

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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[No. 20.]

## For Christ's Sake.

Oh! what shall I give to the Saviour,  
For what he hath given to me?  
I'll give him the gift of an earnest life,  
Of a heart that is loving and free from  
strife,  
As he hath given to me.

And what shall I do for the Saviour,  
For what he hath done for me?  
I'll pray for the sick and the evil-doer;  
I'll make my friends among the poor,  
As he hath done for me.

And what shall I bear for the Saviour,  
For what he hath borne for me?  
Remembering I am his constant care,  
Whatever he sends me I will bear,  
As he hath borne for me.

And what shall I be for the  
Saviour,  
For what he hath been for me?  
Long-suffering, kind, unselfish,  
pure,  
To bear, believe, to hope, endure,  
As he hath been for me.

## MOTHS.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

It is the general custom with moths to have four wings. There are however, some small creatures, known as "plume-moths," that have the four wings so divided as to seem as if they amounted to ten or more wings. These slices of wings fold together, as a lady folds her fan.

On the leaf of a purple-blossomed lupine on a hill, I once found the pupa of one of these plume-moths. The pupa was a grayish thing with a few black marks; it was attached to the lupine leaf by only one end of the creature, it being the habit of the plume-moth larva to make a cocoon, but to fasten itself by the tail to the leaf, and then throw off the larva-skin.

The twenty-eighth of June, a small gray moth came out of my lupine-leaf pupa. That moth was a very queer-looking thing when it sat down. It looked like the letter T, for my moth's wings folded into the cross line, and its body made the upright portion of that letter. The fissured wings are signs of one of the "lowest moths," as they have been called, but even a lowest moth that knows how to fold its wings in so peculiar a fashion would seem to be more interesting than some moths higher in the scale of Lepidoptera. One evening in July when I was in the yard with a lantern to see what insects were abroad by night, I caught a glimpse of what I thought to be a divided-plume moth; it came and lit an instant on the outside of the lantern.

Such moths may well congratulate themselves that they have lived to attain wings. For it is not every moth-caterpillar in the world that is likewise successful. No one who has not investigated the subject knows how many disappointments moths have in their infancy. There is a variety of hairy, black and brown caterpillar in this yard that is very unfortunate. He would turn into a moth, but when a person goes to look at his cocoon on the fence, one discovers his fate.

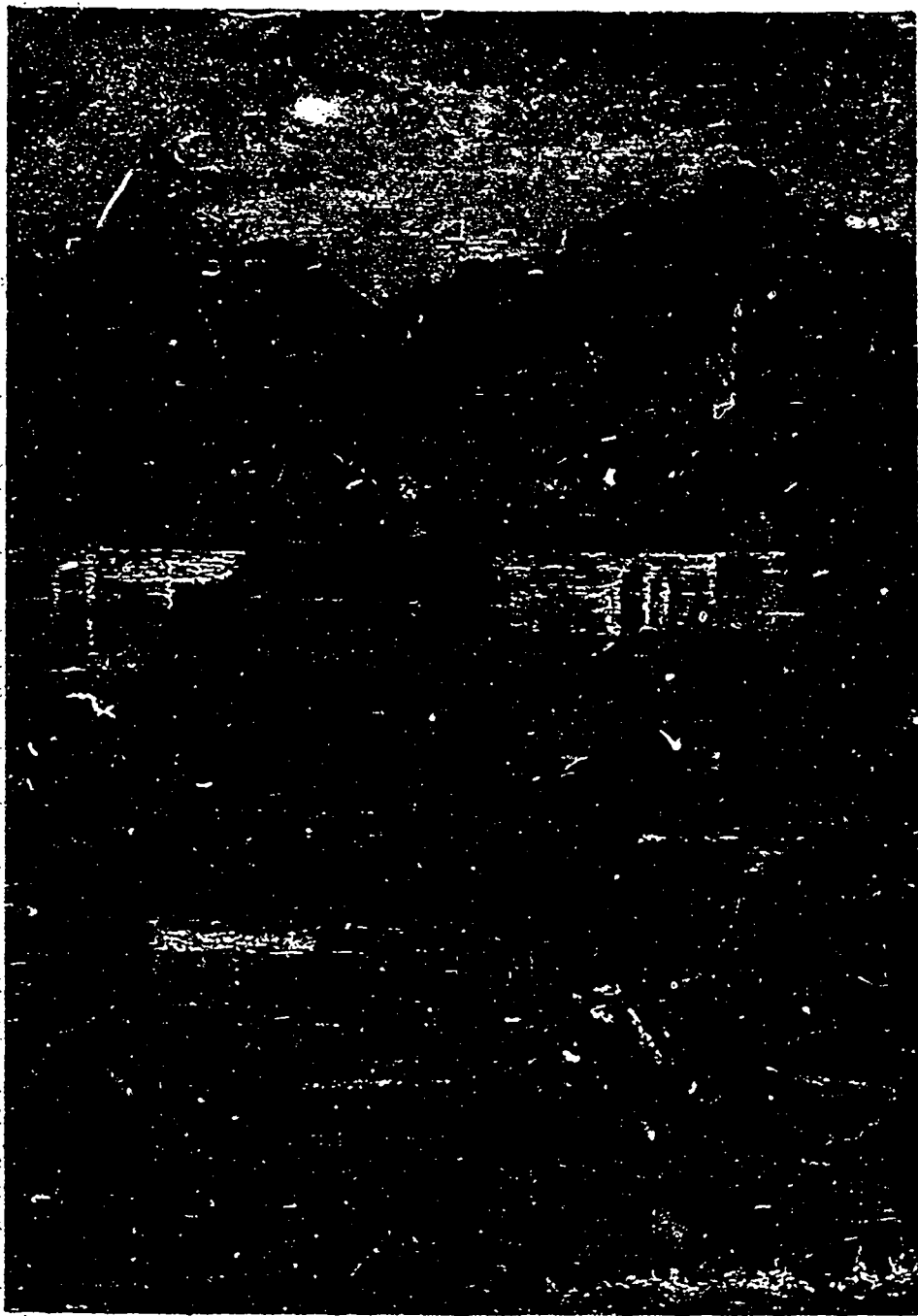
I was looking, in July, at such caterpillar cocoons, and found one that contained the remnant of a caterpillar. Perhaps that moth had come out successfully. I looked at another.

