

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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KING WINTER.

King winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of,
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
And there's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Not yet to warm it lingers;
He scours the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river—
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver.

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all—
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the north he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

SIGHT-SEEING IN CHINA.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

THE town of Macao is situated on a peninsula at the end of the island of the same name.

It was the first foreign settlement in China belonging to the Portuguese, and was once a fine, handsome town, with splendid buildings. Unfortunately Macao lies in the track of the typhoons, which at times sweep over it with a resistless force, shattering and smashing everything in their career. These constantly recurring storms, and the establishment of other ports, have resulted in driving many people away from the place, and the abolition of the coolie traffic has also tended to diminish the number of traders. Now the town has a desolate, deserted appearance, and the principal revenue of the Government is derived from the numerous gambling-houses.

We landed at the pier soon after five o'clock, and were carried across the peninsula through the town to the other side. Here we found a large unoccupied mansion, situated in a garden overlooking the sea, and, having delivered our Chinese letters, were received with the greatest civility and attention by the comprador and the servants who had been left in charge of our friend's house. Each room had a mosquito room inside it, made of wire gauze and wood, like a gigantic meat-safe, and capable of containing, besides a large double bed, a chair and

a table, so that its occupant is in a position to read and write in peace, even after dark. Macao is a thoroughly Portuguese-looking town, the houses being painted blue, green, red, yellow, and all sorts of colours. It is well garrisoned, and one meets soldiers in

for the European residents of Hong-Kong who are addicted to gambling. At Macao the sleep-disturbing watchmen, unlike those of Canton, come round every hour and beat two sharp taps on a drum at intervals of half a minute, compelling you to listen



CHINESE TEMPLE AND BRIDGE.
Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1881.

every direction. On our return we found a fire lighted and everything illuminated, and by half-past eight we had a capital dinner served. Chinese Tommy, who waited on us, had decorated the table most tastefully with flowers. Macao is a favourite resort

a small pier near a village. The children and I rode in chairs, first over a plain covered with scrubby palms, then through miles of well-cultivated plots of vegetable ground, till we reached a temple, built at the entrance to the valley for which we were bound. Thence the path wound beside the stream flowing from the mountains above, and the vegetation became extremely luxuriant and beautiful. Presently we came to a spot where a stone bridge spanned the torrent, with a temple on one side and a joss-house on the other, as shown in the cut. It was apparently a particularly holy place, for our men had all brought quantities of joss sticks and sacred paper with them to burn. There was a sort of eating-house close by, where they remained whilst we climbed higher up to get a view. The path was well made, and evidently much used, judging from the large number of natural temples we found adapted and decorated among the rocks. As usual, our descent was a comparatively quick affair, and we soon found ourselves on board the junk on our way back to Macao, beating across the harbour.*

MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE.

A GENTLEMAN living not far from Vincennes, Ind., said: "Well temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now." Two nights after he made the above remark, a spring waggon was stopped in front of his house about twelve o'clock. He was called to his door. His wife looked out of the window and saw six men carrying something on a large door or wide board. She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, she jumped out of bed and cried, "My boy! O, my boy! What shall I do? He is dead, he was killed! I know he was killed! O, I've been fearing that would happen! O, that cursed whiskey!" Sure enough it was her son, brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk and engaged in a saloon brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless mass, and was stabbed in the right side. But for the timely interference of friends he would have been murdered. Yet his father says there are things of more importance than temperance.

* Lady Brassey's Voyage Round the World in the yacht *Sunbeam*, splendidly illustrated, will be a very attractive feature of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1884.