

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT.

"Light as air" and "gentle as a breeze."

We can conceive of nothing lighter or more gentle, yet in this delicate air is stored up forces of which we have little idea. To see a great ship driven before the tempest with her strong sails torn to ribbons, while the mountainous waves are lashed to fury, or to follow the track of a cyclone and see where fences have been thrown down, houses upturned and their roofs carried away by the force of the wind!

These scenes give us some idea of the fearful energy stored up in the light, impalpable air that surrounds us. But one of the strangest and most awe-inspiring sights is the great whirlwind.

We often see in our village streets on a summer day, small whirlwinds where the dust and leaves circle round and round as they rise from the ground, go whirling down the street and away as in a merry dance.

But the frightful sandstorm and whirlwind of the desert is another sight, and woe to the travellers who are caught upon its track.

Our picture shows several of these great whirlwinds racing across the desert, sucking the sand and everything in their tracks, even horses and riders who are vainly trying to escape. Frequently by noticing carefully the direction in which the whirlwinds are coming, for they generally sweep along in a curved track, the horsemen are all able to escape to one side and watch them as they pass.

At sea these whirlwinds suck up the water and form great water-spouts, often overwhelming ships in their tracks. A cannon-ball fired through the rising column will often break it, the lower part falling to the sea, the upper whirling harmless overhead.

IN THE NORTHLAND.

Rev. Egerton R. Young, of this city, whose missionary experiences in the Northwest were so varied and exciting, and he is at present engaged in giving a series of lectures in Ohio. Mr. Young went to the Hudson Bay territory in 1868, and was 400 miles away from a post-office, receiving news from the civilized world only twice a year. His experiences, therefore, have been something out of the common, and he has no difficulty in holding the attention of his hearers.

Mr. Young's missionary field was larger than the state of Ohio. During the summer he travelled through it by canoe. In winter his conveyance was the sled, drawn by four dogs tandem. By these sleds he could travel from seventy to ninety miles a

day. He once travelled 400 miles in four and a half days. In all these journeys he was accompanied by Indians on snowshoes, who ran the whole distance, and kept pace with the dogs.

These dogs were Newfoundlands and St. Bernards. Mr. Young did not approve of the native dogs. They had a fondness for chewing up the missionary's leather shirt instead of their own supplies. Accordingly he got rid of them and imported his own dogs.

One peculiarity of the dog team is that the dogs are shod. They wear a sort of

troleum oozes out of the ground and saturates the mosses round about. Some of these have taken fire and maintained a slow flame, that has smouldered, through summer and winter, longer than the oldest Indian can remember. Nor is this all. It is a rich mining land, with stores of untouched minerals.

At present, however, the chief industry is the fur trade. The powerful Hudson Bay company, that got its charter from Charles I., practically controls it still, although the Dominion of Canada has bought up the company's right of monopoly.

let us borrow a hammer, saw, and rake, and we will mend the fence and step, put new boards on the house, and clean up the yard."

"Yes, and I will work for Mr. Grant to pay for glass for the windows, and some seeds and flower roots. It is spring; let us make a garden for mother. We will get some vines and little trees from the wood lot."

"I say, Joe," said Sam, "we are stout, big boys. Let us work like men, and have things like other folks. We will earn all we can, and never waste a cent. We will not touch a bit of tobacco.

We will use no drop of strong drink. All we can earn we will use on our home."

"All right, boy. Let us mend up the little shed and fill it with wood for mother. And some day we'll paint the house and mend the chimney. Come on! What are you sitting still for? Run for that rake and hammer; let us work like heroes!"

When boys set out to do good work, they will find plenty of people ready to help them. The men near by gave the brothers a spade, rake, hoe, and other tools. They were not new, but they did very well.

Joe and Sam soon had a nice garden made. Then they put new soil all about the house to be green and cool, and give their mother a place to bleach and dry her clothes.

They gathered up from the lot all the old wood and stuff which would burn, and cut it up and put it in the woodshed. The other rubbish they carried away.

Next they mended the fence and planted some trees, bushes, and vines. Joe worked for the carpenter to pay him for putting up a little porch, the carpenter also mended the roof.

All vacation time, and before and after school hours in term-time these two boys worked hard, either about their home or for other people. They worked for the grocer for flour and other food, and at the dry-goods house and shoe store for shoes and clothes.

The second year of their work they painted and papered their house inside, and laid a gravel walk, and bought a hive of bees.

The next year they painted the house outside, and put on a new door, and made an arbour over the well. People began to say, "What a nice little home the Burt family are making!"

Mrs. Burt looked calm and happy now. She seemed to grow young and strong. On Sundays she and her big boys went to church and Sunday-school, and everyone noticed their neat dress and happy faces.

Soon the boys began to buy furniture



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thumbless mitten, made out of very heavy English cloth. They get so accustomed to it that Mr. Young has known them to play strange antics in search of it. Sometimes they will crawl into their master's bed, pulling the covers about, while they lie on their backs, with paws waving in the air, whining for their shoes.

Mr. Young considers the Indians of the north a finer race than their kinsmen south of the border. The land which these men live in is an exceedingly interesting one. It has vast natural wealth. In it are the greatest wheatfields and coalfields in the world. One of the latter is 1,700 miles in length. United States Consul Taylor, at Winnipeg, says that the great wheatfield west of Manitoba is sufficient to support a population of 100,000,000. About the head-water of the Mackenzie river are mammoth springs of petroleum. These are so vast that beside them, as Mr. Young put it, the Pennsylvania fields would hardly make a respectable grease-spot. In places the pe-

Rev. Mr. Young is the author of two books which are of great interest. They are called, "By Canoe and Dogtrain," and "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires," which should be in every Sunday-school library.

MAKING A NEW HOME.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

JERRY BURT had been a bad and drunken man. After he was dead his two boys, Sam and Joe, began to wonder what they could do to help their mother.

"Let us be as good as we can, and work for poor mother," they said. "She has had such a hard, sad life."

"I wish," said Sam, "we could buy her a new house. See how many boards are off! See our broken windows and doorstep and fence! See our dirty yard!"

"We cannot buy a new house; let us do our best for this," said Joe. "Come on;