

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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SEA OF GALILEE.

This is the name given in Matt. 4. 18 to the lake in Galilee, called in Numbers 34. 11, the "sea of Chinnereth; and in John 6. 1, "the sea of Tiberias." It is an expansion of the Jordan, and the current of the river is visible in the middle of the lake. Its dimensions have not been precisely ascertained. Pliny makes it to be sixteen miles long and six broad; Olin conjectured the length to be twelve miles, and its breadth six. Both statements probably exceed the reality. With a sandy bottom, it has sweet and limpid waters, containing, especially in the northern parts, abundance of fish. Its environs form, perhaps, the most lovely part of Palestine.

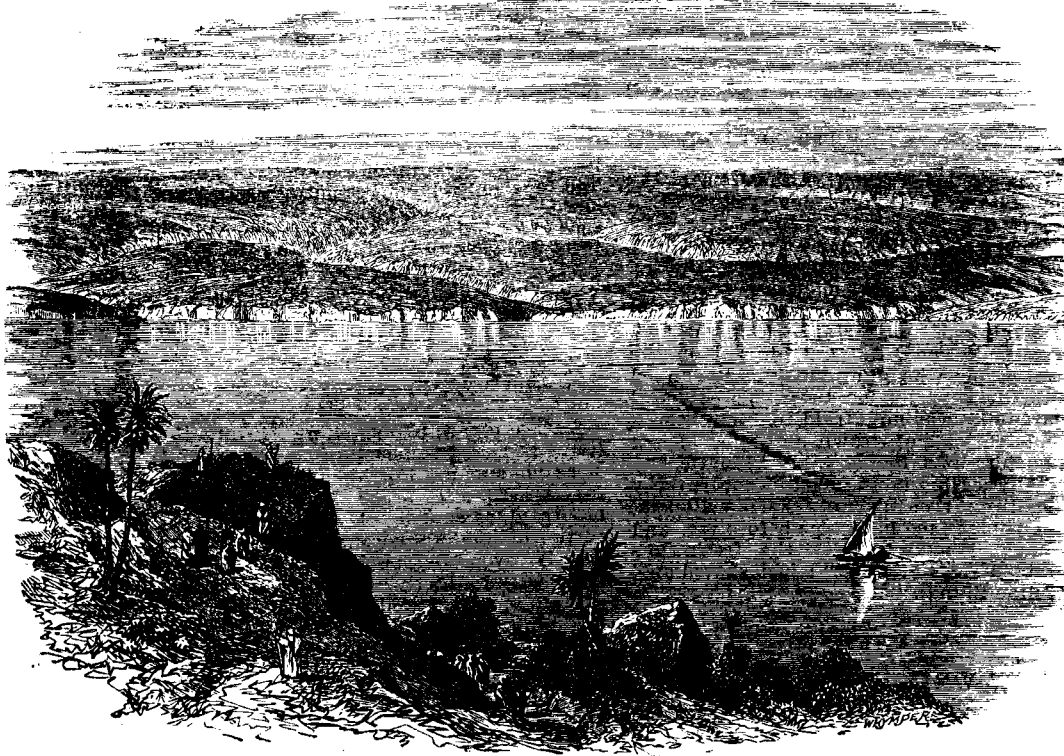
Formerly flourishing cities, such as Tiberias, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, enlivened its shores, which are now silent and desolate, but still beautiful. Fishing is still carried on in the lake, but only from its shores. When, a few years since, visited by Olin, it had on its waters only two small boats. The ordinary peacefulness of the lake, which is owing to its lying in a basin formed of hills that run up on all sides, except at the narrow entrance and outlet of the Jordan, is occasionally disturbed by sudden gusts and tempests, caused by winds rushing down from its encompassing mountains, which, however, soon abate their fury, and leave the waters in their usual tranquillity. Comp. Luke 8. 23.

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.

