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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1895.

[No. 15.]

Easter Day.

The spring awakes at Easter-tide,
Ah! what could be more meet?
New life, new life on ev'ry side,
And perfumed breezes sweet!

And balmy skies look sweetly down
In azure colour fair,
So near to heaven they cannot frown
When Easter draweth near.

The Christ is risen, h, O earth, be glad;
Ye angels catch the strain,
Ye ransom'd ones with heart and voice
Ring out the glad refrain!

THE "MAKING OF A MAN."

"CAPTAIN," said a small boy, as he entered the Fourth Street station-house, Williamsburg, one evening, "can you send a policeman to guard some property to-night?"

Captain Woglom looked down at the boy and saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He asked the boy why he made such a request.

"Because," said he, beginning with a sob, "I was leaning against a store window in Broadway, and I must have pushed too hard, for I broke the glass. The store door was locked, and I could not find the owner, so I came to the station-house as fast as I could for fear thieves would go in. If I give you thirty-five cents, captain, toward paying for the glass, will you please let me go home till to-morrow? It's all the money I've got, and I live too far away to go home and come back again to-night. I'll bring the rest down to-morrow, but please put someone to watch the place."

"You're a noble little fellow," was the comment of the captain, as he handed the money back to the boy. "Take back the money. I'll see that the place is watched. If you go to the owner of the store in the morning, and tell him what you have just told me, I don't believe he will take a cent from you."

The little fellow dried his eyes, said "Thank you," and leaving his name and address, went to his home.

THE LEGEND OF THE EASTER EGGS.

On the day of the crucifixion it happened that a sweet singing bird sat brooding upon her nest. It was built of mosses "green as malachite," and held within its walls four fair eggs that were whiter than purest ivory.

During the terrible convulsions through which the earth passed on that dreadful day the soul of the bird was filled with fear, but mother love was stronger than fear within her heart. As she pressed her eggs ever more closely against her breast, she determined that whatever befell they should be guarded even at the cost of her life.

The darkness came, the earth trembled, the rocks were rent, but through all those fearful sights and sounds the little bird sat silent and motionless, holding her small and tender body as a shield between her treasure and the unknown dangers which compassed her about.

At length the day was done, and evening fell. The bird trusted that the worst had passed. She looked at her eggs to make sure that they were safe, and settled herself for the long and, she hoped, quiet watches of the night.

You remember how Joseph of Arimathea obtained from Pilate the inestimable

privilege of caring for the body of our Saviour, which he wrapped in fair linen and laid in his own new tomb.

Now it so chanced that the sweet singing bird had chosen to build her nest deep in the green heart of a stately tree whose branches overhung this tomb. Awakened from her sleep, she looked forth and saw the body of our Lord lying close by the entrance of the tomb. When she beheld the pale, heavenly face, the dear hands and feet pierced by the cruel nails, her

A strange slumber dropped upon her, and, with head hidden in her breast, she slept as if she never would wake again. All day long she lay as still as if she was a dead bird, cradled in her nest; but deep in the watches of the night she woke once more, suddenly and fully, with senses sharpened and her being all alert.

She listened: the air was soundless. She looked: but a deep darkness which her eyes could not penetrate was over all. Motionless but vigilant, she waited for a

warmth, and joy, and sweet delight such as she had never known before, and again she broke forth in song. Raising her voice to its highest tones, she poured forth into the night a strain so sweet and wild, note upon note so filled with joy, that, soaring higher and ever higher, it climbed to the very gates of heaven, and melted all hearts that heard it.

The angel listened to this chant of joy which greeted the triumph of his risen Lord, and thought upon the sorrowing plaint of the night before. Turning to the bird, he said:

"Sweet bird, thou shalt be ever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss
wreathed nest."

And from that night the eggs of this wonderful sweet-singing bird change at the first glimmer of the dawn on Easter morning, to glow as jewels do, and thus they round the world—

"As best they may,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day"

FEASTS IN JAPAN.

