

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Least of These.

SHE had little of earthly beauty ;
She had less of earthly lore ;
She climbed by a path so narrow.
Such wearisome burdens bore !
And she came with heart a-tremble
To the warder at heaven's door.

And said, "There were hearts of heroes ;"
She said, "There were hands of might ;
I had only my little children,
That called to me day and night ;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence ;
She hid her face in shame ;
When out from a blaze of glory
A form majestic came ;
And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, someone called her name !

"Dear heart, that has self forgotten
That never its own has sought
Who keepeth the weak from falling,
To the king hath jewels brought.
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
For the Lord himself hast wrought !"

—Woman's Journal.

A QUIANT OLD TOWN.

AFTER Cairo and Alexandria, Tunis is the largest city in Africa. It is full of bazaars. The costumes of the people are fantastic in the extreme. An English traveller gives this account of his visit to the quaint old city :

"Around the Grand Hotel, which fronts a wide modern street are clustered a number of smaller streets, comparatively well-built and formed of houses inhabited by Frenchmen, Maltese, or Italians. Here are the hotels, the provision market, the post-office, and the railway station. Near the Grand Hotel is a small open space, full generally of clamour and bustle, blocked from dawn to midnight by a motley crowd, among whom you could scarcely miss seeing within the space of an hour, if you kept watch, a Greek, an Italian, a Maltese, a Jew, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a German, a Turk, an Arab, an Egyptian, a Moor, a Negro ; and these nationalities are represented by every variety of costume.

"From this open space narrow alleys shoot out and give access to the town. These lanes are paved with stones, and are so narrow in some places as almost to forbid the passage of any beast of burden. Wheels, of course, are out of the question. But up and down these narrow ways the busy crowd moves all day long.

"Probably no city on the Mediterranean can show so many different modes of dressing as are to be noted in Tunis. The snowy flowing robes and turban of the high-class Arab compare favourably with the loose blue trousers, frock-coat, and fez of the Turk. Here a man coolly attired in silk jacket and trousers flits by ; here a beggar in his one rough garment slouches past. The red cap of the Marseilles sailor, the black cap of the Jew, the gaudy handkerchief of the Neapolitan are all to be seen.

"But one must penetrate further if one would inspect the distinctive features of this old town. One street is given up to silk goods, with which the fronts of the shops—glass windows are of course unknown—are wholly draped. Another street, a smaller one, is the depot for silk tassels and laces and sewing silks. Here are the looms of the silk weavers, the workers being dressed from head to foot in pink or yellow silk. In another street cotton goods are put forth in shop after shop. Then there is the street full of

fezzes, some with tassels, some adorned with coins ; for Tunis is a noted place for the manufacture of these caps, as also for the production of embroidered leather-work and saddlery, and of red and yellow slippers, to each of which trades a separate street is devoted.

"The French have imported their customs and tongue into Tunis, but they seem to suffer a good deal from the competition of the Maltese and Italians.

tion becomes so impaired and his intellect so weakened that he cannot be made to study, and cannot make headway even when he tries. Morally he deteriorates into a liar, who denies that he smokes, and confesses only when he is found out. If money is kept from him to prevent his buying cigarettes, he will steal it. He plays truant, gives lying excuses to his parents and teachers, forms the lowest associations, and sinks rapidly and helplessly

The use of cigarettes is not merely the use of tobacco, it is a vice by itself. The cigarette works a special evil of its own which tobacco in other forms does not effect. This evil result may be due to drugs, or to the paper wrappers, or to the fact that the smoke of cigarettes is almost always inhaled into the lungs, while cigar smoke is not. No other form of tobacco eats into the will as cigarettes do. It is the infernal cheapness of the cigarette and its adaptability for concealment that tempt the school-boy's callow intelligence.

CHEAP ENOUGH.

"I GUESS I'll back out of it somehow," muttered Arthur Swain, drawing his new sled into the stable and stowing it away under the stairs.

"Back out of what?" asked his brother, entering in time to hear Arthur's low words.

"Zakie Cole offers for my old sled ten cents more than Oscar Blake, and I think I shall let it go to the highest bidder!" exclaimed Arthur in quite a business-like tone.

"But didn't you agree to let Oscar have it?" asked Dennis, quite surprised at his brother's sharpness.

"Yes ; I told him I thought twenty-five cents all the sled was worth," replied Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, "but I suppose now it is worth more, if Zakie will give more."

"But you know Oscar expects to have it for twenty-five cents," returned Dennis. "You set your own price when he asked what he should give you for it. I wouldn't sell another boy's sled," he added somewhat scornfully.

"I'll sell my sled to the one who will give the most for it!" exclaimed Arthur, angrily. "Thirty-five cents is cheap enough."

"Cheap enough!" echoed a voice from the gloomy depths of a room beyond.

"Who is in there?" And Arthur bolted through the open door to ascertain from whom the voice came.

"O Uncle Dana, then you think my sled cheap enough at thirty-five cents?" asked the boy, drawing the individual found into the open air.

"I was not thinking of your sled at all," was the quiet reply. "I was thinking of something else that was cheap enough."

"What else, uncle? What is cheap enough?"

"A boy's honour, Arthur. Don't you think ten cents cheap enough for that?" asked Uncle Dana, looking keenly at the lad.

