

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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No. 1

"No."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Would ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?
Would ye seek to emulate
All ye see in story,
Of the noble, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?
Would ye lose much bitter care,
In the world below?
Bravely speak out when and
where
'Tis right to utter "No!"
Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Clothed with sceptic grace;
Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies,
Keep hovering about,
For be sure our lives would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No!"

THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

BY THE EDITOR.

We read in John 2, 12, that after the marriage feast at Cana, Jesus and his mother and brethren and disciples "went down to Capernaum," and "down" it certainly is, for the Sea of Galilee lies seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The hillsides were dotted with the black tents of the Bedouins, and an occasional group of sheep or goats gave life to the landscape. Volcanic forces in the unknown past have poured over the limestone rock, leaving beds of lava. High on the right rises a saddle-shaped hill with a peak on either end, known as the "Horns of Hattin," the traditional Mount of Beatitudes. This hill is an oblong mass of black basalt; the depression in the middle may have been the crater of an active volcano. The consensus of opinion agrees that here He who spake as never man spake, spake as he did at no other time. The very stone on which the Great Teacher sat is pointed out. Here, too, tradition avers that the five thousand were fed, but the more probable scene of this multitude was near the seaside. We rose up the rather steep incline through tangled thickets. The view sweeps over the fair and fertile plain of Gennesareth, the blue Sea of Galilee, the white-walled Safed in full view on its lofty site, the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid," and the billowy sea of mountains rolling off to the base of the snow-clothed Hermon in the north. Pointing to the swifts and swallows darting through the air, and to the flowers springing at his feet, the Divine Teacher uttered the words whose music lingers in the air as the holy thought sinks into the heart. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

We dismounted, recited the beatitudes, and mused and pondered over the matchless sermon on this holy mount.

What a sad comment on the teachings of our Lord that here, after twelve long Christian centuries, in the heat of a Syrian July, 1187, two thousand knights, with eight thousand men-at-arms, were crushed beneath the victorious arms of the Saracens, led by the brave and generous Saladeen. Dr. Norman Macleod, in a few terse sentences, thus describes the scene: "The crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Moslems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rallying banner the true cross from Jerusalem, but the Moslems had its justice on their side, though not its wood. After days of suffering, and after many gross military mistakes, the crusaders found themselves terribly beaten, and all that remained of them on the evening of that awful battle-day gathered on and around the Horns of Hattin. King Guy, of Lusignan, was the centre of the group, around him were the Grand Master of Knights Templars, Raynald of Chatillon, Humphrey of Turon, and the bishop of

Lydda, the latter of whom bore the holy cross. All at last were slain or taken prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost."

As we descended the abrupt slope, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lake lying like a map a thousand feet beneath us, placid as after the words of our Lord, "Peace, be still," reflecting as in a mirror the abrupt steep-slopes of the Gadarene shore.

A DREAM.

BY E. R. PHELPS.

Once there was a child. As he wandered forth one day he came upon a vast loom. He could not tell the colour of the warp, for over it all there shimmered an ever-changing rainbow tinted mist, as though of all the colours lightly blent, but none determined upon. And as the child gazed a hand appeared holding a golden shuttle which it quickly threw, and as the shuttle fled on its shining path it left behind a pure white thread. Then the child saw that the thread was preceded by others, all white, and he ran away to his play.

Time passed, and he came again. The threads were many and of many colours. Some dull gray, some of softly tinted rose colour, and many of variously shaded hues—light and dark.

As he gazed, he said, "What is the loom?"

A thrilling voice replied, "Thy life." Then asked the child, "What mean the threads?"

Again the voice answered, "Each

thread is a day of thy life. Whilst thou wert young thy life was pure and colourless. As thou didst grow toward manhood thine actions coloured thine existence. There is the rose-colour of happiness, and the gold of self-forgetfulness; the purple of sorrow and the leaden gray of the days that followed."

"And these dark, discoloured threads that mar the beauty of the fabric, what mean they here?"

"Alas! thy sins are many, and have stained the purity of the web. See! even the rose and gold threads have ugly blotches on them."

Then the child wept, and said, "Can nothing wash out the stains?"

"Yes," said the voice, sadly, "faith can, but she comes to but few."

So the child turned away, to seek for faith.

He wandered long through the heat of the noon-tide, and through the mellow afternoon. At last evening came and softly touched the sky with fingers dripping with the blood of the dying day; and, lo! he was an old man. He came again to the loom, but, alas! the threads were many and black. In his despair he cried, "Oh, faith, come to me, I pray thee."

And as he cried faith stole into his heart and whispered "When thou didst seek unpraying, I came not. But when thou didst find thy strength alone wanting, and cried to me, I came."

As she spake, a hand with blood-stained palm was spread over the web, and where the blood dropped the stains vanished.

A great peace came to the old man and he slept.

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind, and also deaf.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.



ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE.



TIBERIAS.