THESE are several annual feasts in Japan which bring with them much mirth and frolic. First among them is the Feast of the New Year, when father, mother, and all the older members of the family lay aside their work and dignity and join with the children in the fun. For about two weeks the festival lasts, and the festive spirit remains through the whole month.

From early morn till bedtime the children wear their prettiest clothes and play without rebuke. Guests come and go and bring pretty toys for the children. The tables are filled with good things to eat, of which *mochi*, or cake made from rice flour, is one of the most important. The children ride from house to house in *jisrikishas* with their parents to make New Year's visits. In the evening the whole family, including grandparents and servants, gather for merry games.

Scattered through the year are various flower festivals, when young and old visit the famous gardens, where the plum, cherry, iris, azalea, or chrysanthemum attain their greatest perfection, and spend the day out of doors.

Perhaps the most delightful feast of all the year is the "Feast of Dolls," when on the third day of the third month the great fireproof storehouse gives forth its treasure of dolls—in an old family, many of them hundreds of years old. For three days with all their tiny belongings they reign supreme. Some of the dolls represent the emperor and empress in old fashioned court dress. Near them are seated court musicians, each with his instrument. After those on lower shelves are placed dolls dressed like the common people.

Placed beside the dolls are all the things that dolls might be expected to require—trays, bowls, cups, buckets, each utensil holding its appropriate variety of food. The sake used is a sweet, white variety, differing from the ordinary *saki* as sweet cider does from hard cider. Besides the table service there are *patankins*, bullock carts, fire boxes with tongs and charcoal



EASTER LILIES.

heart nearly broke with sorrow, and she lifted up her voice in song whose like has never since been heard on earth.

Through all the long dark night her song kept on; a song wild and shrill, loud and long; now filled with tears; now with the echoes of despair; and now it was like the wailing moanings of a homeless wind that seeks and never finds. It was as if the grief of all the world had turned to song.

With the first faint glimmer of the dawn deep silence fell upon the earth. The vigil of the bird had ended; her song was stilled.

message which she felt would come. Presently the air began to stir; there was a sound of soft-beating wings; a dim lustre gently lifted the veil of darkness. The brightness grew apace, and soon a shining angel, clothed in white, alighted and stood before the rock within whose depths lay the martyred body of the Lord of earth and heaven. The great stone rolled away, and wrapped in a glory that seemed to fill all nature with its light, stood Christ, risen.

As the bird gazed, the glory poured into her heart, flooding her whole being with a

baskets, kitchens with everything required for cooking, and all the toilet apparatus of combs, mirrors, and utensils for blackening the teeth, shaving the eyebrows, reddening the lips, and whitening the face.

For three days these dolls are served sumptuously at each meal by the little girls of the family, and then they are all packed away again in their boxes, and shut up in the fireproof warehouse for another year.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1895.

EASTER.

Fling out your banners, brave toilers, bring lilies to altar and shrine;
Ring out, Easter bells: He has risen, for you is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and Godward; ye are called to the front; ye must lead;
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

THE resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ was an event of power and glory unparalleled in the annals of the past. "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." The gloom and sorrow of the crucifixion and death were suddenly succeeded by the light and victory of the resurrection morning. Jesus, the mighty conqueror of death, hell, and the grave, came forth gloriously and stamped the impress of his inherent divinity upon his mission work, and became the author of our salvation. Jesus Christ is the "first-fruits of them that slept," and the pledge of our resurrection. Everyone that is dead, at the last day shall feel the touch of his resurrection power, and be saved from the power and corruption of the grave. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Choose the better part.

WILL I BE LIKE YOU, PAPA?

PAPA had come home, and the children were glad to see him; for he played delightful games with them, and told them wonderful stories. He loved his family, and though he had learned to look upon the wine when it was red, yet he was a kind and tender father to his children.

The family was in the sitting-room, and little six-year-old Freddie climbed on his father's knee, and asked him all sorts of

questions, and talked of what he would do when he was a big man, and he asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after looking long and seriously into his father's face, the boy inquired:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

The reddened face flushed yet redder, the tears started from the father's eyes, as he drew his boy to his bosom, and said in tones that thrilled the heart of the wife and mother with a strange new joy:

"No, Freddie, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

A new light had dawned upon the father's mind. He had not thought of his little boy being like him; and that thought stirred his heart as it had not been stirred by sermon or oration, entreaty or exhortation. Would that other fond fathers could have the same question brought home to them with equal force!

What intemperate father would have a child like himself? Who among all the host that tread the dreful road down to a drunkard's grave would wish that an innocent child should be ensnared, and charmed, and led down the same dark and dangerous path? And yet whose example should a child follow if not his father's? Let fathers take heed to their ways, and walk in paths that the Lord approves, where their children may safely follow them.

GAME OF PROVERBS IN JAPAN.

THE game of "I-ro-ha garuta" is played in many Japanese homes on winter evenings. The children sit in a circle and have small cards, each containing a proverb, while on another card is a picture which illustrates it. The cards are shuffled and dealt, and then the first child reads one of his proverb-cards. The child who has the picture corresponding calls out, and these two cards are laid away out of the play. The one who first gets rid of his cards wins. The one who has the last card loses the game, and, if a girl, gets a wisp of straw in her hair; if a boy, he has a black mark on his face. It is strange to find that the same ideas now current were gathered into proverbs in Japan when England was inhabited by savages dressed in skins. Here are some of them:

A good son makes a happy father.
Speak of a man and his shadow comes.
You can't build bridges in the clouds.
There are thorns on all roses.
Thine own heart makes the world.
A cur is bold before his own gate.

A STORY ABOUT VENICE.

LET me tell you a story about the pigeons of Venice. If you were there you could see, at two o'clock every afternoon, flocks and flocks of pigeons lighting on the pavement near the great church of St. Mark's. No one ever thinks of disturbing them; no boy or girl in Venice would dare to throw a stone at them. But the people, young and old, like to go at that hour to see the tame, beautiful birds.

What do they come for? To be fed. A great many years ago, in the early days of Venice, the people used to keep what they called movable stores in the great square. They were something like the fruit-stands at our corners, only they were dotted about in the square, and a large umbrella was spread over each. One man had four of these and was quite rich. He was a good, kind-hearted man, and liked to have the pigeons come down from their cots away up in the high buildings and pick up the crumbs around his stores. The magistrates, seeing him so interested in the birds, allowed him a sum of money to buy food for them, and he was to feed them every day at a certain hour.

Why this was done we do not know, unless it was for the pleasure of having the birds around. For Venice is a strange city, built on a great many little islands; the streets are all water, and the people go about in boats. They never ride, and there are many persons there who never saw a

horse or even a cow. They have a few dogs, and the government are so kind that they have water carried every morning to fill the vessels all over the city where the dogs may drink. Perhaps it was this same kindness that led them to provide for the pigeons.

After awhile there was a change in the government and the birds were neglected. But they still had a friend. A kind woman, who lived near the great church, began to miss the birds. Her name was Signora Polastro. She made up her mind that if there was no one else to feed them she would. She did this as long as she lived, and when she died it was found that she had left money enough in her will to feed the pigeons always.

So now, strangers who go to Venice can go out in the square any day at two o'clock and see the pigeons fed. They come by hundreds, and seem to enjoy their food and company very much.

All my little readers, I am sure, would like to go to see them; and would want to help feed them, too.—*The Angelus.*

TRADES CARRIED ON BY BIRDS, BEASTS, AND INSECTS.

THE otter and the heron are fishermen, though they neither make use of a line nor of a net. It is not very often that we catch sight of the otter, for he carries on his trade for the most part under water; but the heron is frequently seen, standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the river, suddenly plunging his lengthy bill below the surface and bringing up a fish. You cannot deny that the heron and otter are fishermen.

"No, that I cannot; but never should I have thought of it, if you had not told me," said Henry.

"Ants are day-labourers, and very industrious, too, in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in the day-time if you can. They set us an example of industry.

"Ants freely work without disguise; Their ways consider, and be wise."

"Go on, uncle; I am not half so tired as I was."

