

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

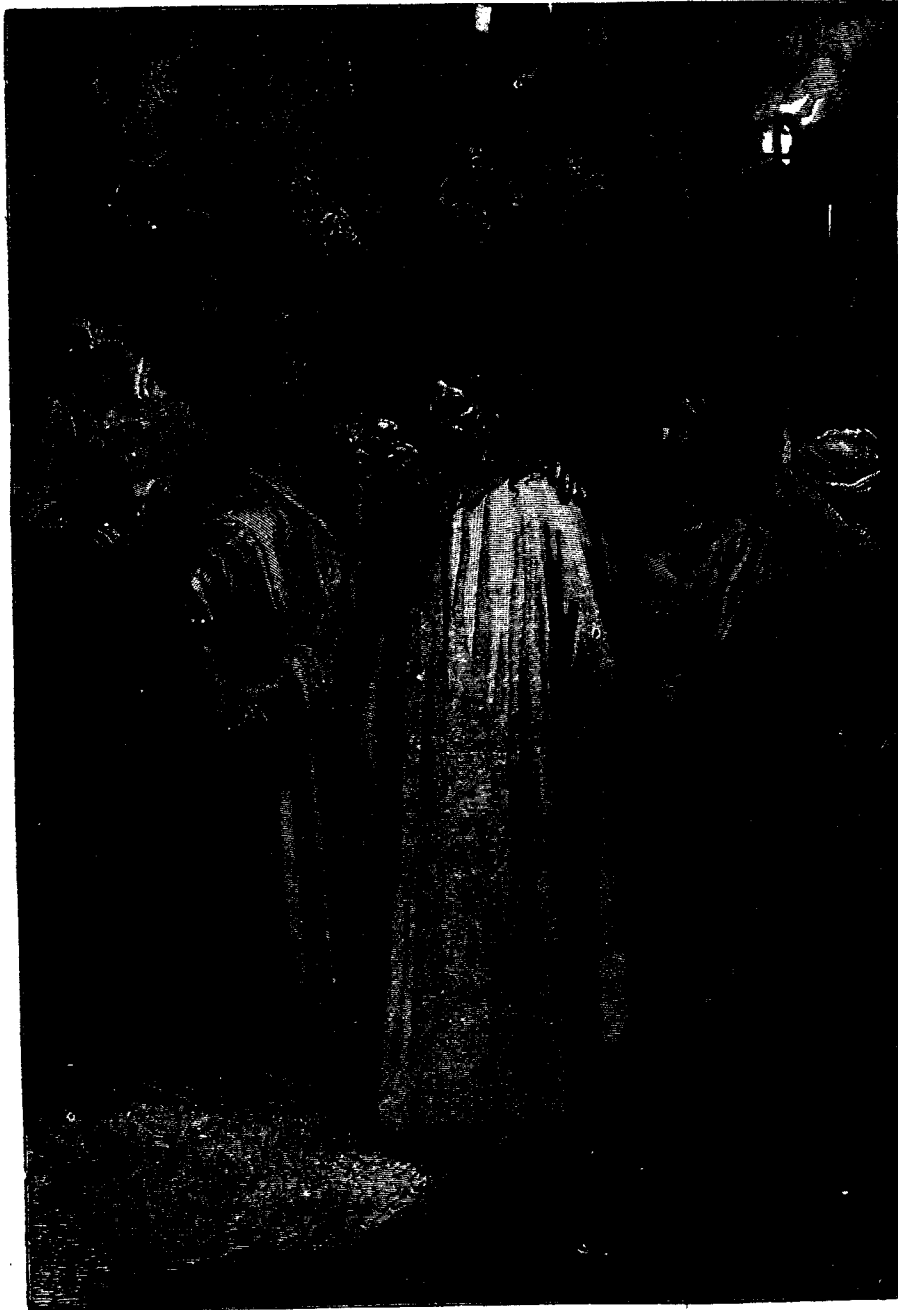
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CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

AND while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against, a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me. But all this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.—*St. Matthew xxvi. 47-56.*



CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

HOW THE OYSTER BUILDS HIS SHELL.

THE body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all; yet what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When the oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never on his flat shell; and, being once fixed, he begins to grow, but he grows in summer. Inspect an oyster-shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth so does the marking of an oyster tell us how many years he has passed

in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea. Suppose an oyster was born June 15, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In the next summer he would more than double his size. In the next he would add to this house. In the next two years he would again go on building till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in the following year, when he would be five and a-half years old.

The way in which an oyster builds his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard or fringe of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but his feeling

organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of this fringe begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till they at last form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile: then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is at least as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing in their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on a finger from an oyster-shell is often very troublesome.—*Frank Buckland.*

"AND UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST."

WE are told that during the fierce cannonading of Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman, designated as "No. 1," whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, perched upon the man's shoulder, could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place on his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released it, it resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape nor where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon the gunner as a protector. Was it something like this the Psalmist was thinking of when he wrote the ninety-first Psalm?

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down-stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.