

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

### The Time to Stop.

PERHAPS you think a little boy  
Can hardly understand  
The message that the temperance folks  
Are sending through our land.

But this I know, that want and woe,  
In drunkards' homes are found;  
And places where they buy their drinks  
Are open all around.

For liquor and tobacco, too,  
More money goes they say,  
Than all the people in the land  
For bread and meat now pay.

Some say a little does no harm,  
It makes them feel so nice!  
But then it is as dangerous  
As skating on thin ice.

A little makes you soon want more,  
Then more and more you crave,  
Until to alcoholic drinks  
You find yourself a slave.

The chains begin to bind your soul  
When first you take a drop;  
Before you take a single drink  
That is the time to stop!

### NAZARETH.

One of our cuts on this page gives a view of the town of Nazareth in which our Saviour spent the first thirty years of his life. It is a lovely spot in a cup-like valley, surrounded by encircling hills. In the town of Nazareth I spent Easter Sunday in the year 1892, and climbed the high hill behind the town, which commanded a noble view of the Sea of Galilee, the distant Mediterranean, Mount Tabor near at hand, and of the rolling country round about. I thought how often our Lord must as a boy have climbed these hills and wandered all over these valleys.

I visited the fountain where as a child he must often have come with Mary his mother, and then visited the Mount of Precipitation, as it is called, where the men of the synagogue "rose and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon the city was built that they might cast him over headlong, as described in our lesson for October 7th.

Quite near is a little English church, where we attended Easter Service. Very delightful it was to hear those sweet-voiced Syrian girls sing the words of the blessed Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," so near the place where these words were first uttered.

The first picture on this page is an accurate copy of a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with its augers, saws, boards and boxes, bench, and glue, and shavings. It looks just as carpenters' shops must look the world over. It was in just such a shop Jesus laboured with Joseph, his reputed father, and ennobled and dignified toil forever.

Two Englishmen met in mid-ocean on the deck of a steamer. One asked, "Going across?" "Yes, are you?" and there the conversation ended.



CARPENTER'S SHOP, NAZARETH.

### AN HONEST LITTLE BEGGAR.

On one of the most beautiful market places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market-place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar-boy, placed just above the

first-story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in the stone, that you would almost think you were looking at Carlo himself. Over each window of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "Honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count, living in the same town, took a journey into Italy. One day, while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carlo, who, perhaps more hungry than the rest, persevered, until the count, to get rid of his cries, throw out a handful of small coins into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carlo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the gold piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, toward night, he found again the gay carriage of the count standing before a shop, and he soon told the nobleman of his mistake.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent, and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

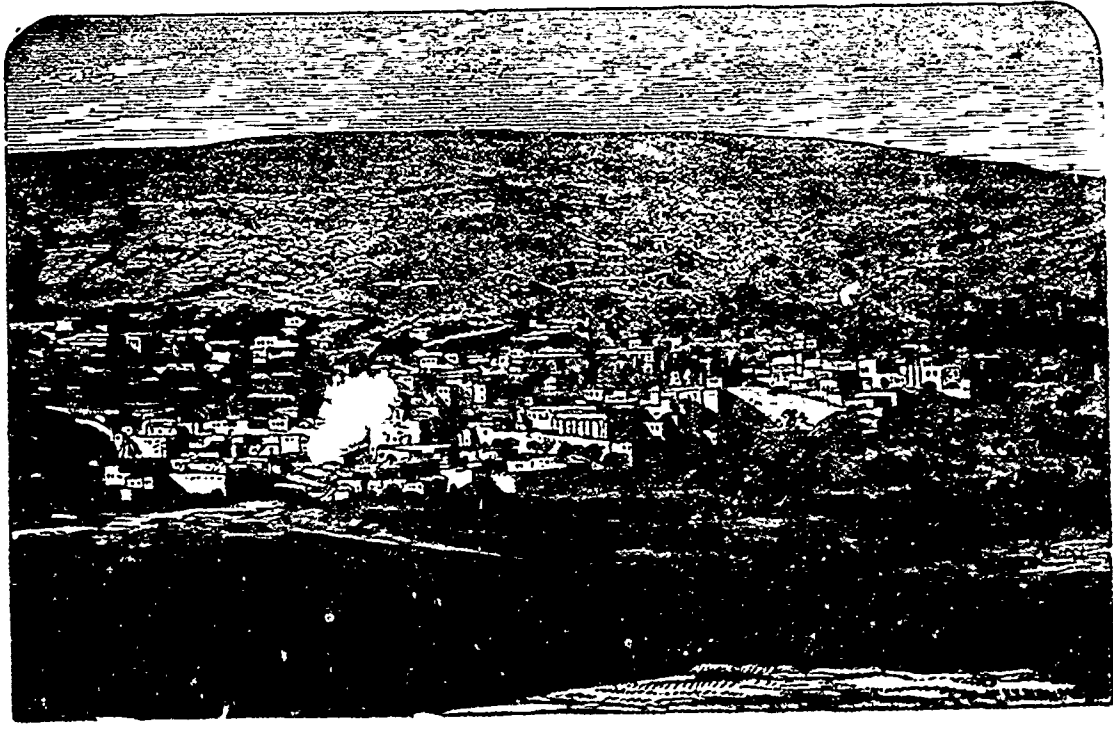
Carlo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving, too, the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

### THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

"WHAT AM I?" I am one of God's creatures, endowed with superior faculties to those possessed by the fishes in the sea, the beasts on the earth, and the birds in the air; those faculties are given me for the glory of God and the good of my fellow creatures. I have a body which in a little time will moulder in the dust from whence it sprung, and I have a soul which will live forever and even in happiness or everlasting misery.

"WHERE AM I?" In a world wherein there is much sin and sorrow, in which God has placed me for a short time. This world is passing away, my days are short, I must very soon die.

"WHITHER AM I GOING?" I am going to happiness or to misery, to heaven or to hell. If I am one treading the way of evil, and scornful that sacrifice for sin which God hath provided in his Son Jesus Christ, I shall perish. If I am taught of God to seek for pardon and grace; if I have the gift of faith to cling to the cross of the Redeemer, and depend for salvation on the Saviour of sinners, I shall live forever. If I am living in sin, I am going to hell. If I live on Christ, I am going to my heavenly home. That is whither I am going.



NAZARETH.