

# LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## THE SEA OF GALILEE.

OUR Saviour crossed the Sea of Galilee several times. He stilled the tempest, walked on its waves to his disciples, and preached to multitudes on its shores. On the west side was Capernaum, "his own city," where he preached and performed miracles.

The Sea of Galilee is surrounded by mountains, as seen in the picture. It is not a large lake; being only twelve or fifteen miles long, and from four to seven and a half miles wide. It contains multitudes of fish, and in Christ's time there were many fishing boats.

An English artist—Mr. Henry Harper—writes in the *English Sunday at Home*, of a storm on the Sea of Galilee:

"One Sunday, after spending the morning in my tent, reading my Bible, I went for a stroll. The sun was very hot as I wandered on past the town, but soon a high wind began to raise the dust. This wind was cold, and came from the north-west. I decided to seek rest and shelter. When I turned to look back at the lake I was startled by the change. Its gentle ripples had risen to waves—waves with white crests—veritable sea-horses. A fierce light struck full on Tiberias, which was seen against a background of deep, purple sea, and still darker hill. The one palm-tree near was lashed over like a reed; a pelting shower of rain swept over land

and sea. So large, so heavy, was the rain, that I could see the splash even on the stormy waves, while again and again came a shrieking gust, which struck the surface of the lake, and swept the water up into the air. All was wild confusion—grand and terrible.

"I know not how long I passed under my shelter. I know I then realized what sort of storm it was that caused that despairing cry, 'Master, we perish!' When I did get back to my tent it was all confusion—ripped and blown down; many things broken and scattered; and some time was spent in trying to repair damages. The evening was calm."—*Leaves of Light.*

WHAT makes life dreary is want of motive.

## A PLEA FOR GIRLS.

WHAT to do with our girls is as important a question for parents as what to do with our boys. A girl's work is too often regarded as a merely temporary character—as a sort of stop-gap between school-days and the date of her possible marriage—with the result that her work often lacks the thoroughness which might otherwise characterize it, and that the time and money spent on specific training are both inadequate.

Now, no one can tell when a girl leaves the school-room whether she will eventually marry or not, and in either contingency she has much to gain and nothing to lose by the acquirement of

actual experience. Practical and clear-headed, she is not likely to be swayed by false sentiment or wooed unworthily. Marriage, if it comes her way, comes naturally and unsought, and when her life is crowned with the honest love of a good man, she enters upon her new responsibilities with a very good chance of finding happiness therein.

## "NOTHING FINISHED."

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love"—; but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was "To my dear"—

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but I can say that I found not a single

article complete, and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken, things told me a sad story about that little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great things we merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by to see what little children have done.—*Children's Friend.*



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some art, profession, or business, by which she can, if need arise, support herself in independence.

Look at a few of the advantages which a working girl enjoys over her idle sister.

A girl who has a regular, definite, daily, employment is healthier and happier for it.

The working girl learns the value of time, the value of money, and the best way to spend it, and her daily life possesses a zest and interest it would otherwise lack.

The working girl, too, is far more likely to marry wisely and happily than the girl who, having nothing else to do, has looked forward to marriage as the sole end and aim of her existence. Contact with the realities of life sharpens her faculties; she estimates men and things at their true worth; She knows life, not from books alone, but from