

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

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HAPPY ANYWHERE.

HERE are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty

UNCLE ARCHIE'S CANE.

BY M. E. W. S.

WHAT A singular cane of yours, Uncle Archie," said Adrian, one day, as the former sat twirling a Malacca joint between his long white hands. "The eyes of that little dog follow me around wherever I go," continued the boy, looking at the cane.

"Yes, Adrian," said Uncle Archie, looking, himself, at the little dog's head which surmounted the cane. "They are queer, aren't they? They have followed me too, yes, nearly round the world, I may say."

The eyes of the little pug twinkled strangely at this. One of them was made of a carbuncle, and the other of an agate; and the expression was almost elfin.

Uncle Archie was the idol of this family of boys, Adrian, Giles, and Jim. He had travelled far and wide. He knew everybody and everything. He was generous and sympathetic and funny; and although he was old enough to be an uncle, he was still young enough to be a boy.

Better than all, Uncle Archie had been a sailor, had been shipwrecked, and had lived to tell the story. He knew that great monster, the sea, as

Adrian drew near to his uncle and took the cane from between his long white hands. "Do tell us the story of the cane, Uncle Archie," said he.

Archie himself, so without much urging Uncle Archie whistled for the other boys, who came tumbling around him to hear the story.

"I left that cane," said Uncle Archie, meditatively, "on board a barque at Carthagena, the *Martin W. Brett*, Captain Avery, one fine morning in June, 1862, and I found it October, 1863, in the harbour of Belize, Honduras, which is the smallest place in the world, in the cabin of the *Hammond*, Captain Talbot."

"How did it get there?" asked Jem.

"That's the story. It had been to Copenhagen; had changed hands twice; had been in New York; and I was led to it by a shipwreck."

"That sounds very improbable," said Giles.

It does not sound half so improbable as it was," said Uncle Archie, rolling the cane between his hands.

"Oh! do tell us about the shipwreck, Uncle Archie!" said all three at once.

"Well," said Uncle Archie, "it is a long yarn—but here goes. You see, I had been in South America a long time, and I was tired of it, although it was picturesque and tropical, and all that sort of thing, but I wanted to come home. So Bonito and I concluded to go down to Savarilla—Savarilla, which is at the mouth of the Magdalena River—and take passage on the brig *Eclipse* for home, which we did in October, 1863. (Now keep that date in your head if you want to remember about the cane.) Bonito was a Spanish Englishman, and very much of a fop. I remember that we went into a drugstore to get some few medicines, etc., for our voyage, and he pur-

chased all sorts of perfume and hair-oils. "You're a pretty sailor!" said I.



THEIR CHANCES WERE AS GOOD AS OURS.

well as you know the inside of your pocket. He had laid his hand upon its mane when it was angry.

Uncle Archie could never refuse Adrian anything, he was a modest, courageous boy, full of truth, like Uncle