

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Stick to Your Bush.

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flalls
And half a dozen other boys were starting
with their palls
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking
with him, said
That he could tell him how to pick so
he'd come out ahead.
"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa,
"and then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let tucso go
chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's pick-
ing tells, my son—
To look at fifty bushes doesn't
count like picking one."
And Johnny did as he was
told, and, sure enough, he
found,
By sticking to his bush while
all the others chased around
In search of better picking,
'twas as his father said:
For, while the others looked,
he worked, and soon came
out ahead.
And Johnny recollected this
when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out
a well-determined plan:
So, while the brilliant triflers
failed, with all their brains
and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won
by "sticking to his bush."

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened,
but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 16,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and vari-coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and

Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, bare-footed friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in

the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer. As I turned away, my companion in travel remarked, "Well, this is the sublimest fraud in Christendom."

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed, and multitudes were kissing its toe, as shown in the picture. The bronze too has

shut, and his clothes were torn. In her elegant costume Mrs. Hayes knelt by the boy, wiped his face with a dainty bit of lace, and in a strange, gentle voice asked kindly about his pains. He concluded that he must see what it meant. While the big boys were stopping down to Sampson Alley, he sat up at Mrs. Hayes' feet, looking into her beautiful eyes with all his might, and said at last: "O no, ma'am! I never, never will fight a boy again; not a big boy, anyhow."

Sampson Alley was thrown into confusion to see Joe Davis come home in an elegant carriage; to see him lifted out by a driver, and carefully handed to the washerwoman mother. And when Mrs. Hayes said at leaving, "Remember your promise to me, Joe, and as soon as you feel well come to the White House and ask for Mrs. Hayes," Joe's mother sat down on the doorstep speechless. But Joe waved his dirty little hand and screamed after her: "Yes, ma'am, I've fit for the last time; an' I'll come roun', I will."

In two days Joe appeared at the rear door of the White House. The servants refused to speak to the madam for him. He marched to the front door and said: "Mister, I must see the lady. She told me to come."

The doorkeeper made all things easy for him, and in a few moments Mrs. Hayes was welcoming him with smiles and pleasure as an honoured guest. She walked with him through the lovely conservatory and grounds, told him about her Sunday-school, and her newsboys' evening class, taught by a dear young friend.

Very proud, very happy, and wholly content with life, Joe went home from his first visit to the President's wife. He was a new Joe in a new world. From that day he rose from a bootblack to a schoolboy. Not a Sunday was he absent from Sunday school. From school to store, then to business. At present Joe is a book-keeper on Pennsylvania Avenue.

When he read the news of Mrs. Hayes' death, he said: "She was an angel long before she died."—Selected.

A PIECE OF PAPER.

I was asked to go to a public house to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. "Reading that," she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper.

I looked at it and found that it was a part of a newspaper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. "Where did you find this

newspaper?" I asked. She answered: "It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia!"

Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and, after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's word shall not return unto him void.

"That woman over there looks as if she were painted—" "Sir, that is my wife!" "I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael, and had just stepped out of the frame."

Waggs—"How is Byker getting on as a wheelman?" Gags—"Oh, he gets on all right, but he don't stay on."



KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in

several times been entirely kissed away, and had to be replaced. The vast and shadowy appearance of the Cathedral in the background is indicated in the cut.

JOE, THE BOOTBLACK.

Down Connecticut Avenue, city of Washington, came Joe, one fine day, whistling and singing, gazing nowhere in particular, when a boy twice his size "dared" him to fight. Joe accepted the invitation with vigour, but soon got the worst of it. They rolled over and over on the dirty pavement, Joe howling with pain and rage at his tormentor, who finally left him to his fate.

Mrs. Hayes came out of a house just opposite, where she had been calling, and was attracted by the groans and walls of a child. Seeing Joe, she walked across the street, beckoning the driver to follow. The blood was running down the poor little face, his eyes were