

TRAVELLER.

Hail to thee, King of Bethlehem,
Who wearst in the diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!

*He passes by, others come in, bearing on a
litter a sick child.*

BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near!
The King of Bethlehem is here!
What ails the child, who seems to fear
That we shall do him harm?

THE HARKING.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,
And out there darted, from his nest,
A serpent with a crimson crest,
And stung him in the arm.

JESUS.

Bring him to me and let me feel
The wounded place; my touch can heal
The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite!
*[He touches the wound and the boy begins
to cry.]*
Cease to lament! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be
Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite!

JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOL-
MATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play.
And make some sparrows out of clay.
Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Its spreading far and wide!

*[They draw water out of the stream by
channels, and form little pools. Jesus
makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the
other boys do the same.]*

JESUS.

Look! look! How prettily I make
These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink!
Now will I make them sing and soar
So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not? They are but clay,
They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands!

JESUS.

Fly, fly! ye sparrows! You are free!
And while you live remember me,
Who made you with my hands.

*[Here Jesus shall clap his hands and
the sparrows shall fly away chir-
rupping.]*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer I know;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee!

[He strikes Jesus on the right side.]

JESUS.

Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my side,
And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be!

"HE CARRIES THEM UP THE
HILL."

THE other day the children were learn-
ing the twenty-third Psalm, and we were
talking together about the Good Shepherd,
and how he takes care of the sheep and
the little lambs, and impetuous Mary,
eager to speak her one thought, said
rapidly:

"He feeds them, and drives away lions
and bears."

"Yes," said Tiny, thoughtfully, "and
he carries them up the hill."

"He carries them up the hill." The
words went to my heart with a strength
and sweetness the little speaker had not
dreamed of. Often since their music has
thrilled through my tired soul like an echo.

If all Christians were as full of zeal at
home as they are at camp-meetings, there
wouldn't be half so many saloons with
doors wide open on Sunday.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1894.

"HE WAS SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

ABOUT the life of Christ, from his birth
at Bethlehem to the time of his appearing
at the Jordan, the Bible is silent, with but
one exception. That was the visit to the
Temple, when but twelve years of age,

the pure and gracious and noble child.
Already he knows God as his Father, and
the favour of God falls on him softly as the
morning sunlight. Unseen, save in the
beauty of heaven, the Spirit of God
descended like a dove, and rested from
infancy upon the Holy Child. His out-
ward life was the life of all those of his age,
and station, and place of birth. He lived
as lived the other children of peasant
parents in that quiet town, and in great
measure as they live now.

"It is written," says Luther, "that
there was once a pious, godly bishop, who
had often earnestly prayed that God would
manifest to him what Jesus had done in
his youth. Once the bishop had a dream
to this effect. He seemed in his sleep to
see a carpenter working at his trade, and
beside him a little boy who was gathering
up chips. Then came in a maiden clothed
in green, who called them both to come to
the meal, and set porridge before them.
All this the bishop seemed to see in his
dream, himself standing behind the door
that he might not be perceived. Then the
little boy began and said: 'Why does that
man stand there? shall he not also eat with
us?' And this so frightened the bishop
that he awoke." "Let this be what it
may," adds Luther, "a true history or a
fable, I none the less believe that Christ in
his childhood and youth looked and acted
like other children, yet without sin, in
fashion like a man."

It is the spirit which animated and
governed all his life that we should imitate.
This he showed, when at the age of twelve
he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about
my Father's business!" and at the age of
thirty he declared it to be his meat to do
the will of his Father and to finish his work.
Filial and obedient was that spirit, and it is
possible to every one of our readers.

To the sacredest feast of the nation,
Through the paths that their fathers had
trod
All others, with paschal oblation,
Had gone to the city of God.

And Mary, to every beholder
Her face touched with wistfullest dole
(Remembering what Simeon had told her
Of the sword that should pierce through
her soul),
With faith yet too steadfast to falter,
Though sorely with mysteries tried,
'Midst the worshippers stood at the altar,
With Jesus the Child by her side.

The seven days' festival ended,
Rites finished for people and priest,
The throngs from the temple descended
And homeward set face from the feast.
And neighbour held converse with neighbour,
Unwonted and simple and free,
As northward they journeyed toward Tabor,
As westward they turned to the sea.

But not till the night-dews were falling
Did Mary, oft questioning, find,
As children to children were calling,
That Jesus had lingered behind.
He vex her—the mother that bore him?
Or veiled it some portent or sign?
For oft had she trembled before him,
Her human too near his Divine.

She sought 'midst her kinsfolk, whose pity
Grew tender to look on her grief;
Then back through the streets of the city
She hastened, yet found no relief.
Thus searching, a marvellous story
Her ear and her senses beguiled:
"The rabbi, gray-bearded and hoary,
In the temple are taught by a child."

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

HIS outward life was the life of all those
of his age and station and place of birth.

He lived as lived the
other children of
peasant parents in
that quiet town, and
in a great measure as
they live now. He
who has seen the chil-
dren of Nazareth in
their red caftans and
bright tunics of silk
or cloth, girded with
a many-coloured sash,
and sometimes cov-
ered with a loose
outer jacket of white
or blue—who has
watched their games,
and heard their ring-
ing laughter as they
wander about the hills
of their little native
vale, or play in bands
on the hillside be-
side their sweet and
abundant fountain,
may perhaps form
some conception of
how Jesus looked and
played when he too
was a child. And the
traveller who has fol-
lowed any of those
children—as I have
done—to their simple
homes, and seen the
scanty furniture, the
plain but sweet and
wholesome food; the



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

Jesus in the Temple.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ALL placid and lonely the village
Of Nazareth slept on the plain;
No husbandman toiled at the tillage
Nor reaped the ripe ears of the grain;
No vine-dressers wrought at their labours
Nor passed with their pruning-hooks by;
The slopes were as silent as Tabor's
And Tabor was still as the sky.

No voice of innocent riot
In market-place, hostel or hut;
The hum of the craftsman was quiet,
The door of the synagogue shut.
No *Alpha* and *Beth* were heard swelling
From the school of the scribe by the wall,
And Joseph the carpenter's dwelling
Was hushed as the publican's stall.

'Twas the week of the Passover; only
The aged, the sickly, the blind,
The tottering children, and lonely
Young mothers had tarried behind.

uneventful, patriarchal life, may form a vivid
conception of the manner in which Jesus
lived. Nothing can be plainer than those
houses with the doves sunning themselves
on the white roofs, and the vines wreath-
ing about them. The mats or carpets are
laid loose along the walls; shoes and
sandals are taken off at the threshold;
from the centre hangs a lamp which forms
the only ornament of the room; in some
recess in the wall is placed the wooden
chest, painted with bright colours, which
contains the books or other possessions of
the family; on a ledge that runs around
the wall, within easy reach, are neatly
rolled up the gay-coloured quilts which
serve as beds, and on the same ledge are
ranged the earthen vessels for daily use;
near the door stand the large common
water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and
green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—
thrust into their orifices to keep the water
cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool
is placed in the centre of the apartment, a