

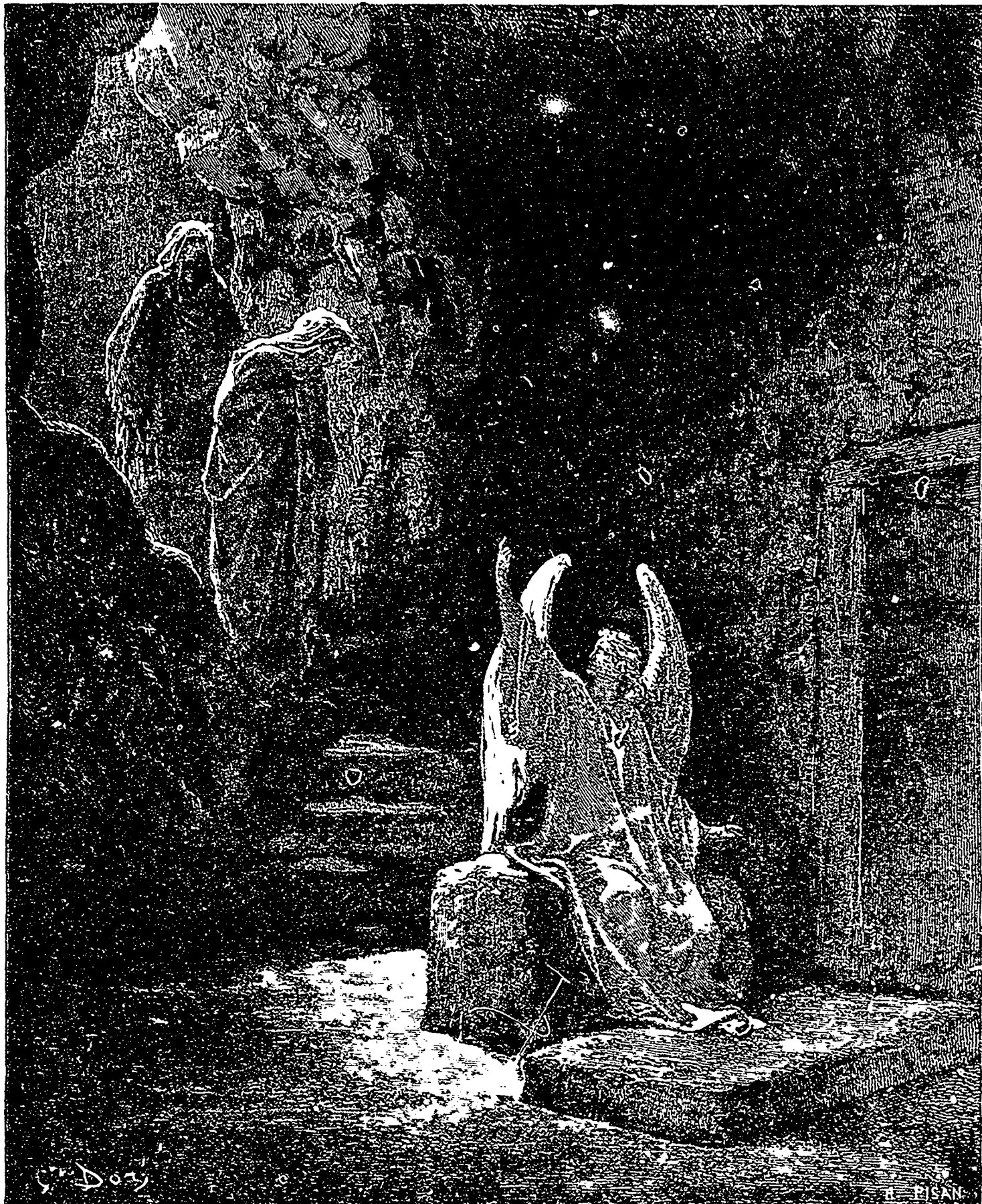
THE SABBATH HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES VOL. VII

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1887

[No. 7.]



THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHRE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Angel at the Sepulchre.

BY MRS. F. L. BALLARD.

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

And, hastening on their mournful way,
"Who shall roll back the stone?" they say,
"That we may come into the tomb,
Bearing our spices and perfume?"
Who shall the stone remove?
Death cannot bar out love.

But, lo! the stone is rolled away.
The night is gone. The dawning day
Shines brightly on the open tomb,
Despoiling it of all its gloom.
God's angel sits above
The grave of buried love.

But the dear body is not here.
They stand perplexed, and full of fear.
The angel speaks: "Be not afraid,
The Lord is risen as he said."
The Lord that came to save
Is stronger than the grave.

ADRIPT ON AN ICEBERG.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, EX-PRESIDENT
OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND
CONFERENCE.

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 up-turned 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 often 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 eye was 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 call 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 pinned 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' an' scalpin', 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 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,—thick o' fog so you couldn't make out the men on the bow when you stood amidships, and we laborin' 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-hamper. 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 toil 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 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 rots 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 suction of the sinking vessel. I must have lost myself somewhat, for the next thing I knew 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 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 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 for to keep the life in us, we waited for the daylight. An awful night that was, my boys, I assure 'ee—a long, long, weary night. We had hard work to keep any warmth in us; if it hadn't been real mild we'd ha' frozen stiff long afore mornin'. Oh, my! it was an awful, awful night. However, at last it ended, and with the dawn the wind came round, and the fog cleared off. We could now make out the size and shape of the island of ice on which we had struck. It was very large; I suppose half a mile in length and as much in breadth, and part of it very high, and broken into great spires and towers, like some of the old churches I've seen up the Mediterranean; and at the foot of these was a kind of a plain or beach, with a great tongue running out, just under the water, for, I suppose, a hundred yards. It was on this tongue that our vessel had struck, and it being below water she had run a good way up on it with the force with which she struck. This accounted for the way she lurched and hung over before she went down. The upper part of this sloped like a beach, and was strewn with a lot of wreckage, broken spars and planks, and a quantity of other stuff. We soon got over to this place to see if we could find anything washed up that we could eat, and, to our great joy and relief, we found a box of hard bread. It was water

worked, of course, but I tell you it tasted honey-sweet to us, after our long fast and exposure for nearly twelve hours. We found also another of our sealing-punts, or rather the half of one, and our main boom with the sail clewed upon it; so we hauled the broken punt as high up as we could get it, in the shelter, and rigged up a sort of tent over it with part of the sail, using the rest to make a bed for the poor fellow who was sick. Then we got together some of the broken wood, and with the help of some dry splinters, shaved off by the use of a clasp-knife, we managed to light a fire, making a bed for it on the larger drift-wood, and so we got our clothes dry a bit, and got more comfortable like. We did all we could for poor Jack Green.

