

Easter Morning.

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen!"

Sing our hearts in joyful strain,
And the birds and flowers, rejoicing,
Echo back the glad refrain.
All the world throbs with emotions
Wakened by this blessed day.

"Christ is risen! death is vanquished,"
Earth and heaven repeat the lay.

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"
Is the message Easter brings,
Brought to us as first to Mary
It was borne on angel wings;
And this Easter morn the angel
Speaketh to our souls within,
Saying, softly: "Christ is risen,
Thou shalt also rise with him."

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"
Breathes this morning in all ears,
Blessed be this Easter morning,
Easter, flower of all the years.
Ever will this day be cherished
Through all ages lovingly,
For, O Christ, on some bright Easter,
We shall rise and come to thee.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1892.

IMPROVEMENT IN "PLEASANT HOURS."

SOME of our kind patrons have complained that the *Onward* is too good, too mature in style for the intermediate classes of our schools, and that *PLEASANT HOURS* is hardly good enough. Now, anxious to meet to the utmost of our ability every reasonable desire of our kind patrons and friends, we propose to enlarge the capacity and improve the character of *PLEASANT HOURS*, to make it still better adapted for the large intermediate class, from ten or twelve to fifteen or sixteen, who compose the bulk of Sunday-school scholars. It will be printed in smaller-sized type, without border, giving a larger page and containing from one-quarter to one-third more matter than heretofore. This will be done at considerable increased expense, but without any enhanced cost to our schools.

Thus we shall be able to make *Onward* still better adapted to the young men and young women in the adult and Bible classes, to our great army of Sunday-school teachers, and to our various young people's societies. If our friends will kindly bear in mind the distinctive grades for which these papers are designed, and not try to meet the needs of the advanced classes with an intermediate paper, and to remember that *Onward* is not designed for the junior scholars, we think that their reasonable desire shall be met. Of course we shall not reach perfection nor attain our ideals, but will continually strive thereto. We believe that these papers are, now, for their character and quality, the best and cheapest in the world. We hope to make them better still. Certainly nowhere in the world shall

our Canadian youth find papers so saturated through and through and throughout with loyalty to Queen and country, and loyalty to the institutions and doctrines of our Church, with intense devotion to the cause of missions, to the cause of temperance and the cause of God, in every way in which we can promote it.

Our special Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day numbers of *PLEASANT HOURS* and *Onward* can be bought by the thousand for distribution in our schools for the cultivation of the spirit of Canadian patriotism and Canadian loyalty.

A MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY in Africa has established a school for coloured children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Saviour. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in America, England, Germany, and France, which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something also?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary, "and come and tell me."

One morning, however, they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "Each of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and carry it to the tanner, who has promised us a half shilling for each load."

Another interrupted and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum and sell it for four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls said, "We will collect locks of wool, and sell them." Others said, "We will get hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than thirty dollars.

GRANDMOTHER GALE.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"It can't be any worse, that's one thing, and it may be better," said the neighbours, when the wagon sent by the postmaster took Harriet Gale's body to the potter's field. "They say Gale's mother is coming from England; the letter got here a week ago, and the Squire read it, and made out she'd be here by to-morrow or next day. Coming here to live with her son; poor lady, she'll come to find him in the hospital, and the home stripped bare, and those two poor little girls barefooted and ragged, so as they could not even go to their step-mother's funeral."

She didn't deserve that they should go, or any one else should; she was a bad one, that Harriet Gale, and the mother of those two little girls was such a nice, tidy, gentle creature. The house was as trim and happy in her time as could be. Five years ago, when Gale married Harriet, she was a hand-some, laughing, lazy, bold-eyed girl. I wondered what ever put it into her head to take a quiet man like Gale. One thing is sure, the acquaintance was short, and 'marry in a hurry and repent at leisure' it was. When she first came, she began to send the children for beer and ale. That made a quarrel between her and Gale right off. But he was gone so much, being a brakeman, that Harriet had it her own way, and by three years' time she was a regular drunkard. It is a year now since Gale went to the hospital with his hurt, and Harriet has been a common sot since then, sold the clothes off the children's backs, and the things out of the house. It is a bare place, and poverty-struck one the old dame will come to.

Thus the neighbour's gossip told the tale of "Gale home. The old lady reached there late at night, but saw enough to make her heart sick before she lay down on the poor cot-bed in the upper room. When she awoke next morning she found the two little granddaughters busy.

"It is a poor place for you, grannie dear," said Nell. "It made father most cry to think of it, when he heard you were coming. We told him we would do the best ever we could, and day before yesterday, as soon—well, as soon as ever she was buried, Liz and I went to work. We scrubbed and scoured everything, and I got my mother's Bible out of pawn, and we made a cushion for the chair for you, and put some flowers in the jug Mrs. Day gave us. It was all we could do, only that Liz saw this morning that we forgot to scour the candlestick, and she is doing it now."

"We'll love you, and mind you, grannie, if that is any good," spoke up Liz, "and we'll try and earn money for things, and to get us some clothes. Now that what we got won't be sold, we will have heart to try and make things look as we can remember our own mother had them."

Grandmother Gale sat down in the newly-cushioned chair, and looked at the forlorn children and the forlorn home. Had she ever imagined this for the home of her steady, honest son? This was the work of the drink demon, in possession of a woman's soul. One thing after another, in their childish honesty, the girls revealed the whole miserable story of their step-mother's life.

"Oh, grannie, you don't know how bad it was; you can't dream it."

"Never mind, leave that with God," said grandmother Gale. "I have brought some money with me,—enough to set the home in order and get you children clothed for school, before your father comes home. Cheer up, girls, he shall see a bright, loving, God-fearing, temperance home, and that will give him heart again. I reckon one thing is sure, no liquor will ever come within these walls; we have all had our lesson."

INDIAN BABIES.

AT first sight one would think that the babies hanging on the tree were little Egyptian mummies, but the papoose is anything but a mummy, although he is quite mum compared with his little white brother or sister, and not half so much trouble to mother. No danger of the papoose getting out of his cradle, and he can't kick the clothes off either; yet he seems to be well-contented in his little straight jacket, and one reason, I believe, is because he gets so much pure, fresh air. But you must not suppose that he is always strapped to his little board, which is almost the shape of a small toboggan, for when his mother is through with her work she will winds the pretty little bands that she winds him with; he crawls around and plays just like white children, or he would never learn to walk. The mother takes great pains to make the board bands very pretty with ornamental bead work, so that the papoose looks quite as fine as some little Indian Fauntleroy. When mother wants to go on a journey it is much handier to put the strap over her forehead, and then let the baby hang at her back, than to carry him in her arms. Sometimes they travel in a canoe made from a long log, hollowed out, and the ends made wedge-shaped. Then the father sculls it along and the mother works on some fancy work, while the papoose looks back at the bubbles in the wake of the canoe. When they get to the town the men put up the tents, because since the missionary has talked with them, they have learned to bear one another's burdens, and the women sell their baskets. After this they pick berries, thousands of bushels of which are sent every week to the markets. They will come to church and listen to a sermon an hour long, many of them not understanding a single word the white man says, but afterwards an Indian will stand up and translate it. One who did so for him was watched with the keenest interest by the few that could understand both languages. In the winter they collect food for the making of baskets, which they sell in the settlements, and so by degrees they are becoming civilized. — *Well-Spring*.