

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS E. S.

IN this glad morn the
earth cloth ring
With praises due to Jesu's
birth;
"Glory to God," the angels
sing,
"Peace and good-will to
men on earth."

In Beth'hem's lowly manger
laid—
The God of Love stooped
down so low,
We see Him in our flesh
arrayed,
As we before His cradle bow.

We heard how Jesus left His
throne,
But still our seeking hearts
were sad,
Untill the star of Bethlehem
shone
And th' we were exulting,
glad

Bright messenger of hope it
shone,
Around our path lit up the
way;
Our tears were past, our doubts
were gone
It led us where the Saviour
lay.

When we beheld the God of
Love,
We laid our offerings at His
feet;
Then joined our hearts to those
above,
In songs of joy and praises
meet.

Then as the years roll on, and
bring
Their memories of the
Saviour's birth,
Let us rejoice while angels
sing
"Glory to God and peace
on earth."

"Good will to men," let every
heart
From sinful strife and anger
cease,
And form of that great band
apart,
To usher in the year with
peace.

I AM sure I have always
thought of Christmas time
when it has come round,
apart from the veneration
due to its sacred name
and origin, if anything
belonging to it can be
apart from that—as a good time; a
kind, forgiving, charitable time; the
only time I know of in the long cal-
endar of the year, when men and
women seem by one consent to open
their shut-up hearts freely, and to
think of people below them as if they
really were fellow-passengers to the
grave, and not another race of creatures
bound on other journeys.—*Dickens.*



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

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THE churches all are decked with green,
To hail the blessed morn,
On which, in ages long ago,
The Saviour Christ was born.

These words of Professor Aytoun's

* We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Suther-
land for the use of this beautiful cut from
that beautiful missionary paper, *The Outlook.*

describe a custom which is more com-
mon in England than in this country.
The young folk in the picture—they
must be sisters, they look so much
alike—are decorating with holly the
venerable old church. I doubt not
that in many of the Sunday-school
rooms of Canada, our fragrant Cana-
dian evergreens will be turned by deft
and willing fingers into wreaths and

her nothing, there were the most
tender expressions of gratitude. The
advice of Longfellow is worth remem-
bering: "Give what you have. To
some one it may be better than you
dare to think." But whatever tokens
of love you offer your friends upon
Christmas day do not forget the great
gift which the day commemorates, and
give yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

garlands for Christmas
decorations. May this
be the happiest, merriest
Christmas that ever you
have known.

GIFTS.

NOW that the season
is near when gifts
are exchanged,
many are hurried and
others are worried in pre-
parations for the great
holiday of the year. Do
we ever forget, in the
midst of the bustle and
excitement, the gifts
which money cannot buy,
nor hands busily prepare.
Are there any who read
this paper who have no
money with which to pur-
chase Christmas gifts, and
are, therefore sad? Let
me remind you that love,
sympathy, cheerfulness,
obedience, kind words,
generous thoughts, char-
itable judgment, and your
earnest prayer, can and
will make your friends far
happier than the costliest
gift you could buy were
you rich as an Astor.
And the little, simple,
trifling gift which love
may prepare, and which
costs nothing, may be
better appreciated than a
more expensive offering.
Last Thanksgiving day a
lady took to an aged
friend of hers, who is
poor, and keeps a little
fancy store, a package of
grapes, an illustrated mag-
azine, and some brown
wrapping-paper which she
had from time to time
carefully folded and laid
away, knowing that her
friend was too poor to
purchase nice wrapping-
paper. For the fruit,
which cost the lady both
time and money, there
was very meagre thanks;
but for the magazine and
the paper, which cost