

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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DOVES.

The dictionary defines the word "dove" as "a name given to a certain species of pigeons noted for their gentleness and timidity." Those who love these birds admit the correctness of the word "gentleness" in describing them, but not the word "timidity." Doves, when well cared for, become loving, gentle, very affectionate, and, as a rule, quite the reverse of timid. Their bill is moderate in length, more or less curved at the point, and the base of the upper mandible is covered with soft skin on which are the nostrils. Doves, like other pigeons, generally lay but two eggs. The nest of the wild dove is as big and flat as a dinner plate, wholly built of turfs, without lining of any kind, except, perhaps, a few accidental feathers. The reason of this is that the parent bird has such a mass of plumage that a warmer nest would addle the eggs. The cushat, or ring dove, is the commonest of all pigeons. It does not, however, thrive well in captivity, a free wild life being almost necessary for it. In the quiet summer's evenings, while walking through some fir tree grove, you may hear the cushat's cooing, "far down the dark green plantain's shade." It is a most mournful cry, almost like the moaning of some human being in pain and distress.

The dove family is divided up into a great many classes, each with a name of its own. Most of them are well adapted for domestic life and make beautiful pets. Some of them are white, others gray and black, gray and white, brown or very light grey with a spot of red on the breast.

A MONKEY'S CURIOSITY.

One day recently a new lock was put upon the door of the monkey cage in Central Park. The monkeys watched the proceedings with great interest, and the curiosity of one monkey became particularly excited. After the workmen had finished and gone away, he drew near to investigate this strange ornament to his house. He felt the lock all over with his paws; poked



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his finger through the keyhole, and twisted it about, shaking the door while he did so. Then he looked long and earnestly through the keyhole, first with one eye and then with the other. Then he examined the hole with another finger.

During his examination of the lock a little monkey drew near and stood watching his actions attentively. The inquisitive fellow happened to turn around, and found himself observed. He flew at the little monkey with a cry of rage, and gave him a sharp box on the ear. The poor little monkey, in great alarm, fled to the farthest corner of the cage, and crouched down

here whimpering. Having so defended his outraged dignity, the first monkey resumed his study of the lock.

He climbed up the bars of the cage and took views of it from above. Then he stooped down and took an observation from below. Then he peered through the keyhole, first with one eye, then with the other, as before. Then he explored it again with his finger. Presently, finding himself again watched by the little monkey, he sprang at him again, and gave him another beating.

Overmuch curiosity is always punished in this world, and by-and-bye this monkey

found it out. He caught his finger in the keyhole and in spite of all his efforts could not release it. He twisted and struggled, chattered and screamed. His outcries finally brought a keeper to his rescue, and the finger was extricated, with loud laughter from the spectators. Seemingly much humiliated, the monkey retired to a corner of the cage, where he sat nursing his wounded finger, and sulking as undoubtedly as ever a cross little boy sulks. And in the opposite corner sat a much smaller monkey, and I am sure, if ever monkeys smile inwardly that little monkey was doing that very thing. *Harper's Young People.*

A DYING GIFT.

A FRIEND writes the following touching account of a little girl's last gift to missions.

"A little incident has occurred in connection with our Sunday school that I thought you ought to know, and perhaps would think wise in the interests of our Master's work to make use of.

"We had a little girl in the infant class, between three and four years old, Millie Appleton, a dear little girl of good Christian parents, who took sick with scarlet fever and died; but before departing this life said, 'Mamma, here is some money I have saved, a copper at a time. Instead of buying candies for myself I thought I would save my cents to help send the sweet news of Jesus and his love to the heathen. I want you to send it when

I am gone, to the Sunday school, so that they may use it for the heathen.' And so last Sunday being our Missionary Sunday we put it with the collections devoted to that purpose, praying that the dear child in heaven may look down and see some fruits in its use for the Master. If you put this in our Sunday school paper perhaps it may stir up in some hearts a renewed and earnest interest in the cause of missions."

What a man knows is worth more to him than what all other men may know.