

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

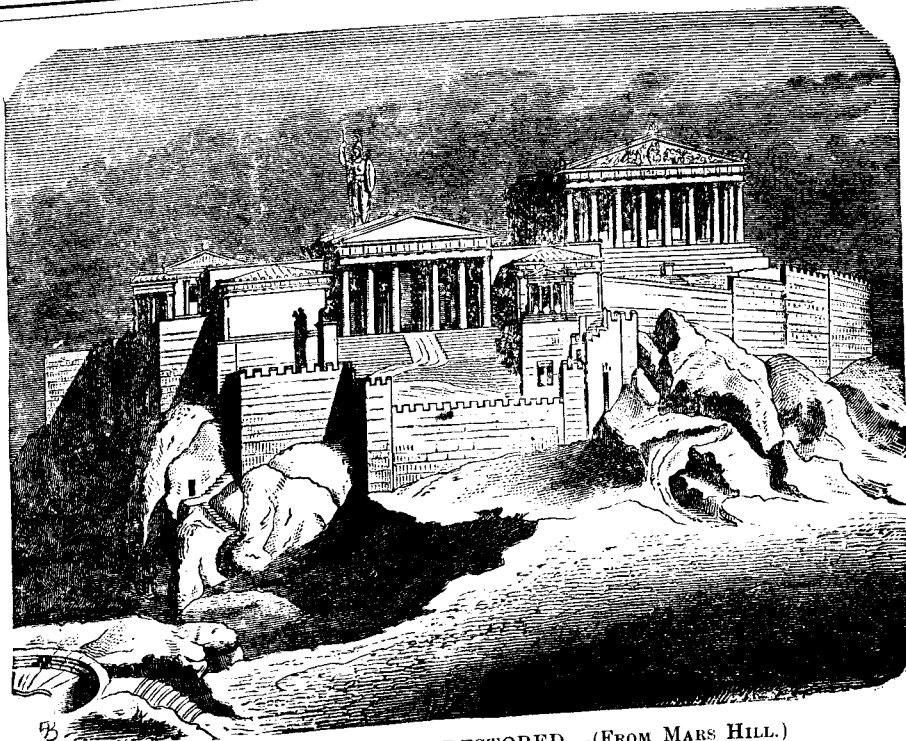
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PAUL AT ATHENS.

THE lesson for July 25th, describes Paul's wonderful sermon on Mars Hill, in Athens. We therefore give a picture of the remarkable scene which must have met the apostle's eye as he stood on that famous place. As he lifted his eyes, before him stood the wonderful group of buildings shown in our first cut, the great temple of Minerva with the gold and ivory statue whose reflections from the sun greeted the mariner far out upon the sea. This wonderful group of buildings, taken together, formed the Acropolis, whose very ruins command the admiration of mankind, and were then in their pride and glory. The larger picture shows us the port of Athens with its sumptuous buildings, galleys, and its harbour, and in the distance the famous city, and rising behind it another view of the Acropolis. Amid the splendid pomp and pageantry of idol worship, Paul declared the worship of the true God who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.



ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS, RESTORED.—(FROM MARS HILL.)

A TRAMP'S THINKING.

