

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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Odd Things.

Worms are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs its own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tails,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.

Geese never go to the quack;
A horse cannot plough its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane.

Mad dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays open to scorn;
A nephew or niece fancies ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
A dog orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

—Selected.

WHERE JESUS SAT.

WHY should we care for a picture of this rough hole in the ground? There are earthen water-pots in the ground, and a group of Arabs is gathered about, some lounging, some holding their long-stemmed pipes. Every day people go thousands of miles to peep into that dark hole, and drop pebbles into it. One Scotch minister, who had been reading about the well in his Bible, carelessly dropped that in too. The well is seventy-five feet deep, and as there was no bucket the dominie had to leave his hole to soak. Several years later another minister, who was a luckier angler, fished out the Scotchman's water-logged book. "We haven't told you why men go there," said he, "because it is deep, nor because we once fished a Bible out of it. It is because this is the only spot on earth where we know Jesus once sat and taught. We know where Bethlehem is, but we are not sure about the manger where they laid the baby Jesus. We know where Nazareth is, but we do not know the whereabouts of Joseph's carpenter shop where Jesus learned his trade. We know where Jerusalem is, but we are not really certain where Christ preached, or drove out the money-changers, or ate the Last Supper. There are three or four Gethsemanes, and many Calvaries, but there is only one Jacob's Well.

This is the way Jesus came to be there; my friend John tells the story: "He left Judea with his disciples, and went for his home in Galilee. The road passed a city of the province of Samaria, and Sychar, near a lot that Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph, the same who had the gay little coat that his wicked brothers dabbled in blood to break old Jacob's heart. Jacob was a sheep-raiser, and here he dug a deep well for his flocks. That hot, dry land a well is a valuable property, and great care is taken to keep it dug up and cleaned out. So this deep well was famous all the region round. Foot-weary from walking, Jesus sat by the old well. He had sent his friends into the village near by to get something to eat. A Samaritan came from the village to draw water. Christ asked her for a drink. She was a bright woman and a good talker. The Lord told her wonderful things. She said that God had promised that he would send a Messiah 'who will tell us all things.' Jesus said, 'I that speak unto thee am he.'

He said too, 'if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of the water of this well shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

The wonderful living water that Christ offered to Photina he offers to us all. It is salvation. If we believe on him, and love and obey him, it will be to our souls as cold water is to our bodies. Let us think of this as we look on this picture of the old well, and let us say, like the woman, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst no more."

well is very deep and very difficult to descend. He therefore gave it up for lost. A short time after he was telling the story at a dinner table in Damascus when a lady present, the wife of a medical missionary at Nazareth, said, "I will try and get it for you and send it to you at Beyrout." This she did and Mr. Bond received his Bible in a few days at Beyrout. But the edges were saturated with water. "Hereby hangs a tale." The well was dry when the Bible fell in, but as a band of Russian pilgrims were approaching who wanted water from this sacred well as a souvenir, the Arab sheik who has charge of it poured some water in to have some for the pilgrims. Thus Mr. Bond's Bible got wet,

we shall have to send her, for she is now seven years old."

So her mother bought her a little red and white basket in which to carry her dinner, for the school was a great distance from home.

The next morning she led her little girl to the school-house, and said to the teacher, "I have brought you a new scholar."

The teacher kissed Rosamond, and said she thought they would get on smoothly together; and so they did.

Everything went nicely two or three weeks. She liked her school even better than she did the blacksmith's shop. Every morning she took her little basket and trudged through the woods to the school-house; and every morning her dear old doggie, Sam, went with her as far as the school-house door, and then ran home to take care of the house.

One evening Rosamond did not return at the usual time. Her father was alarmed, and started to look for her, taking Sam with him. They went quite a long way toward the school house through the woods. They saw nothing of her. But as they came to a path leading to the left, Sam would go no farther. He stood looking that way, barking as loud as he could, "Bow-wow-wow!" He seemed to say, "Come this way! Come this way!"

The father did not seem to know what to make of it, as he had never seen Sam act so before. But he went to see what he meant.

They went on a long way. Sam sniffed sharply all along the path. All at once he made a spring ahead of his master with a loud "Bow-wow!" which seemed to say, "Found her!" and rushed behind a large oak tree.

There was the little girl, fast asleep among the fallen leaves and acorns. Sam sprang at her and kissed her awake; and she rubbed her eyes in surprise to find herself there. Her father took her in his arms and carried her home; for she had lost her way, and was very tired. If it had not been for Sam, I do not know when they would have found her.

Rosamond never again took that way to go to school, but kept along the well-beaten road.



JEW'S AT JACOB'S WELL.

On a bright and beautiful day last April, with other Canadian tourists, I had the pleasure of visiting Jacob's well just after visiting the ruined city of Samaria, we reading the beautiful narrative of the Gospel of Jesus who sat weary at the well-side and talked to the Samaritan woman.

My friend, the Rev. George Bond, of Halifax, a few years ago had a unique experience at this well. He said to his companion in travel, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible in Jacob's well as Dr. Bonar lost his wife's." It seems that each of these gentlemen carried his wife's Bible as being smaller and more portable than his own. Just at that moment, Mr. Bond, by an inadvertent movement let his Bible slip out of his pocket into the well. The

but being tightly clasped it was not hurt. I presume no one living has a Bible which has had just that kind of experience.

THE LOST CHILD.

ROSAMOND'S father was a blacksmith, and worked all day at the forge, hammering out steel and iron horseshoes for the horses and donkeys. Rosamond liked to stay at the smithy with her father, and watch the sparks which flew from the iron as he brought his heavy hammer down upon the anvil. She had never been at school, but one day her father said,

"Wife, I think our little girl should go to school. We shall miss her; but I think

PERILOUS WORK.

BY UNCLE RICHARD.

AWAY up among the wires of the great Brooklyn Bridge, at their greatest height, I saw several men busily painting the wires the other day. It strained my neck as I looked up at them, and made me feel dizzy at the thought of being suspended in mid-air as they were. There they were, hundreds of feet above the river, but as busy and painting as calmly as though they were on solid ground. "Ah!" I thought, "you men must be good teetotalers, or you could never work at that dizzy height. It needs men of steady nerves, of clear brain to work where you are. No man stuffed with beer or muddled with whiskey could do what you are doing, holding on with the left hand and working with the right, away up hundreds of feet, with the river below you, and knowing that a slip from what seemed a very secure seat, would cause a fall, and very likely a tant death." Yes, we need temperance men for careful work and for positions of trust.