

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Life's Furrows; or, the Fallow Field
The sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeh the sleeping town,
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie,
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-
blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying
feet
Of the winds that rustle the
bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager
tread.
He smiles at the young corn's
towering height.
He knows the wheat is a goodly
sight,
But he glances not at the fallow
field,
Whose idle acres no wealth may
yield.

Sometimes the shout of the har-
vesters
The sleeping pulse of my being
stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to
feel
The sweep and the rush of the
swinging steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay
refrain
As they heap their wains with
the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbours, be not too
proud,
Though on every tongue your
praise is loud,
Our mother Nature is kind to
me,
And I am beloved by bird and
bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful
eye.

Over my head the skies are
blue;
I have my share of the rain and
dew;
I bask like you in a summer sun
When the long bright days
pass one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet
repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the
winter snows.

For little our loving mother
cares
Which the corn or the daisy
bears,
Which is rich with the ripening
wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is
sweet,
Which is red with the clover
bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern
makes room!

Useless under the summer sky,
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength
of mine

I give to the trailing black-
berry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape
grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cubs I fill
For the mooses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be
fed—
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may
see.

Lord of the harvest, thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest;
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON COLLAR.

In China they have a way of punish-
ing thieves by putting heavy wooden
collars on their necks and making them
wear them through the streets. But
the man we tell about is certainly not
a Chinaman, and there is a very different
story as to how he came by the rusty
gridiron collar which he wore for so
long.

The man is a Hindu, whose story is
well known in India. When he was a

northern provinces of India with the
burden of his sin on his heart and with
his collar wearing into his shoulders.
He had an image of one of the gods fas-
tened to the iron plate, and he carried
long strings of "tulsi" seeds on which
he counted his prayers, as Roman Cath-
olics count their beads.

He was growing old and wrinkled, and
his beard and his hair were getting gray,
but he still felt that his sin was not for-
gotten, when one day passing through a

HOW NIAGARA WAS SPANNED

The second steel arch bridge across
the Niagara gorge is in course of con-
struction, to replace the upper suspension
bridge close to the Falls. The signing
of the contracts for the new arch was
practically an order for the destruction
of the last of the famous great suspension
bridges at Niagara, so far as their
original location is concerned, and the
last of the structures traversed by thou-
sands of tourists in an ad-
miring mood will live in
memory only. All arrange-
ments for the building of the
first bridge over the gorge were
completed writes (Orin E. Don-
lap in Leslie's Weekly early in
1848 and the contractors set
about finding a means of estab-
lishing communication between
the cliffs at the narrowest point
near the whirlpool rapids. The
idea of overcoming the difficulty
by a powerful rocket was con-
sidered. But this did not work
and some schoolboys flying their
kites on the river bank gave the
suggestion that the desired con-
nection might be made by allow-
ing a kite to settle on the op-
posite bank.

The most adept of the boys in
flying their kites was little
Homan Walsh, and the con-
tractors invited him to try his
skill. The prevailing wind at
the Falls is from the south-
west, and, after waiting some
days for a favourable wind,
young Walsh walked upstream
two miles to the ferry and
crossed to the Canadian side,
reaching which he proceeded
downstream to the site of the
bridge. The wind was blowing
strongly, and he soon had his
kite, named the "Union," fly-
ing skyward. The cord went
out rapidly, but the gale was
too strong to allow the kite to
settle. Night came on and
Walsh and the boys who had
gathered built a fire on the bank
to keep warm, awaiting a lull
in the wind toward midnight.
The anxious watchers on the op-
posite shore also built a fire.
Walsh knew then that his pro-
gramme was understood and
that a close watch would be
kept for the kite.

The wind went down as ex-
pected, and about twelve o'clock
increased tension and jerking
on the kite string told him that
his kite had landed and that the
cord was safely across the gorge.
The distance and roar of the
rapids prevented verbal com-
munication, therefore they were
uncertain as to each other's
movements. Suddenly there
came a heavy jerk on the cord,
and then it fell loose in
Walsh's hands. So much sag-
had been given it that it had
reached the river below, in
which a vast amount of ice was
flowing, and the cord was
broken in two. Disappointed,
Walsh wound up his end of the
cord and started for the ferry.
Reaching there, he was told the
river was so full of ice that the
boats dared not venture out!

For eight days he was ice-bound
on the Canadian shore. When finally he
arrived home he found his kite uninjured,
and, after waiting again for a favourable
wind to fly it from the New York State
bank, he again crossed to the Canadian
side. The wind was favourable, and in
thirty minutes he had landed his kite,
and the desired connection between the
cliffs was established. The cord was
used to draw a heavier cord across the
river, and this was followed by a rope
and a wire cable. Other cables followed,
and a cable way, on which an iron basket
ran, now in possession of the Buffalo
Historical Society, was operated in
building the bridge. Homan Walsh re-
ceived fifty dollars for his work. He
is still alive, and resides at Lincoln,
Nebraska.



LIFE'S FURROWS.

young man he did a very wicked thing.
Though he was a heathen and wor-
shipped idols, he knew it was wrong, and
wished to be forgiven. The poor fellow
did not know that the true God was like
a loving Father who was eager to for-
give sins, and he supposed he would have
to buy a pardon by doing some very good
act to make up for the bad one. The
Christian missionaries could have shown
him a better way, but he had never
heard of them. So he had this heavy
gridiron collar riveted on his neck, and
made a vow that he would wear it year
in and year out until he could beg
enough money to pay for digging a well
in a very dry and thirsty place.

For seventeen years the poor fellow
tramped up and down the roads of the

village, he heard a strange, white-faced
preacher say, "The blood of Jesus Christ
cleanseth us from all sin." He pricked
up his ears at the words, "cleanseth from
all sin." That was what he had been
working for all these years. He went to
the missionary, heard the story of the
Father's love and pardon, and finally be-
came a joyous Christian. First he dug
the well as he had vowed to do, then he
had the iron plate filed through, and the
collar taken off, and he was a free man.
No wonder he has now become a Chris-
tian preacher and an earnest and faithful
helper of the missionaries.

Chicago's drink-bill for three years
equals the amount of property destroyed
by the great fire.