"Ah, he was a Christian, if ever there was one, was poor Jack, and he showed it clear enough in that testin' time. 'Don't bother about me, boys,' he'd say. 'I know it won't be for long, and I'm goin' home. Go and mend the punt up, an' I'll try to get a nap o' sleep.' So we covered him up as snug as possible, and patched up our punt as well as we could with bits of the other broken stuff, an' we found four or five oars with the other wreckage, and secured 'em in her, an' hauled her up well on the ice; an' then we sat down and consulted as to what we should do. The old skipper thought we was well in the track of sealin' vessels, and that by taking our punt and rowin' towards the land we'd be likely to be picked up or to reach land before our bread was used up, an', with care, 'twould last near a week; so we decided to start at daylight next mornin' and to spend the night in our tent, gettin' a night's sleep if we could.

"We all slept soundly till about midnight, when we was woke up with a terrible crash, as if the whole of the ice was comin' to pieces, and we started up thinkin' it was all over with us. 'Twas pitch-dark an' we could make out nothing, but from the sound of the sea and the rollin' of the ice we guessed that there had been a founder, either of the piece we were on or of one near us—they call it founderin', you know, when an island of ice topples over or goes to pieces. Well, there was no use movin', so after awhile we dropped off asleep again, for we was very weary, and we slept till the dawn was in the sky. When we woke, we saw 'twas breezin' up smart, and after makin' a meal on our hard bread we started to get our boat launched, and be off while the wind was fair. Old skipper Ned was the first to leave the tent, an' I'll never forget the scared look on his face as he turned round to us just after goin' outside, and said: 'Why, our punt is gone. We're lost men, our punt is gone!' We was that dumbfounded we could hardly speak, and when we got outside we seen what had happened. A great piece of

our iceberg, as you call it, had foundered and had carried away our punt with it. We looked all about for her among the floating ice, but not a sign of her could we see, and it was clear she had drifted off.

"However, there was no help for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it; so we gathered all the wreckage together as high up an' near our shelter as we could. By allowin' each man one biscuit a day they would last a week. We rigged up a bit of the sail on an oar and fastened it up on a pinnacle of the ice, so that any passing ship might see it. Poor Jack had been very bad all day, eatin' nothing, and just drinkin' the melted ice, as though his inside was afire. He was in a burnin' fever, and out of his mind entirely, but even in his ravin's there was nothin' but prayin' and singin' and godly words. Somewhere about the middle of the night I heard him call out, 'Aye, aye, sir,' just as he might aboard ship to an order from the captain or mate. Then he says it again, louder like, 'Aye, aye, sir.' I thought he was dreamin' or wanderin', but in a minute he says, 'Is that you, Tom?' 'Yes, Jack,' I says; 'what can I do for you, boy?' 'Captain's callin' me,' he says. 'You've been dreamin', I think, Jack,' says I; 'can I do any more to make you comfortable?' 'Captain's callin' me, Tom,' he says again. 'He's callin' me. Don't you hear him?' and he rose on his elbow as he spoke, and then again he sings out 'Aye, aye, sir!' that loud that he woke up the rest, an' then he sank back, an' I heard no more. I took hold of his hand, and it was cold, and fell from my grasp like lead. He was gone. Sure enough, he had heard his Captain callin' and was gone.

"Well, we didn't sleep any more that night, you may be sure; and next mornin' we took poor Jack's body and put it away in a little cave in the ice, so that we might bring it home if we was rescued. Then we kept watch all day, but saw nothing. So the next day passed, and the next, and the next, until our bread was almost gone, and death seemed starin' us in the face. We was most givin' up, but still life was sweet, and we tried to cheer each other up and hope for the best. One mornin', I mind it well, I was watchin', an' all of a sudden the old skipper sings out: 'Look, look! a sail close to us.' We could hardly believe our eyes, but yet there it was, a schooner bearing down close upon us, but yet some distance to leeward. Could we make her hear? Oh, the anxiety of the next few minutes. Did she hear us, or was she goin' from us? How we shouted and prayed! At last we saw them lower a boat and row in our direction, and in a few minutes more we was safe aboard an' bein' tended and cared for as if we was brothers. And now, boys, my story is done. As I said at the beginnin', that was a changin' time with me, an' I bin' a

sailin' ever since under Jack's Captain, and by his grace I'll reach harbour by-and-by. Good-night, my sonnies, and God bless you all."

EASTER IN BRAZIL.

A GOOD while ago I promised to write something for you, but my little folks have been sick so much that I have not had time. Now that they are better I will write at once.

I have written to you already about Brazil, so that at this time I am at a loss to know what to write about. I had thought of writing about how Holy Week is spent there, but as it is now nearly gone, it would hardly be in place. Of course all of you know that this week is celebrated in memory of the betrayal, crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. As to-day is Good Friday, I will tell you how it is spent. Our Lord is represented as being crucified, his body taken from the cross, and put into a coffin. About sunset this is carried out in front of a long procession, which returns in the course of an hour or two. The coffin is then placed in the organ recess of the church, and a box is put near to receive the offerings of the hundreds and thousands of worshippers who are there. At each end of the coffin are represented Roman soldiers, and near by are images of the Apostles and of the mother of our Lord. The eager worshippers deposit their money, kiss the cloth that covers the coffin, or the robes of the Virgin, and go away with their souls still hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life. Not one word does the priest say to them, but he stands and eagerly watches the money as it falls into the box.

