

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Gentlemanly Boy.

BY H. L. CHARLES.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right,
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be,
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the
name,

"A gentlemanly boy."
—The Evangelist.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Tom Brown's home was away up the Ottawa, in a new settlement, where there was no good high school. So when Tom had learned all they could teach him at the public school, his parents did not know what to do with him. He was too young to go into business, and he was a good student and wanted to go to college. At last some one suggested that Albert College, Belleville, was just the place, so after due inquiry, off to Belleville Tom was sent.

His letters home were full of praise of the college. The school discipline was kind but firm. The school teaching and training were first-class. Out of school hours there was lots of fun—football, baseball, lacrosse, and all the rest of it, and in winter first-class skating. Dr. Dyer was like a father to the boys, the teachers were sympathetic and helpful, and one of the lady instructors was like a mother to Tom, who was sometimes homesick and longed for the holidays.

When the long vacation came, Tom packed his trunk with alacrity and with all his clothes—a queer combination—and set out for his home on the Upper Ottawa. Wasn't there a jubilation in the brown house when Tom got back! If they did not kill the fatted calf it wasn't because they were not glad to see Tom. His younger brothers and sisters seemed as if they would devour him. He had to tell them lots of stories about school life, and especially school games, and Tom had a very good time of it, you may be sure. In the next number we shall see some more of Tom's adventures and games.

THE BOY AND THE FARM.

If you are a farmer and you want your son to be a farmer after you, teach him from his earliest boyhood to respect his father's calling. Instil into his mind the fact that the great men of all ages were sons of farmers. Teach him never to feel shame at the senseless and threadbare jokes of would-be humourists over old Hayseed and his lumbering old market-waggon and his quaintness of speech when he visits the city and stares around at the sights, and does not make half so much of a fool of himself as the average city man when he comes to the country.

Do not fill his life entirely with work. Recreation is as necessary to happiness and to a healthful development of the spiritual and physical faculties as is pure air and there is untold wisdom in the old saw, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Encourage him when he tries to do, even if he fails. Failures which teach us how to avoid future disasters are successes. Make him feel that you rest upon his faithfulness and truth in what-over you intrust to him. Do not blame him when he is not at fault, even if things do not turn out as you have expected. Never disparage his efforts. Continual disparagement breaks a boy's spirit, and there is nothing more inspiring, nothing more refreshing in this world than the broad, courageous, undismayed hopefulness of a manly boy.

Take him into your confidence early. Let him know what you are going to plant in the ten-acre field, and how you propose to make the upland fields pay.

Don't snub him. The man who snubs a boy is unworthy to be the father of a son. Let him have the money he earns.

Do not starve your family for the sake of taking the best of everything to market. A broad and generous soul cannot develop in a starved body. Live in just as good a house as you can own, free of mortgage. Have a pleasant, sunny living-room with the books and papers and music. Encourage your boy to invite his friends there, and yourself greet them cordially when they come. The lack of social privileges at home is one fertile cause of the temptation exerted by city life on the country young man. New England Farmer.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH JOHN?

BY REV. A. J. HAWKE.

It was plainly apparent to all who knew him that John Van Hosten was

One day a gentleman called, and, without waiting for an extended acquaintance, John proceeded to try on his hat, to feel into his overcoat pockets, to hoist his umbrella, and to call attention to a mole on the gentleman's face. His elders reprobated with him, but as soon as he was frustrated in one movement he tried another. He was finally put into the closet, and left to meditate five minutes on his bad conduct, when he promised to do better next time.

"Next time" came the following afternoon, when Mrs. Van Hosten and her daughter had company. Generally, on such occasions, if John was not at school, his mother and sister would contrive to send him to the store with his father, or to his Uncle Edward, two miles in the country. On this particular day John had been sent to the country in a passing farm-waggon, with the privilege of remaining until evening, when Uncle Edward was likely to come to town for his mail. But it happened that his Uncle Edward had a trip to town early in the afternoon, and John wanted to ride, so he came with him.

Mrs. Van Hosten and her daughter had just successfully ushered the new Mrs. De Munsen and her charming daughter, Pansy, into the parlour, and each felt a relief that on the occasion of their rich and stylish visitor's first call, John was far away. Imagine, therefore, the dismay of the hostess, and, later, of their guests, when John came romping into the room and began to monopolize the attention of all concerned with his innumerable questions: "Was the lady's name Mrs. De Monkey?" and, "Wasn't her daughter Miss Chimpanzee?" and, "Did they belong to Barnum's show?" and, "Was it coming to town?"

After this tirade of questions as to the names and identity of the visitors was satisfactorily answered, Mrs. De Munsen remarked that John was a very interesting little boy. That was suggestive of a series of questions which John proceeded forthwith to ask: "Had she any interesting little boys?" "Was their name John?" "Did she ever wish that their tongues were tied?" Again, by way of variety: "Did Mrs. De Munsen's watch 'go,' or did she carry it 'just for looks,' like mamma?" Then, for fear of slighting some one, he passed the questions around: "Did Mrs. De Munsen's little boy ever let kitty get her nose into the oysters when there was company for tea?" "Did Miss Pansy ever scold her little brother for spilling a soft Easter egg on her beau's new coat?" "Did his mamma put that rug in the middle of the room to hide the big grease-spot in the carpet?" "Didn't Sister Mary think Miss Pansy's hat looked like a robin's nest?"

At this juncture Mary thought of the happy expedient of catching up her seven-year-old brother in her arms, and carry him bodily out of the room. As she did so she met his objections by promising him two pieces of custard pie the next baking, and a big orange, if he would go out and stay with old Henry, the gardener, until the visitors were gone.

In due time John received a severe lecture for being so naughty, and his friends tried to make him see how ugly his meddling habit was. He seemed to understand for a moment, and promised to be careful. But will he? His friends fear that he will keep on asking embarrassing questions, and they live in a state of suspense.

Can some reader give a safe and sure recipe for such a case?

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

You would have to pay the hired man for taking care of the calves and the colts; why not remunerate your boy? Do not disgust him with farming in the beginning by telling him that he does not need anything but his board and clothes now, because he will have "it all" when you are gone. Give him something now. Five dollars when a boy is ten years old is more to him than five thousand will be when you are dead and gone and he has the farm.

Do not devote all the land to corn and potatoes and "things that pay." The garden and the orchard are important factors in the life on the farm, and the flower bed ought to receive just as much attention as the onion bed where you expect to raise the strongly-flavoured candidates for the first premium at your county fair next fall.

a meddler. His mother was overheard soliloquizing one day, half-hopefully, half-despairingly:

"How can John be broken of that bad habit?"

She was at her wits' end. Scolding and severer punishment did not cure him, and as for simply reminding him of his fault, his father, mother and sister did that in vain every day.

When visitors came to the home, John's presence kept the whole family in suspense, for he was almost sure to betray his weakness. An embarrassing question, or half a dozen of them, would cause strangers to suspect that John's manners had been sadly neglected. Generally other members of the family would be profuse in their apologies for John's behaviour, and in gentle persuasions to induce him to amend it.