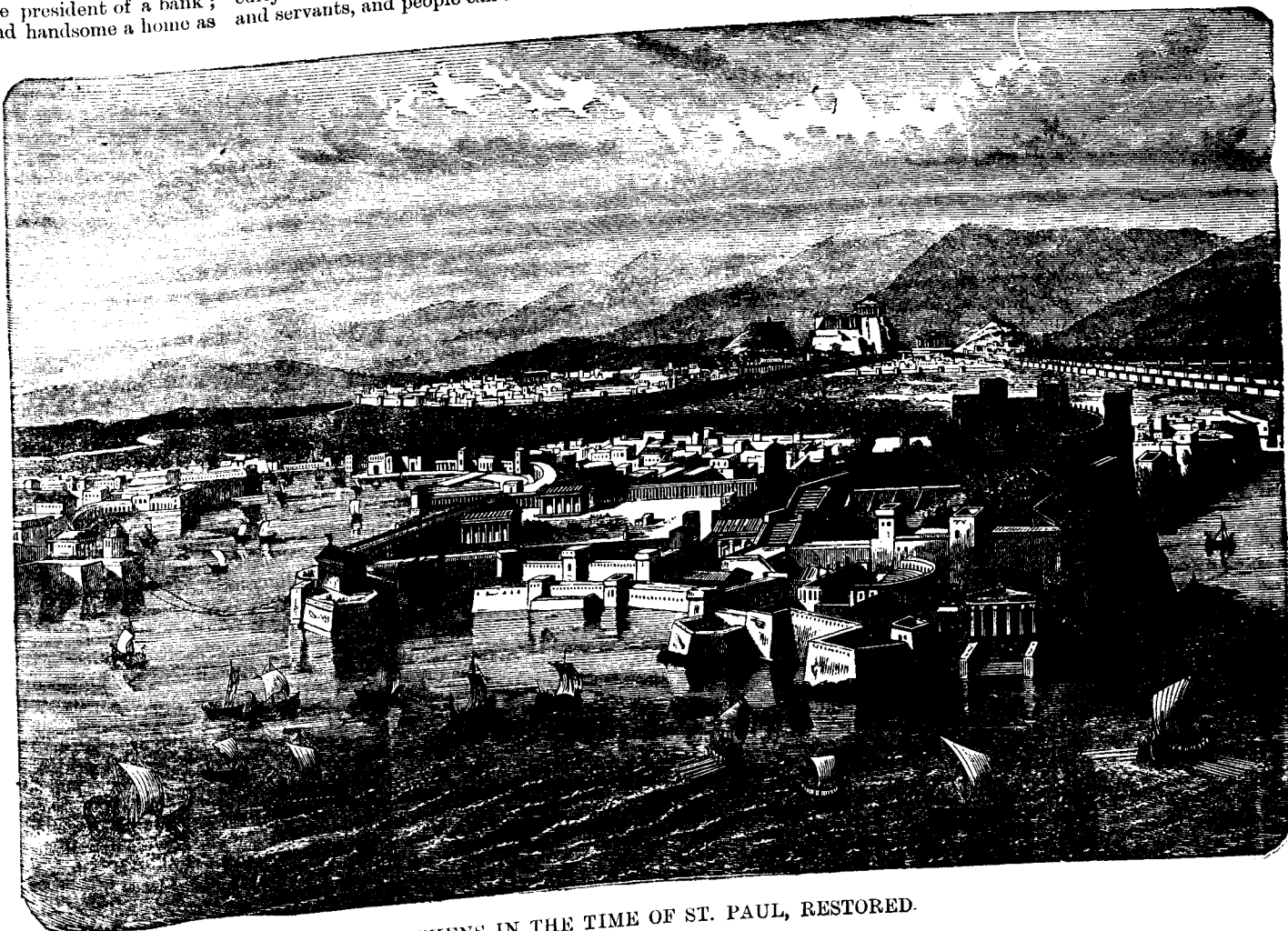
A TRAMP had been doing some thinking. "Thinkin' don't seem to agree with yer," said one who saw him. "Naw! it don't—it's like this, d'ye see. I'm a tramp. Now, my old school-mate, Bill, is just what I'm not!" "How's that?" "Well, Bill is the president of a bank; he's got as pretty and handsome a home as

yer'd like to see; there's music in that home; there's flowers there, and there's a pretty wife and some blooming, happy, curly-headed children; there is a carriage and servants, and people call him 'Mister.'

He's twice been elected mayor, and every-thing is coming his way all the time, and then look at me—different, ain't it?" "How'd he strike it rich like that?" "I can't think of any other name for it

now but good sense. We were boys to-gether and while I was foolin' around, havin' a good time, Bill, he sorter seemed to look ahead. He didn't care for style and it cost me to put it on that same money that he saved. He was fond of reading, and I'd rather play cards and have fun with the rest of the boys. When I was loafing on the street corners, Bill was putting in his time at school. I blew in my money on cards. Bill saved his, an' I remember now how I used ter guy Bill an' call him goody-goody, and tell him how he was a-foolin' of his life away without having any fun—but say! I was a-colouring my nose, I was getting to play a good game of cards, I was cultivating a fine stock of bad habits—among 'em love of budge; ter make it short, pard, I was giving myself a fine education for this here business, and ain't I succeeded at it pretty well?"

"I should say!" "Well! now look at Bill. Who's having the good time now? He doesn't have dogs set on him; he ain't pulled in every once in a while for being a tramp; he dosen't have to go hungry and have ter saw a big pile of wood to get a meal, and sleep under haystacks; and mor'n all, he hasn't got the awful, awful thirst I've got, and doesn't live in hell, as I do, because he can't get liquor. He's got manhood; wot have I got? He's got character: wot have I got? He's got friends; who's mine? Not one since I broke my dear old mother's heart, which laid her in her grave. Ain't that a record? Why shouldn't I do some thinkin'?"



ATHENS IN THE TIME OF ST. PAUL, RESTORED.