

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## The Woman of Samaria.

BY THOMAS O. SPEAR.

(John 4. 4-24.)

(See S.S. Lesson for January 28.)

O woman of olden Samaria! tell  
What the stranger of Galilee said at the  
well.  
When he paused and sat down all alone  
By the way,  
With his holy lips parched like the summer-dried clay,

"I will tell you the words of the sage  
that I saw,  
When I went to the well the bright  
waters to draw,  
Where the stones are all mosey and  
green at the side,  
And the life-cheering drops so delight-  
fully glide.

"Alone with my jar, ere the blaze of  
high noon,  
With a carolling voice, and my feet all  
unshoon,  
I leisurely sought for a draught of that  
wave  
Which the wisdom of Jacob our fore-  
fathers gave.

"At the verge of the fountain I stood,  
and beheld!  
In silence there sat, with his garments  
in fold,  
A Hebrew apparelled in seamless attire,  
Whose presence did reverence deeply in-  
spire.

"He asked for a drink from the pitcher  
I bore,  
Of that cool well of Jacob, delicious and  
pure;  
And I gave it unready, yet gave it at last,  
When the spell of his spirit had over me  
passed.

"He told then of waters that flowed for  
the soul,  
From the rivers of life that unceasingly  
roll,  
Gushing freely for all that would seek  
them in awe,  
With faith in the might of the Lord and  
his law.

"He said that salvation was born of the  
Jews,  
With a blessed Messiah to love and to  
choose,  
Whose feet with the brightness of virtue  
were shod,  
While righteousness rose in the path that  
he trod.

"He said in these mountains our wor-  
ship should cease,  
And Jerusalem's glory forget to increase;  
That God was a spirit to love and adore,  
Whom in spirit and truth we must seek  
and implore.

"And, with countenance looking cele-  
stially calm,  
Whence holiness beamed with a soul-  
given charm,  
He said that himself was Messiah, fore-  
told,  
By the patriarchs, seers, and the pro-  
phets of old!

"Oh, beautiful sight, on those features to  
gaze,  
As the holy announcement came forth,  
like the light,  
Of the horizon blazes, to the zenith un-  
rivalled,  
For true wonder and love of the sky-  
viewing world!

"He told me of things that I deemed  
were unknown,  
Save unto myself and my chosen alone,  
And all that I knew he perused in my  
soul,  
As it bowed to his will, and confessed  
his control.

"A prophet! A prophet! I uttered  
amazed;  
Our God for his people a prophet hath  
raised!  
An angel hath come from the light of  
his throne,  
The Messiah at last to the world to make  
known.

"O'erawed by his words, from his pre-  
sence I turned,  
With my heart full of thought, as it  
fluttered and burned  
With the weight of the marvels I heard  
and I saw,  
By that fountain whose waters I wan-  
dered to draw.

"Thus—thus have I told what so lately  
befell  
My wondering soul at the patriarch's  
well,  
Where the waters, though sweet, as the  
wayfarer sips,  
Yet sweeter the words of that bright  
Stranger's lips!"

Thank thee, oh! thank thee, Samaritan  
friend!  
For the God-light that did to thy vision  
descend,  
For the words that thy spirit remem-  
bered and told,  
And the sacred delight they forever un-  
fold!

"He called me 'Little Miss Pug,' and  
asked how much I paid for my shoes.  
To-day she told the girls that at night  
my 'pig-tails' looked like twin tails of  
a comet, then they all looked at me and  
laughed. And that isn't half she says!  
I wish we had never come here to live,  
and that my hair wasn't red, and that I  
had a papa to give me pretty clothes. Is  
my nose very much of a pug, mamma,  
and do my shoes show very much where  
they're mended?"

"Darling, you are just what God de-  
sired my little girl to be. You are beau-  
tiful to mother, and if you keep a cheery  
heart, and are sweet, honest, and true  
always, you will be beautiful to others."  
"I don't know's I hope to be beautiful  
to Ella Blake, and I wote, yes I do, that  
she'll love the prize!"

"Does Ella belong to your League,  
Beth?"  
"No, and she says she never will,  
'cause we aren't any better than other  
folks."

"Cannot you show her by your every-

continue "I don't 'pose I'd like any-  
one to wish to lose a prize, but then,  
she is so horrid! I most can't help it!"  
Maybe if I tried real hard I wouldn't  
mind the naughty things she says to me  
—that is, not so very much," and but  
testy for the little brown hands and  
were as quickly wiped away last mamma  
should see and be troubled.

