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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

[No. 50.]

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The people of Palestine and of the East can do nothing without making a great noise. Whether it is a wedding or a funeral they fill the air with tumult. At a marriage procession the throbbing of drums and droning of pipes is almost deafening. At a funeral procession the wailing of the hired mourners is still worse. This strange piercing cry is compared in Scripture to the wailing of the dragon and the crying of the screech-owl. To this reference is made in Mark 5:38. Jesus coming to the house or the ruler of the synagogue, "seeing the tumult, and them that wept greatly, said unto them, why make ye this ado and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

Often the whole kith and kin of the deceased join in frantic demonstrations of grief, tearing their clothes and hair and throwing dust upon their heads. At the funeral procession, this tumult is redoubled in violence.

We saw in the great city of Cairo several processions like that represented in the cut. They were often headed by crippled, blind people, who made a most pitiful wailing as they went through the streets.

This cut is one of the many which will illustrate a series of articles in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1896 on *Every-day Life in Bible Lands*. It will describe marriage and funeral customs, trades and industries, modes of travel, costumes and dresses, domestic and business life and religious usages of the people. These will throw great light on many passages of Scripture, and will be of special interest to every Bible reader. Many teachers find these articles of great service in illustrating the lessons, and many schools have taken from two to ten copies as being cheaper and more attractive than library books. The schools will be furnished in quantities of two or more at \$1.60 a year, or eighty cents for six months.

WHITTIER'S BOYHOOD.

BY PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

In his boyhood Whittier had scant instruction, for the district school was open only a few weeks in winter. He had but few books; there were scarcely thirty in the house. The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible; and the Bible was always the book which exerted the strongest literary influence upon him. But when he was fourteen a teacher came who lent him books of travel and opened a new world to him. It was this teacher who brought to the Whittiers one evening a volume of Burns and read aloud some of the poems, after explaining the Scotch dialect. Whittier begged to borrow the book, which was almost the first poetry he had ever read. It was this volume of Burns which set Whittier to making verses himself, serving both as the inspiration and the model of his earlier poetic efforts. The Scottish poet, with his homely pictures of life as bare and as hardy as that of New England then, first revealed to the American poet what poetry really was, and how it might be made out of the actual facts of his own life.

That book of Burns' poems had an even

stronger influence on Whittier than the odd volume of the *Spectator* which fell into the hands of Franklin had on the American author whose boyhood is most like Whittier's. Franklin also was born in a humble and hard-working family, doing early his share of the labour, and having but a meagre education, although always longing for learning. It is true that Irving and Cooper and Bryant did not graduate from college, but they could have

ever have since, every boy, and girl too, was taught to run. And as far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-cheated, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, run, ride, and shoot with the bow.

The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby,

By playing ball every day for hours in the open air; by exercising his arms, back, and leg muscles in throwing, batting, running, and sliding; by going to bed early and giving up all bad habits in preparation for the games, a boy stores up strength, which he can draw on all his life long—that is why every boy should be an athlete. But not every boy can play football or baseball. He may not be heavy or strong enough; he may never be able to acquire the knack of catching or batting the ball. Every boy can become a runner.—*St. Nicholas*.



BLIND MEN LEADING A FUNERAL PROCESSION, CAIRO, EGYPT.

done so, had they persevered, and Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne did get as much of the higher education as was then possible in America. But neither Franklin nor Whittier ever had the chance, it was as much as they could do to pick up the merest elements of an education.—*St. Nicholas*.

RUNNING—FOR BOYS.

BY S. COVILLE, JR.

EVERY boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they

can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hound runs. Every boy is turned out twice a week, out of doors, and made to run, and fill himself full of pure fresh air and sunshine, and gain more strength and life than any amount of weight-pulling or dumb-bell work in stuffy gymnasiums would give him. See the result—the English boys, as a whole, are a stronger set than American boys. Every English school-boy is to some extent an athlete. And that is what all boys should be. Not because football, baseball, and tennis are valuable in themselves, but for the good they do in strengthening boys' bodies.

A FORGIVING DOG.