"You seem all attention, certainly, Henry. The swallow is a fly-catcher, and the number that he catches in a day would quite astonish you. Often have you seen him skimming along the surface of the brook and the pond!"

"Yes, that I have; and swallows are as busy as ants, I think."

"The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a mason, and is a good workman in all these trades. He cuts down small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skilfully with his tail."

"Well done, beaver! He seems to outdo the rest."

"The wasp is a paper-maker, and he makes his paper out of materials that no other paper-maker would use. If ever you should examine a wasp's nest, you will find it all made of paper."

"How many curious things there are in the world that I never thought of!"

"Singing birds are musicians, and no other musicians can equal them in harmony. Hardly can we decide which has the advantage—the lark, the blackbird, the thrush, or the nightingale.

"On feathery wing they freely rove, And wake with harmony the grove."

"I am afraid that you are coming to the end."

"Oh, never fear. The fire-fly and the glow worm are lamp-lighters. They light up the air, and the grassy and flowery banks in country places here."

"Yes, I have seen them. I shall not forget the lamp-lighters."

"The bee is a professor of geometry, for he constructs his cells so scientifically that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room."

"The bee is much more clever than I thought he was."

"The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, and

far before all other spinners in creation. For the silkworm spins that we see we are indebted to the silk-worm."

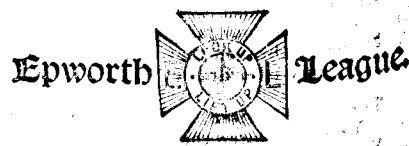
"I shall be wiser to-day, uncle, than I have ever been before."

"The mole is an engineer, and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in his sails as he floats along the water, and casting anchor at his pleasure."

"I should never have believed that any one could have made these things so clearly."

"Let me finish them by observing that the jackal is a hunter, the hawk an expert bird-catcher, the leech an excellent surgeon, and the monkey the best rope-dancer in the world."

"Well done, uncle; you have amused me indeed. I could listen an hour longer without being tired."



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

April 14, 1895.

WHAT IS IT?—1 John. 1, 3, 4.

John was the youngest of our Lord's early disciples, and he is styled the beloved disciple. What encouragement this should be to all the members of our Junior Leagues. John here describes the privileges which Christians enjoy by reasons of the great redemption. We are raised from a death unto sin to a life of righteousness. We are changed from being aliens to have fellowship, not only with one another, but also with God.

This necessarily produces joy. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin and makes us pure and holy, and until this blessed state is attained, our joy is not perfect, but the reason of its attainment our joy is full. How Christians are honoured by being made partakers of Christ's likeness.

A Song of Easter.

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope and blessing;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delightful dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little one, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease,
In warmth and light and peace,
That winter yields to spring
Sing, little children, sing!

WERNER VON SIEMENS' ADVICE.

A curious story is told in the biographical "Memoirs" of the great German electrical engineer, Werner von Siemens, published recently. When the Siemens was engaged laying the first telegraph cable between Verviers and Cologne, about the year 1850, a lady came to him and told him, with many tears, how his telegraph threatened with utter ruin the business of her husband, who had for years carried on a very successful pigeon post between Brussels and Aix-la-chapelle, and was broken-hearted at the gloomy prospect before him. Siemens strongly advised the young couple to roast their pigeons, and promised his assistance if they went to London and started a news agency; the young man, who was then Reuter, the founder of the well-known telegraphic business which goes by his name, proceeded to do, and in a few years became a rich man, a baron, and indeed a power in Europe.

"Of Such is the Kingdom."

BY T. COCKBURN.

The winter's wind was whistling, and the snow was drifting by, and the garret windows rattled and creaked so dismally; Tired and worn and weary, watching the long, long day, Plying her needle deftly, a poor widow sat sewing away. Her beautiful face was overshadowed by never-ceasing care, For her little one lay dying—the darling she ill could spare. From her work she seemed to falter, her eyes with tears were dim, With God she held communion, and was praying now to him.

