

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE MASTER.

“**I**NTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind
to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind
to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods he came.
“Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would
woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew
Him last:
‘Twas on a tree they slew Him—
last
When out of the woods He came.”

CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast done that, thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.—*Burton.*

WHEN you are reading a book in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to a window to get more light. So take your Bible to Christ.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

(Sunday School Reading Union.)

SILAS TOLD, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—To illustrate Lesson for November 13. Lev. 23: 35-44.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

THE Feast of Tabernacles was at once a thanksgiving for the harvest, and a memorial of the time when the Israelites dwelt in tents in the wilderness. It was held in the fall of the year, after the fruits were gathered, from the 15th to the 22nd of the month Tisri, or the beginning of October. It began with “an holy convocation” or assembly of the people for worship, and ended on the eighth day with a similar meeting. During this week many sacrifices were offered, more than at any other time in the year, to express the thanks of the nation to God for his mercies; and for the same period the people left their homes, and lived in booths or huts made from boughs of trees. After the settlement in Palestine these booths were placed on the roofs, in the court-yards, and in the streets. Also, the people carried in their hands, with songs of rejoicing, the fruits and branches of trees, as of the palm, and the willow. When the feast of tabernacles fell on a Sabbatical year, (that is, one year in seven when the ground was left uncultivated by divine command,) portions of the law were read in public, before great assemblies of the people. In after years many additional services were held, such as the pouring out of water from the spring of Siloam, near Jerusalem, and the lighting of lamps in the city. In all the rest of the year there was no such period of universal rejoicing as during the feast of tabernacles.

A LITTLE child was eating her breakfast with a spoon, and the sun shone in upon her little mess of broth. As she lifted a spoonful to her mouth, she said, “Mother, what do you think?—I have eaten a spoonful of sunshine.”

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

THE life of Silas Told was one of extraordinary vicissitude. He has left the record of his remarkable adventures, written with a vividness of detail that De-foe might have envied. He was born in the ancient seaport of Bristol, in the year 1711. Both his father and grandfather were eminent physicians and landed gentlemen. But, through misfortune and ill advised speculation, the family, on the father's death, was reduced almost to poverty. Silas received a meagre education at a charity hospital, endowed by a wealthy East India merchant. Here, even in boyhood, he was the subject of deep convictions of sin and of subsequent religious enjoyment. While swimming with some school companions he was well-nigh drowned, and, with difficulty, was brought back to life, to pass through tribulations which, as he said, “seemed like a sea of blood and fire.”

In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a West India sea captain. In the hard school of the ship's fore-castle, he received such barbarous treatment that he thought he should have broken his heart with grief. But the orphan cabin boy, alone in the wido world, had no friend to whom he could apply for redress. On the Spanish Main the crew were several weeks on the short allowance of a single biscuit and half a pint of foul water a day. At Kingston, Jamaica, they were overtaken by a hurricane, and of seventy-six sail in the harbour only one escaped destruction.

For miles along the shore the drowned seamen were cast up by the waves and devoured by the vultures. The poor lad was abandoned, ill of fever, in the port of Kingston, without money for friends, and lay down to die on a dunghill. Here he “pondered much upon Job's case, considering his own condition similar to his.” Rescued from death by a London captain, he returned to England, and was soon shipped with a Guinea slaver, bound for the coast of Africa and the West Indies. A greater villain than his new master, he writes, he firmly believed never existed. From