

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Seek the Saviour Early in the Day.

BY M. L. SWART.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Early learn to trust him and obey;  
In the golden days of youth  
Seek the guidance of his truth—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
He will guide you safely all the way;  
While others fail and fall,  
Ye will triumph over all—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
In the dawn and promise of life's May;  
Ere the storms that oftentimes lower,  
Crush the young and tender flower—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Ere some grief or passion dim the  
way,  
Ere the tempter makes thee sin,  
Ere defilement enter in,  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Wait not till some habit bind and  
sway;  
Then how hard the up-hill fight  
To keep on the path of right—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Ere the noon of life shall pass away,  
And the bitter night shall come  
When the conscience-voice is dumb—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Early learn to trust him and obey;  
In the golden days of youth  
Learn the blessings of his truth—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

## TWO FAMOUS ROMAN TOMBS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The larger picture on this page shows the famous mausoleum of Hadrian, or castle of St. Angelo, as it is now called.

It is a huge structure, 80 yards in diameter and 165 feet high. When the Goths besieged Rome, in A.D. 537, the tomb was converted into a fortress.

Of the many bridges by which the Tiber is bestrode, the most interesting is that of St. Angelo, the Aelian Bridge of ancient Rome, shown in the foreground of the large cut on this page. On either side are majestic figures of angels, so that, as Clement IX. expressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim to the shrine of the great apostle." Here as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Hadrian and sheathe his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand



THE APPIAN WAY—TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

conflict during the sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

Another feature of great interest is the famous Appian Way, along which thundered the legions that conquered the world, and upon which the Apostle of the Gentiles entered the city on a mission of conquest still grander than theirs.

Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine, as the hot companion in travel the present writer emerged from their gloomy depths and rode along that ancient way. But greater still was the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride and the crumbling mounds of ruin, majestic even in decay. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Caecilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,

Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o'er-thrown;  
What was this tower of strength?  
Within its cave,  
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?  
—A woman's grave."

We entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants.

Over the lava pavement of this Queen of Roads, as the Romans proudly called it, we drove for miles. Now the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like

stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches, the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the cool and limpid water from the far-off Alban hills.

## LOST OR WON?

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

Joseph Brunson and Fred Bell belonged to the same Boys' Brigade. Joseph was captain, while Fred was first lieutenant.

There was to be an election of officers in a few days, and Joseph knew there was a chance of Fred's promotion and of his return to the ranks. However, as he said to his mother, "I'll do my best; be promptly on hand for every drill, and maybe I can keep my place."

"So you believe in second terms," said his mother.

"I guess I do," laughed Joseph; "when the second term means myself."

"Don't be selfish, my son."

"I'll have it honourably or not at all, mamma; but I think it's only right to do the best for one's self that a boy can."

"But I'm not sure a second term is best for you," said Mrs. Brunson.

"Well, I must be off for drill or be late, and Lieutenant Bell can drill the boys in first-class shape; that's a fact."

Drill hour came, but where was Captain Brunson?

"Let's wait a few moments," said Lieutenant Bell. "Our captain has always been on time before."

"Well, he isn't this time," said John Osborne, who saw a good opportunity to show off to advantage his candidate for captain.

What boy could refuse? Not Lieutenant Bell, although he looked down the road to see if Captain Brunson was not yet in sight.

What a drill that was! Lieutenant Bell did his best, and his best was so good that he won so many to his side that his election was then and there assured. But where was Captain Brunson?

The shorter way to the drill grounds was through an alley just back of a tenement row where lived the poorer families of the city. As he was hurrying along he thought he heard a child crying. Stopping to listen, the sound seemed to come from the basement of one of the lower flats. He said to himself, "I've no time to stop. They're always some of 'em crying."

But Joseph had a kind heart and could not go on without finding out if there was real distress. So he ran down the rickety steps and opened the door, and there was a little child, not more than three years old, which had strayed away from home and shut herself in a vacant room. The baby had been crying and rubbing her eyes with her dirty little fist until her face was anything but lovely, but as she reached out her hands to Joseph to be taken, she said, "Oo take me home."

"But where is your home?" Joseph asked.

"In papa's house," said the baby.

"Who is papa?"



BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.