I went once to see this "festa," as they call it, and I did feel so very sad. These poor people do not know any better, children. They have very few teachers to show them the way to go. I am sure that my little friends will pray every day that God may send to them those who will teach them of Himself. Some of these days you, who are little folks now, will be men and women; and I do pray God that He may call some of you to go to these people, to show them the way to Jesus, whose name they know, but of whose love they are ignorant.—Mrs. S. F. Koger.

A GREAT SEA ON FIRE.

THE shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller:—

"Hiring a steam-boat, we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning flax into the sea, when floods of light dis-

pelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene.

"In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed right through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unwanted spectacle of a sea on fire."—Selected.

A Time of Gladness.

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 Easterday,
Bids care and sorrow pass away.

Oh, merry is the singing
Of bird-songs new and old,
And merry is the playing
Of lambs 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.

'Mid 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.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A LITTLE boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."

Good Friday.

I SAW the vision of a clamorous crowd
Tossing their arms aloft, with panting
breath
And vests ungirdled, imprecating loud
Upon the Just One, Calvary's shameful
death ;
And from the crowd a child, with wide, wet
eyes,
And hair blown back with running, take
the way
Into Jerusalem, full of grieved surprise,
And anxious anger at men's cold delay.
His child heart, pure and true, thought all
must fly
To save the Lord. With sad reproach he
said :
"He loved you ! Did you good continually ;
He healed the sick and blind ; the poor he
fed !"
Twas all in vain. The solemn darkness
crept
Through silent streets in awful mystery ;
Women and children in their chambers wept,
And men, with hidden faces, turned from
Calvary.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together..	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen ; \$2 per 100 ; per quarter, 6c. a doz ; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies..	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month..	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUMPHRIS,
3 Bloor Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE
SPRING.

It is important that schools opening in the spring, and desiring to take advantage of the Summer Series of our Sunday-school periodicals, should be organized for work before May 1st, and should send in their orders for papers or requests for grants as early in April as possible. With the first May numbers of both PLEASANT HOURS and Home and School will be begun interesting serial stories which will be continued for about six months. It is important to begin subscriptions with these numbers so as to get these stories without break. Special Jubilee numbers of all our Sunday-school papers will be issued in June, full of pictures and stories illustrative of the life and reign of the Queen.

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

It is greatly to the credit of our friends in the Maritime Provinces that they have contributed so largely to the literature and science and public life of the Dominion—in a greater degree, we think, in proportion to their numbers, than has any other part of the country. Without stopping to investigate, the following occur at once to our memory, as wise men from the East: Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Edmund Kirk, Professor De Mille, Judge Haliburton and his distinguished nephew, Judge Wilmot, Joseph Howe, and others who have won very wide fame. Our own Methodist Magazine has contributed in no small degree in calling forth and giving the opportunity for the exercise of the talent of a large number of our ministers and laymen from the east. Its pages have been enriched by the contributions of Revs. Dr. Lathern, Dr. Stewart, W. B. Harrison, M. R. Knight, Dr. Pope, W. Percival. S. B. Dunn, G. O. Huestis, A. W. Nicolson, J. Ockley, Esq., and others. The literary reputation of Revs. E. Evans, Job Shenton, T. Watson Smith, Dr. McMurray, Dr. Pickard, Dr. Allison and Dr. Milligan, is well known even in this far-off west.

What led, however, to this train of thought was the announcement in the English Methodist periodicals, in republication in Great Britain from the Methodist Magazine, of that admirable sketch of Newfoundland life, "Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight," by the Rev. Geo. Bond, ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference. The thrilling story in this number of PLEASANT HOURS, "Adrift on an Iceberg," is from the same accomplished pen. The April number of the Methodist Magazine has also a vivid story by Brother Bond—"Captain Sam's Two Easers,"—which will touch all hearts. He has also promised a series of "Vagabond Vignettes," describing his recent wanderings in Europe. The Rev. Henry Lewes' sketches of Newfoundland life and of Welsh preachers have attracted much attention. Doubtless our eastern friends will think of several other names as worthy of mention as those above given.

EASTER EGGS.

EASTER, as most of our little readers know, is an annual religious festival, appointed to celebrate the resurrection of Christ. It occurs in the spring, when nature seems to be awakening to a new life, and in all Christian countries it is the season of various ceremonies and sports. Among the best known of these is the custom of making presents of colored eggs, which are sometimes beautifully ornamented.

A gentleman who once lived in Germany says: "The parents of the family in which I boarded hid the Easter eggs, and the children had to hunt for them. Out in the garden, from under the gooseberry-bushes, from among the ivy-



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

vines, from out the long grass at the foot of the apple-trees, would come the glad cry, 'Ich habe eins!'—'I have one!' If the weather is rainy, the eggs are found in the house; but to look for them outdoors is what the children like best.

"It is a pretty sight, which I wish some of our children could have seen too; and the pleasure of watching the dear, happy round faces, all aglow with admiration of their prizes, and with cheeks rosy from the 'hunting,' is one of the brightest memories which I carried away with me from my trip to Germany."

We beg to call special attention to the fine cut on the first page. It is after a design by the famous French artist Doré, and is a fine example of his best style. It was purchased for this number of PLEASANT HOURS. Neither effort nor expense shall be spared to get the very best engravings that can be procured for our Sunday-school papers.

EASTERN STREETS.

THE streets of Eastern cities often are not more than two or three feet wide. They are so narrow that in many places persons cannot safely pass a loaded camel. Many of them are very winding and circuitous. One in Damascus, an exception to the general rule, was distinguished by the name Straight; and there is still a street so named in that city, about half a mile in length.

In ancient times the streets of Jerusalem had names. Among those mentioned in the Scriptures are "Baker Street," from which Zedekiah ordered Jeremiah's food to be sent to him; "East Street," into which Hezekiah gathered the priests and Levites when exhorting them to cleanse the house of God and to carry forth the filthiness that had been allowed to

lie there in heaps in the days of Ahas; "Temple Street," or the "Street of the House of God," into which the men of Judah and Benjamin came together in the days of Ezra; and "Watergate Street," where the people met in the days of Nehemiah. Nor were the streets of the city few; for Jeremiah, when warning Israel against the increase of her false gods, says, "According to the number of the streets of Jerusalem have ye set up altars to that shameful thing."

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO
JERUSALEM.

AND when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples, saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them to me. And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them. All this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. (Matt. xxi. 1-11.)



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

FROM East to West I've marched beneath
the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gall,
Kept many a watch on which, by death
surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-
echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form un-
shrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of
Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar; in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam: then he
seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I
buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the
morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the
peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us the still more peaceful dead are
lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the
olives,
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to
muster,
And gather where he lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams
are flying,
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these unearthly lights? and whence
the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there
bleeding,
And put my soul to shame,

As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was
hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face:

What if he rose again and I should meet
him!
How awful is this place!

VICTORY!

THAT is a thrilling word when heard
amid the smoke of battle. But it
signifies nothing compared with the
shout of triumph from the followers of
Jesus when, having fought the good
fight, they gain a final and eternal
victory over death. As we rejoice in
the promise that we who share in the
conflict will one day be enrolled among
the conquerors of the king of terrors,
let us read with glad hearts the story
of our Saviour's conquest of the grave
as recorded by Matthew in chapters
xxvii. and xxviii.

"When the even was come, there
came a rich man of Arimathea, named
Joseph, who also himself was Jesus'
disciple; he went to Pilate, and begged
the body of Jesus. Then Pilate com-
manded the body to be delivered. And
when Joseph had taken the body, he
wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and
laid it in his own tomb, which he had
hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a
great stone to the door of the sepulchre,
and departed. And there was Mary
Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting
over against the sepulchre. Now the
next day, that followed the day of the
preparation, the chief priests and
Pharisees came together unto Pilate,
saying, Sir, we remember that deceiver
said, while he was yet alive, After
three days I will rise again. Command
therefore the sepulchre be made sure
until the third day, lest his disciples
come by night, and steal him away,
and say unto the people, he is risen
from the dead; so the last error shall
be worse than the first. Pilate said
unto them, Ye have a watch; go your

way, make it as sure as ye
can. So they went, and
made the sepulchre sure,
sealing the stone, and set-
ting a watch.

"In the end of the Sab-
bath, as it began to dawn
toward the first day of the
week, came Mary Magdalene
and the other Mary to see
the sepulchre. And, behold,
there was a great earth-
quake; 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; and
for fear of him the keepers
did shake, and became as
dead men. And the angel
answered and said unto the

women, Fear not ye; for I know that
ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.
He is not here: for he is risen, as he
said. Come, see the place where the
Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell
his disciples that he is risen from the
dead; and, behold, he goeth before
you into Galilee; there shall ye see
him; lo, I have told you. And they
departed quickly from the sepulchre
with fear and great joy; and did run
to bring his disciples word. And as
they went to tell his disciples, behold,
Jesus met them, saying, All hail!
And they came and held him by the
feet, and worshipped him. Then said
Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go
tell my brethren that they go into
Galilee, and there shall they see me.

"Now when they were going, behold,
some of the watch came into the city,
and showed unto the chief priests all
the things that were done. And when
they were assembled with the elders,
and had taken counsel, they gave large
money unto the soldiers, saying, Say
ye, his disciples came by night, and
stole him away while we slept. And
if this come to the governor's ears, we
will persuade him, and secure you. So
they took the money, and did as they
were taught; and this saying is com-
monly reported among the Jews until
this day.

"Then the eleven disciples went
away into Galilee, into a mountain
where Jesus had appointed them. And
when they saw him, they worshipped
him; but some doubted. And Jesus
came and spake unto them, saying,
All power is given unto me in heaven
and in earth. Go ye therefore, and
teach all nations, baptizing them in
the name of the Father, and the Son,
and the Holy Ghost; teaching them
to observe all things whatsoever I have
commanded you; and lo, I am with
you alway, even to the end of the
world. Amen."

GOD bids you trust his Son, Jesus.
Will you do so, or not? If you will
not, there is no hope for you; if you
will, you are saved the moment that
you believe.

THE DRUNKARD.

HAVE you seen the drunkard reel-
ing along the street with a slouchy
look and rum red eyes? He has spent
all his wages for that which is destroy-
ing his body, and which will at last
damn his soul. He is going home to
make his wretched family still more
wretched. He is the servant of a
hard master; and his wages are rags,
ruination, and remorse. His reward
for good service in the ranks of King
Alcohol are bruises and a broken
head.

Yes, no doubt you have seen him.
Every boy has seen the drunkard
stagger past; for nearly every town
and village in the land has its drunk-
ards. All of these drunkards that
you have and all that you have not
seen were once, like yourself, boys
with never a thought in their pure
souls of growing up into the most
debasement of all God's creatures, drunk-
ards.

There was a time in the life of each
when he took the first dram; and this
was the very time when he crossed
the danger-line and went over into the
enemy's country. How much better
would it have been if they each had
seen the danger right then and there,
and beat a hasty retreat over into the
ranks of the cold-water army, where
they would have been safe.

There is no safety for a boy who
does not want to become a swag-
gering sot but in the total-abstinence
plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch
not, taste not, handle not the unclean
thing."

TWO NIGHTS IN THE BAR-ROOM

REV. G. C. RANKIN has spent two
nights in the bar-rooms of Chattanooga
(Happy is that city whose bar-rooms
can be visited in two nights), and has
told in twelve lectures what he saw
and the thoughts which were stirred
by what he saw. These thoughts are
fervent, strong and wise. They con-
tain a terrific indictment against the
bar-room, and sustain that indictment
to the uttermost by a terrible array
of facts. The license system in the
State is more infamous than the sale
of indulgences by Tetzal. It is but
the sale of indulgences to breed and
foster all the forms of crime known to
man, and all the forms of misery
under which man or woman or child
can suffer. We recommend all such
books. It takes a long time to arouse
public indignation against a vice
which has been before men constantly
everywhere and for ages. But let the
light be flashed behind the screens and
into the cellars, and let the demon
that burrows under our gilded civil-
ization be dragged forth to the sight
of all men, and let our legislators look
upon his horrid front and say whether
he shall any longer have the shelter of
the law. Price 25 cents. Order of
Rev. G. C. Rankin, Chattanooga,
Tenn.

