

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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The Summer Breeze.

A PLAYFUL thing was that summer breeze
It frolicked across the ocean,
It teased into fun the idle waves
And set them all into motion.
And then it passed to the sleepy earth,
And, merrily touching and glancing,
It hurried the blades of corn into strife,
And set the green leaves dancing.

A tender thing was that summer breeze ;
It stole into darkened places,
And it gave its kisses to heated brows
And pale and wistful faces.
Into the room of the sad it came,
The weary hours beguiling,
And whispered softly such pleasant words
That it left the sorrowful smiling.

A healing thing was that summer breeze
As it came by the hill and river ;
It brought a gift of new life with it,
And of health was the generous giver.
It gave a hope instead of a fear
To some who were full of regretting ;
It stole some thoughts that were hard to keep,
And taught the art of forgetting.

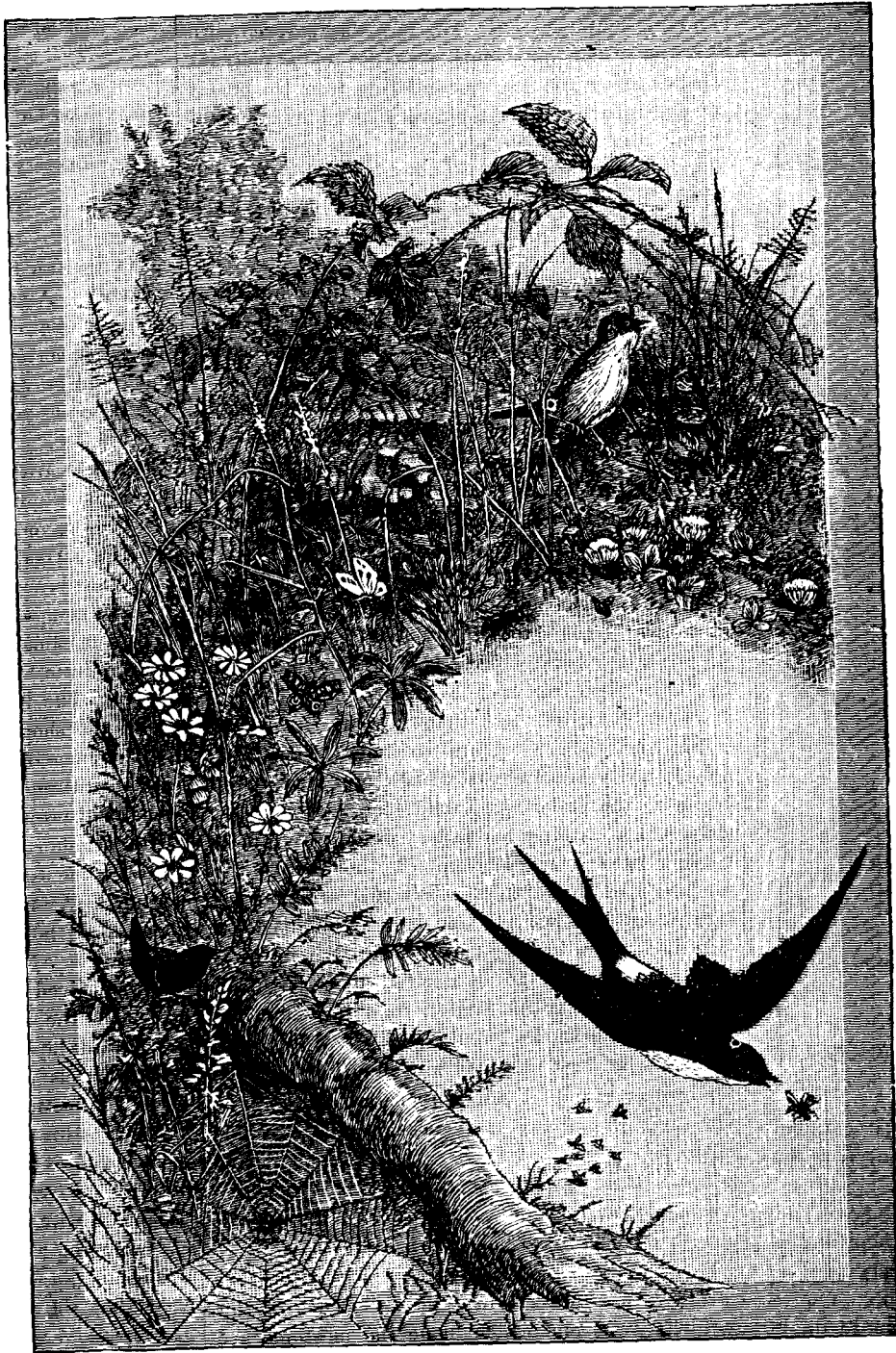
A happy thing was that summer breeze,
For it found its welcome duly ;
And the old men laughed as it greeted them,
And the children loved it truly.
And if only we could as useful be
As the breeze in its summer sweetness,
We might be happy the whole day long
With joy that is full of completeness.

A learned thing was that summer breeze
To the world in its faintness given,
For it told to many things good to hear,
Of our Father who is in heaven.
His love, so sure and so strong and kind,
All beautiful things are showing ;
And the people more trustful and loving grew,
When the summer breeze was blowing.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

BY J. IRVING.

DURING my summer sojourn away from the hot city I spent several days at a noted resort on Lake Ontario, whose waters I never tired of watching as they rolled in on the shore. In one of my rambles upon the beach I came upon an old fisherman surrounded by a number of boys, to whom he was telling stories. As he talked his fingers were deftly



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fitting up the rigging to a small sail-boat, which, when completed, the owner, a bright boy, proudly carried off to test its sailing qualities. I soon found that the fisherman was a great favourite with the boys, who never tired of hearing his description of the many foreign places he had visited when he was a sailor. On one occasion I found him talking temperance to them, and was pleased to learn that he had carried his temperance principles wherever he went. "You see, boys," said he, "I promised my mother when a mere lad

that I would have nothing to do with the drink, and I've been glad enough ever since, for it's been money in my pocket and saved me a good deal of trouble first and last." Then, turning to me, he said: "I found out that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy to keep him up; but I thought it was a queer kind of 'keeping up.' Why, you see, it stands to reason that if you heap fuel on the fire it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing; brandy is more than half alcohol, you know. Well, the night the doctor gave him up I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted; and, if you'll believe me, in less than five hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning when the doctor came he asked what time the mate died. 'Won't you go in and look at him?' said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. 'Why,' said he, 'the man is not dead; he's alive and doing well. What have you been giving him?' 'Water, simple water, and all he wanted of it,' said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me or any of my folks for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol."

REMEMBER that you grow older every day; if you have bad habits, they grow older too; and the older both grow together, the harder they are to separate.