

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

[No. 12

Under Green Apple-Boughs.

ALL the leaves of the field clap their hands,
All a-tremble with glee.
In the orchard-lanes, garlanded, stands
Every brier and tree.
Oh, the winter was cruel and cold,
And the skies had grown wrinkled and old,
And never a little bird told
Of the joy that should be.

Oh, the sky stoops so tender and low,
Like a mother that bends ;
And the soft winds they come and they go,
As if somebody sends
On their wings a sweet message to me,
On their soft wings from heaven

to me :
"I love thee, I love thee, love
thee !
And the love never ends."

We will lift him a heart full of
praise,
Oh, how happy are we !
For the bitter and beautiful days,
For the blossom-crowned tree.
What if winters were cruel and
cold,
Should we doubt his dear love
manifold,
Though never a little bird told
Of the joy that should be ?

OVER IN A MINUTE.

KITTY had constructed a new
swing for her doll's entertain-
ment, but it proved unsatis-
factory ; for that wooden lady
slipped from her perch, and
landed with considerable vio-
lence upon the table, overturn-
ing an inkstand upon a picture
Walter was copying. In an
instant Walter sprung to his
feet, snatched up the doll, and
threw it into the fire, and
marched out of the room, leav-
ing Kitty in tears, and the
table in confusion.

In half an hour he returned,
gay and sunny as ever, bring-
ing a handsome doll to replace
Kitty's loss. She was easily comforted, and was
more sure than ever that Walter was the best
brother in the world.

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, he is ; I
suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more
carelessly than penitently. "I do get angry in a
jiff, but it's all over in a minute or two."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandfather.
"Oh, yes! I'm not one of the sort to go sulking
about over anything. I flash up quick enough, but
I never bear malice."

"But the consequences—can you be sure that
they 'are all over in a minute or two?' I never
hear anyone speak carelessly of that fault with-

out recalling one scene in my own boyhood. I was
quick-tempered too, Walter, and, as you say, soon
over it—flying into a rage one minute, and ready
to laugh at my own tempest of passion the next.
I held a high place in my classes, and one day had
spoken boastfully of my position, and how long
I had kept it ; but that very afternoon I failed,
and gave an answer so absurd that it was received
with a burst of laughter. Mortified with my
blunder, I passed an uncomfortable afternoon ;
and when school closed I walked out moodily,
inclined to speak to no one, and pretending to be
busy whittling.

dreams ; and to this day, Walter, ungoverned
temper can never seem a light thing to me. Anger
that is 'over in a minute,' may be like a spark
of fire on gunpowder, and give you cause for shame
and sorrow all your days."

HOW FERNS GROW.

I WANT to gather a group of little wide-awake
children around me this afternoon, to tell you
something about ferns, that you may learn to love
them as well as I do.

Perhaps, because they have no flowers, you have
never cared particularly for them ; but I hope you
will come to think that their
pretty, graceful forms, fully
makes up for their lack of
blossoms.

We may take a good micro-
scope, and examine very
closely, but we shall not find
even the tiniest flower ; and
yet, do you know, the new
plants come from seed? And
it is this curious kind of seed
I want to tell you about.

The leaves of ferns are not
called leaves, but "fronds ;"
and these hold the little seed.
germs in cups, on the under
side, in the form of a very
small grain, which wise people,
who know a good deal about
flowers, call *sori*.

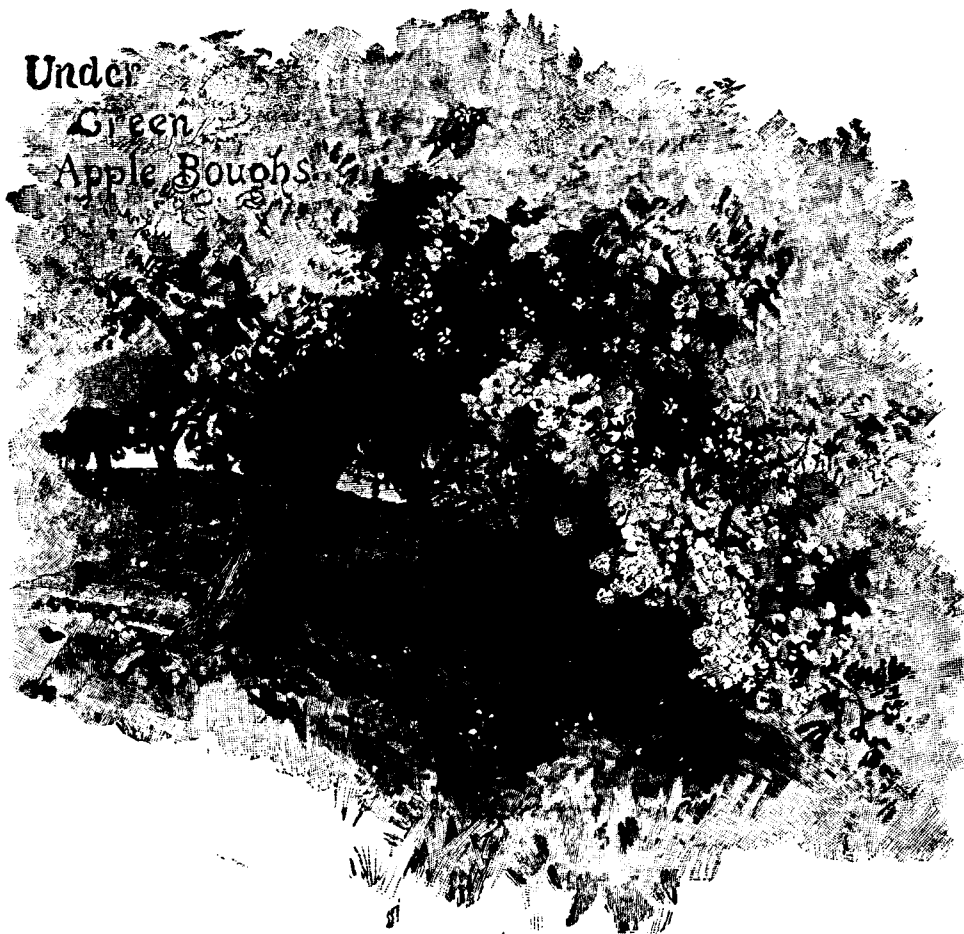
This queer little thing seems
to the naked eye to be nothing
but a very fine powder ; but
with the aid of a microscope
we shall see in the centre a
tiny organ called *sporangium*, and
this surrounded by a ring
called *annulus*, and a number
of cells called *spores*. The
whole germ taken together we
often call *spores* ; but exam-
ined very closely we find all
the parts of which I am tell-
ing you.

They are not truly seeds, you see, though they
answer the same purpose, and are always ready
to settle down in a home of their own whenever
they can find a place to suit them.

Shall I tell you how the new plant begins?
Little cells are thrust out from that curious organ
in the centre of the germ, which burst their cover-
ing, and grow into a leafy-looking expansion, which
forms itself into a bud, and then a plant.

It is curious to watch the tiny fronds unrolling
themselves in the spring, and see the odd-looking
balls opening out into a beautiful plant. If we
choose we may transplant it to our gardens, where
we may watch its pretty growth without the
trouble of a walk to the woods.

Under Green Apple Boughs



UNDER THE GREEN APPLE-BOUGHS.

"Here comes the infallible! Here's the fellow
that never misses!" and then he mockingly repeated
my answer.

"With all the force of a sudden fury I threw
my open knife at him. It just missed his head ;
and in an instant it was quivering in the tree be-
side him. The sight of it, and of his white,
startled face, recalled me to my senses, and I sunk
down upon the ground, covering my face with my
hands. The boys gathered around me kindly.
I knew that only God's mercy had saved me
from seeing my schoolmate dead at my feet, and
my whole life darkened with the stain of murder.
For weeks afterward I lived it over in horrible

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