

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Lost - A Boy.

He went from the old home hearthstone,  
Only six years ago,  
A laughing, frolicking fellow,  
It would do you good to know.  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved so  
We will never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to day,  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kissed and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went;  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a grave intent.  
We know he is thinking and planning,  
His way in the world of men,  
And we cannot help but love him,  
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Who comes to take his place,  
With hints of the vanished boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face;  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we henceforth must miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
Forever with a kiss.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY ANNIE E. ARGALL.

It is impossible to read the history of the French Revolution without a shudder at the awful violence of unrestrained vengeance. The tyranny and selfish luxuriousness of successive careless kings had cruelly oppressed the nation; the people for long years had secretly murmured at this oppression; between them and the royalty and aristocracy there was a bitter feeling of enmity and resentment, none the less bitter for its political mask of concealment. Thus at the close of the last century, France, blind with the fury of the self-avenger, rose to wreak what she termed retribution on the innocent descendants of her former tyrants. Louis XVI., a quiet, studious man and gentle sovereign, may be said to have suffered only for the sins of his grandfather, Louis XV., whose vices must be now nameless. Marie Antoinette, his young and beautiful queen, whose greatest fault was a taste for lavish adornment and novel amusement (because, poor girl! she had never been taught to look for anything higher), was condemned because she hated the Revolution which had beheaded her husband. Princess Elizabeth, Louis' sister, was accused similarly, and suffered the same fate; even the seven-year-old Dauphin had to die because he was one of the hated race of kings. Any who espoused the royal cause were doomed to frightful suffering and death; the smallest kindness to any of the hated family was detected and visited with imprisonment or death, the last being always the most merciful release. Such is the outline of the first dark experiences of the French Revolution, which can be filled in with unnumbered tragedies, the end of which is not yet. It lies with God, by whom "all actions are weighed," and whose ways alone are equal. "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Marie Antoinette was born on Nov. 2, 1755. From birth she was placed, as were her brothers and sisters, under the care of nurses and governesses. Her mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, knew but little of love for her children. She had nurseries and special rooms fitted up

for them, placed them in the care of servants, and visited them formally about once in a week or fortnight, inspecting all arrangements as she might have reviewed her troops, as a matter of ceremonial duty, and no more. Yet sunny, light-hearted Marie certainly enjoyed a happy childhood; chiefly, it must be confessed, spent in pastimes and merry frolics. Although the princess was clever and bright, her education was sadly neglected, a fact which caused her much sorrow in later years. The elaborate system by which the Empress sought to obtain her children's education was perhaps too complicated; displays of girlish accomplishments there cer-

she could not play any instrument until at her future home, Versailles, she obtained lessons privately from a celebrated teacher for three months; at the end of which time she gave evidence of her skill and real love for music, with much proficiency. French, the language of their school room, she spoke fluently, but could not write in it correctly. German, her native tongue, was so neglected that she lost all power of speaking or understanding it. Italian was her one genuine accomplishment, of history, general literature and science she was entirely ignorant.

At Innsbruck, her father, Emperor Francis I., died after a few days' sickness

future husband, whom up to that time she had not seen. He was about twenty, a particularly retiring youth, and his coldly distant reception of his beautiful bride at Compiègne wounded her sensitive heart extremely. He had no aversion to the marriage, but simply treated his wife with the chill courtesy he bore to any ladies of his court, and neither love nor confidence. They were married amid much splendour at Versailles, on May 16, 1770. Until the death of Louis XV., four years later, they were called the dauphin and dauphine. From the first Marie had many enemies. Her foreign birth, and with it, her disregard of the code of French etiquette, so different to her own, gave much offence, and gained for her the unpopular title: "The Austrian." Her beauty excited envy; her want of education, contempt; and trifling as all these may seem, they were yet the influences which forced the tide of public opinion so strongly against her. As queen she was hated more than ever, and scandalous reports which no contradictions of hers could refute, were current all over France. Not until they had been married more than eight years did she win her husband's love and confidence; which strengthened her brave young heart through the stormy, troubled years that followed. Of their four children, two happily died in infancy; and one only, Princess Maria Theresa, survived the horrors of the Revolution.

On Jan. 11, 1793, Louis XVI. perished on the guillotine; Oct. 14, of the same year, his wife, Marie Antoinette, was beheaded on the same spot. A colossal obelisk of red granite marks the site where the scaffold was built, and the Church of St. Madeleine has since been erected over their obscure graves in commemoration of these and other victims of the Revolution.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

tainly were, but not genuine work. We read of drawings shown as the work of the princess, which her pencil had never touched, of Latin and other quotations recited to favoured audiences, glibly, yet their original meaning entirely unknown to the royal scholar. Next, beautiful calligraphy would be executed in pencil by the governess, and traced in ink by the pupil, the writing when thus completed being much admired and praised as the penmanship of Princess Marie. Everything was superficial, for display, and so much the latter that, strange as it may seem, the accomplishments of Maria Antoinette were rumoured as something equal to her really marvellous beauty. It was her life-long regret and mortification that she could do nothing well. Fond of music,

during a brief absence from his home. Although she was then but ten years old, Marie afterwards loved to recall his tender farewell of her, when just at the point of starting his journey he delayed that he might once more caress his beloved little daughter, Marie. Her childhood was passed in the renowned Palace of Schönbrunn, amid the enchanting pleasures of garden, lake and forest, such as she loved and appreciated to the utmost. Her beauty, her home, her seemingly-fair destiny were but the natural environment of her fearless, noble, and generous spirit.

When fourteen years of age she was betrothed to Louis, heir-apparent to the French throne. At fifteen she bade farewell to her home at Vienna and to her beloved brothers and sisters, to meet her

## TEMPERANCE.

WHEN we speak of anyone being temperate, we naturally suppose he does not use intoxicating drinks. I presume all the readers of this paper have seen men staggering along the streets under the influence of liquor. What a terrible thing it is, to be bound and chained by the habit of intemperance! We find so many such—especially in the large cities. The most of the suffering found there is caused by drinking. A circumstance related in my hearing recently corroborates this statement. I will give you the substance of it:

A young lady was reared in affluence, then married. Her husband proved to be a drunkard. She did all in her power to care for herself and family, but in spite of all her efforts, she became a total wreck. After ten years they were found almost freezing and starving to death.

This was caused by intemperance. What a blessing it is to be where we are free from the influence of it! There are a few States in the Union that have put it away; and you never see, written in large letters, "Saloon," "Beer," "Ale," etc., but the air is free from the odour of these drinks.

Children! make it a point never to touch anything of the kind. I have known some boys who thought they would take just a little to see how it tasted, but, by so doing, they might like it, and it would become their ruin.

Boys! don't touch it, for it will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Our will-power is strong, and if we will let it alone it will be well for us. The Lord is able to keep us temperate in all things; and if we give ourselves to him, he will take us and keep us from the evil, he will wash us and make us white. Nothing unclean can enter heaven. If we want to see Jesus, we must keep free from bad habits, and shun the very appearance of evil.