

A Beautiful Land.

There is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver, and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street,
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear,
The hearts are freed from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

All the long day in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand,
And down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare—
For no wine is there.

Father, look down from thy throne, I pray,
Hasten, oh hasten the glorious day,
Help us to work as a temperance band,
To drive the demon away from the land,
Teach us to say; We will dry every tear
Which drink makes flow here.

—Juvenile Temple.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., Svo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,

3 Henry Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HUNTER,

Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2: 52.

ALTHOUGH Jesus came down from heaven, yet in his boyhood he was like other boys. "He grew in stature," with no evil habits, such as smoking cigarettes, and doing other things too foul to mention, to stunt his growth. Doubtless every year at his birthday he measured himself on the side of the house, to see how fast he was growing. But he also "increased in wisdom," in the thinking part of him. His mother taught him a great many things, especially about the Bible. At five years of age he began to learn by heart the Commandments and other texts, which he afterwards used to repeat when he grew up to be a minister. Probably he went to some such school as I saw at Nazareth, where about twenty-five little Arab boys with red caps on their heads were sitting cross-legged on the floor, which was covered with straw matting, there being no seat in the room, except one for the teacher. Each boy had before him a little ink-bottle, and in his hand a sharpened reed for a pen, and a tin slate like the one I hold in my hand, on which had been written a verse from the book called the Koran. All the boys were moving their bodies backward and forward and saying their verses aloud. As I stooped over to see what was on one of the slates, a roguish boy behind me gave me a push which almost tipped me over, making me think that boys in Nazareth were very much like boys in America. The teacher very quickly boxed

the little fellow's ears, which made all the others, for fear of a like punishment, move their bodies faster and say their verses louder. When Jesus was a boy he probably went to such a school and wrote on his slate verses from the Bible to commit to memory.

Another way that Jesus grew in wisdom was by "asking questions." The only true story that we have about Jesus' boyhood tells us that once when he had gone from Nazareth to a great city called Jerusalem, in a great procession of people, for a festival that was like a whole week of Christmas Days, his mother lost sight of him, and hunted around for two days before she could find him. I suppose she looked in all the candy shops and wherever the boys were playing, and last of all she thought she would look in the church, the big temple, and there she found him, in one of the rooms, sitting cross-legged on the floor at the feet of the wise teachers, asking them questions about the Bible and about God and heaven. They were very much "astonished" to find how much he already knew about those things. Children to-day might learn a great deal more than they do about such matters if they would study their Sunday-school lessons and then ask questions of parents and teachers about whatever they could not understand.

Another thing that is told us about Jesus' boyhood is that he was obedient to his mother. I once saw in the papers an advertisement printed in this way: "Wanted for a store—a boy that obeys his mother." The man who kept that store knew that if a boy did not mind his mother at home, he would not obey his master in a store, or be so likely to obey the laws of the country against stealing and other wrongs, and the laws of God. The world does not want in business or anywhere else boys who do not mind their mothers. Home is a little school of obedience. If we do not learn to obey the laws of home, we shall be very likely to break the laws of the country and get into prison at last.

One other thing that the Bible tells us about Jesus' boyhood is, that he was diligent in his duties. A certain bishop, who lived long after Jesus did, wished very much to know what Jesus did in his boyhood, about which the Bible tells us so little. After that, one day he had this dream. 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 woman clothed in green, who called them both to dinner 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 said, "Why does that man stand there? Shall he not also eat with us?" And this so frightened the bishop that he awoke.

In the very building at Nazareth where it is said Joseph, the husband of Mary, worked as a carpenter, there is a picture on the wall of Joseph at one end of a board, which he is measuring with a string, and Jesus as a little boy at the other end, holding one end of the string, and helping Joseph at his work. We know that Jesus before he became a minister worked in such ways as a little carpenter in the shop of Joseph at Nazareth. He was helpful at home; and the boy that would be like Jesus must do likewise.

But Jesus was diligent in another kind of business. One day when he was in the church or temple, studying the Bible and talking about God and heaven, he called it his heavenly "Father's business" that he was doing. Sometimes a man has a little shop and another very large one. So Jesus teaches us that what we do in our common work is our little business, and what we do to make men Christians is our great business; and he teaches us that "a boy twelve years old is not too young to begin doing business for his heavenly Father," by being a Christian himself and trying to lead others to be Christians. When Jesus was twelve years old, like other boys of that country, he joined the church, put the boxes called phylacteries on his forehead and arm, with verses of the Bible in them, and put on his shoulders the talith, with blue bands in it, that reminded the people they were going to heaven beyond the blue sky. And so all the boys of good parents and all the boys that loved God began to be workers in the church when they were twelve years

old, the same age at which your pastor and a great many others have joined the church in these days, and some when they were not half as old.

A WISE BOY.

MR. HILL was busy in his carpenter shop one morning. The door stood open, and he heard a voice outside. He turned and saw a bright-faced boy with a brown suit and a red cap.

"Good-morning, my little man," said Mr. Hill. "What can I do for you? Do you want a house or a bridge built?"

"No," said the boy. "We've got a house, and there's a bridge now over the creek. My name's Johnny Jay, and I want those, if you don't want them yourself." He pointed to the shavings which lay under the bench.

"You do, hey? And what will you do with them, Johnny? Build a bonfire?"

"No. I'm going to sell them to old Miss Clark. She'll give me a cent for a basketful."

"Well, I guess you may have them."

