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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1898.

[No. 15.]

## THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

What a wonderful walk those two disciples must have had as they went to Emmaus and knew not the whole time that their companion was Jesus himself, whom they thought to be dead. At first they were alone; but after some time a third person drew near and entered into their conversation. They thought nothing of this, for although he appeared to be a stranger, yet people in their country made a habit of at least saluting one another as they passed, and often of stopping to have a chat about the events of the day. Thus they discovered not who their guest was, for besides this we read, "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." But when he began to expound the Scriptures to them they must have wondered to themselves who this person might be, who seemed come just in the nick of time, to strengthen their waning faith in our Lord's prophecy regarding his resurrection and to explain so beautifully the Scripture concerning himself. When the two disciples had reached their destination, they asked their fellow-traveller to come in, and "it came to pass that as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to them." They at once thought he must be more than he seemed to be, for being their guest, it was their duty to break bread and hand it to him, and we read, "their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he ceased to be seen of them."

## EASTER EGGS.

What could be more beautiful or more appropriate than the symbolism of the Easter eggs? Each year, at this spring-tide festival, they seem to come to us with new meaning and fresh power. The dainty little book of Anna Barrows, so recently published, with its "Facts and Fancies" concerning "Eggs," is so timely and appropriate that we cannot resist giving copious extracts from its pages for the benefit of our readers: "The most prevalent and characteristic custom of the Easter festival has always been the giving of eggs. Sometimes they were eaten, oftener kept as amulets, or used in playing games.



THE WALK TO EMMAUS.—THE FIRST EASTER EVENING.

"The pagan people at their New Year feasts presented each other with eggs as a type of the new life of nature—which they coloured to show their joy at the return of spring. The Druids used eggs in the worship of the Goddess Eoestre. The early Christians continued this practice and coloured the eggs red to symbolize the blood of their redemption. "The contrast between the cold, lifeless egg and the warm, downy chicken, full of life and motion, may well have made the former an emblem of the endless life of the soul. A German writer says: 'The egg as a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus, who broke forth from the grave as a chicken from the shell, has been from very ancient date an Easter gift with Christians.'

"After the fourth century the church prohibited the use of eggs as well as of other animal food during Lent, but the

hens were heretical enough to keep on laying and the accumulated eggs were dyed for the children at Easter. The Greek Church still forbids the use of eggs during Lent, but other churches allow their use during the Lenten feast.

"From the custom of giving Easter eggs we have derived the pleasant fashion of sending cards and small gifts at that season. Naturally many of these take the form of the egg, though resembling it in no other way.

"The shop windows at this season seem like huge bird-nests filled with all manner of fanciful eggs. There are eggs of all sizes, made of confectionery and more enduring materials, chocolate eggs with cream where the yolk should be, eggs adorned with mottoes, eggs of soap, of glass and china, ostrich eggs for bon-bon boxes, egg-shaped boxes, baskets

incantations of her race, more for pastime than anything else, was betrayed to the other party, and the idea of witchcraft was immediately seized upon as a means of terrible vengeance. Accusations and arrests were quickly made, and the magistrates, being full of superstition brought with them from old England, hastily tried and sentenced one after another until a large number of innocent men and women had been hung. This occurred in Salem, Mass., and was continued until the people of Andover, with representatives of the people of Salem, assembled with their remonstrance, and demanded that such wholesale murder should be stopped.

The man who pities himself never gets much sympathy from others.

and lockets, note-paper to imitate egg shells, etc.

At the pagan New Year festivals many games were played with eggs. In this country there has of late been a revival of some of these games with other quaint Easter customs. Many children in days past have matched their eggs or rolled them over the green grass lots in the grounds of the White House at Washington.

"Passion week in Paris may be called the feast of eggs. In the streets may be heard the cries of 'des oeufs' from women bearing piles of red and white eggs on barrows, and everybody presents his neighbour with an egg, real or artificial."

## TRYING THE WITCH.

Nearly two hundred years ago, in the early days of the Puritans, a wild idea seized the people that certain pure-hearted women, living perfectly blameless lives, were witches and had dealings with the devil, for which they were put to most severe torture to force from them confessions of guilt.

As far as I can learn, the origin of this dreadful witchcraft in this country, our own free America, was from a slight quarrel, in the first place, between an ignorant minister and his still more ignorant people, which so increased that it became a very bitter strife, attracting the attention even of the general courts.

One poor Indian female servant, having practised

some of the wild

## Easter Day.

BY L. EVA KINNEY.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye saints,  
This Easter Day.  
O, hush all your sad complaints  
On Easter Day.  
For Christ the Lord has come,  
He's burst the bars of the tomb,  
And taken away death's gloom,  
This Easter Day.

O, that all would praise the Lord  
This Easter Day  
Believing the truth of God's Word  
This holy day  
Accepting the wisdom and light,  
He gives by the power of his might,  
To save from an endless night,  
On Easter Day.

O, how sweet to think of his love  
On Easter Day,  
Of the glories of heaven above  
This Easter Day.  
Prepared by our Father above,  
Through Christ, who was given to prove  
The wonderful depths of his love  
To all who obey.

Yes, his praise we will ever sing  
On Easter Day,  
An humble tribute bring  
On Easter Day.  
For had Christ not risen again,  
All our prayers and faith would be vain,  
And no hope of salvation remain,  
Nor Easter Day.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK  
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1898

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 17, 1898.

## SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT ARE GREAT.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes,  
That spoil the vines for our vines' love  
tender grapes. Song of Solomon 2:15

The culture of the vine in Palestine is a very important industry. The use of grapes, raisins and grape juice, that is, unfermented wine, form a considerable part of the food of the people. But the tender vines may easily be injured through being gnawed by the little foxes that abound in Palestine. It is largely a rocky and hilly country, and in the caves and crevices of the rocks the foxes abound. The young foxes, with a taste for the sweet, tender and juicy vine, may work great havoc, often without being seen.

The meaning of all this is that there are certain bad habits that young people form, which, if not guarded against, will injure their character and blight their lives. A bunch of grapes is a very beautiful and delicate thing. It will not bear much handling, without being bruised and the fine bloom being rubbed off. So the tender delicacy and bloom of the lives of boys and girls may easily be injured or destroyed. The company of bad boys and girls, the using, or even the hearing, of bad words, or thinking bad thoughts, will take off the bloom that nothing can ever restore.

The provocations, or stories, or "white lies," as they are sometimes called, the slightest departure from

truth, will destroy the tender grapes. The very coveting of that which is not ours, not to speak of pilfering or purloining, will break down the sense of honesty and prepare the way for theft and fraud. Let young folk remember that as the old rhyme has it, "It is a sin to steal a pin."

One of the evils of the times is the lack of reverence for parents and teachers. Some young people get into the way of calling their teachers nicknames. I hope none are guilty of speaking of their fathers as the "Old Man" or the "Governor." But there is sometimes not the prompt and ready obedience that there ought to be. With obedience to parents is coupled in God's Word the promise of long life. "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

There is, too, a tendency to neglect God's day. A man was driving his cart one Sunday when some person threw up his hands and exclaimed, "There, there, you have broken it." The man jumped off to see what was the matter, when he was told that he had broken the Sabbath day. I am afraid that young people sometimes forget what God has told them, to remember to keep his Sabbath day. It is not necessary to make the Sunday a sour and solemn day, but one of cheerful service. I hope none of you would think of playing games, bicycling for pleasure, reading secular story books, which may be proper enough for week days, but not suitable for Sunday. Watch against these little foxes which spoil the vines.

## EASTER IN RUSSIA.

Some one has said that "All Russia kisses all the rest of Russia at Easter," and this is pretty nearly true. To be sure, Easter in Russia does not fall on the same day as with us, since in that country they reckon time by the "Old Style," but the same wonderful fact is celebrated, and some of the Easter customs are very curious. The Easter kissing is one of the most peculiar of these customs, and the person who should refuse to take part in it would be looked upon as a churl, or even something worse. For the ceremony is closely connected with the religion of the country, and how can one be considered glad that Christ has risen unless he kisses his neighbour—no matter who or what the neighbour may be?

Easter Day begins at midnight, and a little before midnight all good Russians go to church. The Emperor and all his family, to the great delight, no doubt, of the little princes and princesses, assemble in the imperial chapel, and the commoner people all over the Empire fill the churches and chapels. Solemn, prayerful silence reigns, as the clock begins striking the hour of midnight. At the last stroke inner doors are thrown open and priests come forth, carrying censers, and chanting, "Christ is risen." The song is taken up by the choir, and the priests respond, "Christ is risen from the dead," walking through the congregation, and swinging their censers as they go.

