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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1900.

No. 16.

## 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  
Dispers 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 per-  
plexed, 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.

## AN EASTER MEDITATION.

On a Sunday morning a little more than eighteen hundred years ago an event took place which changed the current of history and gave to the world a new purpose. In a garden outside the wall of Jerusalem a tomb had been opened to receive the body of a young man whose life, fraught with promise, had come to a sudden end. A little group of men and women who had loved this youth well and had hoped much from him, but had been bitterly disappointed in his failure, dropped their tears upon his corpse and then laid it away in the grave, while the world went on its way regardless of that sepulchre in the garden.

Let us suppose for one moment that the seal on that tomb had remained unbroken, and that the body it contained had gone back to dust; that he were still lying "in that lone Syrian town," with the Syrian stars looking down upon his ashes. What then? Then there would have been no Christian Church, no Christian civilization, no Christian Sabbath, no Christian Scriptures—and for us no Hebrew Scriptures either; no Christian faith rising above the clouds,

and no Christian hope with its anchor within the veil! If one should look upon a Canadian or American city to-day he would see no church-spires pointing heavenward and would hear no church bells with their mellow call. He might see the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque and hear the call of a muezzin bidding men arise and pray, or he might see the tower of a pagoda, and incense rising before the image of Buddha. He

men stole out of their hiding-places to look with mingled fear and hope on that deserted sepulchre. Now the whole world surrounds it, while Easter carols break upon the air and the Easter joy suffuses a hundred million hearts. "Christ is risen," sounds out from a hundred thousand pulpits. "He is risen indeed," echoes from as many choirs.

If in all the year there is one day which it is well to celebrate it is that day

resurrection and the well founded hope of our immortality

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. —Our Youth

## A YOUNG HERO.

Some years ago there was an explosion in a mine in Canada. At the time of the explosion a boy was driving a rake of empty boxes into the west level.

He was sitting on the top of the first box. Suddenly he was struck by a terrible blast of flame which knocked him backward into the box. About him strong timbers had been snapped asunder. The horse was killed outright, and the boy was in agony from the burns on his face, arms and head.

Making a desperate effort, he jumped from the box, to discover that he was alone in a dark level, which was caving in all around him. To this was added another horror. His clothes were on fire. Quickly he tore off his coat and vest, but not before both arms were badly burned.

As he started to make his way out of the pitchy darkness, he heard a cry for help. He did not hesitate, but dashed off in the direction whence the cry came, and there found a little fellow crying piteously to be saved. He stooped and told the little chap to get on his back and he would carry him out.

Suffering intensely, and with his burden on his back, the young hero made his way out. On reaching a safe place his first question was "Where's my brother John?" Not seeing his brother, he would have gone back to search for him, but he was caught by two men, who assured him of John's safety, and then took him home.

On the way home, the plucky boy told the men

to go in first, so that his mother would not be alarmed.

The Association of the Sons and Daughters of the British Empire, per Mr. John Berry, treasurer, has contributed the sum of two thousand and thirteen dollars to the Chicago Relief Fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the British Empire engaged in the South African war.



THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHRE.

might listen to the reading of the Koran or of Confucius, but he would never have read the Gospel according to John and the Epistle to the Ephesians. All the wealth wrapped up in Christianity would have been lost to the world in that closed sepulchre on Calvary!

But Sunday morning came to that grave by Jerusalem, and the sun looked upon a broken seal, a stone rolled away, an empty tomb, a risen Christ! On that day a half-dozen women and a dozen

which marks our Lord's arising from the grave, for it sets the seal of truth upon the record of his life and proclaims that he is what he claimed to be, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. It shows that he is divine while human, and while standing on the earth and not ashamed to call us brethren, he is able to save to the uttermost and to lift us up to God. It gives a new hope to the heart of man, for in his resurrection we see the promise and potency of our

Easter Hymn.

BY T. O. SUMMERS, D.D., LL.D.

He is not here! No, he is risen... Here is the vacant tomb... I from the dead have come...

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1900

EASTER LILIES.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of fun... His dancing black eyes showed that a hearty dancer...

It was a pleasant morning Aunt Laura had made Jack's favourite waffles for breakfast... The church was all aglow with flowers...

Ja k was sure he had forgotten about his sermon for he began to speak to the ladies...

"Consider the lilies," he said. And Jack blushed for he loved the lilies and the fragrance...

But these are not your offering to God, children. How can they be that? They are his own flowers...

"Lift up your little white hands to God my children your little white hands which have done so little wrong..."

There were more words said that morning, there were sweet Easter songs, and Jack sat so still...

Aunt Laura wondered a good many time after that, but wisely kept silence. Not that there was any great change in her relations...

Not in any very great way; often his efforts were very odd; sometimes the little thing he could think of doing for his lilies in a whole day...

LITTLE TIM'S MASTER.

Easter lilies, pure and sweet, On His altar stairs we lay; Emblems holy, emblems meet Of the risen Lord to-day.

The window was wide open, the April breeze wafted the curtains in and in by the window, while the sunshine poured...

"Look girls, look how the sun lights up my star" said Margaret Kinnard, as she hung her completed work on a hook in the window...

Easter lilies! ring your bells, 'He is risen!' let the notes In a thousand fragrant swells Burst from out your waxen throats."

"Her's your Times, Democrat, and Hurrdud" piped a shrill childish voice, and the boy's head was bent over and he broke down the street with his load of papers...

"Mj; ain't she a stunner" he exclaimed, gazing with wide-open eyes at the picture before him, while his footsteps strayed in at the open gate...

"Why they are to decorate the church for Easter," he answered.

"The little heathen," laughed Nellie Lyle from beside, "not to know what Easter is!"

"You wouldn't know, Nellie, unless somebody had told you. Easter, my boy, is the day the Lord rose out of the grave."

"And what do yer have flowers for?" "Because he lay in the ground three days and then rose..."

"But," answered the boy, with a wondering look on his face, "our baby died, and they put her in the grave, and she never cum up no more."

"Yes, she did, and she is living in heaven with Jesus."

"Did people see him when he cum out'er the grave?" "Yes, ever so many people."

"Why can't I see our baby if she riz up?" "She always loved brother Tim."

"I don't know nothing 'bout him. I never heard of no such thing."

"Margaret, Margaret!" called some one from within.

"What is it?" she asked.

"She's my sister, an' she's little an' lame; there ain't nobody but just us two, an' I has to do'er."

"Yes, indeed, bring her too, and take her lilies," Margaret Kinnard took up one of the great clusters of lilies and put it in the boy's hand.

"My lilies, he's he's just glad? We've picked 'em up in the street sometimes, and now to have one all her own—but I'm afraid I'll spill it."

"I'll fix it," cried the girl, and with a long pin she fastened it securely on the breast of the boy's buttoned coat.

"The last paper sold, Tim, flushed with his unusual luck, indulged in the extravagant display of his Sunday evening loafers, he looked at the pure white blossoms, and pondering in his mind how baby's coffin with the hard nails fastened down could have gotten open, and many people who bought newspapers on account of the bright face wondered to see such a flower on such a coat."

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"That's her, that's my young lady," cried Tim; as he stepped past the big policeman who was guarding the open door, and stole after her into the church.

"Within was light and warmth and brightness. Tim slipped unnoticed into the church, and he stood on the platform, wondering. The pulpit platform seemed a perfect bed of lilies, shedding perfume on the air; the font was covered with a wondrous carpet of flowers, while in each panel stood out crosses of scarlet and white carnations, and a tall bouquet of stately lilies lifted their heads out of the basin."

"Oh, see!" said Margaret, "they have hung my star wrong. I must alter it!" And before any one could interfere she climbed the light step-ladder which had been in the church for years.

"Just how it happened no one knew, whether the fastenings became loose and gave way, or whether some inadvertent touch from below sent it off its balance, but before the affrighted group below could move, a little figure darted out from the slide and stayed it for an instant, yet it was time enough for a young man to catch the eye of a child, the slight girl in his arms—and then with a crash the ladder fell, plunging the child underneath."

"Are you hurt, my Margaret?" was the first question.

"No, no," she said hurriedly, "but some one is." And she turned quickly. Strong hands had lifted the weight, but the crushed little figure lay still and motionless.

"It's my little Tim," exclaimed the girl, catching sight of the bunch of lilies still pinned on his breast, but now crushed and wilted, and she knelt and took his head in her lap.

