

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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The Star.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They followed the star the
whole night through;
As it moved with the mid-
night they moved too;
And cared not whither it led,
nor knew,
Till Christmas Day in the
morning.

And just at the dawn in the
twilight shade
They came to the stable, and,
unafraid,
Saw the blessed Babe in the
manger laid
On Christmas Day in the
morning.

We have followed the star a
whole long year,
And watched its beacon, now
faint, now clear,
And it now stands still as we
draw near
To Christmas Day in the
morning.

And just as the wise men did
of old,
In the hush of the winter
dawning cold,
We come to the stable, and
behold
The child on the Christ-
mas morning.

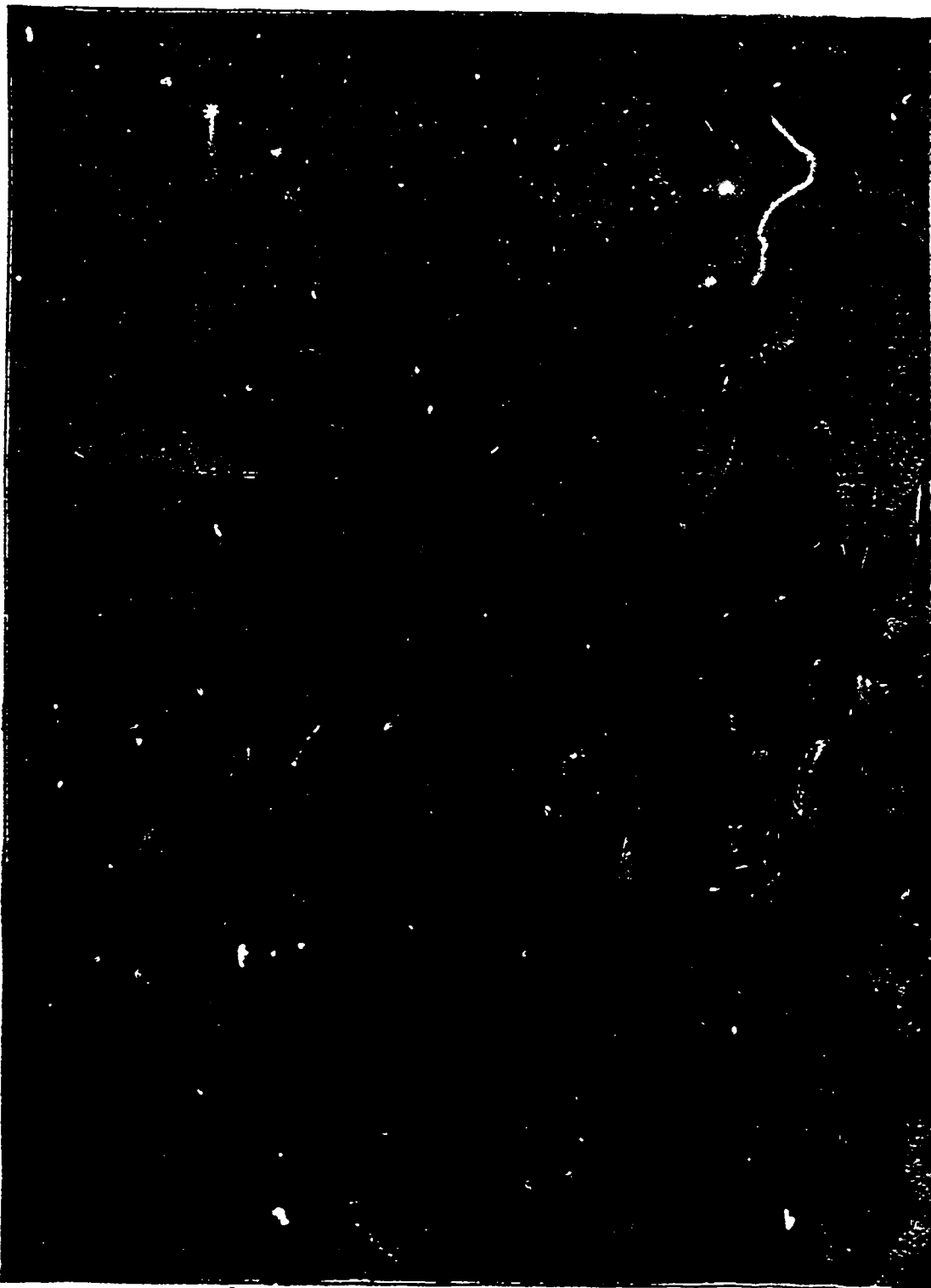
And just as the wise men
deemed it meet
To offer him gold and per-
fumes sweet
We would lay our gifts at
his holy feet,
Our gifts on the Christmas
morning.

O Babe, once laid in the ox's
bed,
With never a pillow for thy
head,
Now throned in the highest
heavens instead,
O Lord of the Christmas
morning!

Because we have known and
have loved thy star,
And have followed it long
and followed it far,
From the land where the sha-
dows and darkness are,
To find thee on Christmas
morning.

Accept the gifts that we dare to bring,
Though worthless and poor the offering,
And help our souls to rise and sing
In the joy of thy Christmas morning.

Those who make our great and useful men are
trained in their boyhood to be industrious.



THE STAR.

WHAT THE DAY SIGNIFIES.

To thousands the holy Christmas Day has but a
low significance. To many it is but a single cessa-
tion from their usual business. To many it means
the giving or receiving of gifts. To others it means
visiting or receiving visits, and enjoying great

dinners. To many others still the day means a time
of carousal, of drinking and drunkenness, of noise
and tumult, often of bloody fights, and even of
murder. Alas! how the blessed day has been
degraded from its high and wonderful meaning!

It is the day which the angels once celebrated,
when in joyful troops they came down the star lit
pavements of heaven, when the night became
as bright as the day by the fluttering of innumera-
ble wings of light, and when such songs as men
had never heard before thrilled the air with
music whose echoes have sounded down all through
the ages since. It is the day on which the holy
Son of God took upon himself the form of a
humble babe, when he condescended to our
human estate, and became one of us, that he
might link our humanity to God. This is the event
and that the day which our Christmas anniver-
sary celebrates. Let the day, then, be kept with
gladness and sincerest joy, in memory of God's
wonderful love in giving to the world "The Un-
speakable Gift." — *S. S. Messenger.*

"STICKING TO IT."

A good story is told of a young man who con-
sulted an old gentleman who had been very suc-
cessful in business, as to the best business in which
to engage. In answer to the question, "What had

I best do?" the old man replied, "Stick." The
young fellow explained that he had wished to know
what he had best do to make money. Again he was
told, "Stick." "Stick at what?" was asked. "Oh,
that is a matter of little consequence. Take almost
any line of business you like, but stick to it.