Good Friday.

We look away from the sunshine
That cometh after cold,
To think of a Spring-day darkened
O'er a wondrous scene of old;
Of the nailed hands that wore full of grace,
Of an anguished love in a dying face.

Oh, what was in that Sufferer,
That we scarce can bear to think,
Even to-day, of the bitter cup
That our Saviour had to drink?
He holds us close, with an aching love,
And our hearts cry out for our Friend
above.

For, though we think of Calvary
With tears of grief to-day,
And follow him, as patiently
He walked the dolorous way,
Until on the cross he drooped his head,
Yet we seek not the living among the dead.

We know that he lives forever,
And if earth were dumb with woe,
No silence would fall on the angels
For the days of Lent below,
And we who weep for sin may raise
To him to-day a song of praise.

And so 'tis not all sorrow,
Though the day with shade be dim,
There are undertones of triumph,
Heard through our solemn hymn.
Once on the Cross Immanuel died,
But he keeps perpetual Easter-tide.

He bids the hopeful daisies
Look up and laugh to-day;
The lark at early matins
Sing out a joyful lay;
And we pour forth our grateful love
To the living King who reigns above.

We seek his gift of pardon,
We bend our heads to take
His gracious benediction,
And then, for his dear sake,
Go forth some weary ones to cheer,
And bid them know the Lord is near.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

DICK'S EASTER OFFERING.

"WHY do they bring flowers at Easter, Miss Ray?" asked Dick of his Sunday-school teacher.

The superintendent had just expressed a desire that all who could should give flowers to decorate the room for Easter Sunday.

"Because," she answered, "it is a beautiful way of showing our belief in the resurrection of our Lord and our hope in the blessed future life which he has purchased for us. As Christ was imprisoned in the tomb, so things lovely in nature have been imprisoned in the grasp of winter. And as he broke the chains of death and the grave, so the leaves and flowers break through fetters of winter, and we bring them to make sweeter our rejoicing in the glory of Easter-day."

"I wish I had some flowers for next Sunday," said Dick to himself. But he had none at home, and no means of getting any, for he could not take a cent from the small sum he had earned by running errands and doing odd bits of work out of school, which was to be added to the Easter fund for missions.

On Saturday morning he lingered near a greenhouse, looking wistfully at the flowers within, all so lovely in their waxy white or soft colourings. People inside seemed very busy, and he at

length ventured in and asked if he could do anything.

"No; we can't be bothered—stop though!—yes, you can carry this basket up to Judge Ward's."

He did it and some other errands, for for which he was paid six cents. They were very new bright ones, and he was glad to have them to add to his store, but he looked longingly at a little rose-bush which grew in a pot. It was very small, and had but one white rose on it—and they had so many others. "Could I have that instead?" he asked, hesitatingly, of the sharp-featured woman.

"That! It's worth five times the money. What do you want with such?"

"I want to take it to church for Easter," said Dick, very humbly.

"The likes of you to be bothering with such nonsense! You'd better keep your money for yourself, and let those that can give to churches. What good do they do, I wonder—except," she added, with a laugh, "to bring us a little more custom from folks that have such silly notions?"

In the afternoon Dick's teacher called for his Easter money—it was to be added to what the others had, and sent in as one offering. He brought the tin cup in which he had kept it, and poured it into her hand. "But you're not going to give this gold-piece, are you?" she said, holding up one of the coins.

"Gold-piece! Isn't it a cent?" asked Dick, in great astonishment.

"No; it's worth two dollars and fifty cents, don't you see?"

"Somebody has given it to me by mistake, I suppose," he said.

"I suppose you can easily find out who it belongs to," said Miss Ray, as she wished him good-by.

Two dollars and a half! Dick could not help thinking how many things such a large sum would buy for himself and for his mother. He began trying to persuade himself that perhaps some one might have really intended to give him the money, or, if not, that it would be impossible for him to find its owner. And for one hour the tempter almost had his way with poor Dick. But then better thoughts came. How could he go to Sunday-school—and on the day when children gathered with bright faces and innocent, happy hearts to celebrate the Lord's triumph over sin and death—with a burden of sin on his soul? Just as twilight settled down, he appeared at the florist's door.

"No; there's nothing for you to do now," said she, sharply; "and I haven't time to waste on boys."

"Please to look just one moment, ma'am," he said, holding out the gold-piece. "Didn't you give me this with the cents you paid me?"

The woman's face changed. "I do believe it's that gold-piece!" she said, taking it. "Yes, my boy; it was paid me this morning, and I knew I must 'a' paid it out by mistake. Well!"

she went on, looking curiously at him, "who sent you back with it?"

"Nobody, ma'am."

"Then why didn't you keep it? Nobody would have known."

"God would have known," said Dick, looking soberly up at her. "And tomorrow's Easter Sunday, and Miss Ray says that if we belong to Christ he must rise in our hearts and reign there as he rose out of the grave to reign in heaven."

"So that's what you learn in Sunday-school, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am. Good-night."

"Wait a minute—here's a flower that's left over. Wouldn't you like that for to-morrow?"

Dick's eyes shone at sight of the beautiful lily. But he drew back a little. "Not to pay me just for doing what was right?" he half questioned.

"No," she said, more earnestly. "Not to pay you; only to make right seem a little pleasanter, and because you've made me think more of Sunday-schools than I ever did before."

And Dick was surely the happiest boy who carried a flower to church on Easter morning.—*Young Folks' Friend.*

DR. COKE'S TRACT.

