

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Angel at the Sepulchre.

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Behold those sorrowing women come
Grief-stricken to the Saviour's tomb,
Nor wait until the morning light
Dispers the shadows of the night.
Love lingers not for light,
Faith tarries not for sight.

And hastening on their mournful way,

"Who shall roll
back the
stone?" they
say.

"That we may
come into the
tomb,

Bearing our spices
and perfume?"

Who shall the
stone remove?
Death cannot bar
out love.

But, lo! the stone
is rolled away.

The night is gone.
The dawning
day

Shines brightly on
the open tomb,
Despoiling it of all
its gloom.

God's angel sits
above
The grave of
buried love.

But the dear body
is not here.

They stand per-
plexed, and full
of fear.

The angel speaks:
"Be not afraid,
The Lord is risen
as he said."

The Lord that
came to save
is stronger than
the grave.

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

On a Sunday morning a little more than eighteen hundred years ago an event took place which changed the current of history and gave to the world a new purpose. In a garden outside the wall of Jerusalem a tomb had been opened to receive the body of a young man whose life, fraught with promise, had come to a sudden end. A little group of men and women who had loved this youth well and had hoped much from him, but had been bitterly disappointed in his failure, dropped their tears upon his corpse and then laid it away in the grave, while the world went on its way regardless of that sepulchre in the garden.

Let us suppose for one moment that the seal on that tomb had remained unbroken, and that the body it contained had gone back to dust; that he were still lying "in that lone Syrian town," with the Syrian stars looking down upon his ashes. What then? Then there would have been no Christian Church, no Christian civilization, no Christian Sabbath, no Christian Scriptures—and for us no Hebrew Scriptures either; no Christian faith rising above the clouds,

and no Christian hope with its anchor within the veil! If one should look upon a Canadian or American city to-day he would see no church-spires pointing heavenward and would hear no church bells with their mellow call. He might see the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque and hear the call of a muezzin bidding men arise and pray, or he might see the tower of a pagoda, and incense rising before the image of Buddha. He

men stole out of their hiding-places to look with mingled fear and hope on that deserted sepulchre. Now the whole world surrounds it, while Easter carols break upon the air and the Easter joy suffuses a hundred million hearts. "Christ is risen," sounds out from a hundred thousand pulpits. "He is risen indeed," echoes from as many choirs.

If in all the year there is one day which it is well to celebrate it is that day

resurrection and the well founded hope of our immortality

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. —Our Youth

A YOUNG HERO.

Some years ago there was an explosion in a mine in Canada. At the time of the explosion a boy was driving a rake of empty boxes into the west level.

He was sitting on the top of the first box. Suddenly he was struck by a terrible blast of flame which knocked him backward into the box. About him strong timbers had been snapped asunder. The horse was killed out right, and the boy was in agony from the burns on his face, arms and head.

Making a desperate effort, he jumped from the box, to discover that he was alone in a dark level, which was caving in all around him. To this was added another horror. His clothes were on fire. Quickly he tore off his coat and vest, but not before both arms were badly burned.

As he started to make his way out of the pitchy darkness, he heard a cry for help. He did not hesitate, but dashed off in the direction whence the cry came, and there found a little fellow crying piteously to be saved. He stooped and told the little chap to get on his back and he would carry him out.

Suffering intensely, and with his burden on his back, the young hero made his way out. On reaching a safe place his first question was "Where's my brother John?" Not seeing his brother, he would have gone back to search for him, but he was caught by two men, who assured him of John's safety, and then took him home.

On the way home, the plucky boy told the men

to go in first, so that his mother would not be alarmed.

The Association of the Sons and Daughters of the British Empire, per Mr. John Berry, treasurer, has contributed the sum of two thousand and thirteen dollars to the Chicago Relief Fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the British Empire engaged in the South African war.



THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHRE.

might listen to the reading of the Koran or of Confucius, but he would never have read the Gospel according to John and the Epistle to the Ephesians. All the wealth wrapped up in Christianity would have been lost to the world in that closed sepulchre on Calvary!

But Sunday morning came to that grave by Jerusalem, and the sun looked upon a broken seal, a stone rolled away, an empty tomb, a risen Christ! On that day a half-dozen women and a dozen

which marks our Lord's arising from the grave, for it sets the seal of truth upon the record of his life and proclaims that he is what he claimed to be, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. It shows that he is divine while human, and while standing on the earth and not ashamed to call us brethren, he is able to save to the uttermost and to lift us up to God. It gives a new hope to the heart of man, for in his resurrection we see the promise and potency of our