When the dog tax was first imposed in France, people set to work to get rid of their useless dogs. A Frenchman had an old Newfoundland dog, which he coaxed to the river side, told him to lie down, tied all his four feet together with a rope, and pushed him into the Seine. The dog in his struggles loosened the rope, and with great difficulty, panting for breath, scrambled up the steep bank. There stood his master, stick in hand, to drive him back. He struck out at the dog, and then, coming to close quarters, gave him a violent push, in doing which he caught his own balance and himself fell into the water. His hopes of life would have been very few indeed if the dog had not been the "better man of the two." But the dog, for getting the treatment he had just received, plunged of his own accord into the river, where he had so nearly met his death, and spent his remaining strength in saving his would-be murderer. It was a hard struggle, but he came off conqueror, and the two walked home together, the one triumphant, the other, let us hope, repentant.

A FORCIBLE NOTICE.

SMOKERS are too apt to disregard the rights of their immediate neighbours.

George and Henry Grafton, to fill their time during vacation and to make a little money, set up a candy and popcorn store, with their parents' permission, in an unoccupied shop on the village street.

"Now," said George, "we shall have a good many ladies among our customers; and it won't do to let the men smoke in here."

"Oh, no," said Henry, "we'll put up a big sign, 'No Smoking Allowed.'"

"I guess we'd better be a little more polite in our notice," said George, "so that we sha'n't offend any of our smoking customers."

The boys put their heads together to invent a polite "no-smoking" notice, and at last, with a pleasing sense of having done exactly the right thing, hung up the following neatly lettered inscription:

"Customers will please take Notice that if they wish to Smoke in Here they will please either extinguish their Pipes or else Go Outdoors."

When a friend is in trouble don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do; think of something appropriate and do it.

Christmas Bells.

CHRISTMAS bells are sounding clear.
Over church and dwelling,
Calling ev'ry soul to hear,
What they're sweetly telling.
Ah! how silvery are their tones,
As they tell the story,
How to earth the Lord came down,
Leaving heaven's glory.

Many hundred years ago,
Thus to save the dying,
Christ became a little child,
In a manger lying.
No sweet bells to welcome him,
O'er the hill-tops sounded,
But the angels' holy song
Through the night resounded.

Christmas bells, ring on, ring on,
Ev'ry passion stilling,
All our souls with peaceful thoughts,
Hopes of heaven filling;
And, as roll the long years by,
May our tones grow clearer;
May we feel, with every year,
Heaven is coming nearer.

CHALK TALK TO JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

Delivered in Massey Hall, May 17.
BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



I SEE a great many different patterns of boys and girls here—fat boys, lean girls, tall girls, shortboys—some pale, some red-checked and red-haired—like a wide garden of flowers, all sizes, shapes and colors—but you are all

alike in at least one point: You want to be happy. I'm going to try and give you some pointers along that line.

And I think the whole secret of true happiness may be crowded into one word—unselfishness.

Here is a picture of Old Scrooge, who was so mean that he shrivelled into a small compass and dried up, and if any boy or girl wants to be truly happy, let him just study Old Scrooge, and do the opposite of what he did in every respect.

I think I know something of what Old Scrooge was like when he was Young Scrooge—a boy about the age of some of you.

For example, occasionally he had a fine, large, luscious apple, and some playmate stood by with his teeth watering, but waited for a bite of it in vain. If, as a last resort, he "barred the core," Young Scrooge probably assured him there "wasn't goin' to be no core."

You see, the idea this mistaken boy went on was that happiness consists in getting—whereas it consists in giving.

His sister, little Miss Scrooge, made the same mistake. She had two or three dolls, but she preferred to keep them to herself rather than share her pleasure with the neighbour's little girl who hadn't any. The neighbour's little girl was a good child, and tried hard to love little Miss Scrooge, but it was tough work. It needs a great lot of grace to enable any-

body to love a mean person.

If Master Scrooge got a picture-book he would keep it to himself, and never invite his playmates to come and look at the pictures with him; and when grandma Scrooge, who was nearly blind, asked little Miss Scrooge to read to her, that young lady would refuse, pleading that she would rather play with her doll. You see selfishness was the rule right along. Get all and give nothing, was the motto of the little Scrooge, and, I think, perhaps a correct picture of Master Scrooge might be made in this way.
Well, a twig that begins



to grow in that crooked way will, of course, become a crooked tree, and so it is likely that when Master Scrooge grew up to be a young man his selfishness would still stick to him, and he would consider his own pleasure always without regard to other people. He would go along the street smoking, for instance, and puffing his smoke in the faces of people who had no taste for tobacco, and Miss Scrooge would allow an old



man, tired and weary, to get up and give her his seat in the street-car, without even saying "thanks" for it.