ALL young Methodists who read the PLEASANT HOURS ought to know that Dr. Thomas Coke was the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Francis Asbury was elected bishop at the same time—December, 1748—and was ordained by Bishop Coke. On one of his journeys, while attempting to cross a river, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and, getting into deep water, was nearly drowned; but, catching hold of a bough, he succeeded at last in reaching land in safety. After drying his clothes in the sun, he continued his journey, and met a man who directed him to the nearest village, and told him to inquire for a good lady's house. This he did, and was hospitably received, every kindness and attention being shown him by his hostess. The next morning the Doctor took his leave of his new-found friends, and went his way.

After about five years, he happened to be again in America, and while journeying to one of the States in company with several other gentlemen, a young man desired to speak with him alone, and asked him if he remembered being in a certain part of America five years before?

"Yes, I do," replied the Doctor.

"And do you recollect that, in attempting to cross a river, you were nearly drowned?"

"I remember it quite well."

"And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady, in the village near?"

"Yes, indeed; and never shall I forget the kindness she showed me."

"Then do you remember leaving a tract at that lady's house when you went away?"

"I do not recollect that," said the

Doctor. "But it is very possible that I may have done so."

"Well, sir," said the young man, "you did leave a tract in the house. That lady read it, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to her conversion. It was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours; and now there is quite a little company of believers in that village. But I have not yet told you all. I am one of that lady's children and was converted through the blessing of the Lord upon my reading that tract; and now I am seeking to win others to Christ."

PERILOUS ROCKS.

N. M. WILLIAMS.

NOT all rocks are safe places. Some of them are among the most dangerous places in the world. In January, 1876, a fearful gale swept over the Eastern States. Narragansett Bay, usually so quiet and beautiful, was roused to fury. In the harbour of the town where I lived, a schooner was seen dragging her anchor down the bay toward the ocean. Not many men would have ventured from the shore to save her. But, yonder is a boat! It carries the young man in whose care the vessel had been left. The fury of the waves makes it impossible to board it. Dashed wildly about the bay, drenched by the ice-cold waters, chilled to the vitals, the man is thrown at length upon a well-known rock. Two long hours, amid the howling blasts of the gale, he offers prayer for deliverance. He is indeed upon a rock; but the rock will be his grave, unless some courageous ones shall soon bring him help. A life-boat is launched. Many an anxious eye is watching it, as four brave men, in peril of their own lives, row toward the spot. God crowns the effort with his blessing, and the imperilled man is restored, half dead, to his home. As at length he became able to walk the streets, and we heard him tell the story of his rescue, it gave us a more impressive view of the fact that there are rocks which are perilous places for human souls. Theatres, houses of ill report, the card-table, novels stuffed with exciting scenes of passion and murder, the liquor-room, are full of evil and death. Nor is it less true that he who rejects, or overlooks the necessity of Christ's substitutional, vicarious sufferings, and trusts in his own morality for acceptance with God, is in peril equally great. Jesus Christ, accepted in penitence and faith, is the Rock, and the only Rock which is safe for sinful man. False doctrine, truth diluted with error to make the truth more acceptable to the skepticism of the age, are destructive of man's highest interests. May the young members of the churches make the needful distinction between the rocks which are perilous and the Rock which is safe.

"LOVE is the fulfilling of the law."

The Fire by the Sea.

THERE were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands;

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,

Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them one and all—
Aye, know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old;
And one was gentle and one was bold,
And they walked with downward eyes.
The bold was Peter, and the gentle was John;
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew, not if he would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they beat about,
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails dropped down with the wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net;
And now 'twas the break of day—
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side."
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide);
And they cast and were dragging hard.
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved,
"It is our risen Lord."

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat—
Aye, first of them all was he,
Repenting sore of denial past,
He feared no longer his net to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In the little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee,
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago; yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea,
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

ALICE CAREY.

**LETTER FROM BEREN'S RIVER,
N. W. T.***

BY MRS. ENOS LANGFORD.

I SUPPOSE the readers of PLEASANT HOURS often think of the lonely missionaries at the glad Christmas times. But the loneliest paths in life have their bright spots, and the greatest happiness often comes to us in doing something to make others happy. I shall tell you how we spent those joyous days which are just past. We always try to have our Christmas dinner as much as possible like those we so often enjoyed at home in the

*So far off is this place that this letter was six weeks on its journey to Toronto.—Ed.

long ago; only, as turkeys do not "grow" in this cold climate we substitute venison or beef. With this exception, and the absence of the dear faces, our dinner was served in the usual Christmas fashion. After dinner we all went to the church to make preparation for the evening entertainment, which consisted of a tea-meeting and concert; for you know the poor Indian enjoys tea and cakes, music and speeches, as well as you do in the civilized world. Our Christmas trees were well lighted and heavily laden with warm clothing for the children who had attended school during the past year. Several of the little girls received pretty dolls. These, together with several other little fancy articles, made our trees look quite pretty, at least so thought the dear children. A small "jumping-jack," having a long invisible string attached, which was pulled by a person concealed behind the tree, afforded a great deal of amusement for young and old, who had never seen anything like it, and could not imagine how he could go through so many performances without aid. But, of course, the secret came out before the evening was over. For it would not be quite safe to keep such secrets from the Indians, lest it should add fuel to their innate superstition. The children sang several of the popular Sabbath-school songs, and the missionary, chief, and others made suitable addresses. When we were about to close the exercises, the chief requested us to sing, "Take the name of Jesus with you," as a closing hymn. We spent a joyous evening and the greatest harmony prevailed. The week after Christmas was spent in making preparations for the great feast of the year, which took place on New Year's Day. If you had seen our tables, you might have imagined for the time, at least, that you were not so very far removed from civilization. They were well loaded with roast and boiled venison, pork, rabbits and partridges, good loaf bread and buns in abundance; plum-puddings, apple pies, rice and bannocks, nearly all of which had been cooked in the missionary's kitchen. Several of our people who could not attend through illness were remembered during the day, and doubtless appreciated the good things sent them, though deprived of the social enjoyments.

WHAT MAKES PAUPERS?

ONE day a gentleman in London was taking his favourite walk near Regent's Park. As he went on his way he saw an old man sitting down under the shadow of a tree. He knew from his dress that he was an inmate of the neighbouring almshouse.

"What a pity it is, my friend," said the gentleman, "that a man of your age should have to spend the rest of your days in the poor-house. How old are you?"

"Close unto eighty, sir."

"What is your trade?"

"Carpenter, sir."

"That's a good trade to get a living by. Now, let me ask you plainly, were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?"

"No, sir; that is, I only took my beer three times a day, as the rest of the men did. But I never was a drunkard."

"I should like to know how much a day your beer cost you?"

"About sixpence a day."

"Now, how long did you continue to use it in that way?"

"About sixty years."

The gentleman took out his pencil, while the old man went on talking about his temperate habits, and the misfortunes that had overtaken him.

"Now, my friend," said the gentleman, "temperate as your habits have been, let me tell you that your sixpence a day for six years at compound interest has cost you the sum of \$16,130. If, instead of spending that money for drink, you had laid it aside for your old age, you might now, in place of living in a poor-house, and being dressed as a pauper, have an income of £150, or \$750, a year. That would give you £3 a week for your support."

In the United States the amount of intoxicating liquors used in a year would fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and 120 miles in length. If all the liquor saloons and hotels of New York City were placed in opposite rows, they would make a street like Broadway, eleven miles in length. The places in which liquor is sold in that country, if placed in a direct line, would make a street 100 miles long. The drunkards of America in ranks of five abreast would form a procession 100 miles in length. That great army, 500,000 strong, goes on to swift and sure destruction.

ABOUT QUICKSILVER.

ONE of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving, or of forming amalgams with, other metals. A sheet of gold foil dropped into quicksilver disappears almost as quickly as a snow-flake when it drops into water. It has the power of separating or of readily dissolving those refractory metals which are not acted upon by our most powerful acids. The gold and silver miners pour it into their machines holding the powdered gold-bearing quartz; and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substance, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt them out and incorporate them into its mass. By subsequent distillation it yields the precious metal into the hands of the miners in a state of virgin purity.

Several years ago, while lecturing on chemistry before a class of ladies, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois-leather. The leather remained on the table after the lecture; and an old

lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, accordingly appropriated it to this purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and that nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the quicksilver remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold and entirely destroyed the spectacle frames. It was a mystery which we never could explain to the old lady's satisfaction.— *Fireside Science.*

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sweetly sung with lisping tongue,
Caught his lips the sacred story
Loved ones o'er his cradle sung;
Caught his ear the tuneful measure,
Ere his heart saw in the rhyme
Mortals' hope of Heaven's treasure,
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time."

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang his youth's maturer years,
Sang as blithely, promissory,
As the lark when summer nears;
"When the woes of life o'ertake me,"
Rose as bubbles children toss,
"Never shall the Cross forsake me,"
Ah, would he forsake the cross?

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Proudly sang his manhood's prime,
Though his soul swept transitory
As the whispering wings of time;
"When the sun of bliss is beaming,"
Ah, so blindingly it shone,
"From the Cross the radiance streaming,"
Lighted up his lips alone.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang a trusting child again,
Bowed the head with sorrows hoary,
Now as humble, meek as then.
"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,"
And all these his soul had tried,
Hearts and lips poured forth the measure,
"By the Cross are sanctified."

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Tolled the bells in measures slow;
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang the singers sweet and low;
Spake the pastor of the glory
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,"
Over there is heard the story,
"Gathered 'round its head sublime."
—*The Century.*

PRAYER HINTS.

HAVE something special to pray for each day.

Pray as though you meant to have an answer, no matter what may happen.

Think, before you pray, what you mean to ask for. You would not ask a favour of any one until you thought beforehand what you needed. So study first your needs, then pray God to supply.

You may pass a day comfortably without prayer, but a day begun with prayer will prove a far better one. God will make up to you in some way before the day ends the time spent in prayer at the beginning.

Prayer in the morning fastens the whole day to God. To start a day without prayer is to begin it without God. In doing that you take upon yourself a most fearful responsibility.

Easter.

Once more the yearly miracle
Is wrought before our eyes,
And over all our waking earth
A tender beauty lies—
A rapt expectation of desire,
When soon the pomp shall be
Of drifting blossoms rolling far
Like billows of the sea.

Fair Spring! she comes with lilies pale,
Like vestal virgins white
Who hear the bridegroom and the bride,
And meet them in the night;
Fair Spring! she bears a seal divine,
For on her shining way
She gives the world her Eden back
On every Easter day.

Our hearts, that waited at the door
Of Joseph's guarded tomb,
Exalted are in wondrous joy
Above their grief and gloom—
For oft as Easter's morning light
Along the sky is poured,
We hail the Prince of endless life—
Our mighty risen Lord.

No bond of death could hold him fast
Or stone could shut him in—
The sinless One, who laid him down
The sacrifice for sin.
In mortal weakness we forget
How strong our souls should be,
Since Christ has risen, and man lives
For all eternity.

SOWING AND REAPING.

A PROMISING lad was Tim Jones. He started out with very bright chances before him. His father had money enough to send him to school, and he became a very bright scholar. He was a kind, good-natured boy, and everybody liked him and spoke well of him. But when he was away at school a leak in his character was started. A lot of jolly fellows got him into their crowd and persuaded him to take a dram of strong drink. He did not feel easy about that at first. He knew it was not right. He knew it would grieve his dear father and mother if they knew it; but he said to himself: "I don't mean to keep this up. I don't want to offend these fellows, but I'll soon be away from here; then I'll be all right again." But before he was away from there he had a very strong taste for intoxicating drinks, and it was not many years until everybody knew him as Tim Jones, the drunkard.

He is a pauper now; that is, he has nothing to live on save what people give him. He sits by the road-side and begs. Yet he might have had a nice home, with plenty of kind friends around him, and plenty to eat and drink and to wear. But when he was away at school the leak was started which ended in wrecking all his hopes for this life; yes, and I am afraid all his hopes for the world to come.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not" the accursed stuff!

When Tim Jones was at school he had a playmate named Thomas Stewart. His father was dead, and his mother had hard work to earn a living for her children. But she managed to do it with their help. And she herself taught them very faithfully the Word

of God. The mother and all the children are dead now—all but Thomas, and he says, "I am just waiting." He is not rich now. He never was rich, but he always was able to earn an honest living for himself and his family. He lives now with his children and grandchildren, who are all very kind to him. This makes him very happy. But he could not be happy with these comforts and kindnesses alone. When he was a boy he learned the first Psalm. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

He learned that it was not in the company of gay, wicked fellows that he could find true delight; he learned that not even true friends could make him perfectly happy. It is only by meditation on God's Word, and talking with Jesus by means of his Word, and by having the love of Jesus in his heart, that he could be perfectly happy.

Which man do you wish to be like, Tim Jones or Thomas Stewart?

I know which you will say. But remember that you must start right if you want to end right.

"The sins of youth are the shadows of old age."—*Olive Plants.*

PRESERVED SUNSHINE.

LITTLE Edith watched her mother putting up strawberries and asked her what they were. Her mother told her, "Preserves," and explained how they would keep to be used next winter.

A few days afterwards Edith was out in the field gathering wild flowers. When she came in she said, "Now, mamma, I have some preserves, too—preserved sunshine. I think God preserved it so."

And what do you think she had? Why, a handful of dandelions! But that was a pretty name for them, wasn't it?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1715.] LESSON II. [April 10.

JOSEPH EXALTED.

Gen. 41. 38-48. Commit to mem. vs. 33-40.

GOLDEN TEXT

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Psa. 37. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Counsellor.
2. The Ruler.

TIME.—1715 B.C. Thirteen years since events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Egypt, at Pharaoh's capital, perhaps at Memphis or Heliopolis. Rameses was built later.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Man in whom the Spirit of God is*—That is, one who is endowed with ability to execute such a plan as has just been unfolded by Joseph. *Only in the throne*—He thus makes the second ruler in his absolute monarchy. *Took off his ring*—The signet ring was the special symbol of

office or authority. *Vestures of fine linen*—The peculiar dress of the Egyptian priests. *I am Pharaoh*—He pledges his royal word and takes oath by his name as representative of the gods that Joseph should be supreme. *By handfuls*—Not literally, the expression signifies the wonderful fertility of the earth in those years.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That wisdom is the gift of God?
2. That God can overrule evil for good?
3. That economy is a Christian virtue?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What wrong was done Joseph in Egypt? He was put into prison. 2. Who was with Joseph in prison? The Lord. 3. What led to his release from prison? His interpreting King Pharaoh's dream. 4. How did Pharaoh honour Joseph? By making him ruler over Egypt. 5. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Commit thy way," etc. 6. How did Joseph show wisdom in his rule over Egypt? By providing for the famine.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit? To try them whether they would obey God or not.

18. Wherein lay the evil of eating the forbidden fruit? In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and Lord, they ought to have been in entire submission?

B.C. 1706.] LESSON III. [April 17.

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN.

Gen. 45. 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Overcome evil with good. Rom. 12. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. A Brother.
2. The Son.

TIME.—1706 B.C. The year of the descent into Egypt. Two hundred and fifteen years after the call of Abram, two hundred and fifteen years before the exodus from Egypt.

PLACE.—The capital of Egypt.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Refrain himself*—Could not withhold his tears. *The house of Pharaoh*—The members of the royal household; slaves and ministers. *Troubled at his presence*—Witness the power of conscience. *Eating nor harvest*—That is, ploughing nor harrowing. To ear is an old English word, not used now, meaning to plough, and is probably from the same original as the Latin word *arare*. *To preserve you a posterity*—That is, to secure you from utter destruction, and so fulfil the promise made to their fathers. *A father to Pharaoh*—A wise and confidential friend and counsellor.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The power of a guilty conscience?
2. The duty of forgiving injuries?
3. That children should honour parents?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What came upon all the lands while Joseph was ruler over Egypt? A great famine. 2. Who came down to Egypt to buy food? The brothers of Joseph. 3. How did Joseph at first act toward them? He treated them roughly. 4. How did he afterward treat them? He forgave them freely. 5. What is the teaching of the lesson as shown in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Overcome," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. Into what state did the fall bring mankind? Into a state of sin and misery. Romans v. 12. Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned.

THE power to do hard work is no talent; it is the best possible substitute for it.

ONE of the great mistakes which people are constantly making is overlooking small opportunities, and waiting for great ones.

HOME STUDY.

CANADIAN
Home Reading Circle,

Organized in accordance with a resolution of General Conference of 1886.

For full particulars—Constitution, etc.—see February "Banner."

COURSE OF READING FOR 1887.

The following books are recommended by the General Conference Committee for home reading during 1887:

Assembly Bible Outlines. J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12 cents.

Richardson's Temperance Lessons. 25 cents.

British and Canadian History. Adams & Robertson. 35 cents.

Christian Evidences. J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12 cents.

What is Education? By Prof. Phelps. 12 cents.

And Socrates. By Prof. Phelps. 12c.

The Complete List will be supplied for \$1.00 net post-free.

C. L. S. C.
COURSE OF READING

FOR 1886-87.

REQUIRED READINGS.

PRICES TO MEMBERS.

Walks and Talks in the Geological Field. By Alex. Winchell, LL.D., of Michigan University. 12mo... \$1 10

Recreations in Astronomy. By Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D. 12mo... 1 10

Sketches from English History. By Prof. A. M. Wheeler, A.M., of Yale College. (Not required of Class of 1887.) 12mo..... 1 40

English Literature. By Prof. H. A. Beers, A.M., of Yale College. 16mo..... 0 70

Classic French Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. 16mo..... 0 70

Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay. (Special C. L. S. C. Edition.) 16mo 0 50

A Short History of the Early Church. By J. F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D. 16mo 0 50

The Christian Religion. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. 16mo..... 0 60

Complete Set mailed post-free on receipt of \$6.25.

Chautauque "Gem" Calendar

Post-free, net 50 Cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Publisher,

78 and 80 King St. East, Toronto;

C. W. COATES, 3 Henry St., Montreal,

A. F. HURST, Halifax, N.S.