

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

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[No. 45]

## MODERN JEWS. BY THE EDITOR.

NAPOLEON was once asked to give a proof of the truth of the Scriptures. The history of the Jews, he replied. That history is one of the most remarkable instances of fulfilled prophecy. The tale of their persecution by fire and faggot, by rack and dungeon, is one of the darkest pages in European story. Pillaged and plundered, scattered, branded and mutilated, smitten by every hand and execrated by every lip, they seemed to bear, in all its bitterness of woe, the terrible curse invoked by their fathers, "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be upon us and on our children." Trampled and beaten to the earth, decimated and slaughtered, they have yet, like the trodden grass, that ranker grows, increased and multiplied in spite of their persecution. Those "Ishmaels and Hagers of mankind," exiled from the home of their fathers, and harried from land to land, have verily eaten the unleavened bread and bitter herbs of bondage and drunken the waters of Marah. In many a foreign land they have sat beside strange streams and wept as they remembered Zion.

"Anathema Maranatha! was the cry that rang from town to town, from street to street; At every gate the accursed Mordecai Was mocked and jeered and spurned by Christian feet."

In the engraving we see a group of the Jews of Palestine—strangers in the land of their fathers—and aliens where they were once lords of the soil. They remind us of the words of the prophet: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down—yes, we wept as we remembered Zion." Many Jews come to Palestine from all parts of the world, that they may die there and lay their bones in its hallowed soil. Strange that they do not recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the true Messiah, of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Blindness in part is happened unto Israel, but the time is coming, in the providence of God, when the veil shall be taken away.



MODERN JEWS.

## LESSONS FROM FLY PAPER.

THEN there is fly paper—the sort that catches flies and kills them by adhesion. Did you ever use it? You open the slowly parting folds, and spread its glimmering surface where the light would strike it right. You notice with pleasure how the deadly pitch has the enticing hue of sweetest golden syrup. Oh, artful imitator of the father of all mischief, who spreads the deceitful gay colours of sin so as to produce the most attractive effect!

The flies began to come very slowly at first, so slowly that you caught two or three and stuck them on to serve as stool pigeons. As the paper becomes more populous, appearance the insects come less coyly. You would see them hurrying to share the feast that many seemed enjoying. "Everybody does it." How regretfully and painfully some do it, and how glad they would be to stop doing it, that is not told. "Make room for me too," and down drops the eager fly to find, a little too late, that he has made a mistake. "Pitch! These fellows are eating pitch. I don't want pitch; I'll leave." But one foot was fast. He set his wings whirring to get free, and did not succeed. Then he understood that the flies that he saw buzzing so bravely were not doing it to signify their enjoyment. They were trying to get free.

He put another foot down to help his wings, and lo! two feet were fast. This was discouraging. He said: "I must be careful not to put down another foot," and as he said it another foot was caught. It was alarming. And the working of the wings grew very wearisome. He must rest. All his feet were caught. He leaned on one side to pull one of them free, and one of his wings touched the pitch.

The fly was doomed. As the fatal drowse came upon him he heard a humming voice in the air above cry: "Make room for me; I'm coming too."

"He can have my place and welcome." Yes, there is a good deal of suggestion in the smeared and dotted surface of a wall filled fly paper.