

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## At School.

We are all at school in this world of ours,  
And our lessons lie plain before us;  
But we will not learn, and the flying hours,  
And the days and the years pass o'er us,  
And then we grumble and mourn, and say  
That our school is so tiresome and weary,  
And we ask for a long, bright holiday  
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?  
Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?  
Is the lesson really beyond our reach,  
Or made hard through our willful blindness?

If we were in earnest, and tried to learn,  
If our little study we mended,  
Who knows but our holidays we would earn,  
And our school-days be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,  
And hinder their meaning from reaching  
The hearts that would be full of joyous song,  
If we knew what our God was teaching?

Then let us study his will while we may;  
There's a warning for us in the rule  
That the scholar who will not learn all day  
Is the one that is kept after school.

## A NEW STORY OF AN OLD SONG.

The first time that the tender lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," was sung in public, was when an Indian, brooding over the death of his beloved squaw and papoose, committed suicide on the spot where they were buried.

It was a time when the boundary lines between Georgia and Tennessee were in dispute, and the half-breeds were constantly making trouble. In order to harmonize contending factions, our Government established a trading post there. John Howard Payne appeared on the scene, and on suspicion of inciting the Indians to insubordination, was arrested and carried to the council-house.

With others he witnessed the burial of the heart-broken Indian, and began softly singing to himself the song which has since echoed through every land on earth. The sequel is told by the Atlanta Constitution, in these words: General Bishop, who had kept a close scrutiny on his actions, heard the song and called Payne to him. "Young man," said the stern old Indian fighter, "where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote that song myself," replied Payne. "And where did you get the tune?" "I composed that, also." "Would you let me have a copy of it?" "Certainly I will." "Well, a man who can sing and write like that is no incendiary. Appearances may be against you, but I am going to set you free. I shall write out your discharge immediately, and a pass to carry you anywhere you choose through the nation."

Payne had been housed at the home of a family living near by, and on his return there he exhibited his pass and re-

lated the circumstances. That was the first time that "Home, Sweet Home," had ever been sung in public.—Youth's Companion.

## THE MOST VALUABLE GLASS IN THE WORLD.

The most valuable piece of glass in the world when brought to Chicago did not come as freight or express. No, indeed! It is far too valuable for that. It rode at the centre of a parlour car, and was guarded night and day on its journey from Cambridge, Mass., by four

Then Prof. Clark began rubbing and polishing and testing the glass, and that took him almost three years—think of it! As the lens now stands it is three inches thick in its thickest part, nearly four feet across, and weighs, ready for shipment, one thousand pounds. Altogether it cost one hundred thousand dollars; but who can tell what marvellous things the astronomers will find with it when they turn it on the heavens?

Perhaps they will be able to prove that Mars is really inhabited and—but no one knows of the wonders that may be revealed.

## DAVIE'S SURGICAL HINT.

"Davie, I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had searched the sitting-room for his accustomed helpers.

"Oh, dear!" began Davie, who always thought it a great nuisance to go up and down stairs unless he wanted something for himself and couldn't get anyone to go; but before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Lillie had deposited her lapful of patchwork on the sofa, and with a cheery "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way upstairs.

"Davie, you forgot to put your tools away," mamma said a little later.

"Oh, dear! It's such a bother to put everything away," fretted Davie. "Can't I leave them where they are till to-morrow, for I want to use them again?"

"No, I want them put away at once," said mamma, in such a decided tone that Davie knew she required instant obedience.

"Oh, dear! I never can learn this long lesson," he grumbled that evening when he sat down to prepare his recitation for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all the sentences!"

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Davie's father, and he looked up as he heard the impatient exclamation.

"What do you think I have been doing to-day, Davie?"

"What, sir?" asked Davie, glad of a diversion from his books.

"Breaking a little girl's arm."

"Do you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Davie, thinking that the doctor had made a mistake.

"No, I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago this little girl broke her arm, and it was very badly set, and had been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly, and her earnings have been a great help to her family; but since her arm was hurt, she has not been able to work at all. We held a consultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break her arm again, and reset it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done," exclaimed Davie.

"Why, that's unfortunate, remarked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon, if you expect to become an active man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Davie turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain.

"Where is the bone?" he asked, with a frightened tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it?"

"No; I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it for yourself better than any one can break it for you. It is called the 'lary bone.'"

"Oh, that is what you mean!" And he was so relieved that he smiled at the doctor's words.

"Yes, my boy, that is the bone I mean; and it is a bone you ought to break very soon, if you ever expect to be of any use in this world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it's one of the toughest ones I know anything about; but you can break it, if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I will," promised Davie manfully, his face flushed with mortification at the thought that he had earned a reputation for laziness.

"I suppose it just means that he hired 'em out," was the reply of a staff Sunday-school child when asked what was meant by the expression, "And the king rent his clothes."



THE RESCUE.

men. For its further protection it was first wrapped, says the Chicago Record, in flannel, and packed in curled hair at the centre of a strong box; this box was then packed in a large box filled with excelsior and set on springs, so that the motion of the train would not jar the precious glass.

Now what, think you, is this valuable piece of glass? It is the finest and largest telescope lens in the world, and its place is in the new Chicago University Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis.

The making of such a lens is a very great task, and Prof. Alvin Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., was trusted to do it. In the first place a perfect piece of glass of the shape desired has to be secured. There must not be a bubble of air or a crack anywhere in it. No American manufactory can do the fine work necessary, so the glass for the great lens had to be brought from Paris at a cost of over forty thousand dollars.

## THE RESCUE.

Hawks and eagles are very fierce and daring birds. Their hooked beak and talons enable them to seize and carry off their prey as the one in our picture has done, but here the companions of the stolen bird come to his rescue, and seem likely to deprive the marauder of his stolen meal.

Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch at a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully: "I are no cat!"