

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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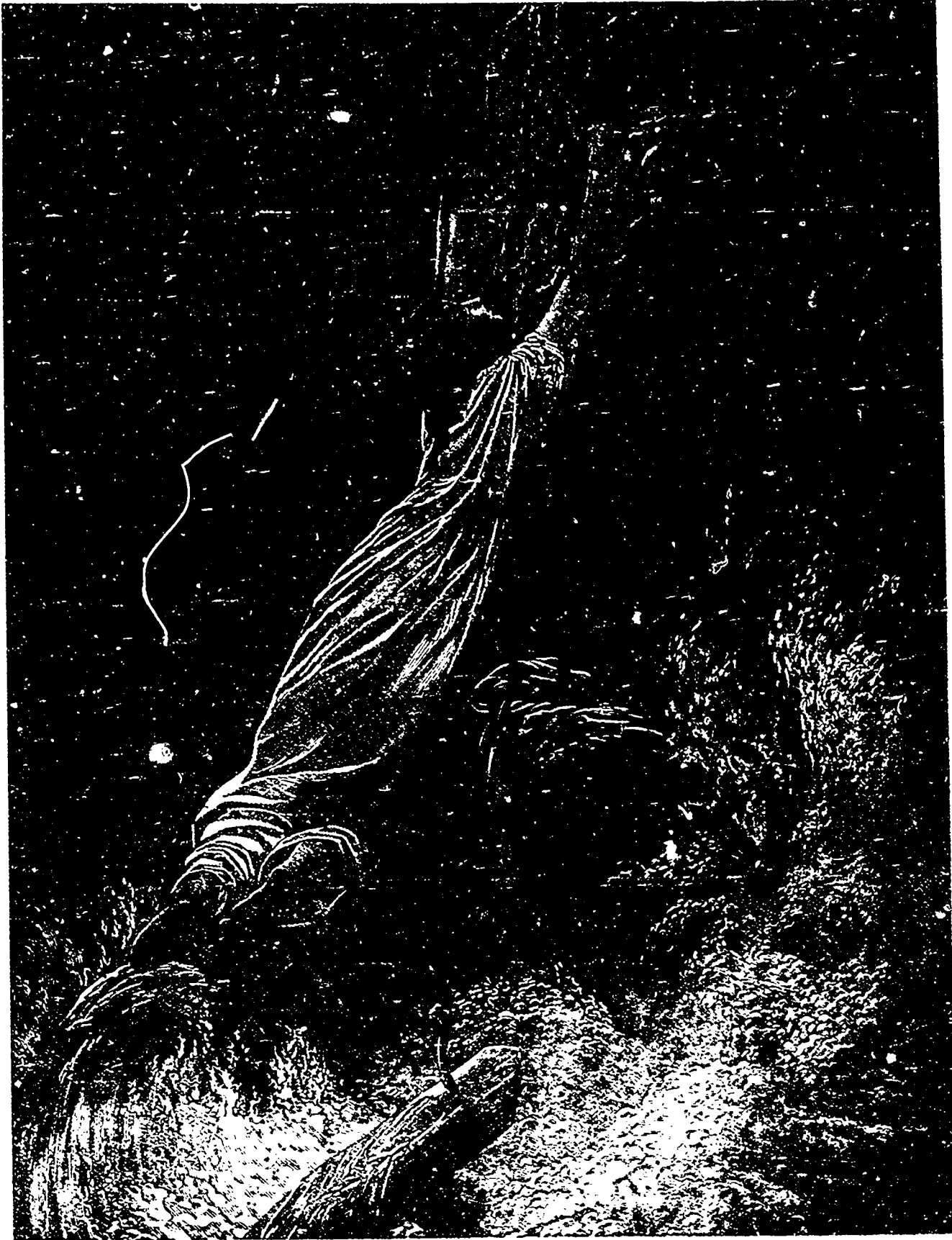
## THE PASSOVER MOON.

