

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Three Ships.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the earth and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By-and-Bye.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing;
Nights where dreams like stars are
glowing;
Take them, Sweet, or they'll be going!
For they ev'ry one have wings.

The second ship is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea,
And out across the twilight grey.
What it brought by gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing—
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high,
Upon the sea, is By-and-Bye,
Oh, wind, be kind, and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, Sweet, you'll go with
her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither,
To what port I may not know.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway near Prague. His lever was in his hand, for a train was just coming. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, saw his little boy playing on the lines of the rail the train was to pass over. To leave his own post would be a neglect of duty, and would endanger the lives of perhaps a hundred passengers; so, like a true hero, the man stood by his lever, shouting to his child, "Lie down at once!" The train passed along on its way safely, and the frantic father rushed forward, expecting to take up an injured, most likely a fearfully mangled and lifeless body; but great was his joy in finding that the boy had at once obeyed the command of his father. He had lain down between the rails, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. If the boy had not promptly obeyed, he would probably have been killed. When the king of Prussia heard of the man's courage he sent for him, and gave him a medal for bravery.

CIGARETTE FIENDS.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

It is not a strange sight to see "tobacco in the middle, fire at one end of it and a fool at the other;" and the next thing the fool thinks he is a "man!" Then he spends his spare change for tobacco or for cigarettes, and these are apt to finish him. He becomes a "cigarette fiend." He will waste his money for cigarettes; he will lie, he will steal, he will rob to get cigarettes; and many a boy has blasted his life, and died in sorrow and disgrace, because he had learned to smoke cigarettes.

When one boy gets a bad habit he is anxious to teach it to another. Then there are two fools instead of one—two boys with filthy mouths; two young men with bad breaths; two sallow faces; two diseased boys, who might have been men, but who never will be anything but smokers.

Why will boys spend the money which should buy them food and clothes and books and homes, in buying them poisons to wreck their health and make them a nuisance among their fellowmen, and send them to their graves prematurely? Think of General Grant with his everlasting cigar, which he would not quit until there was a cancer in his throat that killed him. Think of the Emperor Frederick, of Germany, who smoked and smoked until when he came to the throne, with great opportunities and chances for usefulness and

honour, he had cancer in his throat, and could only suffer a few months and die just when the ambition of his life was reached.

The boy who smokes is a fool, the boy who is ready to teach him to smoke is not only a fool but a sinner. Let boys save their money, keep clean mouths, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, steady nerves, healthy complexions, and if they do not put on quite so many airs as the young dandy who has learned how to smoke a cigar, they will yet have good health, sound judgment, solid sense, and an opportunity for usefulness in the world.

telligent and interesting group of Indian widows who have been rescued by the British Government from the dreadful death of burning on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands. It used to be thought the duty of an Indian widow to be so burned, and often without a murmur they have gone to their fate and endured the agonies of death by fire. The Government has prevented all this throughout the length and breadth of India.

Our pictures on the last page show the curious cattle of India, small, gentle, docile, good draught animals, having an



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

The Queen's British Empire of India has of late been attracting a great deal of attention from the dreadful famine and pestilence that have prevailed there. The sympathy of all nations has been aroused, and from Britain's forty colonies generous tributes have been sent. One newspaper alone, the Montreal Star, collected and forwarded over \$50,000. From the United States large sums have also been forwarded to India, and even from Russia, notwithstanding its supposed jealousy of the British in India, generous contributions have been given.

The universal testimony is that the British Government has greatly benefited the people of India. Indeed, the very fact of its protecting life has caused a great growth of population, which has pressed heavily on the means of subsistence. In former years, wars, famines, and plagues swept away the people like flies. By means of facilities for averting the consequence of drought and transporting grain—railways and irrigation—it is believed that such disasters will never again occur.

Our picture on this page shows an in-

immense hump on their backs somewhat like that of a camel.

A large proportion of the Queen's subjects in India are Mohammedans, and have erected magnificent mosques, or temples, one of which is shown also on page four. The just rule of Great Britain has been a boon of incalculable benefit to British India.

HOW THE BROOK GREW TO BE A RIVER.

BY ELSIE RANDOLPH PATTERSON.

Rushing and tumbling with joy, a little brook came bubbling up from old Mother Earth, ready to start off with glee on its life journey. But as it turned to sparkle a farewell, the kind old mother stopped it to give advice.

"Now, my little one," she said, "remember always to be patient, that is the chief thing for us all. As you travel along, don't lose heart over the obstacles you will surely meet, for one can climb over or go round the largest rocks and fallen trees, if only one takes the time and is of good courage. So don't let your clear, bright self into a brown,

murky stream by being impatient, for I should be sadly disappointed were you to return to me having failed for want of patience.

The brook shook its clear drops as it nodded assent, and then started off in such a hurry that it did not see a big stone lying in its way and tumbled over it with a rush and chatter that made Mother Earth call from the distance, "Remember! patience will accomplish more than haste."

On went the brook, rejoicing in its freedom. Soon it came to the trunk of a tree which completely blocked its path, but instead of becoming cross, it remembered the mother's advice and squeezed under, soon running on as gaily as before. Not looking where it was going, however, it soon fell over a steep rock with such a thump that when it had picked itself up and felt its bruises, it said sadly, "Truly, I'll look before I leap next time."

Journeying alone, the brook had become somewhat selfish from having its own way continually, and when a timid-looking little thread of water asked permission to join it, a reluctant assent was given.

"Now," thought the brook, "my independence is gone; I'll have to consult this stranger as to our path." But the meek little stream proved only too glad to follow the brook's advice in all things, and our friend soon found it had gained a pleasant companion. They babbled and babbled, and every one said it was the busiest little body of water in the countryside, it was known as the "Talking Stream."

As the stream grew older it became less playful. Once, however, it met a terrible difficulty and never again did it complain of little things. There, in front of it, and blocking its way, was a huge, round piece of timber. Try as it would, the stream could neither get under nor over it, so finding that the only way to do was to push against this mass, and as that moved, so did the stream itself move, it slowly but surely went on its way. The brook had learned a lesson. Ah! but it was weary work, and the two often wondered how it would have been had not they grown so wise. But I think if the stream had known what a great work it accomplished in turning the mill wheel, it would have felt repaid for all its labour.

Every day fresh brooks were joining the stream. They nearly all were pleasant companions, if one ever happened to show a quarrelsome disposition the others let it alone, and finally it regained its good temper.

One day the stream heard itself called a river, and immediately it felt "grown up." It realized that now it must behave with seeming dignity, for the eyes of the world were upon it, and the fortunes of the world owed much to its gentle deportment. So it made pleasant its banks, and gave of its clear cool water to the thirsty cattle. It floated ships, and passed through cities; but for all that it knew that it had not left its childhood's home; Mother Earth had only sent it to seek the ancient father of all streams, the mighty ocean. So ever on it went, this noble river, till one day it saw before it a vast sheet of water, stretching farther than the eye could see. Then felt the river within its broad bosom a strange thrill, giving it knowledge that this was indeed that for which it had sought: this was its home, its father, and it desired no greater good than to lose itself in that vast sea—to be one with it forever.

The Brute!—"My wife," he remarked, "has made a very important discovery!" "Indeed?" I said. "What is it?" "A new substance that is apparently indestructible."

I recalled the fact that his wife had been a professor of natural sciences prior to her marriage, and inquired if she had been long at work upon the invention.

"No," he replied, "and it came about quite by accident. She was trying to make a sponge cake."