

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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No Place for Boys.

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our own homes are too daintily fair For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street. 'Mid the glidings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs, If we fail in providing a place for the boys. A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray, As cares settle down round our short earthly way, Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds;

and making it more real or at least more funny, by acting the part of some character in it. The little man at this end, seated like a young king on his throne (which looks, however, very much like a bootblack's box), evidently approves thoroughly of the performance. There he sits, showing his approval by clapping his hands vigorously, while all the others look as pleased and amused as they well could be. How much nicer this is to see than the rough temper and squabbling one so often sees among these poor little street Arabs. They have not so much to brighten their hard lives as some of us have, so we should do all we can to make them more happy by a kind word, or, sometimes even, something more substantial. Much has been done of late in gathering these little waifs into Sunday-schools, and training them up to become good and

"He was a rare one for this region, I can tell you! Didn't know one card from another, wouldn't drink nor swear, nor do anything that was the fashion, as you might say. Chaff him? Well, I reckon you never heard such talk and ridicule, nor see such jokes—some of 'em pretty rough ones, too—as was played on him. But he wouldn't budge an inch. 'Laugh at me, fight me, or do what you will, boys, I stand by my colours,' says he. That's how we come to call him 'Sergeant.' You'd have thought such a pale, puny chap could be twisted round to suit any one, but, bless you, he was always tryin' to twist us round to his ways of thinkin'. 'Ain't satisfied with bein' a colour-bearer an' the whole army beside, but he wants to be a recruitin' station, too,' says old Jake one day. An' after that he was 'the little 'cruitin' sergeant' to the end of the chapter.

shuffle cards, drink whisky an' grumble 'bout the weather; but one day we fell to arguin' over the thickness of a vein we'd struck. The little sergeant an' some of the men went into the mine to settle it, an' pretty soon the rest followed 'em. Well, we was markin' an' measurin' an' all talkin' at once; when all of a sudden a great cloud of smoke rolled in an' a red flame flashed by the mouth of the mine.

"We knew in a minute what had happened. Some careless fellow had dropped the ashes from his pipe among the dry rubbish in that little workroom an' started the whole thing in a blaze. We just stood starin' at each other an' at the openin', all but one. The little sergeant, he give a quick cry that, as I mind it now, was half a prayer, an' sprang forward right into that blazin' room, and we that had followed him, slower and dazed like, thought he had



A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

To show we remember their pleasures and needs; Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life, And worn with besetments and toiling and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine— If we give them a place in their innermost shrine; And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys, That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

Here are eight little fellows with smiling faces and interested looks, all listening intently to the story of the little ducky in the middle. He, too, seems to enter well into the fun of the thing and is enlivening the story

useful citizens and zealous workers in the Master's cause.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"No, sir, nothin' stronger'n coffee. Think you've struck a queer camp, do you? Well, depends on how you look at it. I'm gettin' so it seems queer to me how anybody that needs brains 'll keep on drinkin' what he knows 'll muddle 'em up till they're no use. 'Twasn't always that way, though, I'm bound to own; it all come of the young 'cruitin' sergeant. Queer little chap he was—thin, pale-faced, blue-eyed, an' nothin' but a boy. 'Pears like a miners' camp was the most onlikely place on earth for one of his sort to drop into, but the doctors had said he must give up schoolin' an' try livin' out-doors if he was goin' to live at all, an' so he come here, and settled right down in our camp, you see.

"If you'll believe it, he actually liked that name we give him! It didn't rile him a bit. 'That's it,' says he, 'that's what I orter be,' an' he tried harder'n ever to make us 'list in his 'army' as he called it. 'Peared like he might as well talk to the wind as to such a set as we was. The fellows stopped tormentin' him after a while, seein' it didn't move him none; an' they liked him, too—nobody could help it—but it seemed 's if they grew wilder an' rougher just 'count of his tryin' to stop 'em.

"'Twas in the fall, an' there come a spell of miser'ble rainy weather that shut us in an' partly stopped work. We was diggin' in the side-hill then, an' a little slide had made the openin' sort of onhandy to reach, so we'd built a long platform in front of it. Afterwards we'd put a roof over it, an' boarded it up into a little room for storin' loose traps.

"The men used to gather there a good deal that rainy spell, mostly to

gone crazy. But in a minute he dashed out again with that in his arms as made the stoutest man among us turn pale—a keg of powder! He sprang from the platform away down the hill with it, an' then, as he fell, managed to send it rolling the rest of the way down into the brook where 'twas safe.

"He was the only one that had remembered it was there, an' but for his pluck an' quickness we'd all have been buried in the mine or crushed under the rocks. He was bad burnt though, an' hurt by that leap he took, too. We could see there wasn't much chance for him as soon as we got to him. He knew it, too, but it didn't trouble him like it did us. We all watched by him that night in camp, an' big Jake says, with a queer shake in his voice:

"'You've give your life for us.'
"A mightier One did that eighteen hundred years ago,' says the little sergeant, an' then, gaspin'-like, 'Boys—if you think a clear head was worth any-