Days passed, and each night when Beth  
returned from school her mother noted a  
dark light in her eyes. She wondered,  
But was silent, knowing that in her own  
good time the little girl would tell her  
of the brave, childish struggle over self.

"She was right. It was the last week  
of school, and Friday afternoon Beth  
came bounding into the house with a  
glad light in her eyes, and throwing her  
arms around her mother's neck, ex-  
claiming "I'm so glad and happy, mam-  
ma, Ella and I are friends!"  
"And I am glad, too, darling, tell me  
about it!"

"You remember the night I talked  
about Ella, and how angry I was?"  
Well, I thought and thought about it  
and I wanted to be good, so I prayed that  
we might be friends, and then I tried to  
think of something to do for her. Most  
every day I did some little thing for her,  
but she didn't seem to care or notice, but  
it made me feel better, so I kept trying.

"One day I gave her my orange, and  
she looked sort of cut up when she took  
it for she said I was giving things than  
ever. But to-day—what do you think  
mamma: when I went to school I saw  
her on Main Street hurrying along, look-  
ing awfully worried. Course I asked her  
what was the matter, and she said her  
little brother was sick, and she must get  
some medicine at-once, and that would  
make her late to school. For a minute  
I was almost glad, and then I felt so  
ashamed for myself, and sorry for her!  
Then I thought I might go for her, 'cause  
I couldn't get the prize anyway." At  
first Ella didn't want me to, but I coaxed  
her a minute and she gave me the pre-  
scription, and I wasn't very late, either.

"She didn't speak to me all day till I  
started home to-night and then she  
walked with me and asked me to forgive  
her, and when we got to her gate she  
I whispered: "I think you're a real Chris-  
tian, just Adams, and I'm going to join  
your Epworth League, too."

"My dear little girlie," said mamma  
tenderly—"twas all she said.

## WHY A BOY SHOULD BE A CHRISTIAN.

"A boy will hunt, and a boy will fish,  
Or play baseball all day;  
But a boy won't think, and a boy won't  
work.

"Because he ain't made that way."  
Whoever wrote that did not really  
understand boys, for I know and you  
know that a boy does think and I am  
going to ask you to do a little thinking  
right here now as you and I consider  
some reasons why a boy should be a  
Christian.

Now, when people think over a thing  
in good shape they put their reasons in  
order, and we will do the same, making  
the reasons "one," "two" and so on.  
Reason one: "You need the help of  
Christ. You are in the world, and you  
must pass through it. You will have  
questions to settle which you won't quite  
know how to decide if you are left to  
yourself. You will have more or less  
trouble, and no one can help you in all  
these things so well as Jesus Christ.

Reason two: Jesus needs your help.  
He has a place for you in his kingdom  
and a work for you to do. He needs  
you in your school and in the play ground  
to show how bravely and manly and true  
a Christian boy can be.

Reason three: His requirements are  
reasonable. All that he asks of you is  
to do right. He does not expect you to  
be a Christian man, but a Christian boy,  
with all a boy's love of fun and frolic.  
He expects you to run and romp and  
sneak out for ever, but he asks you to  
forget that you are one of Christ's boys;  
Christianity does not consist of sermons  
and prayer meetings, but of righteous-  
ness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.



AT JACOB'S WELL.

## BETH'S NEW MEMBER.

BY MINNIE B. CAIDWELL.

"Hush, dear, do not talk of your little  
friends in that way."  
"But, mamma, she's the hatefulst girl  
that goes to my school, and I believe I  
delike her more!"

"That will do," said mamma, placing  
her hand over the rosy lips. "I hope  
my little daughter has not forgotten to  
whom army she belongs. I—there, dear,  
do not cry; come and sit beside me and  
tell mamma all about it."

"It's that horrid Ella Blake. She  
doesn't like me, and she does everything  
she can to hurt my feelings. Yesterday

day life that the League members try  
to be better!"  
"I—never—thought—of—it," said Beth,  
slowly, "and she is so disagreeable that  
it seems I just can't be nice to her."

"Do unto others," you know," sug-  
gested mamma as she folded her work  
and went indoors.

"I do dislike her so much, and I can't  
help it! Yes, I really do hope she'll  
lose and lose the prize. If she doesn't  
get it she'll be terribly disappointed, and  
if she isn't late a single once she's sure  
to get it, 'cause I heard Miss Alger tell-  
ing Miss Ellis so."

Thus the little girl soliloquized, and  
a few moments after mamma heard her