It is passover at Jerusalem, that holy Hebrew feast. From all quarters have gathered the people of God. Like children coming to a dear mother, the Hebrew pilgrims have clustered in and about Jerusalem. They crowd the houses within the city. They pitch their tents on the emerald turf without the walls. They only wait for the opening of the great festival services. But look toward Olivet. Watch the crest of the hill around which darkens the evening, but above it, beyond it, what taper of light is that flashing its silver rays up into the heavens?

It grows. It swells. Now it is like a graceful dome on the horizon. It rises higher, swings clear of the hill, and there is the round, full-orbed, glorious passover-moon. We seem to hear acclamations of joy, shouts of welcome, hymns of praise, echoing through the night.

But look northward! What responsive flush is that from yonder hill-top? And, farther away, what beacon-light is that suddenly glowing from another eminence? And, farther still, a third crimson signal is kindled. And so, from hill-top to hill-top, the news is sent far away to the sojourners by the Euphrates, to the exiles from the beloved city, that passover has begun. So runs the ancient story.

We have come to our great festival season, to that which passover prefigured, into which passover grew even as the taper above Olivet expanded into the glorious moon. It's our Easter. The Paschal Lamb has been slain. Calvary's sacrifice has been offered. But, lo, Christ has risen! He is alive again. The Old festival is merged into the New, is expanded into the glory and joy and peace and hope of Easter. When you see at Easter a moon that turns toward the earth all the unclouded splendour of its face, you think of that passover-moon announced from hill-top to hill-top. Now proclaim the joy and blessedness of your Easter heritage! Tell it everywhere that Christ is risen. Let the light of your proclamation go everywhere, that there is a finished salvation for all. Tell it to that homeless lad. Tell it to that tempted young man. Tell it to that drunkard. Tell it to that criminal. Tell it to the widow in her sorrow, and the children needing a father's love. Tell it to the sick, the poor, the forsaken. Tell it to other lands is darkness—to Africa, China,



ROCK OF AGES.

Turkey, and the Isles of the Sea. Flash the light everywhere! Proclaim that Christ is risen! Hallelujah!—S. S. Journal.

A deaf and dumb boy was asked, "What is truth?" He stepped to the blackboard and made a straight line.

"And what is falsehood?" And he made a zigzag, crooked line. This was a good answer, wasn't it? We hear boys in their play pledging each other to do "the straight thing," meaning, of course, being true and truthful. And when we hear them say that a boy is "crooked," we know that means he lies and deceives.

A little girl who had tried it, said: "The trouble about telling a lie is that when you have told one you have to tell ever so many more to cover the first one up."

## ROCK OF AGES.

This striking picture is a sermon in itself. How safe are those who cling by faith to the unshaken Rock of Ages. Tho' tempest rage and waves may shock, it never yields or falls. Safe, safe forever, are those who cling to the unshaken rock.

But, oh, what words shall portray the state of him who, amid the overwhelming waves, clings only to a drifting spar and at last finds even this wrenched from his grasp as he sinks forever into the abyss. Which, dear reader, do you wish to be your fate in the hour of death? Then act now that if death came to-day it might find you clinging to the Rock of Ages.

"Rock of Ages cleave for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

## THE COST OF A DINNER.

Recently a gentleman who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much a simple dinner that he was eating cost, and he was told seventy-five cents. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and a thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The tea on the table came from China, and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing, and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The flour of which the bread was made was grown in Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital; and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels and of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped and this meant the employment of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the

railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house. The salt came from the Indian reservation in the north-western part of New York State. The canned peaches came from California, and they too represented the employment of capital and labour. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian Archipelago. After the gentleman had pointed out what the dinner really cost, he asked what on the table could be raised within the limits of the county where they were living. The answer was: only the corn bread, the butter, and buttermilk, and it was decided that the family could not live on those alone. The gentleman estimated that that little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of five hundred millions of dollars of capital and of about five millions of men.