

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Homeless.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet;
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

"My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they
go—

Those are only the homeless
children,
Who are wandering to and
fro."

Look out in the gusty dark-
ness,—

I have seen it again and
again,
That shadow, that fits so
slowly

Up and down past the
window pane,
It is surely some criminal
lurking
Out there in the frozen
rain!

"Nay, our criminals all are
sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught,
and fed;

That is only a sister woman
Who has neither food nor
bed,

And the night cries, 'sin to
be living,'
And the river cries, 'sin
to be dead.'"

"Look out at that farthest
corner,

Where the wall stands
blank and bare;
Can that be a pack which a
peddler

Has left and forgotten
there?
His goods lying out un-
sheltered

Will be spoilt by the damp
night-air.

"Nay—goods in our thrifty
England

Are not left to lie and
grow rotten,
For each man knows the
market value

Of silk, or woollen, or cot-
ton—
But in counting the riches of
England

I think our poor are for-
gotten."

Our beasts, and our thieves,
and our chattels

Have weight for good or
for ill;
But the poor are only his
image,

His presence, his word, his
will;
And so Lazarus lies at our
doorstep,

And Jesus neglects him
still.

some sort of peculiarity in their head-
gear. The one in our picture is by no
means so ornamental as some of them.
The women of Holland often have gold
bands on their heads with gold spiral
ornaments on them, and frequently all
their wealth is spent on these ornaments.
The engraving shows beautifully the
transparent quality of the veil which
partly covers the face. The bright
coloured kerchief worn around the neck
is one of the most picturesque features
of this garb.

small quantities, have a peculiar effect
upon man. He begins to laugh loudly,
boisterously, then he sings, dances and
cuts all manner of fantastic capers.
Such extravagance of gait and manners
was never produced by any other kind of
dosing.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

CAN YOU TELL THE REASON?

Jack is not a tall boy, but one day as
he was walking along, he happened to

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street
of a little village one hot, dusty day.
"I'm very dry," said one of them, as he
wiped the sweat from his face, "and I
am tired too. Ain't you, Robert?"

"Yes, I am," answered Robert.
"Let us stop somewhere and rest and
get a drink"

"I am favourable to that plan," said
the other lad.

"Here's a cool looking place; let's go
in." The place he referred
to was a saloon. On the
windows were painted in gilt
letters "Liquors and cigars
Come in."

"No," said Robert, shak-
ing his head "I won't go in
there. Let's go on farther."

"But why not stop here?"
asked the other lad. "The
place looks pleasant more
so than any other place I
can see."

"Yes, it looks pleasant
enough," said Robert "but
it's a saloon. They sell
liquor there."

"What of that?" asked the
other. "We're not obliged
to drink any of it if we go
in, are we?"

"Well, no," answered
Robert, but I don't like
getting into the habit of
lounging about such places.
There seems to be something
about them that fascinates a
fellow. I've watched the
men who go in there, I've
heard them talk about it.
They say they know they
ought not to hang about the
saloons, but if they stop to-
day, to-morrow they want
to go again, and something
seems to draw them there in
spite of their judgment.
They don't visit a saloon
very often before they get to
smoking and drinking and
playing cards, and the first
they know they are neglect-
ing their business for the
pleasure they find in this
kind of life. It's down,
down, all the way, and from
what I've seen of this drink
business it seems to me it's
just as it is with us when we
take a run down hill. We get
to going faster and faster,
and we can't stop till we
reach the bottom; it seems
as if we were obliged to keep
on going when we get fairly
under motion. It's just so
with most men who get into
the habit of drinking; when
they get started they can't
stop till they get to the bot-
tom. I don't want to get
started; I don't want to put
myself in the way of being
tempted to start; so I think
best to keep out of the
saloon. As long as I keep
away I'm safe."

"You're right," said the
other. "I didn't think of
that. I don't want to be a
drunkard any more than you
do, and I'll shake hands in
keeping out of the starting
place of drunkards if you
will." And they shook
hands on this good resolution, and I hope
they will always adhere to it.

When Rudyard Kipling was a lad, he
went on a sea voyage with his father,
Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon
after the vessel got under way, Lock-
wood Kipling went below, leaving the
boy on deck. Presently there was a
great commotion overhead, and one of
the ship's officers rushed down and
banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr.
Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled
out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go,
he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling,
glad to know that nothing serious was
the matter, "but he won't let go."



A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

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The peasant women of
Europe are noted for their picturesque
costumes, especially in the more remote
parts. In the Black Forest we have seen
some most beautiful costumes of bright
colours, and at a peasant fair in Bul-
garia we saw great crowds of men and
women arrayed in the most gorgeous
dresses. The women in blue gowns em-
brodered with gold lace, and the men's
coats elaborately decorated. The peas-
ant girl of Holland in our picture has
one of those curious caps which are so
characteristic of those peasant women
almost everywhere through Europe.
You may almost tell from what province
or part of the country they come from by

FAMOUS LAUGHING PLANT OF ARABIA.

The seeds of the laughing plant of
Arabia produce the same effect upon per-
sons as laughing gas. The plant at-
tains a height of from two to four feet,
with woody stems, wide-spreading
branches, and bright green foliage. Its
fruits are produced in clusters and are
of a yellow colour. The seed-pods are
soft and woolly in texture, and contain
two or three black seeds of the size of a
Brazilian bean. Their flavour is a little
like opium, and their taste is sweet, the
odour from them produces a sickening
sensation and is slightly offensive. The
seeds, when pulverized and taken in

look down, and he saw a long, long
shadow on the ground. He was greatly
puzzled, for he knew no reason why his
shadow should appear taller than he him-
self was. Going into the house, he said:
"Mamma, am I a man?" My shadow
is very tall."

"No," said his mother, "you are Jack,
just the same as ever"

"And why does my shadow sometimes
hide behind me?" asked Jack.

"Watch your shadow for a week," said
his mother.

Jack watched, and now he knows when
his shadow is long and when it is short,
and why it sometimes goes behind him.
Can you tell the reason for it?