"He's all right," I thought but he was not, for the next instant I had discovered a small, thin, brown "puparium," as the covering of a fly-pupa is called. It was cylindrical, being rounded at the ends, and now there was a hole in it. The fly had come forth. Alas, for the poor moth-

caterpillar, inside of which this fly had lived as a maggot.

Sancho Pansa, speaking of his devotion to Don Quixote, says, "Above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel." According to my experience it is death, likewise, that parts the fly-larva from the moth-caterpillar, which stands for the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." Once when a white fly-larva came from a caterpillar that had died, I furnished the larva with a little earth, and the creature turned into a pupa the same day. Two kinds of flies have come from such pupae of mine. One fly is reddish, and the other small and black.

the picture measures about three feet and a half from tail to head, and when his magnificent wings are spread out to the full they measure over six feet and a half. This bird loves to build his nest in such a position as we see here—on a solitary rock far away from the reach of men and other animals. As the food of the sea-eagle consists entirely of fish, the nest in our cut seems to be in a particularly good position; for with very little trouble the big birds can dive in and catch a fish or two for their young ones. Here we see one of them with a fish in his claws, and the two young ones, who have been eagerly watching the operations, are flapping their wings in great delight at



THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

Often a moth-caterpillar has more than one of these fly-larvae dwelling in him, preying on his vitals. In one nook of the fence, where I think two moth-caterpillars had formed cocoons, I found six or eight brown fly-pupariums.

These are sometimes about three-eighths of an inch long, and if one, when empty, is held in the sun, the holder may perceive the little rings that run at intervals around the brown puparium.

## THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

One of the largest of those birds that are found by the sea and build their nests in the cliffs along the coast, is the sea-eagle. The species represented in

the successful termination of their parent's hunting expedition. The nest seems to be hardly out of the reach of angry waves, but the old birds may be safely trusted to build their little home well out of danger's reach.

"Ninety-eight per cent. of genius is hard work," says Thomas A. Edison, and he adds, "As for genius being inspired, inspiration is in most cases another word for perspiration." As the foremost example in the world of one type of genius, Mr. Edison is an authority on the subject, and his aphorism corroborates Johnson's often-quoted definition of genius, "the infinite capacity for taking pains."

## THE QUAKER AND THE BULLY.

A quiet Quaker, who began the publication of a weekly paper in a western town soon showed his colours by attacking the rum interests. He published the facts about some of the worst saloons and resorts, calling them "ulcers on the body of the community." He was especially marked and pointed in regard to a saloon "on the corner of Third and Pine Streets, whose proprietor is George W—." The day after the issue of the paper a big-fisted saloon-keeper came into the editorial sanctum and in domineering tones delivered himself as follows: "See here, did you write this?"

The editor glanced carelessly over the column indicated and answered in a cool voice, "Yes, I did."

"You crab-coated—" (here he gave vent to a lot of profane adjectives). "Do you know that hurts my business?"

"Yes, and I am glad it does."

"You are glad it does?"

"Yes, friend, that is what I said."

The rum-seller was too surprised by his unexpected manner to reply for a moment; then he swore for awhile; but as that did not seem to have the effect he expected, he said: "Well, I'm just here to warn you that if you print any more against the liquor business in this town we'll make it hot for you. Now, you've had your warning and you can take it or not."

"And supposing I don't take it?"

"Then look out for yourself, that's all."

"That is, thee means that personal violence will be used?" Upon this the editor took some notes on a page of paper that lay before him.

"It means that we will kick you out of the town."

"Kick me out of the town," repeated the editor, writing it down. "Good; and is that all?"

"We'll burn your shanty over your head if you ever come back again, and tar and feather you."

"Burn shanty, tar and feather," repeated the editor, taking notes of the interview. "Go on, friend, anything else."

The bully was somewhat mystified and showed signs of "weakening." The editor paused and waited. There was a moment's silence, then the priest of Bacchus growled, "We'll make it hot for you."

"I think thee said that before," quietly remarked the editor, and laying down his pen he calmly began to sharpen a pencil.

"We mean it, too," snarled the saloon-keeper, beginning to think he had caught a tartar.

"I am glad to hear thee speak so frankly," replied the editor and turning his chair around he looked at the angry man with a pair of blue eyes that showed anything but fear. "But does thee know what I intend to do? I shall publish every word of this interview thee has been pleased to give me. I shall let the good citizens know that thee has threatened me and my property with violence, and if in the future any violence is done, the authorities will know upon whom they have to lay their hands. More than this, I shall tell more of the doings at thy place than I have yet told. And more, if thee comes here again to threaten me with what thee and thy comrades in sin propose to do, I will turn thee over to the authorities for trespassing on my property. Thy name is George W—. Thy saloon is at the corner of Third and Pine. Now that I have all the particulars, thee may go, while I write the article."

There was an impressive silence. The cowed bully eyed the editor with rage and hesitancy, but the eye of the Quaker was calm as a mirror. Besides, the bully noted that he was broad-shouldered, weighed about 190 pounds, and his hands looked as if he had once followed the plough or wielded the sledge. The bully quietly went out, the editor began to work on the interview, and naught was heard but the scratching of the editorial pen.—The Union Signal.