

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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No. 2.

CHILDHOOD.

"AH! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

—Longfellow.

the second large dome from the left. The high tower, with heavy top, somewhat midway in the picture, but nearer the right, is Seraskier Tower. A little to the right of this is the entrance of the Golden Horn, not very distinctly brought to view, and on the nearer (northerly) side of this, is the suburb, Galatea, (back of which is Pera,) with the Tower of Galata at the extreme right of the picture. The buildings more in the foreground in this part of the engraving, are in the suburb, Tophane.

In the engraving on page 4, we get a

of great splendour. Ten thousand workmen had been engaged in its construction. Its adornment in gold and silver and precious stones was most extravagant. One writer estimates its cost at £13,000,000. Having removed our shoes and put on slippers, we entered, and found ourselves in a large and lofty building, in the form of a Greek cross. Above us rose the dome, to the height of 175 feet. All around, except where the altar once stood, runs a high, wide gallery. This, and other parts of the building, are supported by

selves in long rows, and prostrated themselves again and again in lowly adoration. In the meantime, the Rev. Dr. Deems of New York, and myself, walked to the end of the gallery, and while there, I heard the Doctor quietly singing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

I prayed that it might be a prophecy to be speedily fulfilled in the old church of Justinian.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM TOPHANE.

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THE engraving presents a beautiful view of Constantinople from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. A portion of Scutari, an Asiatic suburb, is seen at the extreme left, with the Sea of Marmora beyond. The left portion of the city brought to view, lying between the Bosphorus in the foreground, and the Marmora beyond, is Seraglio Point, with a palace of the Sultan, and the Mosque of St. Sophia—

closer view of the famous Mosque of St. Sophia, which is thus described by the Rev. D. Sutherland, of the Methodist Church of Canada, who visited it not long since:

"At length we came to the Mosque of St. Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, so called after the second person of the sacred Trinity. This building is substantially the same as that built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1453, the cathedral was converted into a mosque; but some of the mosaics still tell of the Christian faith. The building was, at its opening, one

magnificent stone pillars, for the most part borrowed from ancient temples. There are 170 columns of marble, granite and porphyry; some from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; some from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; some from Heliopolis; others from Athens and the Cyclades. Thousands of cords are let down from the roof, supporting ostrich eggs, horse-tails, lamps of coloured glass, etc. The effect of the spacious, lofty interior, as viewed from the gallery, is very impressive. As we admired, the worshippers were gathering below; and for some time we watched them as they arranged them-

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we; as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's right hand
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve then on the yielding stone
With many a deep incision,
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision.