

Easter Morning.

From the sea the mist floats slowly
While night's tapers, faint and holy,
Fade beyond the dawning gray;
Birds within the nest are waking;
Far above the East is breaking
Promise of returning day.

Seraphim who saw unfolding
Earth's first morn, are now beholding
That which will all ages thrill—
They who sang in heavenly places
At his birth, and hid their faces
From his shame, with awe are still.

For behold where they have laid him—
Empty is the tomb they made him—
Death lies conquered at his feet.
See, he waits to greet the morning,
Fairest thing the earth adorning,
All love's sacrifice complete.

Miracle of love that giveth
Life from death because he liveth;
O, the crown of victory,
That, while angels fall before him,
Human hearts can best adore him!
He is risen, soul, for thee!
—Myra Goodwin Plantz.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1888.

"He is not Here."

WITH ANXIOUS hearts the women hurry to the Saviour's tomb that they might there honour him whom they so greatly loved. The tender love of woman was seen, as they were the last to leave the cross and the first to visit the tomb. But as they approach the sacred place they behold the form of some heavenly messenger. They are not sure what this means. As they come near to the tomb the angelic voice speaks: "He is not here, for he is risen; as he said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly and tell the disciples that he is risen from the dead. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring the disciples word. And as they went to tell the disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, *All hail!*" What a joyful meeting this was! The one whom they loved and who had been so cruelly treated and put to death

arose in power and came again to his disciples in a moment when their hopes were faint.

So Christ comes to all the hearts who know him and go out after him. He comes to them with *all hail*. He lifts the spirits of the downcast into a higher and holier life by revealing his power over death and the grave.

A Life-Saving Lesson in Physics.

IT is a well-known fact, says *The Scientific American*, that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water, if care is taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases, people who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their head and scream, the moment they find themselves in deep water. The folly of such action can be impressively illustrated by means of a half-empty bottle and a couple of nails, and the experiment should be repeated in every household until all the members—particularly the women and children—realize that the only chance for safety in deep water lies in keeping the hands under and the mouth shut.

Any short-necked, square-shouldered bottle will answer, and the nails can be easily kept in place by a rubber band or a string. First balance the bottle with sand, so that it will just float with the nails pointing downward; then, by turning the nails upward, the bottle will be either forced under water at once, or will be tipped over so that the water will pour into the open mouth, and down it will go.

To children the experiment is a very impressive one, and the moral of it is easily understood.

The value of this precaution was strikingly illustrated near Accomac Court-house, Va., some time ago. A niece of the Hon. John Neely, while bathing, was swept off into the ocean by a strong current, and soon disappeared in the high breakers. As she could not swim, her companions gave her up for lost. Two young fishermen, who were employed some distance away, thoughtfully set out with a small boat in search of her, and, when a mile or more from shore, found her floating on the water. She had been drifting nearly an hour, and was greatly exhausted, but soon recovered. Unable to swim, she had pluckily floated, thereby making her rescue possible.

A LITTLE city boy, who had just returned from his first visit on a farm, gave this description of butter-making: "You ought to just see how *fauntie* makes butter with a *barrel and a broomstick!*"



O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

O SACKED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

—Translated by J. W. Alexander.

Our Little Men and Women, 1888.—
One dollar a year. Five cents for a sample copy. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

The aim of this magazine is to interest children just at the time they begin to read for themselves, and lead them along for a year or two with pictures and stories and pleasant tasks—so pleasant as to make them forget the task part altogether. With all this entertainment of picture and humour, there is a serious purpose all through implied in the name, *Our Little Men and Women*. It is to teach and lead the children to take reading for profit; but pleasure comes first, as it ought.

MANY a man in this town's going to hell as a Sabbath-breaker, and goes about bragging all the time what a good Sunday we have in Toronto.

Easter Gleams.

LET us no longer call the grave
A cold, dark place;
For he whose grace
Brought him to earth our souls to save
Hath laid his head
Among the dead,
And light into the tomb hath shed.

Let us no longer fear to die,
For he once slain,
Who rose again
And hath ascended up on high,
With mighty blow
Hath felled the foe,
And in his dying laid death low.

Mourn we our loved and lost no more.
They are not dead;
With Christ their Head
They reign in glory on that shore
Beyond the skies
Where nothing dies
And songs of triumph ever rise!

The Risen Lord.

THE resurrection of Christ proclaims him victor over death and the grave. Upon his power to overcome death depends the efficiency of his work. The risen Lord declares the power of his redeeming work. It is the risen Saviour that settles all dispute in regard to the possibility of a future life. It is his power over death that brings the brightest hope to the friends of Christ. Here he administers that peace and love which no one can take away. It is the risen Saviour who can tell us of eternal glory and the blessedness of eternal life. Trust him, and he will bring you up to a newness of life, and he will bless you with heavenly glory.