

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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If! If!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend
And catch each other's wants and cries,
Attentive ears should lend—

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

As we study our lesson on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem it will be interesting to look with the eyes of another upon the scene which met our Saviour's eyes as he descended the slopes of Olivet. The late Dr. Dulles, in his "Ride Through Palestine," takes us into the camp on the Mount of Olives and points out to us many of the interesting features of the scene, which in its natural characteristics has changed but little:

"Our camp on the summit of Olivet was charming in itself and in its unspeakably rich associations. Looking eastward into the sunken valley beyond the hills in which Bethlehem nestles, you see the waving line of green which marks the passage of the Jordan. Farther to the south the still waters of the Dead Sea gleam silvery or blue, as the sunlight may fall on them or not, while the brown hills of Moab rise beyond as a strong background to the picture. Turning our faces westward we have before us a panorama that does not need history to make it impressive. On the right the rounded hill of Scopus stretches northward; in front and at our feet, deep down, is the Kidron ravine; whilst before us lies Jerusalem.

"I had often read descriptions of this scene, but the reality has proved it more noble than I had imagined. Olivet is more bold in its descent, Kidron is more thoroughly a ravine, Jerusalem is more brilliantly displayed, than I had supposed.

"But let us walk down this western declivity of the Mount of Olives. The way is steep and the path stony. No doubt there were better paths eighteen hundred years ago, but we are treading in our Master's footsteps. He descended this mountain; he looked across this ravine and up at yonder city.

"We look over into the city. It is spread before us—literally spread before our eyes. We can count its domes, minarets and towers—almost count its very houses. In front of us is the levelled top of Moriah, once crowned with the temple of the Lord, now with the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque El-Aksa. The city wall supports the temple-area, which has an eastern face of fifteen hundred and thirty feet and a width of more than a thousand feet. Within the Mosque of Omar, and underneath its dome, is the rocky summit of Moriah, where stood in Solomon's time

and in the time of Christ the altar of burnt offering. See those dusky clouds that this moment drift across it! You would almost say that they were the smoke of the offerings on the altar. But no need is there now of offering for sin; Christ has suffered for sin once for all.

"Back of Moriah the higher hills of Zion and of Acra rise, and so regularly that each building overtops that before it.

"You may travel far before you will find a more brilliant view of a city from without. It may be studied over and over, and still it fascinates you by the unique character of its beauty. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. Such it must certainly have been in the day of its glory."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

The special word of advice we wish to speak is that those who are leaving the school for a more active life will stop and think about the aim they mean to set before themselves. It is impossible to make much of life unless there be some settled purpose in the fulfilment of which life is to be spent. Every young man or woman, therefore, should pause at the opening of his or her career, and

ideals of his youth, to love and serve God, to cultivate in himself a character which will stand the tests of time and eternity, and to give his time and strength to the uplifting of humanity, holds a position the mere fortune hunter can never reach. Such men or women may be rich or poor, may occupy a conspicuous or a narrow place, but whatever the external circumstances, they cannot live in vain.

We entreat all young people starting out on the journey of active life to adopt this noble course. Take a high aim at the very beginning. Resolve at all hazards to live in this world, as far as possible, the life which Christ, man's greatest exemplar, lived when he was here. Put your whole trust in him, and seek the constant aid of his grace and Spirit. No matter what trials and temptations may come, do not lower or change the purpose with which you start. Be earnest, indeed, and industrious; take your full place in the active forces of this intense age, but at the same time live for things that are high and holy.

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane and dealt me no sham telling cut over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument would sting as it did, like a scorpion. Rubbing the place in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here." Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "he who cannot teach without the stick had better get some other business."

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy.

He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry that he was so stingy and talked to him about it but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "pr'aps I could give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try."

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked

by-and-bye. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said, "I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said, "You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else."

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. That is about 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

ask: "What is to be my aim in living—the central thought or purpose to which I shall bend my time and strength?"

Just here young people are apt to meet with one of their greatest temptations. "If you would amount to anything," the world nowadays cries, "you must be rich. Money answereth all things. With money you can buy position, and secure pleasure. Unless you have money you can expect no place in society, and no influence with your fellow men. The poor are despised. No matter how learned a man may be, or how good, without money he amounts to little or nothing. The ignorant upstart with his millions outweighs him, in the general estimation, a hundredfold. What you need to do most of all, then, is to make money. Your first business is to seek a fortune. Marry it if you can, if not, determine to make it for yourselves. Unless you get it, you must expect to be a nobody."

But there is surely something nobler than the making of a fortune. Fortunes, indeed, are not to be despised. The man that has wealth has in his hands a power for untold good. At the same time men may have a much higher purpose in living than the mere acquisition of thousands or millions of dollars. He that resolves to be true to the purest

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham grammar school, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he gave a nasty cut upon the too tempting back of a youth, who seemed to be the offender. "If you please, sir," said the boy squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbour, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It was I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that."

The whole great school-room was now listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted. "Jones, you must obey me, and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall