

THE RESURRECTION.

BY MRS. M. P. CHURCH.

OVER the hills of Palestine
The flush of morning broke,
As night drew back her curtain,
And the day in beauty woke.

The scent of dowy blossoms
Fell on the air like balm,
The morning breezes awayed the trees,
The olive, fig, and palm.

The sound of rustling leaves was heard
Through the vines upon the hill,
The twittering low of early birds,
By many a fount and rill.

When slowly through the garden,
With hearts oppressed with gloom,
They who the best had loved him,
Now sought the Master's tomb.

Laden with myrrh and spices,
They sought him where he lay;
And anxiously they questioned
Who should roll the stone away.

But as they near the portal,
The door stands open wide,
For angels in the darkness
Have rolled the stone aside.

And one appears before them,
In the flush of morning light,
His brow is like the sunbeams,
His robes are dazzling white.

Why seek ye here the Master?
He has risen as he said;
The last great foe is conquered,
And Death himself has fled.

Go, spread the joyful tidings!
Go, tell it far and wide;
That the seal of death is broken,
And the stone is rolled aside.

As on that night of sorrow
Rose the resurrection morning
So to the darkest hour there comes
The rosy flush of dawning.

And where in storm and darkness
Stern rocks oppose our way,
Angels may rise to greet us,
In the glorious light of day.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Jan. 29, 1886.

I AM pleased to tell you that all the Indians here have learned to look forward with great pleasure to Christmas. They call it in their own language the "Great Sunday."

From February till November they may wander here and there in search of work or preparing their stores of food, as the season comes, but before Christmas they all gather home and feel that they are a united people with common interests.

For weeks a band of singers led by Miss Knight and Mr. Millan had been preparing Christmas hymns, and shortly after midnight set out with Mr. Millan through the village, which was illuminated the whole night, and after singing in ten or twelve different places, finished up at the mission-house about four o'clock, when after partaking of coffee and biscuits they dispersed to their homes to prepare for the further celebration of the day.

Soon after daylight the people in great companies came to shake hands with us—the Fire Company, the Rifle Brigade and the band, many of the Band of Hope, with their blue ribbon badges, and others.

At 11 a.m., the church was filled with attentive hearers, while we preached from Luke ii. 68, and the choir, with Miss Knight at the organ, sang some of their Christmas hymns. The rest of the day was spent in visiting and tea parties.

I am sorry to say that for the first time in twelve years two or three of

our people got liquor, and this from white men. I hope they may be punished.

Sunday was a good day. Our Sunday-school has become a blessed place for the children. Two classes are taught in English, all the rest in Pamphean by native teachers. It is pleasing to see how interested the children are in learning Scripture texts. For verses recited they receive tickets, with which some of the readers of the PLEASANT HOURS kindly keep us supplied, and when tickets representing two hundred verses are obtained they are exchanged for a prize.

On Tuesday we had a Christmas-tree for the children. About 150 assembled in the school-house, and had a merry play, diving for apples and bits of money, singing, and eating buns, while the tree was being made ready. Several of the local preachers made very good speeches. There was a present for every one, not forgetting the little sick boy lying at home in pain, and all went away very happy. Then the sick and aged had to be remembered, and next day a loaded load of rice, sugar, tea, and bread, and biscuits went through the village, and stopped at every house where there was a sick one lying, or one too feeble to join in the general merry-making.

About Christmas a good deal of time has always to be given to settling the difficulties that have arisen among the people. They like to settle these all before the New Year, that they may shake hands and begin the New Year with good-will to each other. Their quarrels are almost invariably settled thus, with the advice of the missionary and some of the wisest men, without going to law, and thus much trouble and hard feeling prevented.

Our watch-meeting was a time of power. The church bell rang out to tell us a New Year had begun, we joined in hymns of praise and hearty hand shaking and good wishes. Next morning early the people turned out in uniform—the Fire Company in scarlet, headed by the brass band, unite with the Temperance Society in their regalia. We open a clear course through the house; they enter at one door and pass out at another, while we station ourselves at convenient places to shake hands with each one as the stream passes. A little later the Rifle Brigade march up with drum and fife, and after going through a display of their manoeuvres file through the house as the other companies had done. Drawn up into order outside, a word of advice and encouragement is given and they pass on. Thus hundreds come to express their good-will; the women and children following their fathers and brothers in their respective companies. After the march the riflemen engaged in a sham fight on the beach, and the young men played football and all passed off happily.

The first Sunday of the New Year was a good day, and the following Monday, at 7 a.m., we began a series of prayer-meetings, which continued through the week with much blessing. Many would gather in the street singing, and march to the place of meeting.

