

## The Two Disciples.

REPENTANT Peter, weeping bitter tears,  
Went forth from out the presence of his  
Lord,  
Overwhelmed with shame. Could all the fu-  
ture years

A meet atonement for his sin afford?  
Or the sad memory of that look remove,  
Which seemed to burn him with reproachful  
love.

Remorseful Judas, stained with basest crime,  
Felt hell already closing him around:  
No peace henceforth until the end of time,  
One sight to haunt him—that of Jesus  
bound!

One voice forever ringing in his ear:  
"Friend, wherefore art thou come?" he  
seemed to hear.

Betrayer of his Master and his Friend,  
By traitorous kiss, and that for sordid gain,  
His Lord condemned to death! was this the  
end?

His deed in hideous nakedness stood plain.  
Stung by remorse, with a despairing cry,  
He rushed forth headlong in his sin to die!

Widely they differed. Peter's fall became  
The step on which he rose to heights sub-  
lime;

A life's devotion blotted out the shame.  
Thus on our trampled sins we too may  
climb,

And not, like Judas, who his Lord betrayed,  
Sink deeper in the gulf our sins have made.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1893.

## PALM SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

ON last Palm Sunday, the Editor of  
PLEASANT HOURS, with his Canadian friends,  
attended in the morning the imposing ser-  
vices of the Latin, Greek, Syrian, Arminian,  
and other communions in the church of the  
Holy Sepulchre. But their pageantry  
seemed very foreign to the religion of the  
humble Nazarene, who entered the city on  
the day thus commemorated "meek and  
lowly and riding upon an ass."

In the afternoon we walked out to the  
summit of Mount Olivet, and there, where  
the Saviour wept over Jerusalem, read  
from our Bibles the sacred story of the  
last week of our Lord's life.

Then we went to the so-called chapel of  
the Ascension, and had a wonderful view  
over the Holy City, and the barren, en-  
girding hills. We followed then, as closely  
as we could, the footprints of our Lord,  
and went into the Garden of Gethsemane  
and meditated beneath the ancient olives  
on the tender and pathetic scenes of which  
that sacred spot has been the witness. We  
then returned to our temporary home  
filled with deep and solemn thoughts of  
God's great love to man, and realized how

great a privilege it was to tread in those  
sacred footsteps, and desiring more than  
ever to be true and faithful followers of  
the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth.

## "BEHOLD THE MAN!"

THEN Pilate therefore took Jesus, and  
scourged him.

And the soldiers platted a crown of  
thorns, and put it on his head, and they put  
on him a purple robe.

And said, Hail, King of the Jews! and  
they smote him with their hands.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and  
saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth  
to you, that ye may know that I find no  
fault in him.

Then came Jesus forth wearing the  
crown of thorns, and the purple robe.  
And Pilate said unto them, Behold the  
man!

When the chief priests therefore and  
officers saw him, they cried out, saying,  
Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto  
them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I  
find no fault in him.

The Jews answered him, We have a law,  
and by our law he ought to die, because he  
made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying,  
he was the more afraid;

And went again into the judgment hall,  
and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou?  
But Jesus gave him no answer.

Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest  
thou not unto me! knowest thou not  
that I have power to crucify thee, and have  
power to release thee?

Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no  
power at all against me, except it were  
given thee from above: therefore he that  
delivered me unto thee hath the greater  
sin.

A CHINESE BOY AND HIS "WINE  
MAN."

BY REV. W. S. WALKER.

ABOUT fifty miles from Shanghai, in the  
city of Quin San, there is a little Baptist  
church. One of the members is a boy, six-  
teen or seventeen years old now, who, be-  
fore his conversion, had formed the habit  
of drinking wine. He soon saw that this was  
sinful, so, after asking God to help him,  
he decided upon the following plan of over-  
coming the sin which had gotten hold of  
him. A small wooden box was made, closed  
all around except a hole in the top, and every  
day, at the usual hour of drinking wine, the  
"wine-man" inside (as he chose to call his  
appetite) would bite him and want wine.  
Then he would run to the box and put into  
it the money he used to spend for wine,  
exclaiming:

"There, now, you can't get any wine to-  
day, for your money has gone into the  
box!"

