

The Resurrection-Plant.

Among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveller, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand

Before the Saviour came to earth,
The man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off time
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well,
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When, lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower bursts forth

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1898.

In a clipping from The Youth's Companion, in Pleasant Hours for Feb. 19th, under the heading, "A Canadian Missionary," the statement is made that the Rev. E. R. Young was still residing in his former missionary field, north of Manitoba. This statement, with others in The Youth's Companion, depending on it, are a mistake. Mr. Young, after a residence of nine years, we believe, in the Northwest, returned to circuit work in Ontario.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

APRIL 24, 1898.

SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT ARE GREAT

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and felling together, and a little child shall lead them."—Isaiah 11. 6.

This is a most beautiful picture of the good time coming when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy moun-

tain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This means that all the wicked passions which grow like cruel wolves or as treacherous leopards or as ferocious lions, shall be overcome. That throughout the wide world war, slavery, and intemperance, which devour their thousands, shall be destroyed. That every form of cruelty, oppression and wrong shall be removed. What a happy world this will be when this prophecy shall be fulfilled!

This has not yet come to pass, but it is surely coming. And we may hasten the day. We may do this by restraining the cruel, wolfish feelings in our own souls by, as Tennyson says, "Let the fawn and satyr die." That is, we may trample and destroy the coarse animalism of our nature and let only the nobler and better part grow. We may cultivate the innocence of the lamb, the playfulness of the kid and the falling, and the docility of the little child. There is a might in meekness that we little know. Often God makes a little child a means of restraining wicked passions. An infidel father told his little son to write on the wall the words, "God is nowhere." It was a dreadful thing to do. The little boy could not write very well, and when he was done the words read, "God is now here." This tremendous truth smote like an arrow to the heart of the father and led to his conversion.

Often the lessons and hymns learned at school and repeated or sung in the home have been God's means of leading careless and cruel or drunken parents to a better life. God often sets a little child in the midst to be a lesson that if he would enter the kingdom of heaven it is by becoming, like it, docile, innocent and pure. And thus in very deed a little child shall lead them.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

BY CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

The writer once lived opposite a beer-shop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of customers.

One winter evening a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the Fox and Geese, who had a marvellously shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse-girl to bring Addiehead (as she pronounced "Adelaide") to have her new shoes tried on.

I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms.

"Here! do look at her. The darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on. Look, dad, do!" said the mother, calling to her husband.

Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had her hovering about at the corner, peeping timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door, she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah! there he is, riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes. With a start he arouses himself and rushes out.

"What, Bill! going so soon?" bawls the landlady.

Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside; there are his wife and his little one. For a moment the woman looked at him timorously, and half swerved aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes up close to him, feebly, yet coaxingly. He takes the child from her tired arms. The little creature gives a short, quick cry of fright, and as he lifts it I see that its little feet are bare. It draws them under its poor frock, but not before the father sees them.

I wish his hat had been off, that I might have seen his face as those two little, blue, chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground. His wife, slipshod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him. I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. I was glad that from that night

I saw him no more among the frequenters of the Fox and Geese. He, and his wife and child, for weep or woe, had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after there was a meeting at the temperance hall of the district, and many workmen were present and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect temperance. Now and then they related little bits of their history, and told what it was that led them to stop going to the public-house. One of them said nothing. He was a comfortable-looking man, and listened earnestly, until one who sat near him called out:

"Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much about the mischief as anyone here or anywhere. Come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face from the path of destruction to the field of hope. Come, man, cut with it! It'll maybe do good."

The man thus urged quietly rose, and looked for a moment very confused. "The little shoes—they did it."

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and looked at the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends!" he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth; the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool. Strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone. No man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes; it was a simple thing, but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to do the others, and let my own go bare?' said I; and there outside was my wife and child in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men, fathers, if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and, by God's mercy, mastered my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday. From that day to this I have spent no more money at the public-house; and thank God! I have, through faith in the merits of my crucified Saviour, been led to greater blessings than those of temperance. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."

JUST AN ORDINARY ANGEL.

"Very hot day, marm! Goin' fur?" said an old farmer, addressing a lady who sat at his side in a railroad station waiting for a train.

The lady drew away her rich silks impatiently, frowning as if to say, "You're out of place, sir," but she made no audible reply.

"Very hot day, I say, marm," said the old man in a louder tone, supposing she was a little deaf. "Are you goin' fur? Why," he continued, as no reply was vouchsafed, "I'm sorry you're deaf, marm. How long have you been so?"

"Sir," said the lady, rising, "do you mean to insult me? I shall complain to the police," and she swept haughtily from the room.

"Wall, I never!" exclaimed the old man, as he drew out the red bandanna and mopped his forehead. "Pretty tired, marm?" he continued, addressing a woman who had just come in, carrying a baby and a lot of bundles, with two small children clinging to her dress. "Are you goin' fur?"

"To Boston, sir," was the pleasant reply.

"Got to wait long?"

"Two hours. Oh, children, do be quiet, and don't tease mother any more."

"Look a-here, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my own pocket," and soon both children were on his knees eating peppermint candy, and listening to wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home. Next he pulled out a string and taught them how to play "cat's cradle." They were soon on the floor, happy as kittens.

"Now, let me take that youngster,

marm," he said, noticing that the baby wanted to be tossed all the time; "you look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies." In his big arms, the child cowered with delight until he fell asleep.

"Tain't nothin' at all, marm," he said, two hours later, as he helped the woman and her charges on board.

Buying a pint of peanuts from a little girl, and paying twelve cents instead of ten, he munched in hearty enjoyment until his train was called.

"Lean right on me, marm," he said to an old lady, as he took her carpet-bag; "I'll see you safe through."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train started. "Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day," said one who remained—"an honest heart."

An Easter Song.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We bore to see the summer go;
We bore to see the ruthless wind
Beat all the golden leaves and red
In drifting masses to and fro,

Till not a leaf remained behind;
We faced the winter's frown, and said,
"There comes reward for all our pain,
For every loss there comes a gain,
And spring, which never failed us yet
Out of the snowdrift and the ice
Shall some day bring the violet."

We bore—what could we do but bear?—
To see Youth perish in its prime,
And Hope grow faint and Joyance
grieved,

And Dreams all vanish in thin air,
And Beauty, at the touch of time,
Become a memory, half believed;
Still we could smile, and still we said,
"Hope, Joy, and Beauty are not dead;
God's Angel guards them all and see—
Close by the grave he sits and waits—
There comes a spring for even these."

We bore to see dear faces pale,
Dear voices falter, smiles grow waa,
And life ebb like a tide at sea,
Till underneath the misty veil,
Our best beloved, one by one,
Vanished and parted silently,

We staid without, but still could say,
"Grief's winter dures not away;
Who sleep in Christ with Christ shall
rise;

We wait our Easter morn in tears,
They in the smile of Paradise."

O thought of healing, word of strength!
O light to lighten darkest way!
O saving help and balm of ill!

For all our dead shall dawn at length
A slowly broadening Easter Day,
A Resurrection calm and still.

The little sleep will not seem long,
The silence shall break out in song,
The sealed eyes shall open—and then,
V'ho have waited patiently
Shall live and have our own again.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or here.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.