Monday evening a public meeting was held in the school-house to elect a new Council. It was opened and closed with prayer, as all such meetings are, and a kindly spirit and good sense prevailed.

We have had a mild winter; a little

snow fell Christmas week which soon disappeared with rain. Since then it has been cold, but no snow. Not much sickness. Several little children have gone home to heaven.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

We made reference some time since to the proposal to erect as a memorial of that heroic Christian soldier—who took so deep an interest in poor boys—an institution for the education and training of homeless boys.

At a regular meeting of the Methodist Ministerial Association of this city, on resolution the cordial approval of the Association was given to the "Boys' and Girls' Gordon Memorial Fund," and the Association also recommended the various Methodist Sunday-schools of the city to take up a collection of at least one cent per member for this worthy object, all monies to be remitted to Mr. John Macdonald, Wellington Street, who is the Canadian treasurer of the Fund. Mayor Howland has received a letter from a little boy enclosing one dollar, saved by himself and his little sister, in aid of the Gordon Memorial Relief, on behalf of poor children. This shows how even the children are interested in the enterprise. The following have also been received: Hon. S. H. Blake's Bible-class, \$20; St. James Cathedral Sunday-school, \$10 1/2; Northern Methodist Church Sunday-school, \$10 30; St. Andrews Church, Guelph, \$2. Mr. H. J. Clark, the indefatigable superintendent of Church Street Congregational Sunday-school, will shortly give an entertainment on behalf of the same object. We hope that very many of our schools will have a share in this good work at least to the extent of one cent per scholar.

There are four aspects of the Home Scheme:

1. The helping boys and girls in existing institutions.
2. The sending of convalescent and weakly children to seaside and other healthful places.
3. The assisting of boys and girls to emigrate.
4. The fund to be called the "Boys' and Girls' Gordon Memorial Fund," the character of which is yet to be determined.

It is for this latter fund that the Canadian appeal is being made.

We have no authority for making the statement, yet it is possible that if the Canadian schools and people will generously respond to the appeal, that this memorial might in some measure take a Canadian form, which would doubtless be as suitable as any other.

The following letter has been received by W. H. Howland, Esq., Mayor of Toronto, and shows the interest felt by even very little lads.

Dear Sir,—We have noticed in the paper that you receive contributions for the Gordon Memorial Relief Fund. Please find enclosed \$1, saved by my little sister and myself, to be sent to poor children. Please let me know if you receive it.

HARRY V. S. HOLMES,
Lucknow, Ont.

My little boy, four years old, said to me: "Mamma, what is the name of that town on the left hand of God, where the wicked people go? I can't think."

THE EASTER LILY

A PARABLE BY J. W. BATES

THROUGH all the winter hilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From its heart thrust above the hill,
To soil exultant leaf,
Though a scant the sunshine that it felt,
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bloom,
And that its one green calyx sheath
Did tenderly enfold
A snow-white flower, upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold.

We watched, and, ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt,
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out!

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question had reply;
Our doubt became delight.

Out from its fold I prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us Life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair,
As Christ himself arose.

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

SAID a boy to his mother one day,
"Our school is a dreadful place,
mother. I don't believe there is a boy
in the whole school who does not use
bad words."—"My son," exclaimed the
astonished mother, "not one! Where
is my boy?"—"No, not one; even I
sometimes say words that I know are
wrong. It's so catching, mother, and
you're surprised into it before you
think. I wish you could help me do
something about it." She promised to
help him first to set a watch over his
own lips, and then she encouraged him
to speak to the boys, and try to get up
a sentiment in school against the
practice. She realized the importance
of this, as every good mother must.
And she was rewarded—in her own
boy, at least, for he grew up to be a
noble, pure, good man, one of the very
best, and one who did a great deal
toward helping others out of the wrong
path into the right one.

Most boys do not consider the
fearful tendency of this bad habit.
Impurity of speech leads directly to
impure ideas, unhallowed desires and
secret sins. The heart becomes like
the chamber of imagery described by
the prophet Ezekiel—"full of every
unclean thing"—and by and by, when
the boy has grown to be a man, how
easy is the pathway to actual vice!

A great deal of horrible wickedness
is committed nowadays, but where did
it have its beginning? The mighty
river at its source is only a tiny
spring; the raging, destructive fire
was at first but a little spark; so
wickedness which appalls us by its
terrible character and magnitude has
its little beginning in the school-room,
on the street, in the boy's heart.

Boys, beware of the beginning of
this sin! Ask God for a clean heart,
let your lips be pure and every action
as white as the snow. Then you will
help to purify society. Every upright,
pure man and woman helps to build up
a solid barrier against vice and crime.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
shall see God.—Forward.

When you are pained by an unkind
word or deed, ask yourself if you have
not done the same many times.