Each day this process was gone through  
until he ceased to want wine; and when  
the little box was opened, he was surprised  
to find how much money was there, all of  
which then was given to the church as a  
thank-offering to that God who had saved  
him from a strong and wicked habit.

Let us see how many lessons there are  
in this true story. First, God will give us  
power to overcome great sins, if we only  
ask him and do all we can ourselves.  
Again, we see that much money that is  
spent in sinful and unsatisfying pleasures  
might be made to do lasting good by a  
little self-denial. But there is still a third  
lesson our story teaches us, and it is this:  
The Gospel of Christ can do for the little  
boys and girls of China what it does for  
those in America. Does it make your home  
bright and give cheerfulness to every pass-  
ing day? So it does for other homes.

## THE CONQUEST OF LOVE.

The following story, showing the power  
of Christian love over the heathen, is told  
by Dr. Moffatt:

"There was in my church a man who  
hated me. Why? 'Because,' he said,  
'that Moffatt must have some medicine  
which he gives to people, which changes  
them entirely. I notice that every one  
who listens to him seems very different  
from what they were before.' 'Oh! people  
answered to the question, 'Moffatt takes  
his medicine from a book. It is the Book

which changes the hearts of men into hearts  
of women.'

"This man continued to hate me, and I  
felt sure that he would have given worlds  
to get rid of me. He avoided me as much  
as possible. When he saw me in the street,  
he would go on the other side. At last one  
day, we met in a narrow lane. He came  
upon me, his shield in one hand, his lance  
in the other. 'Hast thou found me, O,  
mine enemy?' I said to myself. But I  
determined not to go backward one step.

"Turn back!' he cried when he saw  
me. 'Get out of my way!'

"He was coming nearer, raising his  
voice higher and higher. When he came  
up to me, I stopped up the way, and said  
to him smiling,—

"My good friend, what are you saying?  
Why do you wish me to turn back? I can  
look at you and you can look at me.'

"He laid down his shield and his lance,  
and, throwing himself on his knees, cried  
out,

"Pardon, pardon! my lord, pardon!"

"I seized both his hands, and said,—

"Pardon you, my friend? With all my  
heart. But why should I pardon you?"

"Oh, pardon, pardon!" he kept crying,  
beseechingly.

"What have you done? Be quiet. I  
have told you that I pardon you, whatever  
you have done, or may have wished to do."

"Ah!" he cried at last, 'you would  
have been dead long ago if I had had my  
way. I have watched for you, when you  
did not suspect it, to kill you with my  
lance; but when the time came my courage  
failed. When you were coming home one  
night, from visiting the sick at midnight, I  
had my bow and arrow. I could have  
drawn the bow, and you would never have  
known what hit you; but when I aimed at  
you I was afraid. Another time I hid  
behind a bush with my axe, determined to  
put you out of the world; but again my  
courage failed. And just now my first  
thought was that you were in my power,  
and the fatal time had come. But when  
you looked at me so kindly, and I remem-  
bered all the good things you had done for  
me and for my family, I could not lift my  
hand against you.'

"From that time he was my friend, and  
my defender in time of danger."

## THE NEXT ONE.

BY FANNY PAVEY MACHARG.

"Why, aunty, I thought you were all  
through."

"So I am, with my work," returned  
Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on  
threading her needle. "I'm only trying  
to smooth the way a little for the next  
one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will,  
curiously.

"Well, suppose that just as papa is start-  
ing for business to-morrow morning, he  
discovers that he is about to lose a button  
from his coat, and can only spare about two  
minutes in which to have it sewed on; don't  
you think it would be quite a relief for  
mamma to find her needle already  
threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think any  
one could find that little bit of an eye at all  
if they were in a hurry. I had a dreadful  
time the other day when I wanted to mend  
my ball. I'm sure I would have been glad  
to be your next one, then."