And now the kissing begins. The church is a blaze of light, for, with the appearance of the priests, the illumination, both inside and outside, begins, bells are ringing, cannon are thundering, and rockets are blazing in the sky.

The kissing goes on. Little groups of friends and acquaintances kiss each other rapturously. Those who have only the slightest possible acquaintance kiss each other, and at every kiss they say, "Christ is risen," and "Christ is risen from the dead."

And the kissing does not end here. All night and the next day, and for several days thereafter, relatives, friends, and chance acquaintances salute one another in this way. The peasants kiss as generally as do the upper classes. Clerks in public offices kiss one another. The general of an army kisses all the officers below him, and the captain of a company kisses all his soldiers!

Maybe you think the Emperor is excused from this ceremony. Not at all. It is his duty not only to kiss all the members of his household at this time, but the poor man has to kiss all his officers on parade, and a delegation of soldiers besides, who represent the grand army. These military parades last several days, for the army of Russia is very large, and comprises many regiments, and the Emperor must get very tired of the performance. Think of kissing a whole army, as it were!

This custom does not seem so strange in this strange land as it would seem to us in Canada. In Russia, kissing is not confined to women and children, as it is largely with us. Dignified officials

salute each other in this way. The simple peasant labourer greets his friend with a kiss, and these signs of cordial friendship, which would excite mirth here when displayed between man and man, are quite the thing there.

Easter should be a time of heartfelt rejoicing among all people, and what more natural expression of joy can there be than a loving recognition of one's neighbour? So, before we laugh at the Russian custom, let us ask if it does not hold some hints for our Easter gladness.

## THE FIRST EASTER DAY.

It was the afternoon of a spring day in the year 30 A.D. Within the city of Jerusalem there had been all day the stir and bustle of departing travellers, for the Passover week and the Sabbath were past, and now the pilgrims and "strangers within the gates" were setting out on their homeward journeys.

By-and-bye out through one of the city gates there passed two men walking together, not joyfully and with songs and farewells, as so many of the groups had gone forth, but slowly and sadly, with downcast faces, talking in low tones. Out across the slight valley that slopes away from the city they went, and upon the higher ground just beyond, and presently a stranger came up to them, and greeted them, and the three walked on side by side. But as they journeyed, noticing the silence and sadness of his two companions, the stranger turned on them a look, keen, searching, and yet full of tender sympathy, and asked why they seemed so troubled.

"Ah, master," answered one of them, called Cleopas, "hast thou been at the Passover in Jerusalem this week gone by, and yet knowest not the things that have come to pass?"

"What things?" said the kind voice. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, our Lord, and a great prophet. The works that he did no other can do, and he taught as no other man ever taught before. We had hoped that he was to be our deliverer, even our Messiah and King."

"And is it not as you hoped?" "Nay, master, for he is dead—on-denned and crucified by our high priests and rulers; and can one who is dead lead a nation to freedom? And we were perplexed and troubled yet more, for this morning some of our company went out early to the tomb where we had laid him, but they found not his body. And they saw a vision of angels, and the angels said he was yet alive, but we know not."

"O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" exclaimed the stranger, gazing reproachfully upon them. "Do you not remember what our Scriptures have said, how our Messiah should be given a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and should afterward enter into glory?" And beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he explained unto them the Scriptures.

As the burning words fell from his lips the two friends listened in awed silence; then new hope and courage sprung up in their hearts. And while he talked, the little town of Emmaus, to which Cleopas and his friend were travelling, was reached, and the stranger seemed about to pass on. But they could not bear to part so soon from this new-found friend, and at their pleading he went into tarry with them.

Then the simple meal was spread, and the wondrous guest sat down with them, and taking the little wheaten cakes in his hand, he blessed and brake them, and then—then at the familiar words and gesture a hundred sweet memories came thronging back to them, the darkness that had clouded their understanding passed away, and they knew him indeed—no other than their Master and Friend, their risen Lord. But while they stretched out eager hands of welcome, the little room seemed suddenly empty again, for he vanished from their sight.

Not empty were their hearts though, but full of sweet surprise and joy. And as they hurried back over the moonlit road the seven miles to Jerusalem—for the good news was too wonderful to keep to themselves and they must share it with the other disciples—do you think the way was any longer weary and sad? Did not their hearts sing within them, even as they had "burned" within them when the Master talked with them only a little while before? What a strange day it had been—full of sorrow in the morning, full of joy at night! A blessed guest had come to them with the twilight and they had welcomed him; and behold, they had entertained their Lord! And with his coming he had brought a peace and strength and hope that Jewish priests and Roman soldiers could not take away.

## The Guarded Tomb.

BY MINNIE W. BAINES-MILLER.

Came the Pharisees to Pilate,  
And the chief priests, saying, "Sir,  
That deceiver, ere he perished,  
Did unto his friends aver,  
After three days shall have ended,  
From the dead I'll rise again."  
Let it be by thee commanded—  
So men know the boast was vain,

"And his fraudulent disciples  
See their cunning scheme revealed—  
That his sepulchre be guarded,  
And the stone before it sealed."  
Then the procurator bade them,  
"Go your way, the tomb secure;  
Set your watch," they, smiling, left him,  
Judah's sway made sure.

Still would blow the silver trumpets,  
From the terraced temple's wall;  
Smoke of offering and of incense  
Spread above its court their pall  
Down the altar's steps of marble  
Streams of bloody rivers flow;  
And the Jew, as God's vicegerent,  
Marvelling, the world still know.

Here they are in Joseph's garden—  
Roman soldiers, at the tomb,  
On the night before the morning  
Of that wondrous day to come.  
In the evening, after sunset;  
In the midnight, at cock-crow;  
From the third watch to the dawning;  
No neglect their vigils know.

Faithfully, the hours divided,  
Watchers wake while comrades sleep;  
Naught a-strive save cypress branches  
Through which twinkling star-rays  
creep.

"Are his followers affrighted  
That they come not for their 'Lord' ?  
Do they fear to taste the metal  
Of the two-edged Roman sword ?"

Thus, among themselves communing,  
Speak they, scoffing, "Dawn is nigh,  
Caesar's signet, still unbroken,  
Will delight the Jewish eye;  
Prove this fellow's empty vaunting  
Of his mission and his birth.  
Food for future mirth and laughter—  
Ha! The quaking of the earth!"

Then an angel swift descended,  
Rolled the stone, and sat thereon;  
Bright his countenance as lightning,  
Dazzling white his raiment shone;  
And in awe the startled soldiers  
Fell like dead men at the sight;  
Came the Life and Resurrection—  
Immortality—to light.

Jesus rose, O blessed portent!  
Rise we, too, through him at last;  
Since the blood of his atonement  
Ope his portal death sealed fast.  
Hear the chorus, "He is risen!"  
Hymned by angels; join their lay,  
Souls redeemed from sin's dark prison  
By the Life, the Truth, the Way.

## A MONKEY'S LOVE OF SUGAR.

A very funny story is told in The Youth's Companion of a pet monkey, to whom was once given a lump of sugar in a tightly corked glass bottle. The monkey was very fond of sugar and the sight of this lump greatly excited him. He tried every way that he could to get at it, twisting himself around the bottle, watching it slyly for a long time then jumping on it suddenly, as if he thought he could catch it unawares, snapping at it through the glass as if he must reach it, but all to no purpose. He would sit and look at it for hours at a time, as if he were trying to think of some way to reach it, and at such times his face would express the greatest sadness, as if there was no use trying to be happy as long as that lump of sugar couldn't be had. Sometimes he would tilt the bottle to drink out the sugar, and then make a quick spring to catch it as it fell to the bottom. But he couldn't get it till one day a jar of bananas that stood on the table was knocked over and broken the fruit rolling in all directions. This seemed to be just the hint the monkey needed, for almost at once he seized the teasing bottle, lifted it high, and threw it to the floor with great force. Of course it broke, and, of course, the monkey seized the lump and munched it with great satisfaction.

Judge B—fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage in a bump on every stair until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said: "I hope your Honour is not hurt?" "No," said the Judge, sternly, "my honour is not hurt, but my head is."

**A Time of Gladness.**

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

There never was such gladness,  
As comes with Easter-tide,  
For everything seems living  
That in the autumn died;  
And we who feel within us  
Death either far or near,  
Can look along the future,  
Forgetting pain and fear,  
For Christ, with joy of Easter Day,  
Bids care and sorrow pass away.

Oh, merry is the singing,  
Of bird-songs new and old,  
And merry is the playing  
Of lumps about the fold;  
And merry is the rushing  
Of free sun-lighted rills,  
And merry are the breezes  
That sweep across the hills;  
And everything is full of mirth  
When Easter-blessing wakes the earth.