Now, if it is happiness you are after, the whole Scrooge system is a mistake. It means a cultivation of a mean spirit, and the drying up of the soul, which is the most precious part of the man. For, as Jesus said, what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? It would profit him nothing—it would be the poorest trade he ever made.

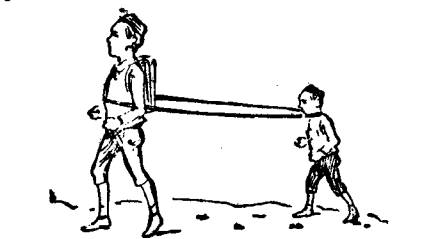
I don't believe there ever was a man or woman in the world who liked to be hated, and there is nothing that is more hateful than selfishness. Then if you don't want to be hated by those who come in contact with you, avoid selfishness. It is better to be kind than great or rich; better to have the love of your fellow-men than gold or diamonds.

Cultivate such a spirit that when people greet you they will not wear an expression like this—which plainly says, "I would rather have his room than his company;" but one that will make them welcome your coming with a smile—like this.

The boy or girl who is generous, considerate and brave will always have such a welcome. Most boys worship bravery. They like to read or hear of great soldiers, and, I suppose, there is no game which small boys enjoy more than playing soldiers. You have seen little fellows doing the soldier act, with wooden guns and swords. How they do strut, and how their bosoms swell with pride! But I'm afraid that many boys, like some bigger people, have no very clear idea of what true bravery consists in, that is, moral bravery. Many a boy, who is brave enough to fight with a companion of his own size, would be a perfect coward if it came to doing something he knew to be right, amidst the jeers of those around him. It takes more real bravery to get down to your bedside and say your prayers amid scoffs and laughter, than it does to fight a boy twice your own size.

It takes more real bravery to say No to a temptation, than to follow a multitude to do evil. And speaking of following a multitude, that very expression indicates something I want to refer to, namely, the power of example. Not only do multitudes possess this power, but individuals too. Every individual,

boy or girl, whether they think of it or not, I will try and put it in picture form. The influence of your example is just like a cord around some other person pulling him after you for good or evil. How important, then, that you should walk in the right path, which goes higher and higher, your every word and deed tending to make others better and nobler! For there is another path that leads downward, and although it slopes very gently



at first, it is steep and slippery a short distance from its entrance. Such a path is that of the drink habit.

Some of you boys and girls, who are just on the verge of manhood and womanhood, have but recently withdrawn your attention from the affairs of childhood and are only now beginning to look about you in the new, strange grown-up world. And I am sure there is one thing which catches your eye, and must perplex and puzzle your minds vastly—the legalized liquor traffic. In your thoughtful moments you must sometimes have disturbing doubts as to the sanity of your fathers and grandfathers who have had the management of things in this sphere. They have warned you most solemnly to avoid this thing drink as you would avoid a poisonous serpent; they have shown you, by a thousand horrible examples, that its bite means death and madness, and as wise and loving parents they have seen to it that with the first dawn of your intelligence you have subscribed to the total abstinence pledge that by God's help you may not be numbered amongst its victims. All this they have done as loving Christian parents, and you have done well to heed their warning and advice. How puzzled you must be to look about, now that you have got big enough to take in something of the world around you, and observe that these same wise guides of yours have planted saloons on almost every corner, and set traps for your feet in every street and alley! They have actually taken great pains to breed and encourage the very serpents against whose fangs they warn you! You shrink from attributing such mad wickedness to your fathers and grandfathers, and yet there is no denying it. The saloon with its deadly temptation is here; that certainty cannot be denied, and it could be exterminated to-morrow if the voting fathers of the boys and girls of Canada would just say the word at the ballot-box. And so their guilt remains. But since they haven't done it, the duty is now yours. In a few years you will have the ballot power in your hand; you will be the men and women of Canada. See to it that you act more consistently than your fathers have done. Rise in the might of your manhood and squelch the iniquity by a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of this brain poison, and so make it impossible for any future caricaturist to expose your folly as I now expose your fathers' folly in this sketch, which is a representation of how the liquor traffic is now dealt with by our law. License does not control; it remains for you to see whether Prohibition will not prohibit.

at first, it is steep and slippery a short distance from its entrance. Such a path is that of the drink habit.

