

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## Birds.

BIRDS—birds! Ye are beautiful things,  
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-  
cleaving wings;  
Where shall man wander, and where shall he  
dwell,  
Beautiful birds! that ye come not as well?  
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged  
and stark,  
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and  
dark;  
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the  
cottage's eaves,  
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bon-  
nie green leaves;  
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the  
brake,  
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow  
the lake;  
Ye skim where the stream parts the  
orchard-decked land,  
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the  
desolate strand.

Beautiful birds! Ye come thickly  
around,  
When the bud's on the branch and  
the snow's on the ground;  
Ye come when the richest of roses  
flush out,  
And ye come when the yellow leaf  
eddies about.  
Beautiful birds! How the schoolboy  
remembers  
The warblers that chorused his holi-  
day tune,  
The robin that chirped in the frosty  
Decembers,  
The blackbird that whistled thro'  
flower-crowned June!  
That schoolboy remembers his holiday  
ramble,  
When he pulled every blossom of  
palm he could see,  
When his finger was raised as he  
stopped in the bramble,  
With, "Hark! there's the cuckoo;  
how close he must be!"

## THE TURNPIKE-BOY AND THE BANKER.

A WEALTHY citizen sat gloomily  
watching the outpouring of his gold.  
He could not repress a feeling of  
bitterness as he saw those he had  
always imagined his dearest friends  
assisting in the run upon his strong  
box.

Presently the door was opened,  
and a stranger was ushered in, who  
coolly drew up a chair and said,  
"You will pardon me for asking a  
strange question; but I like to  
come to the point."

"Well, sir?" interrupted the  
other.

"I have heard there is a run on your  
bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replyin'g to  
your query. If you have any money in the  
bank you had better at once draw it out."

"Far from it. I have nothing in your  
hands."

"Then, may I ask you, what is your  
business?"

"To know if a small sum will aid  
you."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if so, I'd gladly make a de-  
posit."

The money-dealer started.

"Do you recollect twenty years ago, when  
you resided in E—?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not  
forgotten the turnpike-gate through which  
you passed daily. My father kept the gate.  
One Christmas morning he was sick, and I  
attended the toll-bar. On that day you  
passed through. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

again." He immediately walked out of  
the room.

The banker opened the roll. It contained  
\$30,000. The motive was so noble that  
he sobbed, he could not help it. The firm  
is still one of the first in the city.

## BE SLOW TO ACCUSE.

"Mother, I cannot find my seventeen  
cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming into

said I had lost it, and that I knew some  
one had taken it out of my pocket."

"But very likely she did look confused  
on hearing you make such an unkind  
speech. She knew very well that there  
was no one in the house you could suspect  
of taking it but herself. You might as well  
have said so in plain words. An innocent  
person is more apt to look guilty, when  
accused of a crime, than one who is hard-  
ened in wrong-doing. The latter usually  
has a face ready-made to suit any  
occasion. A gentleman once said  
that the most guilty-looking person  
he ever saw was a man arrested  
for stealing a horse, which after  
wards proved to be his own."

"But what has become of my  
money, mother? It is gone, that  
is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine toy  
once, that it was supposed a little  
neighbour had stolen," said his  
mother with a smile.

"But I cannot have left this in  
the grape-vine arbour this winter  
weather."

"But there are plenty of other  
losing places about. Did you have  
on that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had  
on my gray one, but then I know  
I put it in my pocket book."

"Don't say you know, my dear,  
for it may be an untruth. Please  
bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his  
room, but he walked back more  
slowly still, and looked very foolish  
when he came into his mother's  
room again.

Mother comprehended it at a  
glance, and smiled as she said

"I wonder who looks guilty this  
time?"

"O mother, I am sorry, but I  
did not mean to accuse Susan so  
wrongfully. I remember now just  
as plainly as can be wrapping up  
those three-cent pieces and two  
pennies in that bit of paper and  
putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a serious thing, Arthur,  
to make such charges as you did  
a moment ago against an innocent  
person. What if you had men-  
tioned it among your schoolmates?  
It would not be long before it  
would be told all about."

"Susan, at Mr. Reynolds', steals. I won-  
der they keep her. If she ever  
wished to get another place it  
might be a very difficult matter.  
Though you contradict the story  
afterwards, it would never undo  
the mischief. Many will repeat

an injurious story who will never take  
the trouble to correct it. I will pray for  
you dear boy, that you may learn to correct  
this sinful habit, and I hope you will pray  
with me. You will never improve a bad  
habit until you pray over it. Run now  
and tell Susan that you have found your  
money, and try to make some amends for  
your injustice by being more than usually  
thoughtful and obliging."

"God will not listen to the prayer of a  
man who is too lazy to go to work and try  
to help himself."



BIRDS.

"I am, perhaps, prolix. Listen, how-  
ever, and I shall soon have done."

The banker, feeling interested, assented.

"Well, sir, I threw open the gate and  
wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank  
you, my lad, and the same to you. Here  
is a trifle to make it so,' and you threw me a  
seven-shilling piece. I long treasured it  
and as I grew up I added to it, until I was  
able to rent a toll myself. You soon after  
left that part of the country. Yearly, how-  
ever, I have been gaining. So this morn-  
ing, hearing there was a run on your bank,  
I collected my capital, and here it is." And he handed a bundle of notes to the  
banker. "In a few days I will call

his mother's room with quite an anxious  
face. "I put it here in my pocket-book.  
It had been hanging up in the hall all day,  
and I do believe that new girl has taken  
it out. She saw me have it last night and  
put it away."

"Look in your other pocket, Arthur. A  
little boy who is apt to forget things must  
not be too positive that he puts his money  
in his pocket book. And never accuse any-  
body of stealing without a shadow of evi-  
dence. This is very sinful as well as un-  
kind. What if Susan should lose her  
money and accuse you of stealing it? Re-  
member the Golden Rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty when I