

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

[No. 1.]

New Year.

In the dark midnight
Old Year must die;
In the dark midnight
New Year draws nigh.
Bells in the steeples,
Far off and near,
Cry with glad voices,
"Welcome New Year."

What does the New Year
Bear in her hand?
Sunshine is with her,
Leaf-buds expand;
Snowdrops are waking,
Roses will bloom
Larks will be singing,
Nightingales come.

What will the New Year
Carry away?
Silently, swiftly,
Day follows day;
Each with its story
Elsewhere to tell,
Each with its sentence:
"Ill done, or well!"

Fair be the story
Told by each one:
Pleasant words spoken,
Kindly deeds done;
Little lives bravely
Lived for the right
So will this New Year
Ever seem bright.

AT THE BOTTOM.

AFTER a long, long ride on a summer day we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log house, snug and neat, a corn patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door in the shadow of the house sat a young coloured man in a home-made chair; he had a book in his hand and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

"Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring: Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? May be the lady would like a glass of milk?"

We said we preferred the water.

"I never drink noshin' else," he said, "but there is a plenty of people ride by here and ask for ale and wine or punch, and says to me, 'Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlasting fortune, if you know enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

"And what do you say to that, Jerry?" we asked.

"O! I read them out of my book here; 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth

thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also.' That don't look much like everlasting fortune, does it, sir? Looks as if the man who made his neighbour drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away to everlasting punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, 'Jerry, mind you have got to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'

"And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

"O, sir! I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbour, along of drink. I have seen a man main his little child, I have seen a man strike his old mother; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all for drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage over-turned

and people killed in it—all for drink. And sir, in all my life I have never seen these 'everlastin' fortunes' they tell of made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go and no blessing along with it."

"And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

"O, I raise all I eat. I make my own clothes and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age and have a penny to give away. I have never seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it somewhere."

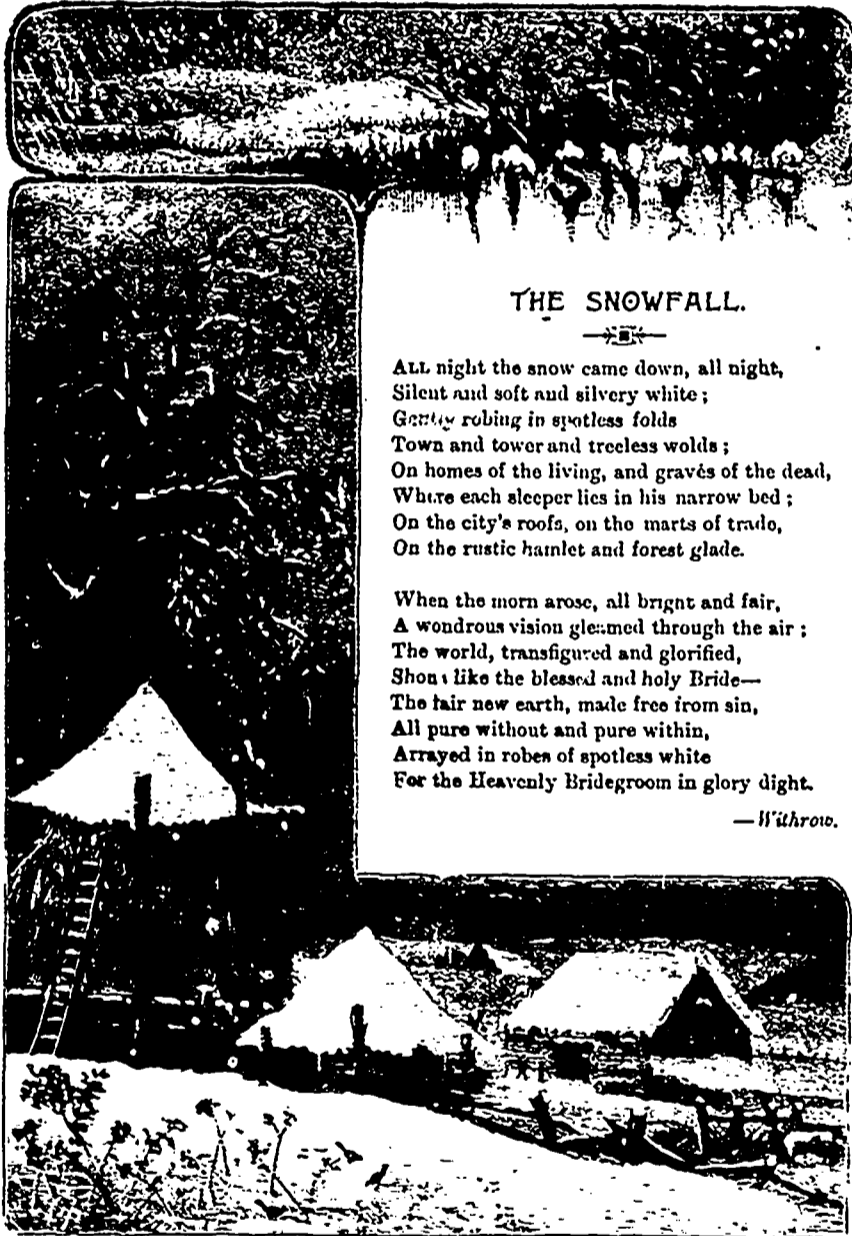
SISTER DORA.

ON the eleventh of October, 1886, the first statue ever erected in England to a woman other than a sovereign was unveiled in the town of Walsall, Staffordshire. The statue is erected in the market-place of the town where Sister Dora laboured amongst the poor for twelve years at the Cottage Hospital, which she founded after a smallpox epidemic in 1868. As we look into her kind, helpful face, we are reminded of the words of her loving biographer: "One of her characteristics was an intense love of amusement and of getting fun out of everything, and this she conveyed in no mean degree to others through the medium of her own ready wit and originality of expression. Just before bedtime came her own supper, when she would often be very merry, and would relate her

many remarkable experiences with intense fun and drollery. Her keen sense of the ridiculous must have preserved her from much weariness of spirits.

Spending and being spent for others was a delight to her, and it seemed as if she could derive no real happiness from anything which did not involve sacrifice of herself in some way or other. Commenting on this, some one has said: "She gave fun ministerial directly to her religion, and her own heart fresh and buoyant to lift her from the grievous burdens from the hearts of others."

A CHILD'S attractiveness is in his eyes. If he seems like a little old man, he is as attractive as either a real old man or a young man.



THE SNOWFALL.

ALL night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless wolds;
On homes of the living, and graves of the dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed;
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade,
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;
The world, transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
The fair new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory dight.

—Withrow.