It is the resurrection  
That follows after death,  
Which moves the life below the sod,  
And stirs spring's balmy breath;  
And flowers arise in thousands  
To answer to its call,  
For everything is happy  
That God is over all;  
And Easter is his gift to men,  
To teach them they shall live again.

Mild primroses and violets,  
The while they take their way,  
They read the Father's promise,  
And trust the coming day;  
For shadows are but passing,  
And transient is the night,  
And the day that lasts forever  
Is gloriously bright;  
And death no heart shall enter in  
When that glad Easter shall begin.

Accept our thanks, Lord Jesus,  
For all thy mighty love,  
And for thy great salvation,  
And for our home above;  
Oh, teach us how to serve thee,  
And evermore to be  
As faithful, loving servants,  
Devoted unto thee;  
Living, because our Lord has died,  
In the full joy of Eastertide.

**ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG.**

BY REV. GEORGE J. BOND, EDITOR OF  
*The Wesleyan.*

**I.**

Tom Grant was an old weather-beaten salt, who, for many a year, had given up the sea, and was ending his days in a little white cottage just above one of those broad and curving beaches that slope so picturesquely down to the waters of Boston Bay. Many a summer's evening you would find him seated on an upturned boat by the water's edge, and surrounded by a group of bright-faced boys, eagerly watching him, as his deft fingers carved out boats and clippers for their amusement, or listening, with great round eyes full of childhood's awe and wonder, as he told them stories of his past life—of the strange lands and peoples he had seen, or the stirring and startling adventures through which he had calmly passed. One lovely evening in the beginning of August, as the setting sun was lighting up the distant city and flashing upon the gilded dome of the State House, the old man's eyes were fixed upon it with more than passing interest apparently, for a sigh escaped his lips, as he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked steadily at the sunlit dome.

"Come, Uncle Tom," exclaimed one of the boys, "do tell us a story to-night, we have an hour yet before we have to go indoors, and there's lots of time to tell us a good long story."

This appeal was warmly seconded by the rest of the little company, and the old man, glancing lovingly over the earnest faces, looked up once more at the brilliantly lighted dome, and, pointing towards it with his finger, said: "Well, my sonnies, I was thinkin', and that 'ere dome brought it to my mind, of somethin' that happened to me many long years ago—somethin' that changed my whole life; an' I'll just tell you about that, I think. You know, although I'm an Englishman, I spent a good many years down there in Newfoundland, and you've heard me tell, lots o' times, about the seals and the codfish down in that country. Well, just forty-five years ago this very spring, I was shipped in a brig called the Skipwith, out of the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the sealing voyage—goin' to the ice, as they called it down there. We left port somewhere about the first of March, and for a few days had fair winds and open waters, but the wind changing, we got jammed in the ice off the mouth of White Bay, an' there we stuck for three

mortal weeks, without bein' able to move an inch. Day after day the wind plinned the ice dead on the land, blowin' almost a gale, an' the ice nipped up so tight, we was afeared the ship would be crushed. However, at last the wind veered, an' we got clear, an' began lookin' about for seals. It wasn't long before we saw signs of 'em, an' followin' up a lead of water we came upon 'em—great lots of 'em, too, an' in prime order.

"We worked hard, I tell 'ee; out all day, early an' late, killin' and sculpin' an' haulin' 'em aboard; and they was that plenty that we soon had our vessel full, an' was thinkin' of bearin' up for home. We was loaded so deep that it was dangerous to be in any kind of a sea, for the skipper was that eager to make up for lost time that he piled 'em aboard until the decks was full, and there was hardly room to move about. So we bore up for home with a nice, light breeze behind us, and was rejoicin' at the thought of the fine load of pelts we'd managed to get, after being jammed up so long. 'Twas well on to the beginnin' of April when we got the seals, and the weather was gettin' mild and pleasant, so we bowled along nice and steady for two or three days, for there was enough ice about to keep the water smooth.

"We passed some terrible heavy ice—big islands of it, some of 'em bigger than the State House, and shinin' in the sun much like the dome was shinin' a few minutes ago, afore the sun went down. Everything went well until we were about sixty miles from St. John's, an' hopin' to be in next day, when, all of a sudden, the wind chopped round to

and knew she was goin' down immediate. There was no time to do anything, there was no time to think of doin' anything. Oh! the awful sounds of that minute. I'll never forget it to the day of my death; the crashing of timbers, the hoarse 'oto of the sea against the ice, the swirl of the waters as they sucked in our good ship, and, above all, the shrieks and cries of many poor fellows on her deck, as, in a moment, they was swept down to their death. I'll never forget it—never," and the old man's voice broke down, and the tears rolled over his cheeks, while the awe-stricken children looked at him, with solemn faces and quivering lips.

"Well, my dears," he continued, after a pause, drawing his sleeve across his eyes as he spoke, "I thought it was all up with me at that moment, and, indeed, I hardly had time to say, 'God have mercy on me,' when the water closed over me, and I felt myself going down, down, down, ever so far, with the section of the sinking vessel. I must have lost myself somewhat, for the next thing I know I was strikin' my head sharply against something, and I found myself afloat and close to a large piece of floating timber. I laid hold of it and climbed on top, and I found it was a bit of a broken yard, and that it would bear me up well. It was almost night, and I could scarcely see anything for the thick fog and growing darkness, as I peered anxiously round and listened, in hopes of seeing or hearing something of the other poor fellows. I shouted again and again, an' my voice seemed to come back to me from the big island of ice like the echo you boys often hear among



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

the south'ard and blew a perfect gale. Well, we was that top-heavy and deep that there was no facin' the wind, an' all there was to do was to 'bout ship and try to run afore it. 'Twas early mornin' when the wind changed, an' we had a terrible day of it, I tell 'ee—think o' fog so you couldn't make out the men on the bow when you stood amidships, and we labourin' along so deep and unwieldy with our heavy load.

"We kept our eyes open that day, I tell 'ee. As evenin' came on, the skipper called us all up, and he says, 'Well, men, you can see as well as I do that things is pretty ugly lookin'. All we can do is trust in God, and keep as good a lookout as possible. There's one thing, though, we must do, and that is to get rid of this top-hammer. Masters o' watch, get your men in order, to port and starboard, and pitch all the deck-load overboard. That'll lighten the ship a good bit, and give us more standin' room fore and aft.' 'Twasn't pleasant work, my boys, you may be sure, to throw into the sea what had cost us so much time and toll to get. 'There goes twenty shillin's,' says one fellow, as he flung a pelt over, 'and there goes thirty,' he says again, as he flung a bigger one overboard. 'Never mind your shillin's,' says another. 'Take care your own pelt don't go over. Better throw over the seals than lose your life. It's no use talkin' of what we're losin' when we don't know the minute we'll be gone ourselves.'

"Well, he hadn't more than got the words out, when there came a frightful crash that made us shiver from stem to stern, and then the ship seemed to be lifted up bodily and let down again. She keeled over on her side and came down with an awful noise, and then her bows pitched right up in the air, an' I heard a rush of water over her stern

the hills. Not a sound of a human voice but my own could I hear. Again and again I shouted, and had well-nigh given up, when I thought I heard a sound like an answering shout not far from me, and then, listening, I heard the sound of rowing, and made out a punt, with three or four men in it, coming through the slob towards me. I gave one more shout, and then I must have fainted, for I remember no more till I found myself on board the punt with one o' the crew loosenin' my collar, and I heard the voice of old Skipper Ned Smith, the master of my watch, sayin', 'Now, my boys, we can't keep the punt afloat much longer, there's nothing for it but to make for the island of ice, and see if we can haul her up and mend her.'

"By the time we reached the island of ice I was better again, and able to look around me. The punt we were in was sadly smashed and half-full of water, and, instead of oars, the men were using pieces of broken board. There were just five of us: the old skipper, Ned, and myself, aft, two of the crew, strangers to me, rowing, and a poor fellow lying all of a heap in the bow, and groanin' heavily, as if in terrible pain. 'Is this all?' I asked, wildly; 'where are the rest?' 'Gone, my son, gone down to the bottom with the old Skipwith,' said the old man, sadly. 'We four had just time to cling on to this punt, as she went down under our feet, and poor Jack there got nearly killed by one of the yards falling partly on him just as she foundered. I don't believe there's another man saved, for the slob is so thick just where she went down that they'd hardly get to the surface when they rose.' Well, we hauled up our boat on the ice as far as we could, an' then, huddled together as close as we could get to keep the life in us, we waited for the daylight.

**Easter Lilies.**

O where are the tall, white lilies,  
That grew by the garden wall?  
We wanted them for Easter—  
And here is not one at all!

