

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

[No. 42.]

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

In the hush of the summer night we steal along in our little steam yacht over the River St. Lawrence. The beauty of the scenery around us is indescribable, and added to it is the witchery of the bright moonlight. Sometimes we pass so close to the shore that the overhanging branches form a canopy over our heads, and we look up at the moon through a hundred dancing leaves. Then out again into the open water we go, while the sounds of the rustling leaves die away. The water is perfectly calm, the ripples of our yacht breaking its smooth, satiny surface in a circle around us. It seems like a second sky, with its moon and shadow clouds. Soon we pass a number of little round islands densely covered with trees. Then we make a cut across to the opposite shore, our

Revelation, where it tells all about the city of gold, with its gates of pearl and its foundations of precious stones. No pain, no sickness, no tears, no death, ever entered there, for all was life and light and joy. That was the place where Jesus Christ had always lived before he came to this world.

What did the Saviour suffer when he came to this earth? He had to lay aside all his glory and come here as a little helpless babe. We cannot understand how it is possible, and yet we know that the glorious Son of God, who always had been in heaven with his Father, became a little babe, just like the little ones we see in our homes, and then he lived for thirty years a life of poverty and of hard toil. He who had been ruler in heaven, on earth was obedient to his earthly parents. He who

save sinners. He was not in any way obliged to humble himself. No one had a right to claim this service from him, and no one was strong enough to compel him to come to this earth. But though no one could force him to come, his love for us led him to hasten down in order that he might save us. The Bible tells us that we are sinners and must suffer for our sins unless someone can take our place. Now, no one could take our place and suffer for our sins but Jesus, the Son of God. If he had refused to come down from heaven to suffer for us, we should all have been lost. But he loved us, and therefore was quite willing to make the sacrifice. For our sakes he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He came not to get good, but to do good. He came not to enjoy himself, but to suffer. He came not

A NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW.

Some time since I read a story about a boy whose parents were French Huguenots. They often talked to their children of the glory of holding fast to their faith and enduring persecution nobly. One day a troop of soldiers came to the village to arrest all the Huguenots. This boy's father and mother determined to escape. They loaded their one little donkey with vegetables, hiding their little son among the cabbages, and charging him to keep silence no matter what happened. The mother with a basket of carrots walked ahead; so they started off. They were soon discovered by the soldiers, one of whom asked their destination. "To market," answered the father. The soldier plunged his sword into the basket "to see if the cabbages were tender," he said.



MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

little boat doing a great deal of puffing and hissing as we travel along close to the great high hills that rest so peaceful and serene in the clear, cool moonlight.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

WHERE was Jesus before he came to this earth? He was in heaven. He did not begin to live when he came into this world as we do. He always had been in heaven, and there angels had worshipped him, and were glad to obey his commands. There, everybody honoured him even as they honoured God the Father. He was never scoffed at nor mocked up yonder, and never suffered any pain or grief. We cannot begin to conceive what glory and bliss surrounded him while he was in heaven. If you want to have a faint conception of the glory of that home of the Saviour, read the last two chapters of

had created the world, earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. He whom myriads of angels had always been ready to serve, now became a servant himself and worked for daily wages. But he suffered more than this. For when he began to tell men the truth about God, then they began to hate him. The more he told them about God and heaven and the way to get there, the more they disliked him. In spite of the fact that he never injured any one, but only helped all who cried to him, the Pharisees made up their minds to kill him. And when at last they arrested the Master, they killed him in the most cruel way they could. They laid him on a cross and drove nails through his hands and feet, and then left him there to die. No one ever was exalted above Christ when he was in heaven, and no one ever stooped as low as he did when he was on earth.

Why did Jesus humble himself in this way? He did it in order that he might

to save his life, but to lose it for our sakes. Whenever we think of the cross, and of Christ nailed to it, we ought always to realize that we deserved to bear the punishment of our sins, but that Jesus bore the penalty for us. This thought should fill us with joy and love to him. Then, if we love him, we shall try and follow his example, who, though in heaven he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. To this the apostle exhorts us when he says, "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." If we would only follow the Master's example in this, how many quarrels between brothers and sisters would cease! How much bitterness of feeling and disappointment would be done away with, for men would not try to be great any more, but would be content with being the last and the least.

Not a sound was heard, and with a hearty *bon voyage*, the soldier galloped off. After they had disappeared from sight the parents hastened to open the basket. They found their son had been stabbed through the thigh. He was suffering terribly and yet the brave boy had not uttered a sound.

A little girl's mother wanted her to go to bed before she began to feel sleepy. "But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer petulantly. It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens. "Go and see if she hasn't," said her mother. The little head was popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly. "Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," she said after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."—*Exchange.*

THE lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.