

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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LAPLAND.

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If we take our map and turn to Europe, away in the extreme north of Norway, Sweden, and Russia we shall find the home of the Lapps. It is about as large as the State of California; Russia claims about two-thirds of its territory, Norway and Sweden the rest.

Though situated so far north, Lapland is not entirely desolate; there are parts where the landscape is varied and fruitful. The people are divided into two classes; the settled, sea or fishing Lapps, and the roving, reindeer or mountain Lapps; we see both in the picture. In stature they are very small, and might well be called the dwarf race, not only in body, but in mind also. A Laplander five feet in height would be considered almost a giant. Beauty among them is as rare as roses in the Sahara. They are as strong as bears and as nimble as monkeys. Their voices are devoid of music, and remind one of the mew of a cat or the tones of a parrot.

There is very little difference between the dress of the male and female Lapps; the red and yellow bordered tunics of the men are shorter than those worn by the women. All wear pantaloons, and boat-shaped boots made from the skin of the reindeer.

In Lapland there are but few houses or barns; the people live in tents when roaming about, and in huts when settled. The huts of the Laplander are small, and contain but one apartment, which answers for all purposes; they are usually about fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet high, and covered with bark, turf, and stones.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"THIS," said Deacon Hayes, "is probably the last ship I shall ever build, and I intend to have her as perfect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model, and, knowing that the owner wanted something very superior, he spared no time or money in procuring the best timber to be had and the best workmen to be found; and then he watched over every stick as it was hewn and fitted in its place, every plank that was spiked on the timbers, every spar that was prepared. When they came to put the copper sheathing over the bottom of the ship, the deacon watched it very closely. At one spot he found the head of a copper nail which fastened the sheathing split. The deacon's eyes were becoming rather poor, but he saw the broken head. "Jim Spiker, I see a nail broken; isn't there a little hole by its side?"

"Not a bit of it, I'm sartin. There couldn't a drop of water get in there in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted; the ship was finished and launched, and made two or three prosperous voyages. During one of these she lay at a wharf in Calcutta. Now, these waters swarm with that little pest the ship-worm. They crawled all over the ship but could not get through the copper sheathing. At length Mrs. Teredo lit upon the broken nail, found the little hole, and squeezed herself in. Then she began to eat the timber and lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched and increased, till that timber was full of little teredos,

and then the next and the next till every stick in the whole ship was very badly worm-eaten. Still, the ship looked sound, sailed well and made her long voyage. At length, when in the middle of the ocean, a terrible storm met her. The wind howled through the rigging, as if singing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled up, and writhed as if in agony. Every spar was bent, and every timber and spike strained to the utmost. The cargo which filled the ship was of immense value. The crew was large and the passengers were many. Worse and worse grew the storm, till at last a huge wave struck her with all its power. The poor ship staggered, greened

debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small, unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

The love of Christ is fixed in its objects, free in its communications, unwearied in its exercises, and eternal in its duration; here stands the believer's comfort.



SCENES IN LAPLAND.

once, and crumbled up like a piece of paper. She foundered at sea in the dark night, in that awful storm. The rich cargo all went to the bottom of the ocean. The drowned men and women sank down, down miles before they rested on the bottom. All done through the neglect of Jim Spiker, who was too unfaithful to mend the hole made by the broken nail.—*Leaves of Light.*

A SIGNIFICANT STORY.

A WEALTHY banker in one of our great cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We had been without food for days," said the woman, "when he returned. It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor the pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due to him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having warmed and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met; but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, £2. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid