

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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[No. 1

## Compensation.

It is true that drinking does a great deal of harm to a man, but how seldom we mention the compensating advantages that come to him. For instance:

He drank when he was stupid  
For to quicken his insight,  
His eyes grew still more bleary,  
But his nose grew bright.

He drank when he was weary,  
His strength for to prolong,  
His legs grew still more shaky,  
But his breath grew strong.

He drank when he was downcast  
For to chase away the night,  
His debt grew still more heavy,  
But his purse grew light.

apprentice, and, for want of paper, was obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a ploughman of Ayrshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook for a long time was a common sailor, but afterwards, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a D.D. Thomas Tedford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap boiler. Haydn, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelwright. Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, eminent engineers, were both of them, at one

strange. You may find "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods, there is society where none intrudes," or you may shudder and feel you are in the very House of Death, in the home of the prowling wolf and the cruel raven.

## THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

There are many poor boys and girls too, who are robbed of what would rightfully be theirs by "the greedy bottle." There would be happiness and rejoicing in many poor homes if the bottle could be broken, as in this story from the *Children's Record*:

A poor undersized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm sorry I broke the bottle, father."



THE WOODS IN WINTER.

## PERSEVERANCE

DEMOSTHENES, the poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Esop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the Church of Rome, the next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English Dominion. William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, was yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Guildford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was in youth a humble shoemaker

time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great, as any other quality which they possessed.

## THE WOODS IN WINTER.

If you are fond of a tramp through the snow, walking where you will have to make your own path, and where no one will disturb you, choose the woods, the really wild woods, in winter for your walk. There is scarcely any place on earth so lonely. But among the great trunks of the forest trees, and under their bare branches, you will find many interesting forms of nature. Your feelings as you stand surrounded by these silent giants, alone with the silence, will be now and

wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had to at over the broken bottle.

"Yes, I guess you are," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

Tim saloon burdens the state by the waste of untold millions. Stamp it out.  
Tax saloon cripples politics and debases our public servants. Stamp it out.