Most opinions agree 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



SEA OF GALILEE FROM THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

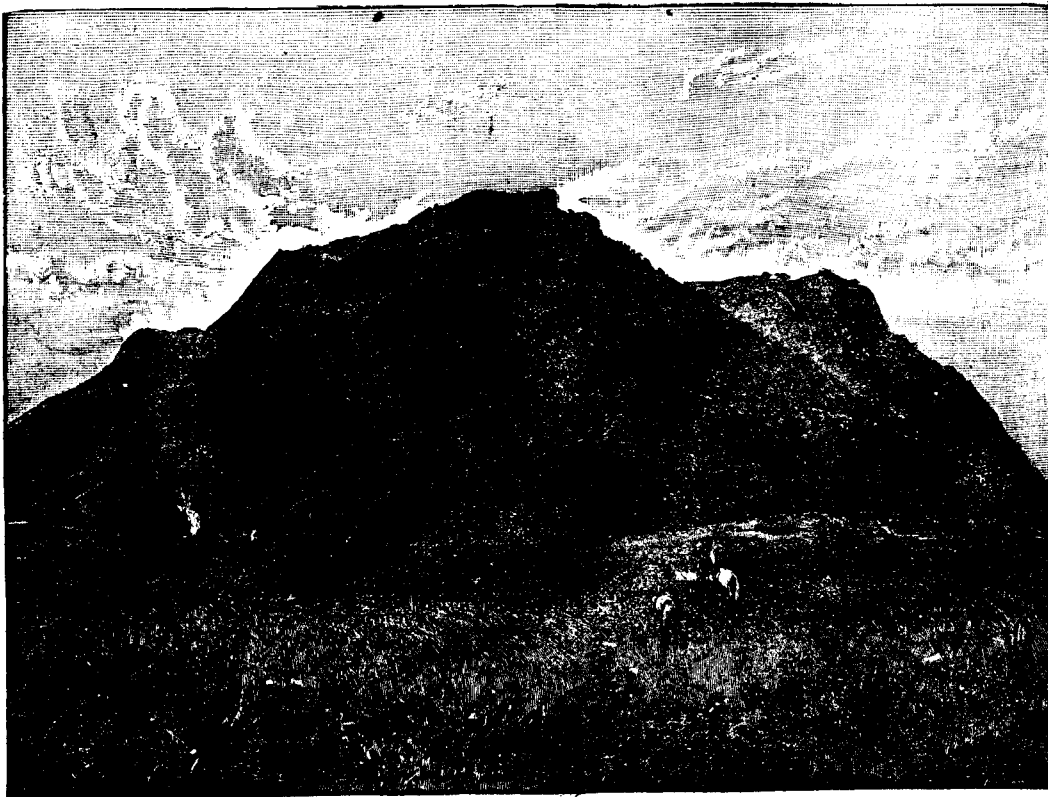
this multitude was near the seaside. We rode up the rather steep incline through tangled thickets. The view sweeps over the fair and fertile plain of Gennesareth, the blue Sea of Galilee, the white-walled Safed in full view on its lofty site, the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid," and the billowy sea of mountains rolling off to the base of the snow-clad Hermon in the north, the very scene on which from this very spot the Saviour looked.

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 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



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

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 the 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 steeps of the Gadarene shore.

THE JAPANESE METHOD.

The little Jap was busily engaged in counting the knuckles of his left hand with the forefinger of the right. He had gone over them several times when a companion asked him what he was doing.

"I am counting the days to Christmas," replied the little Jap, with a smile. "You know some of the months have more days than others, and I am counting the days and adding them together."

The Jap's companion seemed puzzled, and asked, "How do you do it that way?"

"How do you do it?" asked the Jap, instead of answering the question.

"Why, we," replied the little New Yorker, "have a rhyme:

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.'

Those are the short months and the others are long."

The Jap had never heard of that, because he had not been away from Japan very long.

"We count on our knuckles," he said. "The knuckles are the long months and the space between them the short ones. The first knuckle is January, long, and the first space next to it is February, short, and so on to the knuckle of the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December. See?"

"I see," replied the little New Yorker; "but how many days is Christmas off, anyhow?"

"As this is the first of May," replied the little Jap, running over his knuckles rapidly, "Christmas is—let me see—just two hundred and thirty-nine days off."—**Ex.**

"What makes the baby cry so?" asked Willy. "He's cutting his teeth," said the nurse. "Why do you let him do it?" asked Willy. "You won't even let me cut my own nails."

First Party—"I saw a most interesting article in your paper to-day." Editor (proudly)—"Indeed! What article was that?" First Party—"My wife brought home a bar of Monkey-Brand Laundry soap wrapped up in it." Editor collapses.