From the little cot beside her came a stifled, mournful sigh; The widowed mother bent and kissed her child so tenderly; And in answer to her query, why his eyes were filled with tears, In accents sweet he answered, "I've been dreaming, mother dear. I dreamt a herald angel came in spotless robes of white, And said, 'Thou hast believed in Jesus, behold him in his might;' And the sky it seemed to open and I saw before me there The King in all his glory and hosts of angels wondrous fair.

"Then rose the song triumphant, filling heaven's glittering hall, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, the angels prostrate fall.' And oh, the joy that filled my soul when I heard the King exclaim, 'Thou hast loved Jesus, little one, with him thou shalt ever reign.' The throne seemed ablaze with glory, heaven partook of its shining light, And I heard him praise the angels that had fought the noble fight. Then the herald angel beckoned me toward that heavenly land, And, as I awoke, I was praying, mother, we might enter hand in hand."

When night had spent its darkness and gave place to brighter day, All was peace and quiet in the room where the sufferer lay. A neighbour in daily visit—God's ministering angel—went, With anxious mien and stealthy step, to the garret of the tenement. There lay the child and mother, clasped in fond embrace, But instead of care and sorrow, joy and peace were on each face. From cold and want and hunger, their souls had taken flight, And with the eventide had passed from darkness into light.

THE WILLING CAPTIVE.

BY MAY EVANS.

It was a sultry summer afternoon, not a leaf was stirring, even the birds seemed to have retired to their nests to take a nap. At last so little Jack and Bessie Warren thought, as they sat on one of the big branches of the old apple-tree. This tree was a favourite haunt of the children's, and many a happy hour was spent there; Bessie with her doll, and Jack with his favourite story-book.

"Yes," Jack had said, "I think they have, for don't big folks take naps in the afternoon, and perhaps birds do the same. They made a pretty picture, those two little children—six-year-old Bessie, with her red dress, white pinafore and big sunbonnet; and Jack, who was nine, with his dark, curly hair and rosy cheeks.

"I think it is nice to think that birdies take naps," said little sister, after a pause, "for they really must get tired flying about and singing all day."

"Yes," agreed Jack. "I think so too." Thus they chatted and played on in the old tree, until the sun began to sink towards the west when Jack exclaimed, "Why, Bessie, it must be past five o'clock; let's hurry home."

"Yes," said Bessie, "or we will be late for supper."

"Let me help you down then," said Jack, who was a perfect little gentleman, jumping down and holding out his hand to Bessie, who took it and dropped lightly to the ground.

"There we are, safe and sound," said Jack, laughing merrily.

"What is that!" exclaimed the little girl in a moment, just as they were preparing for home.

"What?" said Jack. "Why, that sound." "What sound?" persisted her brother. "Listen," said Bessie. Both listened intently, and in a minute they heard a sharp, twittering sound, as of a bird in distress.

"I believe it is a bird," said Jack, "let us see if we can find where it is."

They looked around, but could see nothing. At last Bessie said, "I believe it is quite near us now, do you hear it?"

He did, and hastening forward saw a sight which filled his kind heart with pity, and brought the tears to Bessie's eyes.

It was a poor little bird with its foot caught in some string which was tangled in a branch. It was flapping its wings and trying to get free, but in vain.

"Can't you get it out, Jack?" said Bessie, who had great faith in her brother's powers.

"Yes, I think I can, but what would I put it in?" queried Jack.

"We have an old cage at home, haven't we?" asked Bessie, "shall I go for it?"

"Oh yes, only don't be long."

Off ran Bessie, while Jack tried to think of some way of freeing the poor little bird, without hurting it any more, and had just succeeded, and was holding it tenderly in his hands when Bessie returned, all out of breath from running so fast.

"Here it is, here it is," she said, "I found it in the shed, and what a surprise it will be for mother!"

She set the cage on the ground, and under Jack's instructions put some soft grass and moss on the bottom, then Jack laid the little bird carefully on it.

"Now, I think it is time to go home," said Jack.

They went as quickly as possible on account of the bird.

Mrs. Warren had just sat down for a few minutes' rest after a busy day, waiting for her husband to return from his work, when Bessie came running in breathless and excited, a little ahead of Jack.

"Mother, mother, see what Jack has got," she cried all in a breath.

Mrs. Warren was a good deal surprised at this, and got up to see what it all meant, when Jack came in and laid the cage on the table, where he surveyed it with an anxious eye.

"Where did you get it, sonny?" inquired his mother.

"Found it, mother," and Jack told all about it, ending up with a request to keep it.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mrs. Warren.

"But its poor little leg is hurt, mother," said Jack and Bessie, both together.

"Well, I guess you can keep it, and nurse it well," said their mother, with a smile.

The children thanked her, and then bound up the bird's foot with soft linen. Jack gave it some crum led bread and a little water, which it ate gratefully and with apparent relish.

Just then, Mr. Warren came in, and of course the story had to be told to him also.

"It is a wild cary," he said, in answer to a question from Jack; "and," he added, "it has evidently been in that state for some time."

Jack and Bessie expressed their feelings in sighs and sighs of sympathy and regret.

They all sat down to tea then, and immediately after this important business was over, the two went to look at their pet, who seemed so weak and languid as to be scarcely able to hold up its poor little head. However, in a day or two it began to recover from the effects of its exhaustion and exposure, and became very tame. It would eat from the children's hands, and was apparently as fond of them as they were of it.

And, indeed, poor Bessie began to dread the time when it must be set free, for mother and father both agreed that it would be cruel to keep a wild bird in a cage.

Many an anxious discussion had Jack and Bessie about what would become of it when it was set at liberty, and Bessie often said, "I wonder if it has any mother or father to go to?" and Jack would answer, "Of course," so Bessie was comforted.

At last the much dreaded time arrived, and very unwillingly Bessie admitted that Pip (as they had named the bird) was no longer an invalid, so going out into the garden, Jack held the cage in his hand, with his finger on the latch of the door, Bessie looking on with fast-filling eyes.

Jack opened the door, and birdie flew away to the branch of a tree near by, evidently rejoicing in its liberty.

"Good-bye, Pip, good-bye," murmured Bessie, and as they went slowly back to the house they tried hard to be brave, for they felt the loss of their pet very sorely.

Mother sympathized with them, and said all she could to comfort them.

They could not bear to look at the empty cage, so they put it on the shelf out of sight.

They found it hard work to go to sleep that night, being so full of the thought of where their little foundling was now, and if it had found a nice nest to sleep in.

When the children woke up next morning they did not hasten so eagerly downstairs as usual, knowing that they would not be welcomed by a cheerful chirp from their pet bird. But a delightful surprise awaited them!

Upon entering the kitchen their mother met them with a smile. "There is an old friend of yours at the door who is waiting to see you," she said. The children stared at each other, wondering who it could possibly be!

"Come and see!" said their mother, opening the door, and they could scarcely believe their eyes!

There, hopping around on the ground, was their little Pip, who, as soon as it saw them, flew up and alighted on Bessie's shoulder, chirping round into her face as much as to say, "Is breakfast ready? I'm hungry."

No words can express the delight of the children. Jack flew for the cage, and putting fresh water and seed in the little vessels, and a lump of sugar for a treat, he hung it in its old place and left the door open, so that the bird could see it.

He held Pip up as high as he could, and it flew in, and began eating its breakfast, while Bessie ran for a fresh bunch of chickweed for dessert.

So interested were the children that Mrs. Warren could scarcely induce them to come to their own breakfast, and their father and mother hardly recognized in them the same solemn little couple of the previous evening. By their parents' advice, they left the cage door open so that the bird could go in and out freely, but they had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing that by their kindness they had completely won the confidence of the little stranger, and that as the winter season drew near it became more and more tame, so that when they brought the cage in for the winter, little Pip was once more their "Willing Captive."

Hamilton, Ont.

DO YOU MEAN IT, BOYS?

BY J. MERVIN HULL.

THERE are two incidents connected with one of the playmates of my boyhood days which I remember very clearly. The first occurred during our early school-days.