Down in the bare, brown garden,  
Their roots lie hidden deep,  
And the life is pulsing through them,  
Although they seem to sleep:

And the gardener's eye can see them  
Those germs that hidden lie—  
Shine in the stately beauty  
That shall clothe them by-and-bye.

Even so, in our hearts are growing  
The lilies the Lord loves best,  
The faith and the trust and the patience  
He planteth in the breast.

Not yet is their full, sweet blossom,  
But he sees their coming prime,  
As they will smile to meet him  
In earth's glad Easter-time!

The love that striveth toward him,  
Through earthly gloom and chill,  
The humble, sweet obedience,  
Through darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,  
Precious and fair and sweet,  
We may bring to our risen Saviour,  
And lay at his blessed feet.

—Wide Awake.



**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON III.—APRIL 17.**

**THE TRANSFIGURATION.**

Matt. 17. 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.—John 1. 14.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Glorious Saviour, v. 1, 2.
  2. The Heavenly Voice, v. 3-5.
  3. The Fearful Disciples, v. 6-9.
- Time.—Probably in A.D. 29.  
Place.—Probably on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The transfiguration.—Matt. 17. 1-9.
- Tu. The beloved Son.—Mark 1. 1-11.
- W. The Father's testimony. John 5. 19-32.
- Th. Peter's remembrance.—2 Peter 1. 15-21.
- F. Glory of Christ.—Heb. 1.
- S. The heavenly glory. Rev. 1. 9-18.
- Su. God manifested.—John 1. 1-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY**

1. The Glorious Saviour, v. 1, 2.  
What three disciples did Jesus take with him to a mountain?  
What there occurred to Jesus?  
What about his face, and what about his raiment?  
What did John afterward say? Golden Text.  
What did Peter afterward say? 2 Peter 1. 17, 18.
2. The Heavenly Voice, v. 3-5.  
What two saints did the disciples see?  
What were they talking about? Luke 9. 31.  
What did Peter say about being in such company?  
What did he propose to make?  
While Peter spoke what did the disciples see?  
What did they hear?
3. The Fearful Disciples, v. 6-9  
What effect had the voice on them?  
Was this strange?  
Who next spoke to them?  
What did Jesus say?  
When they arose whom did they see?  
What did Jesus charge them not to do?  
Can you guess why?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That death does not end all?
  2. That we shall know each other in heaven?
  3. That Jesus is our only Saviour?

## Easter Gladness.

BY M. L. W.

I would like to grow like the lily fair,  
And prove in that beautiful way,  
My joy that the blessed Lord of all  
Is risen this Easter day  
For the lily can offer its purest bloom,  
And sweeten the air with its rich perfume,  
On his resurrection day.

Christ loved the lilies that bloom in the field,  
And grows on the hillside fair,  
And bids his children remember, too,  
That we are much more his care,  
So I will lift up my cheerful face,  
And smile in the sad world's darkest place,  
My Easter gladness to share.

And I will say to his waiting friends,  
"He is risen from the dead,"  
And to all the world the glorious news  
Of his resurrection spread;  
And sweeter than fragrance of lilies shall be,  
My Easter message of joy to thee,  
He is risen, as he said.

## CAESAREA-PHILIPPI

BY THE EDITOR.

(To illustrate the Sunday-school Lesson.)

Two hours' ride from Dan, over a rugged road, and a climb of five hundred feet, brought us to the most picturesque camp we found in Palestine. It was on the banks of a rushing stream on the outskirts of the town of Banias, the ancient Caesarea-Philippi, the chief source of the Jordan. The shattered towers and broken walls of the ancient town were of peculiar picturesqueness. The approach to our camp was through the gate in an old wall, shown on this page. The round objects in the wall are sections of ancient columns built into its structure. On the site of a bold cliff is a great grotto from which gushes



BRIDGE AND GATEWAY AT BANIAS, CAESAREA-PHILIPPI

out strong and clear the infant Jordan, a stream fifty feet in width. This fountain is described by Josephus as descending to an immeasurable depth. For unknown ages this wild glen, the source of this noble stream, has been a sacred shrine from Phoenician and classic times. Here the Greeks had the temple to their god Pan, whence the classic name of Panium, corrupted to the modern Banias. Over this fountain Herod the Great built a temple in honour of Augustus. This was probably the "Baal-gad in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon" (Joshua 11:17). We entered the grotto and tried to decipher the well-nigh obliterated Greek inscriptions on the tablets shown in the first cut on this page. All we could make out were some references to the priest of Pan. The domed structure on the cliff is the church of St. George. An ancient moat with ruined walls surrounds the town. In the gardens and narrow alleys may be seen shattered columns of the temples and palaces of Caesarea-Philippi.

## THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S TEACHING.

Special interest is given the town from its being the northern limit of our Lord's journeys in Palestine, and on this noble terrace, in full view of the stately architecture of the Roman city, our Lord held that memorable conversation with his disciples, recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" ending in the affirmation which has become the watchword of the Church of Rome, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The ruins of Caesarea-Philippi have



THE GROTTA AND SHRINE OF PAN, AT THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

crumbled almost into nothingness. Instead of the splendid palace of Herod Philip, we see the flat-roofed, mud-walled houses of the squalid modern Moslem town. But that church founded upon the immovable rock, Jesus Christ, the true Corner-stone, has been built up in every land. The consensus of the best opinion on the subject is that on one of the peaks of Hermon, near Caesarea-Philippi, the Master led his three disciples "into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." This glorious mountain, the grandest in Palestine, was surely a fitting place for such a sublime epiphany.

## CRUSADERS' CASTLE.

A thousand feet above the town towers the famous castle of Banias, or Es-Subelbab, one of the most majestic ruins in the world. We rode up the steep hillside through olive groves and wheat fields for over an hour, and then left our horses for a scramble up the rocky cliffs and broken battlements into the castle. I was completely astounded at the extent, magnificence and strength of this huge structure. It impressed me as being more than twice as large as the famous castles of Heidelberg or Edinburgh. It is perched on an isolated cliff 1,500 feet above Banias, and is one thousand feet long, and about

three hundred feet in width. Dr. Merrill affirms that it exhibits the work of every period, from the early Phoenician to the time of the Crusaders. The walls, of immense thickness, rise one hundred feet, while beneath, for six hundred, sink the almost perpendicular sides of the cliff, and for nine hundred more slope abruptly to the fountain of Banias.

At the eastern end of the castle is the acropolis or citadel, 150 feet higher, with a wall and a moat of its own of immense strength, a castle within a castle, as described by Josephus. Great arched cisterns and stone chambers could contain an inexhaustible supply of water, grain and other stores. We climbed to a lofty turret where rested, high in air, a bell-shaped monolith which rang sonorously when struck. A long, dark stairway penetrates far down into the heart of the mountain, and, the Arabs assert, reaches the springs of Banias two miles distant. This, however, seems incredible. A broad, winding road once led down to the plain beneath. This is now badly shattered. The view into the tremendous gorge below was one of the most impressive we have ever seen, while the distance stretched the long slope of the fertile plain of Huleh, laced all over with flashing streams, and to the north the Heights of Hermon, and the hills of Naphtali. Small wonder that the Danite spies exclaimed of the plain of Huleh, with its rich pastures, its countless herds of buffalo, its clouds of wildfowl of every wing, "It is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth."

It was with the utmost reluctance that I could tear myself away from this majestic scene. Long after the rest of our party had gone I lingered behind, and mused amid the solitudes of this venerable castle once resonant with the tread of Crusading and Moslem knights, and perchance with the rude clash of Roman or Phoenician arms. At length another



RUINS OF CASTLE NEAR BANIAS, CAESAREA-PHILIPPI

group of tourists climbed the cliff and conveyed the somewhat peremptory message from the Judge, that if I did not promptly return they were to throw me over the battlements. Dark clouds were lowering in the sky. The wind rose, and moaned through the crannied vaults and shattered walls, and sighed and whispered amid the olive groves below, and rain began to fall. I therefore surrendered at discretion, scrambled down the cliff, and, mounting my faithful Naaman, galloped down the slope, narrowly escaping the fate of Absalom amid the low-branching olives. We dried off before our charcoal fire, and a good dinner soon made us all right. But all night long the rain poured down and the gusty wind seemed determined to prostrate our tents. All this was an ill omen for our ride next day over the shoulder of Mount Hermon.

Some people seem to believe the way to reform the saloon tiger is to surfeit him with the blood of victims.

Believers in temperance principles should put them into practice. A very considerable portion of the lop-sidedness of the world is caused by the people who are long on profession but short on practice.

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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL

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