

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Autumn Fires.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires,  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!

## INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

"Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal."

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and various coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peas-

ants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the services for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed

enough. His father was a shoemaker, and both of his parents were devoted Christian people. One day he begged his father to cut him out a pair of little shoes that he might make them. At first his father put him off with a laugh, but persevering in his application, the father at length cut the leather into shape for him and gave him awl and thread. Thus equipped, the little fellow, instead of going to play as usual after school hours sat down by his father's side and worked away day after day at the tiny shoes until they were finished.

Having sold them to a lady, he made a little bag for the money and hung it over his bed, intending to take it to school on the following Sunday and put it in the box. But when Sunday came he was very sick, had caught the scarlet fever, and the doctor said he could not live. His throat was very sore, and he had a gargle to take that hurt him very much. The use of it caused him so much pain that he refused to take it any more. At evening his father coaxed him to try it once more, and offered him a dollar if he would do so. He consented, and taking the dollar in his hand, pointing to the bag at the head of the bed, said to his father, This shall

"I am willing with all my heart," said he."

Jesus is the "Man at the gate," and he it is who accepts the praises of the children and says, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
—Glad Tidings.

## WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BOOK-CASE.

A native physician living in the country of Bingo, in Southern Japan, has a relative in Osaka. This relative is an earnest Christian, and takes every opportunity to spread the knowledge of the truth. Some time ago, when the four Gospels and the Acts were all the Japanese had of 'the Word of God,' this Christian relative gave to the physician these five books, and he put them away in his book-case.

He had a little daughter named O Tadz, to whom he gave, what is quite uncommon among Japanese women a good education. She became fond of reading, and in searching her father's book-shelves one day she came across the five books, which had lain unnoticed for a long time. She was intensely interested in them, and read them through and through, and often lay awake at night wondering how she could receive the joy and peace that she felt sure was for her.

When she was fifteen years old her father took her to Osaka, to receive better advantages than she could get at home, and procured board for her in this relative's family.

When the family assembled for prayers the good man began to explain to her the meaning of what he read, thinking her wholly ignorant, when, to his astonishment, she began to question him in a way that showed her to be well acquainted with the Gospels. He asked her where she had learned about the Bible, and she told him of the books he had given to her father years ago. A Chinese Bible was procured for her, and she read with intense interest the Old Testament history, which was all new and wonderful to her.

She soon gave her heart to Jesus, and understood for herself the joy which the Christians, of whom she had read in the Acts, had possessed. When she wrote to her parents of her desire to be baptized, they sent her a complete suit of new clothes, telling her to wear them at her baptism, for which her soul was cleansed the body too must be clean.—Foreign Missionary.

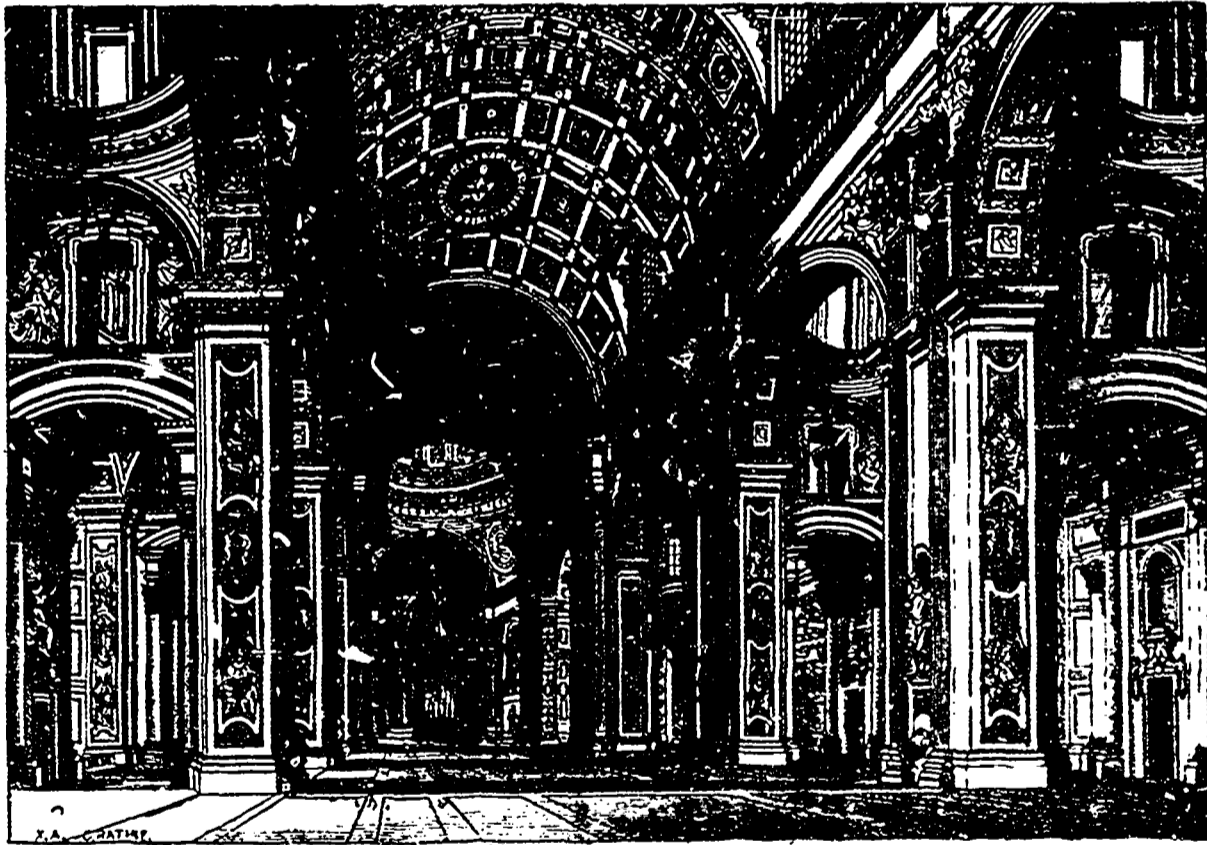
## TWO WISHES.

"I wish," said Jennie, "that Clara liked me well enough to do the thing I want to do, and to give me things some times, then we could have such nice times together, and now we don't agree."

"I wish," said Jennie's mother, "that my little girl liked her friend Clara well enough to do the things her friend wants to do, then I think you would have nice times together."

Jennie thought it over, and then said "I believe your wish is best, mamma. I'll go right over and tell Clara that I'll go to her picnic in the orchard this afternoon instead of to my doll party that I wanted to have."

And (would you believe it?) when she went to Clara she found her quite willing to come to the doll party, so they had the picnic first, and then the doll party.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

## A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

This simple story may serve as an inspiration to the children in their work for Jesus, and as an encouragement to parents and Sunday-school workers in seeking to implant in minds that are infantile a desire to love and labour for others. Its scene is the Prince Street Methodist Sunday-school, Charlottetown. This school has always been characterized by its earnest missionary spirit, and there have gone forth from it more than a score of ministers to carry the glad tidings of salvation to different parts of the world. To-day it supports a native missionary in Japan. The missionary money is placed by the children in boxes and purses, and there is quite a little rivalry between the boys and girls which shall have the largest sum at the end of the year. A dear little boy, about five years of age, in one of the junior classes, thought that he was not contributing

for the missionaries too. Then as he was dying he pulled his weeping mother's face down to his and whispered: "He died for all mankind, mother. I am going to Jesus. How sweet it will be to be in heaven," and so after leaving the beautiful lesson of self-denial and suffering for the sake of Jesus and his work, he entered into rest. Precious truth. Jesus accepts the little ones and their services!

There is a beautiful hymn which represents the man at the gate in the Pilgrim's Progress, receiving the pilgrims as they come to enter the celestial city. The man says to the way worn travellers making application for admittance, "I am willing with all my heart." Presently a little child comes.

"I am only a little child, dear Lord,  
And my feet already are stained with sin,  
But they say he hath sent the children word  
To come to this gate and enter in.  
And the man at the gate looked down and smiled,  
A goodly smile and fair to see,  
And spoke as he looked at the trusting child,