MONKEY TRICKS.

A FUNNY story is told in the *Youth's Companion* of a pet monkey who was once given a lump of sugar in a tightly-corked glass bottle. The monkey was very fond of sugar, and the sight of this lump greatly excited him. He tried every way that he could to get at it, twisting himself around the bottle, watching slyly for a long time, then jumping on it suddenly, as if he thought he could catch it unawares, snapping at it through the glass, as if he must reach it, but all to no purpose. He would sit and look at it for hours at a time, as if he were trying to think of some way to reach it, and at such times his face would express the greatest sadness, as if there was no use trying to be happy as long as that lump of sugar couldn't be had. Sometimes he would tilt the bottle up to drink out the sugar, and then make a quick spring to catch it as it fell back to the bottom. But he couldn't get it till one day a jar of bananas that stood on the table was knocked over and broken, the fruit rolling in all directions. This seemed to be just the hint the monkey needed, for almost at once he seized the teasing bottle, lifted it high, and threw it to the floor with great force. Of course it broke, and of course the monkey seized the lump and munched it with great satisfaction.

The minister was a great hand-shaker, shutting down like a vice. He shook a boy's hand as he said, "I hope you are pretty well to-day." With tears in his eyes, the boy answered: "I was till you shook hands with me."

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.
STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

R.C. 4.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 22.
THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Luke 2. 8-20. Memory verses, 9-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Good Tidings, v. 8-14.
2. Great Joy, v. 15-20.

TIME.—B.C.-4.

PLACE.—Bethlehem.

RULERS.—Octavius Augustus, emperor at Rome; Herod the Great, king of Judea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The birth of Christ.—Luke 2. 8-20.
- Tu. Prophecy of Christ.—Isa. 9. 1-7.
- W. The wise men.—Matt. 2. 1-10.
- Th. Herod thwarted.—Matt. 2. 11-18.
- F. Simeon's blessing.—Luke 2. 25-35.
- S. The Word.—John 1. 1-14.
- Su. The gift of love.—1 John 4. 7-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Good Tidings*, v. 8-14.
 - In what country did these events occur?
 - What night watchers were near by?
 - What unexpected visitor appeared unto them?
 - What brightness alarmed them, and why?
 - What assurance calmed their fears? (Golden Text.)
 - What was the good tidings?
 - What was to be the sign that this was true?
 - Who suddenly joined the angel?
 - How many are there in God's host? Rev. 5. 11.
 - Who before had seen this host? Gen. 32. 1, 2.
 - What was the song by the heavenly host?
 - Whose good will did the birth of Jesus declare? John 3. 16.
2. *Great Joy*, v. 15-20.
 - Where did the singers go?
 - Where did the shepherds propose to go, and why?
 - What did they find in Bethlehem?
 - What report did they spread abroad?
 - How were their worlds received?
 - Where did Mary treasure the story?
 - To whom did the shepherds give praise, and why?
 - To whom is our praise due, and for what? Eph. 5. 20.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson can we find—
1. The best news to men?
 2. The sweetest song ever sung?
 3. That God's glory is our highest good?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

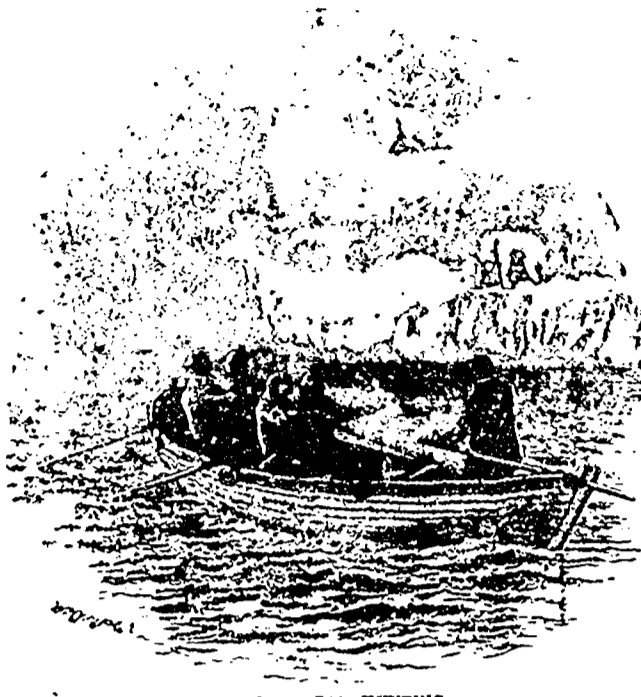
1. Where was Jesus Christ born? In Bethlehem of Judea.
2. Who received the first news of his birth? Shepherds near Bethlehem.
3. By whom was the news brought? By an angel.
4. Where did the shepherds find the infant Jesus? In a manger.
5. How was the report of the shepherds received by those who heard it? With wonder.
6. What duty do we learn from this lesson? To seek Christ promptly.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The incarnation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do the first words, or the invocation, teach us?
The invocation, "Our Father which art in heaven," teaches us to draw near to God with holy confidence, because He is a Father; and with holy reverence, because is our Father in heaven.

