

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## THE ECLIPSE.

The boys in the picture are looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. It was reported that there would be an eclipse of the sun, so they found a piece of broken glass and held it over a lighted candle that the surface of it might be coated with smoke in order that they may look at the bright sun without injuring their eyes.

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming between it and the earth. Sometimes it becomes so dark that persons can hardly see. The next time there is an eclipse of the sun don't fail to look at it through a piece of smoked glass. You will then see a dark object moving gradually upon the sun until that luminary is almost totally hidden. It will be worth seeing. Examine the almanac, which will tell you when the next eclipse occurs, have your glass ready and you will see something you will never forget.

## THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

In very early times England was called "Albion," a word which means "white," because of its white cliffs. But the writer Pliny, who lived many years ago, and who was a great lover of flowers, thought that perhaps it was so called because the white rose grew so plentifully there. But the rose did not become the national flower of England till many years after the country was called "Albion." When Edward III. was king of England, a coin was made which had a rose on one side. This coin was called a rose noble. But even then the rose was not England's national flower.

When Henry VI. was king, a great trouble arose in the land. He was a good man; so good that he has been called the "Saintly Henry." He belonged to the Lancaster branch of the royal family. And the other branch, which was the house of York, wished for the throne themselves. The leaders of these two families met one day in the Temple Garden, at London, and disputed together. The leader of the house of York plucked a white rose from a rose bush, and called upon all his friends to do the same.

The leader of the house of Lancaster then plucked a red rose, and asked the friends of that house to pluck a red rose also. So in the great wars that followed between these two branches of the royal family, those of the house of Lancaster wore the red rose for a badge, and those of the house of York wore the white rose. These wars are called in history the "War of the Roses." They lasted

thirty years, and many, very many, men were killed. Then a prince of the house of Lancaster married Elizabeth of York, and this marriage put an end to the wars.

There is a pretty story that at the time of their marriage a rose bush in Wiltshire, which had always borne white roses, put out roses of mingled white and red. However true that may be, there is a rose which grows in English gardens, of mixed petals, white and red, and which is called the York and Lancaster rose.

So the two roses have ever since been united in one, and make the double rose,

which is called the Tudor rose. It is carved upon royal palaces and royal tombs. The prince of the house of Lancaster who married Elizabeth of York, was Henry VII. He built a beautiful chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which he and his wife were buried. If you should go there, you would see the rose, both double and single, carved all over the walls and on its doors, paneled in its windows, and also carved upon the splendid monument under which

good lady insisted, and scandal-monger and scandalized were placed face to face.

No one ever ventured a second time to repeat a scandalous story to the inexorable lady, who insisted that what was said of an absent person should be said in his presence.

The author of "The Five Talents of Woman" quotes several amusing anecdotes of tale bearers. One tells of a Scotch minister, who rebuked one of his flock for her

by a lady, who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

## THE HIGH LEVEL.

BY "DANIEL QUORM."

"Why, my dear friend, we should hardly know ourselves if we went to live up where Paul lived.

"I've heard folks who've come from California say that out there the air is so pure that you can see miles an' miles, everything is so clear; an' 'tis all so still that you can hear singin' miles off; an' 'tis always summer over there, so that the bees don't lay up any honey, because there's no winter, and no need for it.

"Now that's the high level to heaven, 'zactly. 'Tis up where you can see ever so far, where you always catch sight o' the golden gates, and see the shinin' o' the Father's house, and where 'tis so very still you can almost hear the singin' inside. I wonder we don't emigrate right off, 'tis such a pretty country, and no rate of taxes. And like the bees, you've got honey up there all the year round.

"Why, 'tis down here for us as well as up there, if we would only have it:

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

"And if you like to ask why we don't live there, the answer is plain enough:

"Self, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours."

"Seems to me that Paul made short work with self. He gave self notice to quit, an' gave up the freehold to his blessed Lord. And I mean to try and follow his example, and say to myself: 'Dan'el I, won't have you for a tenant any longer, you're more trouble to me than all the world besides. You're so hard to please an' so uncertain that if you happen to be all right to-day, there's no knowin' what you'll be like to-morrow. I shall turn 'o out, neck and crop, with all your goods and chattels.'

"Then when anybody knocked to the door and said, 'Dan'el Quorm live here—does he? I should dearly love to say, 'Dan'el's gone away, an' he's dead an' burned; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'



THE ECLIPSE.

they lie. This monument is inclosed by a screen of bronze, and here again you find the rose.

## TALE-BEARING.

HANNAH MORE thought that speaking ill was as bad as doing ill. If a tale-bearer repeated to her some gossip story, she would say, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The tale-bearer might stammer out a qualification, or beg that no notice should be taken of the story; but the

gossiping habit. It was in the days when a gentleman carried a "repeater," a watch which struck the hours, and repeated the strokes on pressing a spring.

"Janet," said the clergyman, "I have warned ye often; ye are over muckle given to scandal. Ye maun keep your mouth as it were wi' bit and bridle, as the Scripture saith."

"Aweel, minister," replied Janet, "sae I hae always kept a watch upon my tongue." "Hoot, Janet! It maun have been a repeater then."

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited