

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## The Manly Man.

BY EMMA W. ROBINSON.

His eyes, no matter brown or blue,  
If only that those eyes are true,  
Mouth that smiles at a funny joke,  
But does not chew, and does not smoke.  
His teeth are white, untarnished, clean,  
He's clean without, within, I ween.  
The tinge of health is on his cheek,  
He is not haughty, is not meek,  
With manner gentle as a child,  
To helpless things he's kind and mild,  
In homely joys he loves to share,  
And in his dealings is "foursquare."  
Thus, diligent on every hand,  
"Before the kings" this man shall stand,  
Noblest work of divinest plan,  
Best of all is the manly man.  
Kansas City, Mo.

## A BOOK FOR ALL THE YEAR.\*

Mr. Young has again laid the boys under obligation by this new story. Heretofore, as he has rightly stated, boys' ideas of Indian life were, for the most part, associated with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and that they had the impression that the only good time they could have among them was when the blood-curdling war-whoops were heard and the redskins were being shot down by adventurous rangers led on by cowboys. There have been altogether too many of these false and erroneous ideas about the Indians circulated. Such things are now impossibilities.

In these volumes we have given the correct idea of the Indian as he is to-day in regions where for years we lived. The Gospel has transformed his once cruel nature, but has not marred his cleverness and skill as a hunter or a guide. The brief glimpses into his religious life are absolutely true, and the insertion of them will, we trust, not weaken, but rather strengthen, the book.

Mr. Young's Indians are equal to anything that Fenimore Cooper ever portrayed. While there are plenty of adventures with bears, wolves, wolverines, moose, reindeer, and other wild animals, there are no blood-curdling scaping parties and midnight war-whoops. It is indeed a new thing in Indian literature, and a most welcome and desirable change to have here, in this most fascinating volume, splendid adventures and wondrous exploits with red men who have renounced all their pagan abominations and have become earnest Christians, and yet are none the worse hunters and guides, but rather better, for having done so.

The chapters on Sundays and Christmas in the Great Lone Land, the school examinations, home amusements and studies, stories about beavers, and about dogs, dog sleighs, bears and wolves, are full of adventure. The interest of the book is very much enhanced by the numerous drawings by the clever Canadian artist, Mr. J. E. Laughlin, with which they are accompanied.

The following is one of the stories of this book. The cut is kindly lent us by the publisher.

To Alec, the Scottish lad, there came one beautiful moonlight night an experience which nearly had a tragic ending. The night was one of rarest beauty, but it was very cold, so cold that Mr. Ross remarked that the moon looked more like burnished steel than silver. As the merry party started out he warned them to keep their furs well around them or severe frostbites would be theirs.

### CHASED BY WOLVES.

The company of half a dozen or so kept

\*"Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land." By Egerton R. Young. Illustrated. New York: Eaton & Maina. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 377. Cloth. \$1.25.

together for a time, and then, in joyous rivalry, shot out and in along the icy stretches between the granite, fir-clad islands that on that lake were so numerous. As further they advanced they became more and more separated, until Alec found himself alone with a young clerk from the trading post, who prided himself on his skill and speed as a skater. He had been considered the champion the previous winter, and naturally wished to retain his laurels.

Finding himself alone with Alec, whom he thought but a novice compared to himself, he endeavoured to show off his speed, but was very much annoyed and chagrined to find that, skate as rapidly as he would, the Scottish lad kept alongside and merrily laughed and chatted as on they sped. Ruffled and angry at being so easily matched by Alec, the clerk abruptly turned around and skated back. Alec was at first a little hurt by this discourteous action, but this feeling quickly wore off as on and on he skated, fairly entranced by the beauty of his surroundings and the excitement of his sport. After a time he noticed that the lake was abruptly ending.

Just as he was about to circle around and begin the return journey he saw the mouth of a beautiful little ice-covered

are watering for their prey. Quick as a flash he turns, and so do they. Well it is now that the sturdy lad, on his native lochs in Scottish winters, had practiced every movement, and had become an adept in twisting and rapid turning on his skates. He will need it all to-night, as well as the hardened muscles of his vigorous sports since he came to this wild North Land; for the wolves will not easily be balked in their efforts to capture and then devour. The very fact of there being four of them seemed at first in his favour, as the instant they turned they appeared to get in each other's way. In the brief delay thus caused Alec was away and was increasing his speed every instant. But he is not to be let off so easily. Looking behind, he sees that two are coming on in their long, galloping, speedy way. Where are the other two? Soon enough will he know.

As we have stated, this little river was very crooked. The cunning wolves well knew this, and so a couple of them made a short cut through the woods, to intercept their prey at a spot ahead of him. As an inspiration, the quick-witted lad took in the situation. He had heard much already about the cunning of these gray wolves in hunting in relays the moose and other species of deer, and by

by those in the rear. It was answered by others that seemed ahead of him. It was re-echoed back by others that appeared to be further off. Looking back, he observed that the two that had been following him, when they had finished their howlings, suddenly disappeared in the forest, evidently bent upon some new plan of attack.

No wonder that the plucky lad felt that this was a crisis in his life, and that if ever he had his wits about him they were needed now. As the result of his early teachings, and the memory of his godly mother, there sprang from his heart and lips a whispered prayer: "God of my mother, remember her boy to-night," and he felt that he was not forgotten.

Like as with fresh soldiers on the battlefield, so now, that the first terror had come and gone, a strange spirit of exhilaration came to him, and seemed to nerve him for the race. He had no weapon with him, not even a stick in his hand. His wits, his skates, and his powers of endurance must be his reliance in this unique encounter. As well as he could he endeavoured to recall the different windings in the river, and the places where he was likely to be attacked later on, if he escaped the spot where he felt sure the next effort would be made by his cunning foes.

Rapidly as he was skating, his quick eye caught sight of two of his foes. They were crouching together on a snow-covered rock that almost overhung the edge of the stream where it was narrowest. To endeavour to escape past such fierce brutes, now so aroused by having once missed him, would have been madness. To have retreated would have been certain death. Quick as a flash came the ruse to Alec. Dashing up, with a shout that was a challenge, he made as though he were going to fly by, but the instant before he reached the spot where his quick eye saw they would spring upon him, he whirled upon the heels of his skates. That instant they sprang upon the spot where their instinct told them he ought to have been. He was not there, however, but a few yards in the rear; so they missed him, and with the momentum of their spring went sprawling out on the smooth ice.

Another turn on the skates, as quick as the first, and Alec was by them ere they could recover themselves. Thoroughly baffled and furious, they were speedily in pursuit, and it required all of Alec's effort to much increase the distance between them and himself. Several times they cut across short necks of the little river, and once so near did they get that the snappings of their terrible teeth were distinctly heard. One long stretch more, then a double twist, like the letter S, in the river, and he would reach the lake.

Alec was heated now, his clothes were wet with perspiration, in spite of the bitter cold. That some wolves were ahead of him he was certain. Home was far away. The other skaters had long since returned from their outings. Around the great blazing fireplace Mr. Ross had more than once said:

"I am sorry that Alec has remained out so late."

Unknown to the rest of the family, some hunters had reported to him that already tracks of wolves had been seen in the hunting grounds not many miles away. These brutes are always very vicious in the beginning of winter. Their summer supplies of food are cut off, and the deer have not yet begun to run and thus leave their tracks in the woods. When another hour had passed on Mr. Ross could stand it no longer, and earnestly exclaimed:

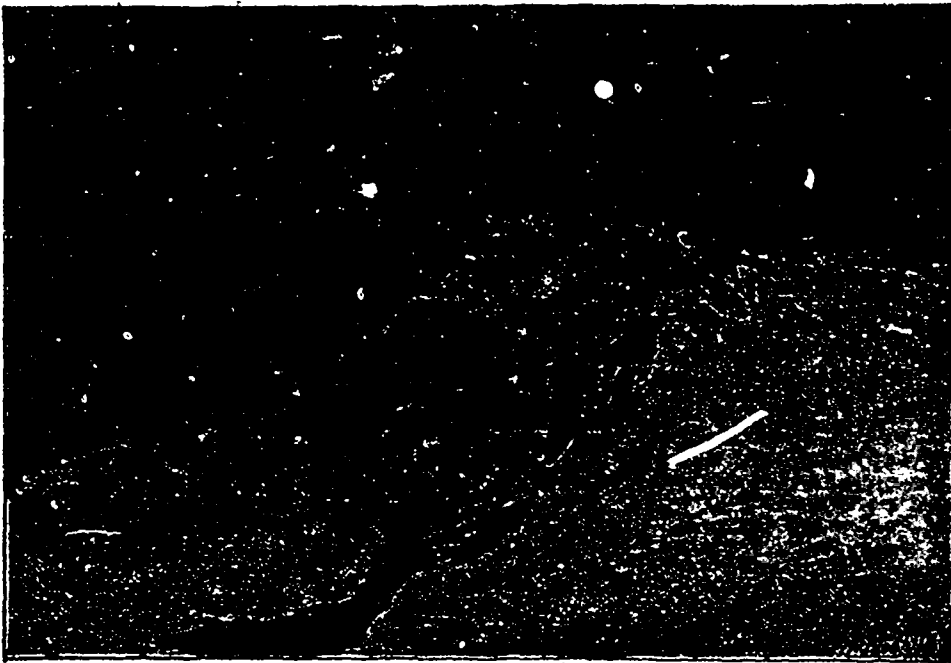
"Who saw Alec last?"

The young clerk who had been last seen with him, and who had not as yet returned to his trading post, said:

"I left him near the other side of the lake."

Mr. Ross was indignant, but there was now no time for anything but action. Short and stern were his orders. Alec must be sought after at once. Hastily rousing up three trusty Indian servants,

(Continued on next page.)



From Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land.

Penningson of Eaton & Maina.

### ALEC'S RACE WITH THE WOLVES.

river which ran up into the forest. The ice looked so smooth and was so transparent, as there it lay in the beautiful moonlight, and he was so fascinated by the sight, that he could not resist the impulse to dash in upon it. On and on he glided, on what seemed to him the most perfect ice that skater ever tried. He did not appear to observe that this glassy, winding river, on which he was so joyously skating, was gradually narrowing, until he observed the great branches of some high trees meeting together and cutting off the bright moonlight. Skating under these great shadowy branches, with the glinting moonlight here and there in great patches of white upon the ice, alternating with the shadows, was a new experience, and very much did he revel in it, when—

What sound was that?

It must have been only the falling of some drift of snow from an overloaded branch, or a broken branch itself, and so, although Alec was startled at hearing any sound amidst these almost noiseless solitudes, he soon recovered his spirits and dashed on along the narrowing, crooked stream; but—there it is again! And now as Alec turns his head and looks he sees what blanches his face for an instant and shows him the peril of his position. Four great northern gray wolves are skulking through the snow on the shore, and already their eyes are gleaming in triumph, and their mouths

having some of their numbers sent on ahead or stationed in narrow defiles to intercept their prey. So, suspecting the trap being laid for him, he made up his mind, if possible, to reach that danger point before those wolves.

It was a long sweep around, like a horse-shoe, and he had to make the whole distance round, while they had but to cross the tongue of land. He had to traverse at least twice the distance that the wolves had to go, but then he had the advantage in being on the ice, while they had to loup through the snow. Still, there were no risks to be taken. For an instant the thoughts came, as he heard the faint thud, thud on the ice of the feet of wolves behind him: "What if anything should happen to my skates? Or if I should get in a crack in the ice?" But he quickly banished these thoughts as unworthy. He had all confidence in the splendid skates on his feet, and saw with delight that he was emerging from the last place where the trees entirely hid the bright moonlight. Every crack and dangerous place could now be easily seen and guarded against.

On and on he fairly flew. The wolves, in spite of their desperate efforts to keep up, were being left further and further behind. At this Alec rejoiced; but his heart fairly jumped, and fear for an instant again seized him, as there suddenly burst upon his ears the blood-curdling howlings of many wolves. It was begun