So Johnny brought his basket and picked up the shavings. When he was nearly done he saw something bright upon the floor. It was a dime. Johnny had never had more than a cent at a time in his life. He looked to see if Mr. Hill had seen it; but he had not. Johnny picked up the dime and slipped it into his pocket. He filled his basket, and went out without saying anything to Mr. Hill. But as he was going away he thought:

"This dime isn't mine. It is Mr. Hill's. If I keep it I shall be a thief. But I want it very much. I s'pose Mr. Hill has plenty more dimes. He doesn't know it was on the floor."

And very deep into the little boy's heart came the thought, "What would God say?" He ran back to Mr. Hill and said: "This is yours; I found it on your floor."

Mr. Hill took the money and put it in his pocket. "You are an honest boy," he said. "You may come every day for shavings."

Do you think Mr. Hill ought to have given the dime to Johnny? He thought of it; but then he said to himself:

"I'm not going to pay the little fellow for being honest. He will find pay enough in doing right for its own sake."

And if you had seen Johnny running away with plenty of little skips and shouts you would have said that Mr. Hill was right.

WHY GEORGE DID NOT WORK IN THE BREWERY.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

"MOTHER has told you often that she doesn't want her only son to engage in any work in which he cannot ask God to bless him while he is doing it. I will say no more now, Georgie," said Mrs. Bell to her twelve-year-old son, who stood at the kitchen door, twirling his hat about, and wishing that "mother would help a fellow out," and thinking that "he believed, just as father said, she was entirely to particular about some things, and in these days one couldn't be too choice about work. One could be a good, honest boy working in a brewery if he choose."

The Bells needed money. Mr. Bell was sick, and George must help earn their daily bread. He had looked several days for work, but nobody wanted boys except the proprietors of the big brewery.

Mr. Bell said, "Go, my son, by all means. The wages are really good for a boy, and you will be learning something."

"Yes, that he will, Charles," replied the mother, a scarlet flush dyeing her cheek.

"Oh! now, Sarah, your just like an unreasonable woman. I s'pose you'd like to shut our George in a bandbox, and keep him from mingling with his feller men. I haven't the least fear of our boy learnin' to drink, if that's what you're drivin' at. There ain't any drunkards on my side of the house," returned Mr. Bell, testily. And Mrs. Bell said very slowly and decidedly,

"Neither have my family been drunkards, but I will not be sure that George will not learn to be one if he works daily in a brewery, surrounded by men, young and old, who have given up soul and body

to the destroyer. Beer, beer, the very name is loathsome."

"I don't know about that, Sarah. I've seen weak men and women almost made over, when clean run down bodily, by drinking real, pure, fresh beer," replied Mrs. Bell, wishing in his heart that "Sarah wasn't quite such a fanatic about such things."

"Yes," replied Sarah, quickly, with a stern rebuke in her eyes and feeling almost angry with a father who could speak such perilous words before his little son. "I've seen strong men and women made so weak by the drink habit that they went into worse than nothingness. How can you say a good word for beer, the bitter, sour, stale, stuff!"

"Mother," said George, "I am only to wash the bottles. We do need money so much, or I wouldn't think of taking such work."

"Listen to me, Georgie. Mother would rather move into a tent and live on crusts than to live better, if it is to be paid for with money earned by my son in a brewery."

"How will you feel in the Sunday-school room, and can you sing your cold-water songs on Sunday, when you have spent the last six days before, helping to send out the foe your comrades are leagued against?"

"Will a brewery boy, who goes into the spider's parlour of his own free will, and stays in the net, deserve a place in the temperance ranks? Think this over, my son. Does the Bible say that we are to expect good to come from evil?" urged Mrs. Bell.

George went out into the street, then walked to the brewery. He loved his father dearly and he didn't seem to think "just washing beer bottles" a great sin, and women were so cranky about certain things.

Do not judge George and Mr. Bell too harshly, for they could not bear to think that they must eat bread earned by Mrs. Bell over a neighbour's washtub.

"Vell, Sheorgie, vas you coom to wash dem bottles, hey? Here, you good-for-notin' scamp, out of mine way! Leave an' dond git back ag'in so quick. No beer for you! He's only a boy dat hangs around vatchin' to get beer, and is von plague," said Hans Leib, rolling a beer keg and driving away a miserable, sickly boy of about fourteen, who trembled and ran as if used to kicks. "He vas a bottle vasher, but gits so no account, ve has to sheep him. Ve needs spy, sober boys, as ve has mooch vork here. Vas you coom to vork?" inquired Hans.

"Oh, no, never, in this place," cried George setting out on almost a gallop for home, and surprising his mother, who sat at his father's bedside weeping, by saying loudly;

"I'll never work in that brewery so long as I live; I've just seen one of their boys. Mother, I can help you with the washing and ironing."

"Thank God, Georgie," said Mrs. Bell, thankfully, while Mr. Bell said: "I'm proper glad, son; I couldn't feel quite easy 'bout your working in a brewery. None of the Bells ever did that sort of work."

WHAT HE COULD NOT DO.

On one of the days that Stanley spent in the heart of Africa, a poor, cowering native was dragged before him, charged with having stolen a gun. The gun he carried, and which belonged to the exploring party, the terrified negro did not seem able to give any clear account of how he came by it. But on one point he spoke clearly. He had not stolen it. "I am a son of God," he cried; "I could not steal!" This he repeated over and over.

Stanley believed him, set him at liberty, and gave him the gun. Afterward it appeared that the man had picked up a gun which had been lost, and upon conferring with the missionary the poor native brought back the gun to Stanley's camp.

But the great explorer's heart must have been thrilled by this proof of the power of God's grace—that this savage, brought up in the midst of all that was vile and low and dishonest, should have risen to such a conception of the dignity of a son of God as to say, "I could not steal, because I am a son of God!"