

IT IS NOT DYING.

NO! no! It is not dying
To Jesus' self to go;
The gloom of the earth forsaking,
In one's pure home awaking,
Should give no pang of woe.

No! no! It is not dying,
In heaven at last to dwell;
In the eternal glory
Of crown and harp and story,
Our earthly fears to quell.

No! no! It is not dying,
To hear the gracious tone
Of the Almighty saying
"Come, child, wherever straying,
Behold Me on the throne."

No! no! It is not dying,
To leave this world of strife,
And seek the blessed river,
Where Christ shall lead for ever,
His sheep 'neath trees of life.

No! no! It is not dying,
With lordly glory crown'd,
To join in the thanksgiving
To Him, the everliving,
With which the heavens resound.

No! no! It is not dying,
Thou Saviour of thine own!
There from the fount Eternal,
Gush life and joy supernal.
Here there are drops alone.
—From the German of Gerhardt.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1882.

DEATH OF DR. RYERSON.

HERE is not a boy or girl in the Province of Ontario who does not owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Ryerson, for the admirable school system of our country; and multitudes far beyond this province revere and love his memory. We, therefore, quote from the *Methodist Magazine* our own estimate of his character, and have asked his old friend Dr. Carroll to give a sketch of his life:

To thousands throughout the length and breadth of Canada, the death of Dr. Ryerson will be felt with a keen sense of personal loss. Few men ever had a wider range of devoted friends. The brave battles of his early years for equal rights and civil and religious liberties won the admiration and respect even of those who did not share his views, and the lasting gratitude of those whose rights he championed. The extraordinary development—the

creation, indeed—of the public school system of this province, during his over thirty years' discharge of the duties of Chief Superintendent of Education, is a monument more lasting than brass, of his breadth of view, his practical sagacity, his administrative ability. His labours for the Church of his early choice were performed in every position, from that of a missionary to the Indian tribes, to that of the chief officer of its highest assembly. As one of the original founders and first President of Victoria University, as one of the originators and first editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and as repeatedly the representative of Canadian Methodism in important crises of its history, before the British Conference and the General Conference of the United States, he rendered services of the greatest value to the Church of which he was an honoured son.

But by those who knew him best, his memory will be cherished and revered, not for what he did, but for what he was. Dr. Ryerson was one of the most lovable men we ever knew. Few men grew old so gracefully as he. He had been, we may say, a man of war from his youth, and was the hero of many a hard-fought fight, yet he was without a particle of bitterness or guile. Some of his foes became some of his best friends—for instance, the late Bishop Strachan. He was fond of telling to youthful listeners stories of his youth, and by the young who knew him he was greatly revered and beloved. To the last he retained his sympathy with the young. No one could feel his lingering shake-hands without perceiving how much heart there was in it. We never knew a man so simple in his greatness, so generous in recognition of merit in others, so tender in the bestowment of sympathy, so wise in the giving of counsel.

Above all, he was the simple, earnest, cheerful, sunny-minded Christian. We have heard him speak with great warmth of feeling of the abounding joys and consolations of God in his soul, when driven, for his fidelity to conscience, from his father's house, and when toiling with his hands in the harvest-field. And we have often heard him say that not when receiving the highest dignities and honours that were conferred upon him, has he experienced such rich enjoyment as in preaching the Gospel to the Indians, or to the scattered settlers of the backwoods. Our revered and honoured friend once submitted to the present writer a collection of his early diaries. They were most minutely and faithfully kept during a long series of years, recording his early studies, the texts from which he preached, and his later travels in foreign lands. The first we opened was that describing his first appointment as assistant Methodist preacher in the town of York, fifty-seven years ago, and in it he expresses the most humble depreciation of his own ability to preach to the intellectual and cultured Methodist society of the Ancient Capital. He also wrote many bitter things against himself for non-improvement of his time—although a lady still living has told the writer that he used to rise at four in the morning to study by the light of pine knots on the hearth.

While enjoying life to the full with a genial hilarity of spirit that never could grow old, the thought of death was a familiar and not unwelcome one. We have often heard him converse

calmly and cheerfully of the decease which he must shortly accomplish, and then address himself ardently to the duties of the hour. His religion had nothing ascetic in it. It was a calm, confident, holy trust. When apparently very near his end, he held the hand of the writer long, and spoke of that unflinching trust. "He felt that he had no merit—no desert," he said "he was simply resting by faith on the atonement of his Redeemer." And he quoted, as expressing the experience of his soul, the words of Wesley:—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

In the very last interview we had with him, he expressed a strong desire to write another essay, supplementary to those on Canadian Methodism which have already appeared in this Magazine, in which he would endeavour to remove, if possible, the last remains of any bygone bitterness and estrangement in Canadian Methodism. He rejoiced over the growing spirit of fraternity, and none, we think, would have welcomed the organic union of all its branches more warmly than he.

Canada has seldom, if ever, seen such a funeral as when his mortal remains were conveyed to their last long rest. Nearly two hundred ministers joined the procession, many of them old companions who had come from a distance to look once more on the dear familiar face. The Legislature attended in a body, the Anglican Bishop and many of his clergy were present, and the cathedral bell tolled for the funeral of this pioneer Methodist preacher. All classes were represented, from the Lieutenant-Governor to the boys of the public schools. Of the many floral tributes on his coffin, one of the most beautiful was a crown from the pupils of Ryerson School. His happy end was well symbolized by another—a cluster of wheat and a floral sickle, for like a sheaf fully ripe, he was gathered to the harvest of the skies. That service in the Metropolitan Church will not be soon forgotten—the sable drapery, the solemn music, the touching prayer of Dr. Rose, the judicious words of Dr. Potts, and the deep emotion of other old friends.

What is the lesson of this life but this—"the good alone are great," not rank, station, nor adventitious circumstances command the truest homage of the soul, but the supreme excellence of moral worth.

The memory of the just
Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust.

TAKE your stand on the Rock of Ages. Let death, let the judgment come; the victory is yours through him.



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TATTOOED FACE.

A TATTOOED FACE.

IN Japan, New Zealand, and other eastern countries, where it is so hot that the natives often wear very little clothing, they frequently tattoo their bodies with most elaborate designs, which seem in some way to answer the purpose of clothes, so far as ornament goes. This process is very painful, the skin is punctured all over till the blood comes, and then some dyeing material is rubbed in which leaves an indelible stain. Often so severe an inflammation ensues that the patient dies. But then they will do anything to be in fashion, just like their civilized fellow beings. This New Zealand chief has been most wonderfully tattooed after the manner of his warlike country-men. In the museum of Toronto University there is a tattooed New Zealand head in which the design is very conspicuous.

On the next page we give an honoured face, showing the vast difference, between Christian civilization and pagan barbarism.

The *Pembroke Observer* gives us a kind notice, which omitting some personal compliments is as follows:

IMPROVING.—That most excellent little journal for children, *PLEASANT HOURS*, has entered upon its second year, enlarged and greatly improved. It is nicely illustrated, and is full of short stories, poems, and sketches that cannot fail to interest the boys and girls.

EVERY boy and girl in all our Schools ought to read Dr. Carroll's sketch of the greatest man that Canada has ever produced. In order that they may do so, we will send this number in quantities of ten and upwards at the rate of one cent each.

Address William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

God uses not the rod where He means to use the word.—Hall.