It was Friday afternoon, when our division was called upon to "speak pieces," and as the teacher spoke his name, John stepped lightly upon the platform. I can see every feature of his face as well as if I had his photograph before me. His fresh, boyish cheeks were flushed with the excitement of facing the pupils, his form was erect, and his dark eyes flashed as he began to recite, in a clear musical voice, N. P. Willis' fine poem, "A Spell of Madness." I can see again the untrained but earnest gestures with which he emphasized the solemn warning of the last verse:

"Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lips,
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich but grief and woe
Lie hid those purple depths below."

The speaker and poem impressed me so much that the scene became fixed in my memory, to be sadly recalled in later years.

While we were still boys, John went with his parents to live in another State, and it was, perhaps, fifteen years before I saw him again.

While on a journey, I stepped from a train at a railroad junction, and the first person I saw was John. I recognized him instantly, and yet he was fearfully changed. His youthful form was distended to the unhealthy fullness of the beer drinker; his cheeks looked puffy and unwholesome, and his dull, watery eyes sought the ground when I gave him an old-time greeting as I hurried along to catch my train. The sad story of his downward career was plainly written upon him from head to foot, and as the train bore me swiftly away, I remembered our boyhood days, and I wished that John had not forgotten the poem that he recited so well.

Perhaps this sketch will be read by many boys who are learning just such pieces to

•speak. Thousands of you are gathered into temperance organizations, where you march to temperance music, carry temperance banners, sing temperance songs, speak temperance pieces, and are taught the dangers of alcohol. Boys, do you mean it? Are you in earnest about these things, or do they become a mere routine of exercises which you mean to cast off by-and-by? If you are in earnest about these things, they will become a wall of protection to keep the tempter from you by-and-by; but if you are careless and forgetful, will it be strange if some follow in the footsteps of poor John?

ON BEING PLEASANT.

SAYS Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant."

Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go to get them yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper; I am sure of that."

And I thought, "Why isn't such a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious or generous? And yet, while are there a good many honest, truthful, industrious, and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish too after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity. I suppose the reason is because it is such hard work to act pleasant when one feels cross.

People whose dispositions are naturally irritable or unhappy think it is no use trying to be otherwise; but that is a mistake. Anyone can be pleasant who wants to. If one will patiently and perseveringly try to keep always pleasant, after a while one will get in the habit of smiling instead of frowning, of looking bright instead of surly, and of giving a kind word instead of a cross one. And if some of the boys who read this should chance to be of the kind who only act pleasant when they feel like it, I wish they would think of what I say, and try and see if I am not right. And the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and before long they may find themselves in the midst of a circle full of bright and happy people, where everyone is as good-natured and contented as they are.



Song for Easter.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

THE tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in their dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head,
"We must rise," they say,
"To meet the spring's birthday!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answer floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beautiful spring."

And shall our hearts alone be still,
When sky and stream, bright bird
And flowers, and God's sweet
Grace are ours?
Nay, let glad thanks be heard;
"We wake, we live, we sing
To greet our risen King!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] LESSON III. (April 21)

WATCHFULNESS.

Matt. 24. 42-51. Memory verses, 44-46

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take ye heed, watch and pray.—Mark 13.33

OUTLINE.

1. Faithfulness, and its Results, v. 42-47.
2. Neglect and its Results, v. 48-51.

TIME.—The afternoon of Tuesday, April 4, A. D. 30; the third day before our Lord's death.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives.

RULERS.—Tiberius, emperor at Rome. Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea. Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Perea and Galilee. Caiaphas, high priest of the Jews.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Watchfulness.—Matt. 24. 42-51.
Th. The ten virgins.—Matt. 25. 1-13.
W. Ready.—Luke 12. 31-40.
Th. Not ready.—Luke 12. 41-48.
P. Pray always.—Luke 21. 29-36.
S. Spiritual watchfulness.—1 Thesa. 5. 4-11.
Su. The day will come.—2 Peter 3. 9-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Faithfulness and its Results, v. 42-47. What sayings of Jesus led to this discourse? Verse 2.

What three questions did the disciples ask? Verse 3.

What was Jesus' answer to the first question? Verse 36.

What duty is then commanded?

What motive is set before us?

When will anyone watch against thieves?

