

# HOME AND SCHOOL.

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## Easter Hymn.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

CHRIST has risen!  
Down through the ages the story has rolled,  
Bringing to millions a raptur' untold;  
Into the sepulchre, shrouded in gloom,  
Hallowed with blessings, the message has come;

Making the saints of all ages rejoice,  
Hailing with joy even Death's chilling voice.

Gladly the story was told by the few,  
Wondrous its meaning, stupendous,  
but true;

Now, the glad tidings are heralded wide,—

"Lo! the Redeemer the grave has defied!"

Yes, He is risen, our glorified Lord,  
Now and forever His name be adored!

Never let trials our spirits depress!  
One ever liveth our wrongs to redress;  
He who was slain for us heareth our cry,

Help surely cometh our grief to defy.  
Never a billow our bark shall o'erwhelm,

Jesus, our Master, keeps watch at the helm!

:o:

## A Home for his Mother.

BUSINESS once called me to the United States land-office. While there a lad, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land. I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire to know something more about the boy, I asked about his parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"Oh, sir, when we get him on the farm, he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you!"

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said,

"At last I have a home for my mother!"—*Selected.*

will carry for days, along wild mountain tracks, where they could never be traced, and then deliver it into the right hands.

These runners are always spinning, as are also the other men of the mountains. With a bundle of loose, short wool in the breast of their blouses, and a small stick for a distaff, they spin yarn as they go and come, or while

A poor woman, being prostrated by cholera, had cholera pills sent her by an English party travelling among the mountains. Her husband put a pill on the end of a long stick, and thus, pill by pill, administered the medicine to her.

Between that cautious standing afar off from a sick wife, and the Princess Alice kissing her darling daughter, dying of the diphtheria, there have intervened centuries of Christian education.

## The First Easter.

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.—John xx. 1, 11-17.

## Spare the Birds.

ANY one who has paid attention to the matter knows that even crows and blackbirds are productive of more good than harm, and that the vast increase in late years of destructive insects is owing almost entirely to the wanton destruction of birds which are not even legitimate game.

In Japan the birds are regarded as sacred, and never, under any pretence, are they permitted to be destroyed. During the stay of an expedition at



THE FIRST EASTER.

## Hill Men of India.

THE postal service of India extends as far north as Kolghur, a village of the Himalayas. Beyond this point a letter is sent by a native runner, who carries the message for days in the split end of a stick, and delivers it at the end of his journey, as clean as when he received it.

These runners are so honest that money is intrusted to them, which they

waiting for hours at their employer's door. Sickness is the test which they cannot stand—few barbarous tribes can. If one of their number falls sick, he is left to get well or die, especially if the illness is cholera. A Hindoo baboo, or clerk, had under him several mountain-eers, whom he had nursed through two or three attacks of cholera. But when he was taken ill, every one of them fled, and left him to die alone, or to get well.