SOLITUDE liberates us, lets us breathe some finer air. We feel its soft waves as caressing as a swimmer feels the tides of tropic seas. But solitude is not a castle to live in; it is a summer tent. We were born into contact with our fellows, for and with whom we are to struggle, to sorrow, to endure, to love. There we must find the higher consecration that solitude cannot give. There is our work—our life task. To the tent we go to take off our battered armour in a losing or victorious fight, to rest and renew ourselves for another effort. There can be no permanent laying by of buckler and shield. The fight is always renewed. God is the Captain; and such as waste in ease are not his henchmen, but deserters and traitors from his army.—*Christian Register*.



POLAR BEAR HUNTING.

POLAR BEAR HUNTING

It is rather a cold prospect for both hunter and hunted as shown in our picture. An iceberg in the Arctic seas is about as uncomfortable a place of residence as one can imagine; yet the polar bears seem to thrive amid these surroundings, and I suppose they enjoy life as well as the lions and tigers of the torrid zone. It strikes us that it is hunting under difficulties with mittened hands and fur mufflings. This cut is one of several illustrating a graphic article on Arctic Exploration in the Methodist Magazine for 1896.

RAMBLING IN SPAIN.

A SPANISH diligonco is a strange, lumbering looking structure. It looks like one coach put on top of another. It is drawn by half a dozen prancing, kicking mules with great cracking of the whip and shouting, and sometimes, we are sorry to say, swearing, on the part of its driver. The best place in the diligonco is that under the hood above the driver. To ride in the interior is like trying to look out of the nose of a bottle.

The Spaniards have a strange mingling of pride and poverty. Sometimes even the beggars ride on horseback and address each other with very high sounding titles. The strange tales of Don Quixote don't seem so absurd when read beneath Spanish skies.

The above picture is one of many illustrated papers on "Wanderings in Spain" in the Methodist Magazine for 1896. We borrow the cuts on this page from that periodical.



SPANISH DILIGONCO.

GOUNOD'S MASTERPIECE

ONE of the members of Harper's Young People's "Round Table" sends that paper an interesting item regarding Gounod: "I have just one little scrap about the very great composer Gounod that might, I think, amuse if not interest some musical members of the Round Table, as it shows the love he felt for little children—a thing I like to see in great men, as it shows so well their character and feelings. I suppose all know how to play or at least have heard played the 'Marche funèbre d'une Marionnette,' by Gounod. It is such

a lovely piece of music, not difficult; simple, and yet so uncommon. "This great composer was paying a visit to a lady. In the same room was her little child, playing with marionettes. Suddenly a wail of grief interrupted their conversation. The child, who had been playing so happily some few moments past, was crying. 'What is it? What has happened?' was surely the fond mother's reply at Gounod's anxious demands. One of the marionettes was broken. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! me! What is to be done?" It seemed that the child was crying its little baby soul out, and would never be appeased. "'There, there!' came from the kind composer. 'Do not cry any more; we will have the funeral march.' And so saying, Gounod went up to the piano and composed that masterpiece of his. Thus the baby was consoled."

Glad Christmas Bells.

GLAD Christmas bells, your music tells The sweet and pleasant story; How came to earth, in lowly birth, The Lord of life and glory.

No palace hall its ceiling tall His kingly head spread over, There only stood a stable rude The heavenly Babe to cover.

Nor raiment gay, as there he lay, Adorn'd the infant stranger; Poor, humble child of mother mild, She laid him in a manger.

But from afar, a splendid star The wise men westward turning; The live-long night saw pure and bright, Above his birth-place burning.

Methodist Magazine for 1896

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