

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

BY THE REV WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

ORTH through the solemn street  
The sad procession swept,  
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet  
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief  
Stern as the silent years,  
Which seemed to mock the common, weak  
relief  
Of outward tears.

They bore her only son  
Star of her evening, fled;  
Whose lesser light recalled the vanished  
one  
Now long since dead.

Desert her heart, and bare;  
Like lone house on a wild;  
No voice to make blithe music on the  
stair—  
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,  
No hope in days to come,  
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast  
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,  
A sudden silence came.  
The hired mourners swift forbore their  
dirge,  
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,  
With such despairing cry,  
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son  
of God"—  
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."  
They wait, in curious pause:  
Haa He the power and will not interfere  
With Nature's laws!

He walked upon the waves!  
His word the thousand's fed!—  
Is He imperial in the place of graves  
Over the dead!

Then spake the royal word;  
And, quick with rushing throes,  
The red life in the clay obedient heard  
The dead arose!

The same through endless time,  
Thus Jesus healeth now,  
With "many crowns," for victories sub-  
lime,  
Upon his brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight  
O'er mortal sin and dread,  
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,  
To raise the dead.

## FIDELITY OF THE STARS.

ONCE, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College at the close of the day, a friend who had left me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied courteously, "Yes; I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star if you will find one." My companion "found one" by looking in a little book of astronomical tables lying there

on the desk, and replied quietly, "There is one at 5.20." So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by, with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the impressive stillness, we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word "there" spoken by the professor, the other was the tap of

miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech but rolling in on time, as he bade it ages ago!

Then I was invited to look in, and see the world of beauty as it swept by the next fibre in the tube. But afterwards I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before, and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calculations a thousand years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after

## HOW BOYS ARE SPOILED.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances, is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained and taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vice comes as naturally as the night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through cigarettes and other enervating indulgences, to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honour and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys, whose physical vigour is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught, not only in theory but in practice, that "hardness ever of hardness is mother," and they bring the highest physical vigour to the development of their mental powers. They forge to the front, while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## THE LARGE SNOWBALL.

It is an old saying that many hands make light work, and I think it is true in most cases. Willie has been making a large snowball, and now it is so large that he can roll it no further without help. Frankie has stopped shovelling snow into his wheel-barrow, and has thrown down his shovel, to come to the aid of his brother. Even the little girls have come to lend a helping hand in rolling the ball over. I think they will have to stop rolling it soon, it has grown so large. Grace and Willie are very ambitious, however, to have it larger, while Frankie and Amy, who cannot see over the top of it, think it is "most big enough." Although there are so many hands employed in rolling it, I think they will not be able to make light work of it much longer. These children look as if they enjoyed their play together very much. I should not wonder if Master Willie finds occasion to call for the help of his sisters a great many times as he grows older. How pleasant it will be if they are always as ready to bestow it as they have been in this instance.—*Gretchen.*

The soul of the world is God, and its parts are true divinities.



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the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of the instant—they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock, he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider web line in his instrument, and the other man who struck the hammer stroke could not see the star, he was looking at the second hand on the dial-plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone, and then, too, there came on the heavens, millions of

David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that those two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they, at the awe struck devotion—the hushed reverence, with which I left the room.—*Dr. C. Robinson.*

ALL the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as intemperance.