

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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In de Mornin'.

BY LIZZIE YORK CASE.

Good-bye, chile! I ain't here for long,
I see a waitin' patient for de day nite;
De angols dar is a pullin' mighty strong,
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

When de stars fell down, I 'member it well,
Yet I don't know de year I was born in,
But I goes by a star dat never has fell,
So I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

I mind back yonder in old Tennessee,
How de speculators come without a warnin',
But now I see a waitin' for de Lord to come for me
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

What hab I done dat de Lord let me stay
A waitin' so long for de dawnin' ?
The earth is gettin' dark and a fadin' away,
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Don't cry, chile! I must say good-night,
For your mammy's done had a warnin',
To close up de shutter and put out de light,
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

There are many curious and strange sights to be seen in the sky in some countries where the conditions of the atmosphere are different from those existing in Canada and the United States. The northern lights, it is true, often gleam across our skies on clear nights, and occasionally lunar rainbows may also be seen; but those circles and rings and other queer freaks of light and reflection which adorn other skies are rarely witnessed out of their prescribed limits.

The recognized home of several such phenomena is far away in the north, among the dismal regions of perpetual ice and snow; where neither green leaf, nor flower, nor singing bird, are ever seen, to break the frightful monotony of grim winter's everlasting reign. Here the sun, for six months in the year or more, hardly appears at all over the surface of the ice-bound earth. But ships, under the guidance of daring captains have pierced as far as this many a time; and, in our cut, we see the wonderful brilliance of the Aurora Borealis, lighting up two lonely vessels, floating there amid the towering icebergs of all shapes that surround them.

In another cut are shown the peculiar rings and mock suns that brighten the sunless skies of still more northern latitudes. The loneliness of an Arctic funeral under these circumstances is appalling. For days upon days the sun is never seen, and only his apology for his warm rays and health-giving light is known. True, there are very few human beings in these desolate regions who need the warmth; but explorers tell us of scattered tribes of Esquimaux who live there off the fat of seals, which they also burn for oil in their rude lamps, while they use the furs for clothing, and thus manage to keep alive and warm.

Still another cut shows the striking mirage of a number of vessels, both erect and inverted in the air.

Although the distant north has more than a moderate share of these atmospheric phenomena, they are by no means exclusively confined to these parts. Much nearer home—among the wilds of the Hartz mountains, in Germany—may occasionally be seen what is



NORTHERN LIGHTS.

known as "The Spectre of the Brocken," so called because it is usually seen from a certain point on the Brocken—a spur of the Hartz mountains. It consists of a gigantic reproduction of your own figure as you stand there, thrown upon the opposing wall of mist. It is an exact image of yourself, and follows every movement you choose to make with great exactness. This phenomenon is not, however, peculiar to the Brocken

alone. The astronomer of the Lick Observatory gives the following interesting description of a phenomenon witnessed by him, and so similar to the above that he applies to it the same name

"THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN."

"A short time ago I was favoured with the rare and truly imposing phenomenon of 'The Spectre of the Brocken.' I was standing at the north-west corner of the

Observatory grounds—in a fog through which the rays of the setting sun would, every now and then, find passage—watching the phenomenon of the appearance and disappearance of my shadow in the fog, which apparently completely filled the great canyon (out of which the northern slope of Mount Hamilton rises quite abruptly) and hiding everything beyond. Suddenly the image seemed to grow to enormous proportions, and in outline it appeared to be standing on the familiar mountain, which, on the other side of the canyon, rises to the height of more than a thousand feet, and distant from the Observatory about one mile. . . . Nearly the whole of the mountain was now lit up by sunlight and visible through the fog (which was probably only a few yards from me), against which my shadow was projected. . . . While I was mentally trying to determine the scale of the image which seemed to have a height of more than a thousand feet, it suddenly dwindled down to its natural size. The distant mountain was lost in the fog, and a few moments afterwards I was surrounded by the same envelope."

In the cut is shown a similar effect of fog and sunlight, which may be sometimes witnessed on the Simplon Pass that joins Brigue with Domo d'Ossola, in Italy. The majority of the phenomena of rings and circles seen in the sky are due to the presence in the higher regions of the atmosphere of numerous and minute particles of ice. We once witnessed a somewhat similar effect on the heights of the Black Forest mountains. The night was bitterly cold, and the whole forest, with its myriads of trees, was swathed in a cold, damp mist. This, condensing heavily on the branches, froze at once, and gave to every twig and stick a beautiful coating of clear, shining ice. The mist was not sufficiently dense to prevent the moon being dimly visible overhead, and it was round her struggling form that the curious phenomenon was to be seen. At a considerable distance from her disc was a large ring of luminous mist, defined with great clearness and exactitude. Intersecting this at the four points of the compass were smaller rings equally well defined, and, further still, half lost in the dim ocean of writhing mist, were visible portions of other rings and circles, intersecting and crossing each other in all possible directions. The effect of the whole was weird in the extreme.

WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

Did you know that the India rubber of which your ball or your cloak is made was once the milky-white sap of a tree? India-rubber trees grow in the forests of South America. A great many men are busy, every year, taking the sap from these trees and making it into India rubber.

Deep gashes are cut in the bark of these trees, and a little cup is put up in each gash. A milky juice flows from the gash and falls into the cup. When the cup is full the juice is poured over a large piece of clay or a flat board, to which it sticks like gum.

After this, the juice is placed over a fire of palm nuts. A thick black smoke rises from the burning nuts, and gives to the sap, which is now hard and dry, the dark colour which is common to India rubber. When all this has been done the India rubber is ready to be sent away to be made up into hundreds of very useful things.

There are so many things made of India rubber that if I were to name them all it would be a very long list. Caps, overshoes, coats, combs, balls, and even tents, boats, and bridges are sometimes made of it. Can you think of anything else?



ARCTIC HALO.