

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



AUK HUNTING.

St. Matthew.

'Mid the busy crowds that fill  
Proud Capernaum's teeming ways,  
Sitteth one more busy still,  
Gathering tribute all the days.

Wearied by incessant strife,  
Fretted by the scornful Jews,  
Hating thus to waste his life,  
Ever gathering grudging dues.

Lo, his soul is all on fire,  
With the hopes he may not tell,  
As he waiteth the Messiah  
Who shall ransom Israel.

Till at length there dawned the day,  
Day the saint would ne'er forget,  
When the Master came his way,  
And their eyes together met.

For the Master's kindly eyes  
Beamed with hopes that could not die;  
Whilst in Matthew's heart there rise  
Ventures deep and purpose high.

But two words the Master said,  
Words that all his life should be  
Heard where'er his feet were led—  
Heard for ever—"Follow me."

Lord to us, thy servants, say,  
When our way we cannot see,—  
When we rise on that great day,  
Thy glad message—"Follow me."

AUKS.

Auks, as we might expect from the name, are very awkward, ungainly-looking birds. They waddle about in a very ridiculous manner, and their wings are so short they cannot fly. But in their native element, the stormy seas, they are perfectly at home. When ranged along a cliff they look like a lot of school-children with white pinafores on. I was greatly amused at one I saw in the Zoological Gardens at London. He was such a comical looking fellow. They have such a dense covering of warm down and feathers that they can withstand the utmost cold of the Arctic seas. The picture on this page shows the manner in which sailors hunt for the eggs of these strange birds.

"Cease your flatteries, or I will put my hands over my ears," cried Mary. "Ah, your lovely hands are too small," replied John, wishing to be complimentary.

PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.

Prescott's childhood was a happy one, and he loved play more than he loved books. In 1811 when only fifteen years of age, he entered Harvard. In his junior year a sad accident happened to him which would have crushed the life out of most boys, but to him became an incentive to greater exertion. Turning one day while at dinner to see the cause of some disturbance among the students, he received in his eye a blow from a piece of hard bread thrown at random. He fell to the floor, and it was supposed there was a concussion of the brain, but as he gradually recovered, it was found to be a case of paralysis of the retina and his sight was gone. A few years later the other eye became inflamed, and he almost lost the sight of it. He said at one time: "Here I am with the richest collection that ever fell to a history-monger. Scarce old books and manuscripts without end lying all around me, and, alas, without an eye to look at the title-pages. The physicians agree that if I would save it for the vulgar purposes of life I must abstain wholly from using it in books." Others had to read to him. He had a "noctograph" constructed, by means of which his hand would be kept on the line while writing. He so cultivated his

memory that he could compose sixty pages of printed text and hold it in his mind till he came to write it out. Handicapped by all these hindrances, he

kept busily at work and has given us books which for years have been a charm and inspiration to all who have read them. He was a man of generous heart, never referred to the student who hurt him except in the kindest terms, and in later years was able to render him a substantial service. Says one: "Prescott's spirit was indomitable. It gave him power over suffering, it made him the conqueror of his fate. He had that grace of genius which transmuted a lifelong misfortune into a bright and beautiful blessing."

THE TELEGRAPH.

This invention cost years of patient labour. At first Mr. Morse lived in a little room by himself. There he worked and ate, when he could get anything to eat, and slept, if he wasn't too tired to sleep. Later, he had a room in the university. While he was there, he painted pictures to get money enough to buy food; there, too (1839), he took the first photograph ever made in America. Yet with all his hard work there were times when he had to go hungry, and once he told a young man that if he did not get some money he should be dead in a week—dead of starvation.

Professor Morse asked Congress to let him have thirty thousand dollars to construct a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. He felt sure that business men would be glad to send message by telegraph, and to pay him for his work. But many members of Congress laughed at it, and said they might as well give Professor Morse the money to build "a railroad to the moon."

Week after week went by, and the last day that Congress would sit was there, but still no money had been granted.

Then came the last night of the last January, 1843. Professor Morse stayed in the Senate Chamber of Congress until after ten o'clock, then, tired and disappointed, he went back to his hotel, thinking that he must give up trying to build his telegraph line.

The next morning, Miss Annie G. Ellsworth met him as he was coming down to breakfast. She was the daughter of his friend who had charge of the Patent Office in Washington. She came forward with a smile, grasped his hand, and said that she had good news for him—that Congress had decided to let him have the money.

"Surely you must be mistaken," said the professor, for I waited last night until nearly midnight, and came away because nothing had been done."

"But," said the young lady, "my father stayed until it was quite midnight and a few minutes before the clock struck twelve, Congress voted the money. It was the very last thing that was done."

Professor Morse was then a gray-haired man over fifty. He had worked hard for years, and got nothing for his labour. This was his first great success. He doesn't say whether he laughed or cried, perhaps he felt a little like doing both.

When at length Professor Morse did speak, he said to Miss Ellsworth:

"Now, Annie, when my line is built from Washington to Baltimore, you shall send the first message over it."

In the spring of 1844 the line was completed, and Miss Ellsworth sent these words over it—they are words taken from the Bible,—"What hath God wrought?"

Very nearly a year after that the telegraph was free to all who wished to use it; then a small charge was made, a very short message costing only one cent. On the first of April, 1845 a man came into the office and bought a cent's worth of telegraphing, that was all the money which was taken that day for the use of forty miles of wire. Now there are about two hundred thousand miles of telegraph line in the United States, or more than enough to reach eight times around the earth, and the messages sent bring in over seventy thousand dollars every day. And we can telegraph not only clear across America, but clear across the Atlantic Ocean by a line laid under the sea.

Professor Morse's invention made it possible for people to write by electricity; but now, by means of the telephone, a man in New York can talk with his friend in Philadelphia, Boston, and many other large cities, and his friend, listening at the other end of the wire, can hear every word he says. Angulus

A NEW BURGLAR ALARM

We have heard of many dogs, a few cats, and two parrots which have either given the alarm to people in the house or frightened robbers away, but now the Louisville Post tells of a doll which did both of these things and saved the parents of her little owner from the loss of many valuable things:

"A little rubber doll with a whistle in its stomach was all that saved the residence of Frank Steubling from being ransacked by thieves at an early hour this morning.

"Yesterday morning Mrs. Steubling came to town and bought the little India-rubber hero and took it home for her three-year-old child. The little girl played with the article all day long and last night when she retired the doll was left lying upon the floor.

"At about two o'clock this morning Mrs. Steubling's son Jacob who was sleeping in the room where the doll was lying, was abruptly awakened by a loud whistle. He jumped up and saw a negro glide hastily out of the room. He had awakened Mr. Steubling by stepping upon the whistle in the doll's stomach. The thief was followed to the back yard, and then chased over the commons for several squares, but finally outwitted his pursuers. Had Mr. Steubling not been awakened, the thief would have carried away all the valuables in the house. He had already packed a basket with table silverware and had it near the door."



AUKS.