

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Boys We Want.

BY A. SARGENT.

Boys, we want you—Our Country wants
True-hearted, noble boys,
To make your world a happier place,
To purify its joys;
To stand among the leaders
Of every righteous cause,
To spread o'er all the nation
Right, just, and blessed laws.

Boys, we want you—Patriots call
You to the conflict now;
Beneath the yoke of fashion's power
See millions daily bow.
There are hearts with grief o'erflowing;
Let us cheer them, if we can.
Come and help to break the fetters
Which surround your fellow-man.

Boys, we want you—Temperance wants
Firm, consistent lives to-day;
Victory marks her glorious progress,
Homes are bright beneath her sway.
Shall the drunkard, lost forever
In despair and anguish, die?
Let us take the pledge to save him—
Altogether—you and I.

Boys, we want you—Jesus wants
Your hearts His truth to spread;
Follow Him in storm and sunshine,
Ever in his footsteps tread.
There's a world of light and beauty;
This is not the traveller's home;
We are pressing on to Zion,
And we want you all to come.

Boys, we want you—Glory wants
Everyone her crown to wear;
Each soul we've happier made on earth
Will increase its lustre there.
Time is flying, dashing onward;
Soon our day's work must be done;
And an earnest, prayerful life, boys,
Is eternity begun.

THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

We give above a copy of Raphael's famous painting of the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus. Next Sunday, in almost every Sunday-school in Christendom, the attention of thousands of young Bible students will be directed to that old, old, yet ever new story of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. That story, to which the world's greatest thinkers, writers and artists have turned for the inspiration of their noblest work for nearly two thousand years, will be studied once more with fuller and brighter light thrown upon it than ever before. It is interesting to note how wonderful an influence on the art of the world the worship of the child Jesus has had. The artists of greatest genius of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England have given their time and talent to representing on canvas scenes in the childhood and youth of Jesus Christ.

A CROWDED INN IN PALESTINE.

WHEN Joseph and Mary reached the little town of Bethlehem to which they had gone to be taxed by the Roman governor, they found that the inn was so crowded there was no room for them. They were obliged to seek shelter for the night, therefore, in a stable near by. From this fact many people have thought that Mary and Joseph were very poor. This cannot be correct, however, or they would not have had to go to be taxed. Both Mary and Joseph must have owned property. Then, as now, at such



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times of general travel in that land, the very meagre accommodation for travellers made it necessary for many people to seek a lodging wherever it could be had. We show in the cut below a picture of one of these crowded inns of Palestine. On the ground floor of the building man and beast together find shelter, while the floor is strewn with the provision brought for each. Passing up the few stone steps to the sort of gallery, we find

the accommodation reserved for wealthy guests. Here things are a little more comfortable than they are below, but Joseph and Mary probably had as pleasant a lodging-place in the stable prepared for them as they would have had in either department of the overcrowded inn.

JOSEPH COOK'S EXPECTATION.

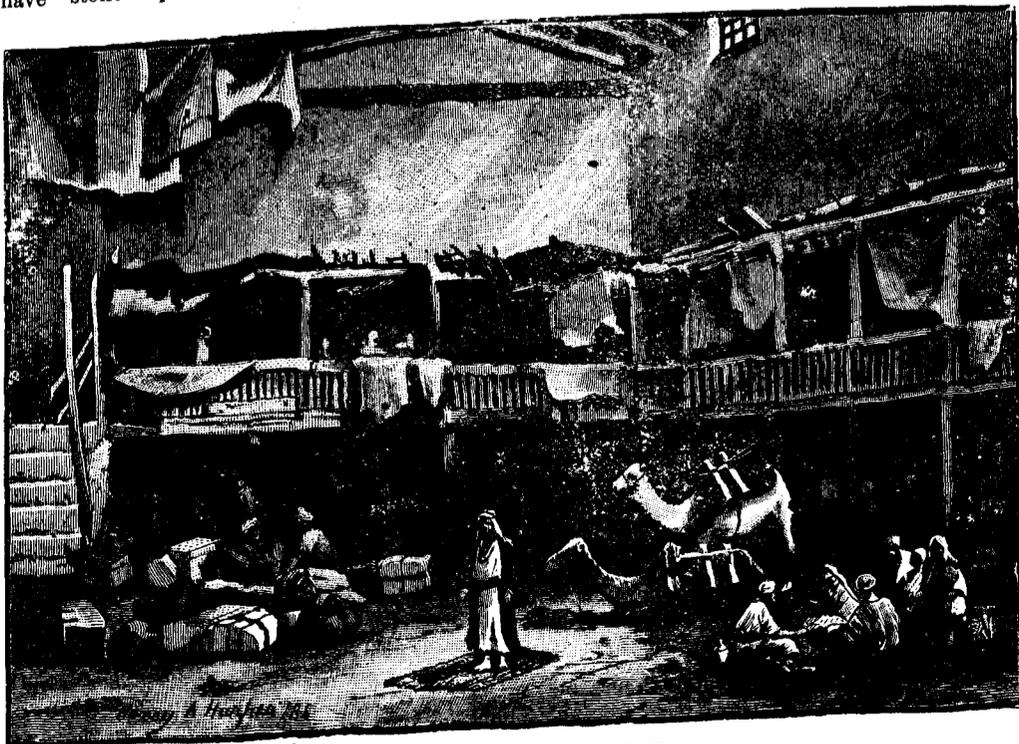
It is a fact and no fancy, that we all lived

to see the abolition of slavery. Why is it incredible that some of us should live to see a greater evil, namely the liquor traffic, made an outlaw by state and national constitutional enactments? There is more money behind the liquor traffic than was ever behind slavery. Those who used to be called by Charles Sumner "The Lords of the Lash" never worked, or whipped, or burned, or starved to death in any circuit of seasons before the civil war, as many victims as the liquor traffic now destroys every year in our republic. Slavery never added as much to the wastes and burdens of the nation in any one circuit of the seasons before the military conflict began as the liquor traffic does every year. Slavery never cost as many thousand millions annually. Slavery never destroyed eighty thousand lives a year. Slavery did not produce nine-tenths of the crime of the land. It is on account of the unity of the liquor traffic and its growing audacity that I predict its overthrow. Slavery went down not chiefly because it was consummate wickedness. In the history of our conflict with slavery we saw the truth of the old pagan proverb, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Public sentiment rose slowly against slavery, but when it fired on Fort Sumpter and took the nation by the throat, then opposition to it acquired national predominance. When the liquor traffic takes the nation by the throat, you will find that although Americans often wait until the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour before they arouse themselves in a great crisis, they may, nevertheless, unlock from their throat the grip of the great evil in the sixtieth minute.

A STORY OF GORDON.

BY REV. CHAS. BULLOCK.

A LEADING feature in the character of General Gordon was a dislike of complimentary speeches. "No gilt," he would exclaim imperiously; "no gilt, mind, no gilt. Say what is to be said, but no praise. I do nothing. It is an honour if God employs me. Do not send me your paper with anything written about me; and mind—do not forget, no gilt!" No doubt he knew, as all know, how easy it is to be puffed up; and so he wisely sought to avoid temptation. He would very seldom talk of himself at all, and when he did so, he never claimed merit. A book was written about his work in China, and he was asked to read it before it came out. Page after page—the parts about himself—he tore out, to the poor author's chagrin, who told him he had spoiled his book! "No man," he said, "has a right to be proud of anything; he has received it all." He had many medals, for which he cared little. A gold one, however, given to him by the Emperor of China, with a special inscription, he did value. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterward it was found out, by curious accident, that he had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine in Manchester.



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THE ONLY WAY.—"How did you learn to skate, Bertram?" asked his mother.
"Oh, by getting up again every time I tumbled down," answered Bertram, bravely.