

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Our Country's Flag.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

What shall we have for the emblem dear
On the flag of our native land,
To take the place of the cognizance
queer,

Which but few can understand?
It must be a token, indeed, to tell
Of our country fair and free;
Of the loyal hearts that therein dwell
'Neath the shade of the maple tree.
For the emblem-badge of Canada,
Oh, say, what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old countrie.

What must we have for our emblem,
then.

To be known throughout the world:
To be loved, to be feared, respected of
men.

Wherever that flag is unfurled!
Should we slich a fraction (to make or
mar)

From our neighbours' spangled rag?
No! never a "bar" nor single "star"
Must be seen on the British flag.
For the banner of our Dominion,
Then say what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old countrie.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

One day Joel was all alone in the
grape-arbour, looking out into the streets
that he longed to be in, since their free-
dom had been denied him.

A little girl passed, carrying one child
in her arms, and talking to another who
clung to her skirts. It was Jerusha.

Joel threw a green grape at her to at-
tract her attention, and then beckoned
her mysteriously to come nearer. She
set the baby on the ground, and gave
him her bracelet to play with, while she
listened to a whispered account
of his wrongs through the lat-
ticed arbour.

"It's a shame!" she declared
indignantly. "I'll go right down
to the carpenter's house and tell
him why you cannot go there
any more. And I'll keep watch
on all that happens, and let you
know. I go past here every day,
and if I have any news, I'll toss
a pebble over the wall and cluck
like a hen. Then if nobody is
watching, you can come to this
hole in the arbour again."

The next day, as Joel was go-
ing in great haste to the baker's,
whither his aunt had sent him,
he heard some one behind him
calling him to wait. In another
moment Joshua was in speaking
distance, nearly bent double with
the weight of her little brother,
whom she was carrying as usual.

"There!" she said, with a puff
of relief, as she put him on his
own feet. "Wait till I get my
breath! It's no easy thing to
carry such a load and run at the
same time! How did you get
out?"

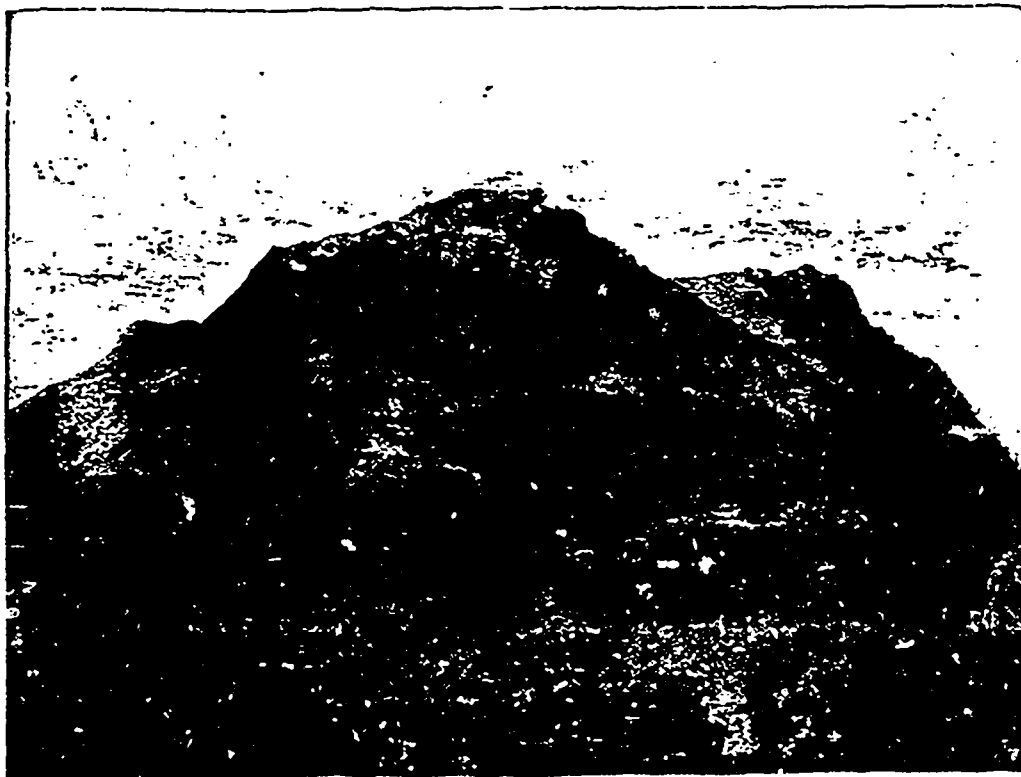
"There was an errand to be
done, and no one else to do it,"
answered Joel, "so Aunt sent
me."

"Oh, I've got such news for
you!" she exclaimed. "Guess
what has happened! Your Rabbi
Joel has asked Levi-Matthew



KEFR-KENNA—CANA OF GALILEE.

to be one of his followers, and go around it! One of those horrid tax-gatherers!
with him wherever he goes. Think of He settled his accounts and gave up his



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATRICE.

position in the custom-house yesterday.
And he is getting ready for a great feast.
I heard the butcher and the wine-dealer
both tell me about the big orders he had
given them.

"All the publicans and low common
people that are his friends are invited.
Yes, and so is your friend the carpenter.
Think of that, now! He is going to sit
down and eat with such people! Of
course respectable folks will never have
anything more to do with him after that!
I guess your uncle was right about him,
after all!"

Both the little girl's face and manner
expressed intense disgust.

Joel was shocked. "Oh, are you sure?"
he cried. "You certainly must be mis-
taken! It cannot be so!"

"I guess I know what I see with my
own eyes, and hear with my own ears!"
she retorted, angrily. "My father says
they are a bad lot. People that go with
publicans are just as unclean them-
selves. If you know so much more than
nobody else, I'll not trouble myself to
run after you with any more news.
Mistaken, indeed!"

With her head held high, and her nose
scornfully turned up, she jerked her
little brother past him, and went quickly
around the corner of the street.

The indignation of some of the rabbis
knew no bounds. "It has turned out
just as I predicted," said the scribe to
Laban, at supper. "They are nothing
but a set of gluttons and wine-bibbers!"

There was nothing else talked of dur-
ing the entire meal. How Joel's blood
boiled as he listened to their conversa-
tion! The food seemed to choke him.
As they applied one coarse epithet after
another to his friend Phineas, all the
kindness and care this man had ever
given him seemed to rise up before him.
But when they turned on the Nazarene,
all the stories Joel had heard in the
carpenter's house of his gentle sinless
childhood, all the tokens he had seen
himself of his pure unselfish manhood,
seemed to cry out against such gross in-
justice.

It was no light thing for a child to
contradict the doctors of the Law, and,
in a case of this kind, little less
than a crime to take the stand
Joel did.

But the memory of two faces
gave him courage: that of
Phineas as it had looked on him
through all those busy happy
hours in the carpenter's shop;
the other face he had seen but
once, that day of healing in the
synagogue,—who, having once
looked into the purity of those
eyes, the infinite tenderness of
that face, could sit calmly by
and raise no voice against the
calumny of his enemies?

The little cripple was white to
the lips, and he trembled from
head to foot as he stood up to
speak.

The scribe lifted up both
hands and turned to Laban with
a meaning shrug of the shoul-
ders. "To think of finding such
heresy in your own household!"
he exclaimed. "Among your
own children!"

"He is no child of mine!" re-
torted Laban. "Nor shall he
stay among them!" Then he
turned to Joel.

"Boy, take back every word
you have just uttered! Swear
you will renounce this man,—
this son of perdition,—and never
have ought to say well of him
again!"

Joel looked around the table,
at each face that shone out pale