

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## "A Merrie Christmas."

BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

A MERRIE CHRISTMAS to you!  
For we serve the Lord with mirth,  
And we carol forth glad tidings  
Of our holy Saviour's birth.  
So we keep the olden greeting  
With its meaning deep and true,  
And wish a Merrie Christmas  
And a Happy New Year to you.

Oh, yes! a Merrie Christmas,  
With blithest song and smile,  
Bright with the thought of him who dwelt  
On earth a little while,  
That we might dwell for ever  
Where never falls a tear;  
So a Merrie Christmas to you,  
And a happy, happy year!

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY DORA HARRISON.

CHRISTMAS Eve! The bells were ringing and glad hearts singing as Willie and Mamie Gordon, warmly clad, walked down the street with their papa and mamma to buy Christmas presents for the little cousins who were coming to spend Christmas with them, and with whom they expected to have such a merry time.

Soon they entered one of the large stores, and Mamie's and Willie's pleasure grew as one after another of the pretty toys were snugly stowed away in papa's basket.

It was full at last: so full that the cover had to stand away up, and papa had to carry a parcel in his arm.

"The only thing we need now," said Willie, as they were almost home, "is a Christmas tree, I do wish we could have one."

Before papa could reply, they came upon a huge snow man, and in their delight at seeing that, the children forgot the Christmas tree until, as they turned away, they came face to face with a little boy dragging along a real green Christmas tree.

"O mamma, mamma, a Christmas tree!" cried Mamie. Mrs. Gordon stopped at the sight of the little boy carrying a tree so much taller than himself, and asked him what he was going to do with it.

"I want to sell it, please madame," he said, "and won't you buy it please?" he added wistfully.

"O mamma, do," whispered Willie; and Mamie gave her dress a pull which meant volumes, while her childish heart went out in pity for him as she saw how thin his coat was, and noticed the big patch on his shoulder, and she could not help but glance down at her own rich warm coat and muff.

So Mrs. Gordon bought the tree and oh! the joy in Jamie's heart just then as he stretched out his hand for the shining silver.

"Where shall I take it, please?" he asked.

"Just in here my little man," said Mrs. Gordon. So through the large gate and up the long walk Jamie carried the tree—not heavy now, oh, no, nor could it be with the money in his pocket.

We will leave Willie and Mamie with

light and happy hearts dancing round the tree in their large parlour, and follow Jamie who, with feet as light as theirs, quickly sped over the ground, stopping now here and now there, to add something choice to his store of luxuries for his sick mother.

off the tree, and it was hard to make it fit in the board, so that it would stand up, but the dollar was worth much more trouble than all that, and then the toys he had spent so much time over, were they not all sold, and mother can have to and smug



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

At last they too were all bought, and around corners, through alleys and down snow-clad steps, he hurries home, his heart keeping time to the merry jingle of the bells.

How glad he was he went for the tree. The snow was cold as it fell in his face and down his neck and sleeves as he shook it

and bread and medicine and broths for ever so long now, and the mother smiled upon her noble boy, as one after another proof of his love was laid upon the bed, and thanked God that they were not forgotten, and that he who remembered even the sparrows had remembered them, too, this Christmas Eve.

## GENEROUS TO AN ENEMY.

BY FANNIE ROOPER FRUDON.

ONE of the great horrors of war is that the remains of the dead are often little cared for, if they fall into the hands of their enemies; and their friends perhaps never know what has been the fate of their loved ones, beyond the bare announcement of their names among the "killed."

Of course, the soul is of the first importance, and if that immortal part is safe with Jesus, it does not matter so much what becomes of the perishing body. For the Bible tells us, that "them that sleep (that is, die) shall the Lord bring with him" when he comes again. He will raise from their graves, or wherever their poor bodies may be sleeping, all that died in him, and they shall come forth new, fresh, glorious, like unto the resurrected body our risen Saviour has taken to himself.

And yet, after all, we naturally wish to have the bodies of those we love properly cared for after death. A letter or paper was found on the body of the dead man. Probably it contained some request, that he wished to be complied with, in the case of his death; or possibly some particulars about himself. In either case, we may hope that he will have the remains decently buried, and the dead man's fate informed of his fate.

When two nations are at war, each thinks itself entitled to do all possible harm to the other. They send armies into each other's country to fight and to plunder, and they fit out vessels to go to sea and destroy all the vessels belonging to the opposite party that can be found. While the majority have their worst passions thus excited, he is indeed a generous and kindly man, who acts either justly or fairly toward the enemy.

In the year 1746, when England was at war with Spain, and each was destroying many vessels belonging to the other, a merchant ship, with a valuable cargo belonging in London, sprung a leak while on her voyage between Jamaica and Cuba. The men, in order to save their lives, ran the vessel into the port of Havana, a Spanish town, and they felt almost sure they should be held as prisoners of war, and their vessel seized as a prize. The captain went ashore to deliver her up to the Spanish governor, and to entreat that he and his men might not be severely dealt with as prisoners. To his great surprise, the governor declined to seize either the men or the vessel, saying, "If you had come with hostile intentions, you would have been a fair prize, but since you come as distressed seamen, common humanity requires that I should aid, instead of oppressing you. You have full liberty to repair your vessel in our port, and to trade so far as may be necessary to pay charges; and when it is again sea-worthy you may depart in peace."

The leaky ship was accordingly repaired in the Spanish port, and, when ready to sail, the noble governor gave the captain a pass to protect him from the war vessels of Spain till he was beyond Bermuda. So she reached England with her valuable cargo all safe, and her officers had learned a lesson of generous kindness toward all who are in any wise troubled or afflicted.