

a sceptre. Then those cruel soldiers first pretended to worship Jesus as a king, and afterwards they struck and mocked him. They did not know that the poor, weary prisoner was the King of all heaven and earth.

After all this, Pilate brought Jesus—still wearing the bright robes and the thorny crown—out to the front of the palace. Pilate hoped that when the Jews saw how he had already been punished, they would be satisfied, so he took him where all could see him, and said, "Behold the man." The Jews looked, but their hearts were hard and full of rage, so they cried out again, "Put him to death!" If you let this man, who says he is a king, live, you are not Caesar's friend, and because Pilate was a coward, he was afraid when the Jews said this, so he gave Jesus up to his enemies, and they took him away to be crucified.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1905.

TED'S EASTER OFFERING.

It was at their little "mis'nary s'ciety" and a bouquet of bright faces were upturned, all listening eagerly.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Trueheart, "you know that Easter is almost here, and we hope to receive great blessings; but first, I want to see how many can tell just how it came to be named Easter."

At least a dozen little Solomons raised their hands.

"Well, Earl?"

"It's a sign spring's here," he answered bravely; while Lillian added, "Papa said the seeds come up, and the chick breaks his little shell."

Janie's mother was a milliner, and this was her version: "Mamma wished

Easter'd come, so the ladies'd buy new hats."

"What is your opinion, Ted?" sweetly asked Mrs. Trueheart of the little ragged urchin in the rear.

Poor Ted turned crimson, for he did not know; but Lee answered quickly: "It's when Christ arose from the dead."

"What do you think, Mabel?" asked she, amused at their answers.

"Easter lilies," responded little Blue-eyes; then tiny Harry, with his finger in his mouth, said, "Wabbit eggs!" at which rang out a merry peal of laughter. Mrs. Trueheart laughed, too.

"Now, pay strict attention," said Mrs. Trueheart. "Turn to Matthew 28, 1-6, and you'll see why Christians celebrate Easter. On that day our Saviour arose and conquered death. As he arose, so shall we; and I pray that on the great Easter morn each of you little darlings shall 'awake in his likeness.' In the olden time the Anglo-Saxons—our mother people—celebrated the festival of their goddess, Spring, which in their language was Easter. To them she meant the opening year, and was supposed to make the seed shoot up from the earth and to clothe the meadow in bloom. As our resurrection occurred at that period, it grew to be called Easter. Now, children, let me remind you of our little sunrise prayer-meeting. The bell will be rung an hour before dawn, and don't forget to bring your Easter flowers—your lilies and evergreens and violets—and all that you promised."

"But, Mrs. Trueheart," said Lee, "Ted won't have nothin' to bring."

"Oh, I am sure that Jesus will show Ted something to bring," she answered sweetly. Somehow those words sank deep into the little orphan's heart, and Mrs. Trueheart too was touched. The doxology was sung and the children hurried home with glee.

Ted remained behind, and as Mrs. Trueheart was leaving he pleadingly asked: "Please, ma'am, may I ring the bell—the Easter bell—for Jesus?"

"Yes; God bless you!" she said.

His heart grew light and he hurried home. Ted was a little street waif whom Mrs. Trueheart had pointed to Jesus, and he so loved the church-bell that he thought he could hear the angels singing when it rang—the angels Mrs. Trueheart told him of—and his mother was one, too. Now he had her consent, and he'd ring the bell for Jesus!

It was Easter Eve, and Ted retired early, though he could scarcely sleep for fear he would be too late. When the moon grew dim he hurried toward the church. "Ted won't have nothin' to bring!" Those words haunted him! He saw visions of children with armfuls of flowers. Ah! an

idea struck him. He remembered how they hunted mistletoe for Christmas, and how eager they were for that beautiful spray in the tip-top of that tall tree in front of the church. Wouldn't that be nice for Easter? He ran faster and faster till he caught the bell-rope and began to ring. How clear the tones! He was waking the children! Christ who died for him arose on that same morn! The angels were singing—his mother's voice was loudest of all—and his bell was beating time to their song! Happy little Ted!

When the last tones died he mounted the tree and soon held fast the mistletoe bough, but as he placed his foot on a rotten branch it broke. He fell to the steps, stunned. Poor little Ted!

Yes! he rang the bell for Jesus; and now he lies there half lifeless, clinging to his treasured bough.

Soon Mrs. Trueheart came, and as she knelt over the little form and kissed the pallid brow he smiled and pointed his finger heavenward, his hand fell back on his breast—poor little Ted was gone!

The children came, but shrank back, affrighted at death. Their tears fell hot and fast. Lee put the crown of lilies on Ted's brow and said he did have something to give—he gave his life! They turned to Romans 12, 1, and, promising to be more faithful, took this pledge, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," in remembrance of little Ted.

THE MEANING OF EASTER.

No wonder that the birds sing
And fly about on joyful wing!
No wonder that the flowers come up,
The daisy and the buttercup!

No wonder that our hearts are glad,
For why should any one be sad,
When Jesus lives, and says that we
Some day his blessed face shall see?

Easter means rising; let us raise
To him our grateful songs of praise;
And every word and deed of love,
Shall be a flower, to bloom above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

E-aster lilies bloom to-day
At the tomb where Jesus lay,
Sweet and beautiful and bright,
They proclaim, in purest white,
E-verbmore the glad refrain,
R-isen Lord—the Lord shall reign.

—Inc. W. Eady.

The barrier stone has rolled away,
And loud the angels sing;
The Christ comes forth this blessed day
To reign, a deathless king.

For shall we not believe he lives
Through such awakening?
Behold, how God each April gives
The miracle of spring.

—Edwin L. Sabie.