

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Mother's Dream.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright,
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon, and night;
A picture where is blended all the beauty born of hope,
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope.

She is dreaming, fondly dreaming of the future, when
Her boy shall stand the equal of his grandest fellowmen,
Her boy, whose heart with goodness she has laboured to imbue,
Shall be, in her declining years, her lover proud and true.

She's growing old; her cheeks have lost the blush and bloom of spring,
But, oh, her heart is proud because her son shall be a king;
Shall be a king of noble deeds, with goodness crowned, and own
The hearts of all his fellowmen, and she shall share his throne.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright,
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon, and night,
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope,
Oh, boy, beware! You must not mar that mother's dream of hope.

THE KAISER'S WAY WITH HIS BOYS.

Emperor William, of Germany, as father of a family, is something quite different from his public self. True he remains the autocrat there but what father of seven lively children is not obliged to be that at least sometimes? While he is rather severe with them all, and never allows disobedience and some other childish crimes to go unpunished, he lets the young ones have their full measure of fun, nevertheless.

Just at this time a glimpse of the German Emperor's family does not come amiss. From the first says a writer M. A. P. of London, the little princes have been told never needlessly to annoy or request the services of imperial servants, but to do themselves everything which, without loss of dignity, they may do. Thus, the crown prince even to-day hardly ever accepts the services of his valet in dressing, no matter in how much of a hurry he may be, and each of the boys has been trained always to keep his belongings together in neat, tidy shape, not even accepting the smallest of them—little four-year-old Joachim.

To be considerate to their inferiors is another lesson which the Empress more especially has carefully inculcated in the youthful hearts of her children. On January 18th last, when the whole city was belaguered and decorated to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of the empire, the little princes, too, were bending out of the windows of the castle, waving little flags of their own, and hurrahing as boys will do on such occasions. Thus it happened to the crown prince that his flag slipped from his hand, and in falling it sailed down on the very head of the Emperor's chief valet, who quickly looked up, and seeing the prince at the window, smilingly cried: "You just wait, Prince William, till I tell your papa about it!"

Of course he only meant it in fun, but the crown prince became quite alarmed, and hurriedly went into the next room, where he got a sailboat from one of his smaller brothers, which he handed to a servant with the request to give it to the valet for his little boy, adding: "But tell him not to tell papa about it, for goodness sake!"

Eitel Fritz, the second in age, on the day his elder brother got his first uniform, became very much wrought up about it, and during breakfast he kept on saying that he, too, wanted a pretty suit of clothes. When the Emperor would not listen, the little fellow became obstreperous, shouting, "But I want a uniform!" To cure him of this, the Emperor sent

him in "arrest," the only convenient place at the moment being the large dining-room table, under which he was told to crawl.

After a time he was bidden to come out again, which he did, but with all his clothes removed excepting his undergarments. To the question what he meant by such conduct, he made reply, "If I can't have a uniform, I don't want any other clothes, either." Whereupon his imperial and royal highness got a little dose of "unburned ashes" as the Germans call it.

At a recent officers' prize shooting in Spandau the Emperor won a thaler, and he laughingly put the bright silver piece in his pocket, saying, "That is something for the boys at home!" Often, too, at big State banquets or other dinners,

her so long that she consented to let them act in the capacity of pages in carrying the long train of her gorgeous dress. On another similar occasion they wanted her to promise them to show herself in all her finery before going to a grand court function, and when she smilingly said that by that time they would doubtless be long asleep, they made her promise all the same. When she showed herself at the rather advanced hour, walking into the room where her little ones lay, cautiously, on tiptoe, she was greeted with a wild shout of joy. It then turned out that they had employed a queer trick in order to remain awake, the eldest tying a string to the feet of all the children and pulling it whenever it was noticed that one or the other was dropping asleep.—Watchman.

WHO KNEW BEST?

About some things Florence was sure who knew better than her mother, although she was but ten years old. One was about her new spring coat and hat. Florence wanted to wear them at once, but her mother said that she must wait for some time yet. This made her quite cross, but her mother did not allow her to wear her new clothes any sooner for that.

One bright, sunny morning her mother was in bed with a headache, and Florence had to get ready for school by herself. She went to the closet for her old coat and winter hood and there on the nail was the new coat, and on the shelf lay the hat all ready to be put on.

"I do believe I will wear it to-day," she said to herself. "I am sure mamma would let me, it is so bright and warm." But she was really not at all sure. She would not have put on the new coat and hat and gone so quietly down-stairs for fear Mary, the nurse, would see her, if she had been.

When she arrived at school, all the little girls came about her to admire her new clothes, and she felt very proud.

At recess the children were playing in the yard. The ground was damp and muddy, for it had rained all the day before. Florence was having a fine game of tag, quite forgetting her new coat. Suddenly, as she was running, her foot caught, and down she fell in the very muddiest part of the yard! The others ran to help her, and laughed merrily when they saw the plight she was in. But Florence did not laugh; she was much nearer crying! The front of her pretty light coat was black with mud, and her hat was bent out of shape. While the older ones were brushing off the mud and trying to console her, the bell rang and they had to go in to school. Florence was able to pay very little attention to her lessons, and received a number of bad marks, the first she had had that week. To make matters worse, when she came out of school, the rain was pouring down, and she had no umbrella. With her old coat and hood on she would have liked the fun of running home in the rain. Now it was anything but funny, particularly as her mother opened the door when she came home, and saw her condition.

"You may go upstairs," said her mother, "and wait till I come."

The waiting was dreadful. Mary came and took her coat and hat away, but did not speak to her. At last her mother came, and Florence would have preferred any punishment to her mother's way of talking, it made her feel small and so ashamed.

She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry. But that did not take the stain off the coat. She was obliged to wear it however, stain and all, until it was outgrown, to teach her that wrong doing has lasting effects. I am glad to say that it did teach her.

BOYS WHO MADE GREAT MEN.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, case! and stool and said "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it." So here it goes "and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher.



TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

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The tiger is the fiercest of all animals. He will not hesitate to attack as huge a beast as the elephant, and sometimes successfully. The hunter in our picture is evidently in a very precarious predicament. The enraged tiger has broken the "howdah" or hunting box, on the elephant's back and unless the Hindoo elephant driver can divert his attention from the hunter it will go pretty hard with the latter. The elephant seems to be very terrified, and is racing and trumpeting "for all he is worth."

Small Margery had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't a minded its walking all over my hand," she said, between her sobs, "if it hadn't sat down so hard."

either he or the Empress wraps up a few pieces of candy, chocolate or cake and lays them aside, saying, "That is for the little ones at home, and especially for little Victoria, who is more than fond of such sweets."

It is the Empress, naturally enough, who is the idol of her children, and to be reproved by her, or, worse yet, actually punished by her, seems awful to them. She, no matter how preoccupied with other duties, never forgets any of those little attentions to her children which doubly endear a mother to her offspring; never fails to visit the little ones on retiring to rest at night, kissing them good-night, and these little ones would not miss that kiss for a great deal.

On one occasion recently, the evening being one of a great State ball at the castle, two of the little princes plagued