

the Son of God." To the left John and the faithful Mary look up and hear the words of Jesus "Woman, behold thy Son!" In the centre the soldiers cast lots for his vesture, while one dips a sponge in vinegar to give it to him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1894.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

MARCH 25TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. Schools, however, which did not take this collection in September are urgently requested to take it up on Review Sunday, March 25th. If schools which have taken it in September can take another on March 25, the money is much needed. The Fund is considerably overdrawn and urgent requests for grants are coming in daily. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY T. DE WITT TALMADE, D.D.

There is a wild mob going through the streets of Jerusalem. Fishermen, vagabonds, grave officials, merchant princes, beggars mingle in that crowd. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the skulls of victims, a hill that was itself

shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha, which means the place of a skull.

Three men were to be put to death: two for theft, one for treason, the latter having claimed to be the King of the Jews. They reached this hill. The three men are lifted to horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and making and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, darkness hovers and scowls and swoops down upon the scene; and the rocks, rent with terrific quaking, the choking wind and moaning cavern and dropping sky and shuddering earthquake declare in whisper, in gloom, in shriek: "This is the son of God."

I look into the faces of some of those

PERSONS WHO SURROUND THE CROSS,

and my attention is first attracted by the Roman soldiers. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier, and it was no idle thing. You know what revolutions dashed up against the walls of that Empire. You know to what conquests she devoted herself, flinging her war eagles against the proudest ensigns. But the noblest army has in it miserable sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behaviour puts out the gleam of their swords and covers their banners with obloquy. They were cowards, they were ruffians, they were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captive Christ.

In this group of enemies surrounding the cross, I also find the raving thief. He forgot his own pain in his complete antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar or pickpocket or highwayman; but our idea of his crime is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer. Oh, shame indescribable! Oh, ignominy insupportable!—Hissed at by a thief! In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness.

But as Christ was on the cross, and looked down on the crowd of people, he saw some very warm friends there. And the

FIRST IN ALL THAT CROWD

was his mother. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, and by the upturned hands. That all means mother. Oh, you say, why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon. Do you not know when a child is in trouble it always makes a heroine of the mother. "Take her away," you say, "from the cross." You mean, drag her away. She will keep on looking. As long as her son breathes, she will stand there, looking. Oh, what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon. How gladly she would have sprung to his relief. It was her son—her son! How gladly she would have clambered up upon the cross and hung there, herself, if her son could have been relieved. How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close to him and soothed him. Oh, woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want to console you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother.

IF THE MOTHER OF JESUS

could have taken those bleeding feet in her lap, if she might have taken the dying head on her bosom, if she might have said to him, "It will soon be over, Jesus. It will soon be over, my son, and we will meet again, and it will all be well." But she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when, with her boy in her arms, she hastened on in the darkness in the night towards Egypt. I suppose she thought of his boyhood and when he was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses he had done her, not forsaking her nor forgetting her, even in his last days, but turning to John and saying, "There is mother. Take her with you. She is old now. She cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would

have done if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She saw it all, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

But there was another marked personage in that group. That was the vagabond malefactor. He was a thief, or had been. No disguising that fact. All his crimes came upon him with relentless conviction. What was he to do? "Oh," he says, "what shall I do with my sins upon me?" And he looks round and sees Jesus, and sees compassion in his face, and he says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

WHAT DID JESUS DO?

Did he turn and say "You thief! I have seen all your crimes, and you have jeered and scoffed at me. Now die forever." Did he say that? Oh, no. Jesus could not say that. He says, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain, and they have been made as white as snow.

But there is another group looking upon the cross. I do not know their names. We are not fully informed, but we are simply told that there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through that crowd when they saw Jesus die! You know, the Bible says, if all the things that Jesus did were recorded, the world could not contain the books that would be written. That implies that what we have in the Bible are merely specimens of the Saviour's miracles. Where he did one act of kindness mentioned, he must have done a thousand we do not know about. I see those who have received kindnesses from him standing beneath the cross. One says, "Why, that is the Jesus who bound up my broken heart." And another standing beneath the cross says, "That is the Jesus who restored my daughter to life." Another looks up to Jesus and says, "Why, that is the Christ who gave me my eyesight." And another looks up and says, "This is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick. Oh, I cannot bear to see him die!" Every blow of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts. Every groan of Christ opened new fountains of sorrow. The assassins had better get on with that crucifixion quickly or it will never take place at all. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those leaders of the persecution and put them in the place to which they have assigned Christ. Be quick with those nails. Be quick with that gall. Be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and the wrath of those disciples a storm brewing that will burst upon the heads of those persecutors. No, no. The tragedy must plunge to the last act; and to atone for my sin and your sins and the sins of all who will accept the atonement, a mountain of physical agony must crush out the physical life of Christ, and an eternity of mental agony come down with its full weight upon the soul of Christ, until, his last capacity of suffering exhausted, he cries out, under the midnight heavens and over the convulsed earth, "It is finished!"

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I TREAT him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy-friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal, again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind: I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in

spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."
—Well-Spring.

Easter Hymn.

BY MINNIE A. GREINER.

ANGELS roll the rock away
From the grave's dark portal.
Lo! the risen Christ appears
Clothed in light immortal.

He has triumphed o'er his foes,
Burst his three-days' prison.
Angels shout the Easter hymn:
"Christ the Lord is risen."

He is risen, the Lamb of God
Slain on Calvary's mountain.
From his side deep pierced for sin
Flows a cleansing fountain.

Scattered are the clouds of sin,
Past the night of sadness;
In the east a brighter day
Dawns in peace and gladness.

Be not faithless but believe,
Yield to doubting never,
Christ is risen! he lives again
Lives and reigns forever.

He is risen! and so shall we
Rise to joys supernal:
Reign with him, our Saviour King,
In the land eternal.

DON'TS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

MANY of our young readers sometimes have the grave responsibility of nursing some sick member of the family, and the care of the room as well. For these we print the following hints, which we know will be found useful if observed:

Don't light a sick-room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use sperm-candle, or tapers which burn in sperm-oil.

Don't allow offensive matters to remain. In cases of emergency, where these cannot at once be removed, wring a heavy cloth—for instance, like Turkish toweling—out of cold water, use it as a cover, placing over this ordinary paper. Such means prevent the escape of odour and infection.

Don't forget to have a few beans of coffee handy; for this serves as a deodorizer if burnt upon coals or paper. Bits of charcoal placed around are useful in absorbing gases and other impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a sick-room much over sixty degrees; seventy degrees are allowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow upon the patient. A open fire-place is an excellent means of ventilation. The current may be tested by burning a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is allowed all he desire. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before handing it to him.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessaries for the night, that the rest of the patient and family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't throw coal upon the fire. Place it in brown-paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise which is shocking to the sick and sensitive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick-chamber.

Don't be unmindful of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.—American Druggist.