

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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THE FIRST PRINTER

We cannot even in imagination measure the great blessing the art of printing has been to the world. We, in our gratitude to the great benefactors of mankind, cannot pass over the name of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing. He was born in Mentz, Germany, about the year 1400 and died there February, 1468. In 1420 he became a citizen of Strasburg and here, in 1438, he completed his invention of the first printing press, with movable types, formes and other appliances of the art. Of course, in comparison to the beautiful work of the press to-day the work of this first printing press was crude indeed, but it set in motion a power more mighty than any previous discovery, for the revolutionizing of the world. A bronze statue of Gutenberg was erected in his native place a little over fifty years ago and a few years later one was erected in Strasburg, the birthplace of the art.



THE FIRST PRINTER.

ESKIMO BOYS.

THE Eskimos are natives of North America, living along the Arctic coast, from Greenland on the east to the western coast of Alaska on the west. Their faces are oval and flat; cheeks fat; foreheads low and rather retreating; heads large and covered with coarse, black hair. Their clothes are all made of skins, the most common being the seal and reindeer, but sometimes the bear and fox are used. The trousers are fastened into the boots made of sealskin. The houses are built very low and have ice wind walls. They are reached by a long, low passage, so low that they have to go through it on their hands and knees. (See snow-houses in the background.) They live by hunting and fishing, and in the picture the boys are playing at hunting. Two of them are covered with skins, and the others have their bows and arrows to kill the pretended musk-ox, while the wolfish-looking dogs are enjoying the sport as much as any of them.

A CANDLE IN THE POWDER.

A MERCHANT was celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While they were enjoying themselves above, he chanced to go to the basement hall below, where he met a servant carrying a lighted candle without a candlestick. She passed on to the cellar for wood, and returned quickly without the candle. The merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his awful amazement her reply was that, being unable to carry it with the fuel, she had set it in a barrel of "black sand" in the cellar. He flew to the spot. A long, red snuff was just ready to fall from the wick into the mass of powder, when, with great presence of mind, placing a hand on each side of the candle and mak-



ESKIMO BOYS AT PLAY.

him that will pity the poor." The man who is willfully destroying himself may be deluded, and see no danger, the man who is destroying others may say, "I do not see it"; but the eyes which ponder both their ways see not only the evil but the sudden "destruction" which is before them, if they do not speedily repent and reform. See to it that no righteous anger burns against you. See to it that no burning candle is endangering you in your cellar. — *Good Words.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A PROMINENT lawyer relates to a correspondent of the New York Sun that many years ago, while he was attorney-general of Missouri, he happened to be in Governor Steward's office when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the governor's hand. The convict was a "steamboat man," a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

The governor looked at the man, and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty; but before handing it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never occur again. The governor looked doubtful, and after a few minutes said, "You will go back on the river and be mate again, I suppose?"

The man said yes, that was his intention.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the governor; "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor, sick boy out of his bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, and seemed surprised, and inquired why the governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," answered Governor Steward, "some day that boy may become governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis; but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had enough men to do the work; but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took his pardon, covered his face, and went out.

WRITE your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.