"Suppose again, Will, that whoever  
dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar  
stairs had stopped to pick it up, remember-  
ing that some one else would be coming  
that way soon, wouldn't it have been worth  
while? Just think how poor Bridget has  
suffered from her fall, and how the whole  
household has been inconvenienced."

"Yes, aunty, and if I'd wiped up the  
water I spilled this noon, sister wouldn't  
have been obliged to change her dress  
when she was in such a hurry to get back to  
school; but, dear me, a fellow'd have to  
keep pretty wide awake to remember every  
time;" and with a thoughtful expression  
on his boyish face, Will passed out of the  
house and toward the front gate, leisurely  
munching a banana as he went.

Reaching the sidewalk, he threw down  
the banana skin, and proceeded upon his  
way; but presently he turned and looked  
hard at the yellow object lying there upon  
the pavement, and then quickly retracing

his steps, he picked it up and flung it far  
into the road.

Turning toward the house, he saw his  
aunt watching him from the window, and  
with a merry laugh he lifted his hat and  
bowed, while she in return nodded ap-  
provingly.

## Death and Resurrection.

A few more suns will set,  
A few more suns will rise,  
And then will close in death  
Our weary, sightless eyes;  
A few more years will roll  
Their steady, ceaseless round,  
And our dead ears will hear  
The glorious trumpet-sound.

The solemn night will come  
With heavy curtains drawn;  
So also surely comes  
The ever-glorious morn;  
No doubt the night of death  
To us is drawing near;  
The resurrection morn  
As surely will appear.

The body of our Lord  
Lay in its rocky bed,  
In linen wrapped with spices,  
A napkin round his head;  
For full two nights that form  
Lay in the rock asleep,  
While Roman guards around  
A ceaseless vigil keep.

Then came the earthquake's shock,  
Then came the angel band,  
And naught availed the spy  
Held in the Roman hand;  
The King, the Lord of life,  
Then from the dead arose;  
Like triumph we shall share  
O'er all our deadly foes.

In hope of that glad hour,  
We now in joy can sing:  
"Where is thy victory, grave?  
O death, where is thy sting?"  
"The Lord is risen indeed,  
To Simon hath appeared;"  
These are the ancient words  
With which our hearts are cheered.

## The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN.

FOR so large a man the foreman showed  
an agility that was really wonderful, as he  
leaped from log to log with the swiftness  
and sureness of a chamois. He had been  
lumbering all his life, and there was nothing  
that fell to the lumberman's experience  
with which he was not perfectly familiar.  
Yet it is doubtful if he ever had a more  
difficult or dangerous task than that before  
him now. The "keypiece" of the jam was  
fully exposed, and, once it was cut in two,  
it would no longer hold the accumulation  
of logs together. They would be released  
from their bondage, and, springing forward  
with the full force of the pent-up current,  
would rush madly down stream, carrying  
everything before them.

But what would Johnston do in the midst  
of this tumult? A few more moments  
would tell; for his axe was dealing tremen-  
dous strokes before which the keypiece,  
stout though it was, must soon yield. Ah,  
it is almost severed. The foreman pauses  
for an instant and glances keenly around,  
evidently in order to see what will be his  
best course of action when the jam breaks.  
Frank, in an agony of apprehension and  
anxiety, has sunk to his knees, his lips  
moving in earnest prayer, while his eyes  
are fixed on his beloved friend. Johnston's  
quick glance falls upon him, and, catching  
the significance of his attitude, his face is  
irradiated with a heavenly light of love as  
he calls out, across the boiling current:

"God bless you, Frank! Keep praying."  
Then he returns to his work. The keen  
axe flashes through the air in stroke after  
stroke. At length there comes a sound  
that cannot be mistaken. The foreman  
throws aside his axe and prepares to jump  
for life; and, like one man, the breathless  
onlookers shout together as the keypiece