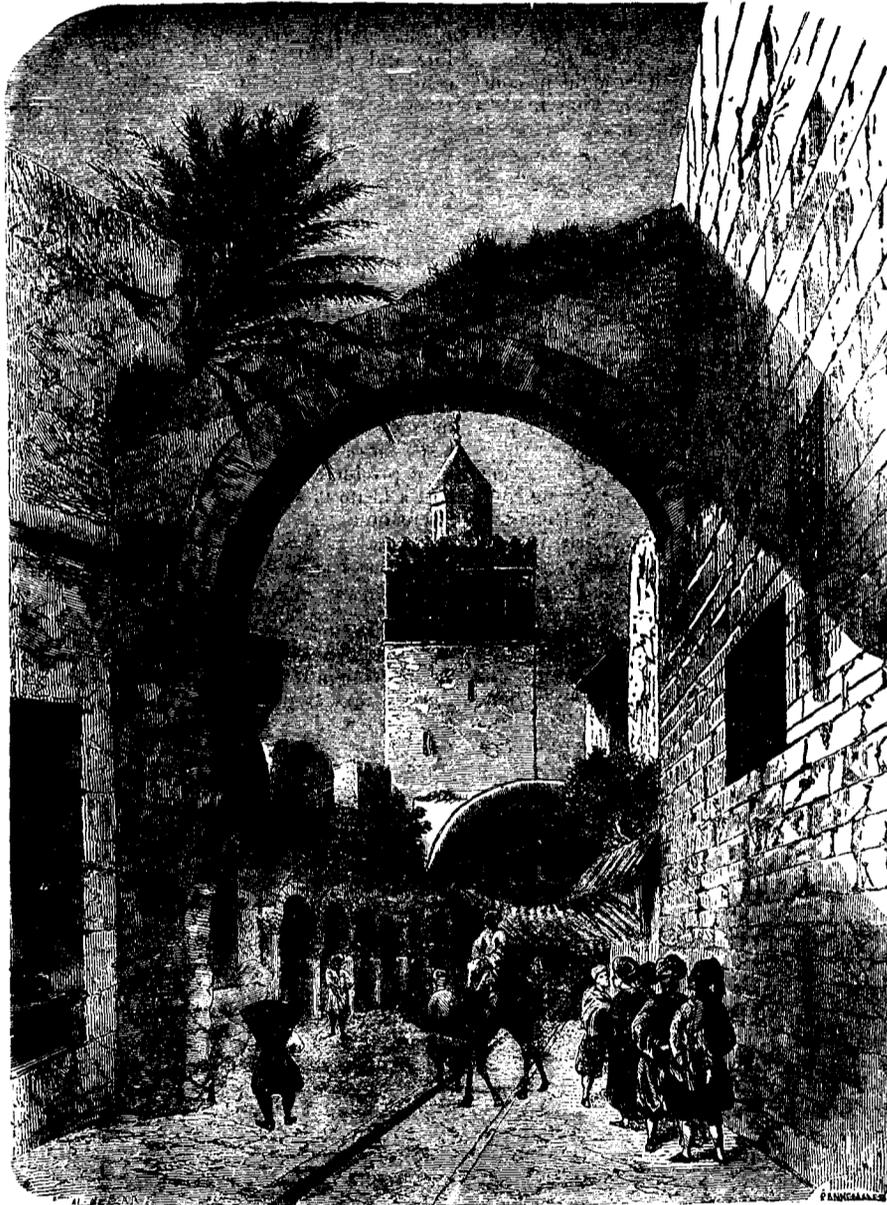
Arthur coloured, but said nothing. "Tell me truly, Arthur," and uncle took the boy's red face between his hands, "had no other offer been made you, would you not have expected Oscar to take the sled and pay you twenty-five cents for it?"

"Yes, uncle, I should," was the unhesitating reply.

"Honour is honour, my lad, whether it be in your hands or in Oscar Blake's, and it demands the same usage from you that would be expected from another. Whenever you fail to do this, you sell your honour cheap, whether you get ten cents or ten thousand dollars."

It is hardly necessary to say Oscar got the sled.—Well Spring.

MOTHER (severely): "Johnny where is that piece of cake I left when I went out?"
Johnny: "I gave it to a hungry little boy, mamma, and oh! he was so glad to get it."
Mother: "Come to my arms, you dear, dear angel. Who was the little boy?"
Johnny: "Me."



A STREET IN TUNIS.

CIGARETTES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. CHARLES BULKLEY HUBBELL, of the New York Board of Education, is doing a laudable thing in trying to abate the cigarette nuisance in the public schools.

Mr. Hubbell finds the teachers of the public schools very much alive to the evils of the cigarette habit among boys, and already active in some cases for its suppression. Among them is Principal Elgas, of Grammar-school No. 69. His abhorrence of cigarettes as founded on his experience with boys is startling in its earnestness. When he recognizes a new boy as a cigarette-smoker (and the signs of the vice are so patent as to be easily detected), he sets out at once to break him of his habit, and he says if that cannot be done it is practically useless to try to do anything else for him. His experience with the incorrigible cigarette-smoker is that his power of atten-

tion becomes so impaired and his intellect so weakened that he cannot be made to study, and cannot make headway even when he tries. Morally he deteriorates into a liar, who denies that he smokes, and confesses only when he is found out. If money is kept from him to prevent his buying cigarettes, he will steal it. He plays truant, gives lying excuses to his parents and teachers, forms the lowest associations, and sinks rapidly and helplessly

ly into the condition of a wreck. Even cigarette-smoking boys who do not fall into such deplorable excess early find study irksome, lose their desire for knowledge, and are anxious, Mr. Elgas says, "not to go to college, but to get into business, which represents to their immature foresight relief from mental application, and from supervision and restraint."
This may seem to be an overdrawn picture, but we know from sorrowful observation that it is truthful and accurate to the last particular. No doubt multitudes of boys smoke cigarettes to their detriment, but without reaching such a ruinous excess. It would be deplorable indeed if every boyish cigarette-smoker went to ruin. But for the weak boy who has thoroughly succumbed to the habit there are no depths of misery or depravity that do not gape. Such a lad soon becomes rotten timber that will not hold nails, and of which nothing useful can be made.