

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## THE FIRST EASTER

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he has risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word.—Matt. 28. 1-8.

## THE GLAD SPRING-TIME

April received its name from the Romans, as did all the other months. Its name is derived from the Latin word *aperire*, which means to open. It was thus named because within it the earth opens and allows the young plants to come forth, and the buds open and spread



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out their leaves and flowers.

With joyful hearts we welcome April, with its glad news of spring-time. The little buds, becoming restless, peep out from their furled cradles, and the roots, that have lain snow-bound during the winter, send forth their tiny branches to drink in the warm sun. He that is not able to rejoice with nature, at this season of the year, must have closed his soul against all that is pure and good. On every side are flowers filling the air with sweetness and the soul with purity. Everything rejoices in its new life. There is beauty for the eye, sweet odor for the sense of smell, and music for the ear.

The activity of nature bids man, too, be active. He is taught that now is seed time, and that he must sow if he expects to reap. Busted with his labours, furnished by the opening spring, he soon forgets the trials of winter.

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which started the highway, said "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Well, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."