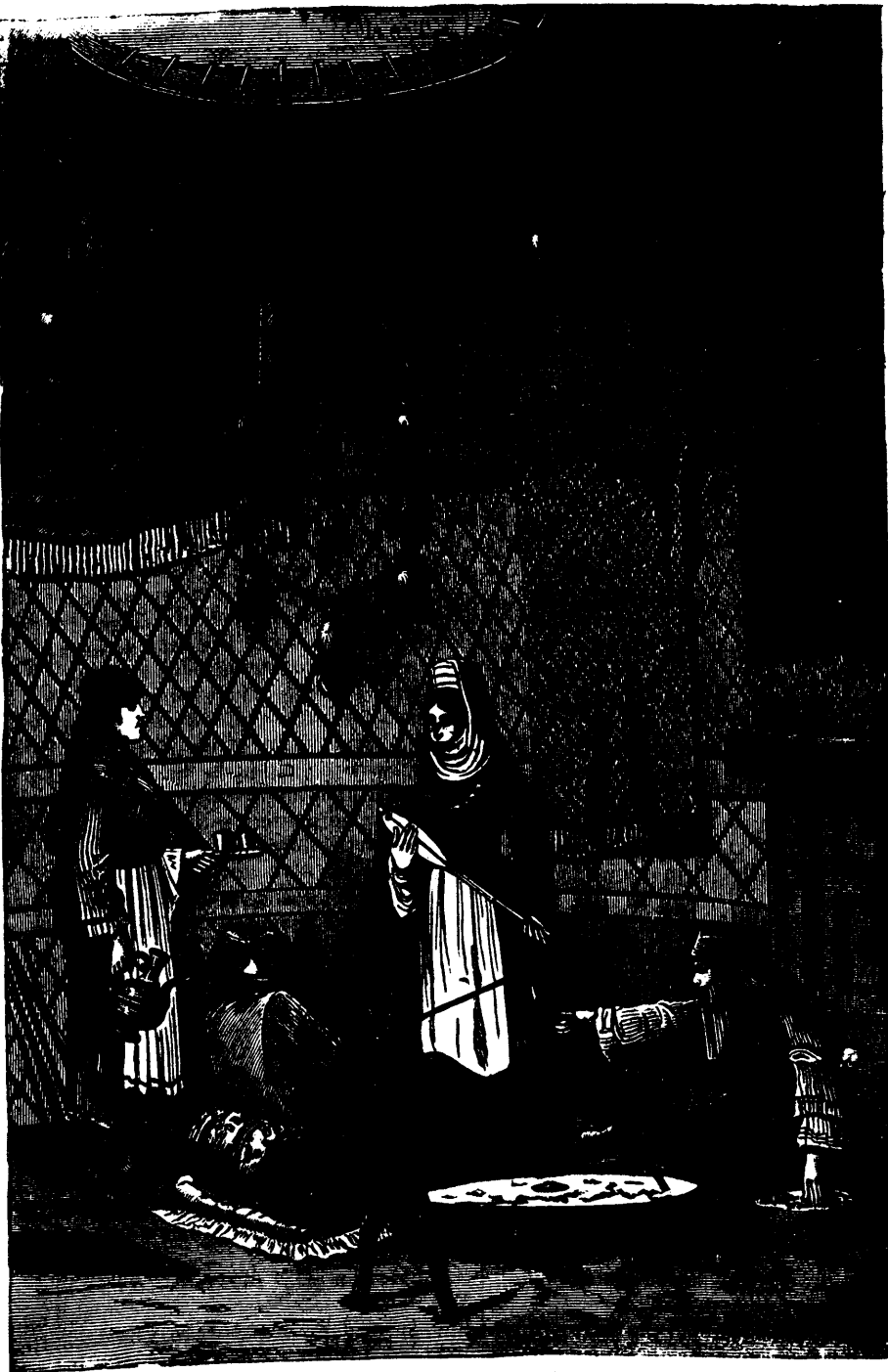
At last, a good thought struck her. She sat down and began to sing a sweet lullaby song that she had always sung her little one to sleep with. At first she listened listlessly; but in a little while (you know how an old tune will fetch up an old thought) the maiden began to listen, and she stood as if all her soul had got into her ears. It was in that attitude that the sculptor carved her—listening; and the story went on to say that, after a little listening, it seemed as if the lullaby had unlocked the cells of old memory, and in a little while that poor maiden was in her mother's embrace.

Ah, friends, let the melodious song of Christ's love and atonement for your sins speak to your hearts, awakening in them the long-forgotten melodies of God's love! Let your Saviour woo and win you back, that there may be joy in your father's house.—*Rev. S. Coley.*

JENNY LIND.

ONCE upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman named Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make hair plaits, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them, she would lock the door, and keep poor Johanne a prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could.

However, one fine day, she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness, but noticing the cat as neglected as herself, she dried up her tears, took it up in her lap, and petted it till it fell asleep.



INTERIOR OF CALMUCK HOUSE IN RUSSIAN TARTARY.

to see; but it was not easy to get near it, as there were so many that wanted to see it. It was really an American work, that is, it was done by American fingers, though it was in the Roman room, because it was carved in Rome. It was called, "List! oh, list!"

maid. I need not tell you how the poor mother's heart was broken when she had lost her child; and there was no day, and no month, and no year, but she was pursuing the question, "Where can I find my lost child?" At last, after many years had passed,