How will such watchfulness result?

Why should we be always ready for the coming of Christ?

What honour has a faithful servant from his master?

When is this servant blessed?

What reward will he then receive?

What says Jesus about his own coming?

See Rev. 16. 15.

What injunction ought we all to heed? (Golden Text.)

2. Neglect, and its Results, v. 48-51.

What will an evil servant say to himself?

What evil conduct will he fall into?

What surprise will overtake him?

What punishment will come on him?

Where will the negligent servant be cast? See Matt. 25. 30.

What expressions of sorrow will follow?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. About Jesus coming again?
2. About the time of his coming?
3. About our duty in view of his coming?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ say might happen to the householder who did not guard his house? It might be broken into. 2. What did he say would happen to the evil servant who neglected his duty? He would be cut

asunder. 3. What lesson did Jesus teach from these two illustrations? "Therefore, be ye also ready." 4. What did he call such a one who was always ready for his coming? "A faithful and wise servant." 5. What did he say which shows that these teachings were meant for more than the twelve to whom he spoke? "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." 6. What is the Golden Text? "Take ye heed, watch and pray."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—
The second coming of Christ

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does the law of God promise the pardon of sin to those who have transgressed it?

No; pardon is promised only in the Gospel, and through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

THE Japanese are trained to civility from babyhood. Before a baby can speak, it is taught to lift the hand to the forehead on receiving a gift. Should a child fail to make this signal of respect and gratitude, it would be reproved by some bystander.

Mr. Albert Tracy, who rambled through Japan without a guide, while strolling about a town, stopped to see the children coming from school.

They walked sedately and quietly with books and slates under their arms. The sight of a bearded foreigner startled the first to come, but they made a respectful bow and passed on. The next one repeated this civility, and then as fast as the pupils came they made a profound reverence.

The innate gentleness of the people impressed the Rambler. He records that he never saw a single instance among the boys of that tyrannical, bullying spirit, so often observed in other countries, that de-

lights in inflicting pain on weaker companions. Japanese children are well behaved, even toward each other.

A Song of Easter Day.

O LOVELY day of Easter! Thou art the dearest thing
That comes with joy and solace in all the happy spring;
The fairest flowers and purest, the song most glad and clear
That stirs with buoyant music the pulses of the year.

Fair is April sunshine; strong the March wind's breath,
Calling all the little leaves from frozen sleep of death;
Precious is the fragrance that scents the locks of May;
But what is all their beauty to the blessed Easter Day.

Laugh the meadows snooded in ribbons green of grass,
Silver-breasted swallows in long homeward flight do pass,
All the land is smiling with the little flowers at play,—
But the promise of thy message is more jubilant than they.

Lilting go the bright streams, singing as they run;
Hide the dimpling shadows from seeking of the sun;
Small wee lambs are bleating in safe and sheltered fold;
The newer day is dawning on the darkness of the old.

Still art thou the fairest. When thy feet pass o'er
Through God's silent acres, all the seeds that lie
Waiting for his harvest, planted still and deep,
Thrill beneath thy footsteps, waken from their sleep.

Rise to joy and glory; rise to hope and love;
Rise to bloom and burgeon in fairer fields above,

Rise to lift and strengthen, with healing touch and kind,
The hearts that else were broken, the eyes that else were blind!

O come thou in the dark time, or come thou in the bright,
Thou art the chiefest treasure of all the year's delight;

Of all its best and rarest the one divinest thing;
Thou fadeless lily shining! thou crown and soul of spring!



Easter Lilies.

BY LUCY A. BOCRNE.

O LILIES, with your pure white lips
Tell me the Easter tale again;
How sweet-winged Purity "arose,"
By Victory's hand, in love to reign.
Teach me, how like thine own my lips
From worldly stain may be kept free,
Calling to life but purest thoughts,
Like echoes coming back to me

O lilies, with the heart of gold
And heaven's touch of dewy down,
Show me by inspiration pure
His heart of gold and starry crown
That spread o'er earth a blending glow
While angels sang a "Risen Lord,"
That Easter morning long ago.

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