"I feel quare," was the scarce articulate answer, and his eyes closed in unconsciousness. They brought a doctor, but nothing could be done, he must not be moved. Opening his great solemn eyes and fixing them on her face the child said slowly, painfully, "Tell me 'bout it again."

"About Jesus, who loves you and died for you?" she asked.

"He nodded, and Margaret told there at midnight, in the dim old church, the sweet, simple, old story to the child, whose life was so rapidly ebbing away."

"When shall I go there where he is, and where baby is?" she asked. "In paradise," Margaret said, while the tears dropped on the small, wan face.

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"But who'll take care of Margie now?" he exclaimed, starting up.

"I'll take care of my boy," said the gentleman, "we'll take care of Margie."

"Will he take me certain shore, miss?" "Yes, certain sure."

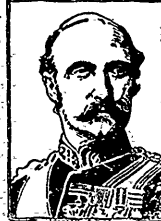
"Then that's go now. Sing it again; sing about the lilies." And the boy groped with his hand. Mr. Milton took a rich cluster from just above his head, and placed it in the boy's outstretched arms.

"With a weary sigh the lad closed his eyes, and the rich tones of the trained singer floated out on the air, while another little wail was gathered into one of the great carnations as the Easter bells rang out the glad chime—

"Christ is risen, 'Is risen indeed."

THE HERO OF LADYSMITH.

General Sir George Stewart White and his beleaguered garrison will be long remembered for their valorous defence of that little city amongst the hills.



GENERAL WHITE.

It was in such work that General White held his own. He held his own against the Indian Mutiny, with his regiment, the Inniskilling's, guarding the frontier post near Peshawar, 1,400 miles from Calcutta, and fighting because, like such young officers as Captain General and Lieutenant Roberts (the Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts of to-day), he had no chance to go to the front and win his spurs.

His promotion was slow; the first real opportunity coming with the Afghan war of 1879, when he was with "the ever-glorious" 52nd Highlanders, and won the Victoria Cross. But he finally reached the topmost rung of the ladder in India, where he had been appointed to succeed Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief there a few years ago—"The King's Own."

The Joy of Easter.

The lilies of Easter—how fair and how bright! In spite of the cold they're up through the mould, And seem with each day as their glories unfold.

To the perfection of "sweetness and light."

The music of Easter—how joyous and glad! "The Mighty to save" has conquered the grave. No more can its terrors our bosoms enslave. Or death-and-its-mystery make sombre and sad.

Ah, now since he lives we also shall live, The stone which oppressed the Conqueror's breast, Is rolled away now, and his weary ones rest.

In the hope of the life which the Easter-morn gives.

Easter-tide.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

O bells in the steeple.  
Ring out to all people  
That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here!  
Touch heaven's blue ceiling,  
With your happy pealing,  
O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear

O soft April showers,  
Call out the young flowers.  
Touch each little sleeper, and bid her obey!  
Set daffodils blowing,  
And fresh grasses growing,  
To thrill the old world on this new Easter Day.

O lilies so stately,  
With petals so shapely,  
Christ loved you and talked of your beauty of old,  
Bend low in your places  
In tenderest graces,  
While swinging before him your censers of gold.

O, violets tender,  
Your shy tribute render;  
The round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue:  
And carry your sweetness,  
Your dainty completeness,  
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

O velvet bloomed willows,  
Go comfort sick pillows,  
With visions of meadow-lands peaceful and brown,  
The breath of spring lingers  
Within your cold fingers,  
And the brook's song is caught in your fringes of down.

O world bowed and broken  
With anguish unspoken,  
Take heart and be glad, for the Lord is not dead.  
On some bright to-morrow,  
Your black cloud of sorrow,  
Will break in a sweet rain of joy on your head!

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"I wonder if I'm in heaven!" said Tim. He spoke aloud, but his voice was so feeble and weak, it sounded just like a whisper, and nobody heard what he said. More than a week had passed away since Tim was carried, helpless and unconscious, into the Children's Hospital, and put to bed in one of the beautiful wards set apart for boys.

During that time he had known nothing of what went on around him, conscious only of a terrible pain in his chest and side, that made each breath the keenest agony, and oppressed with an awful feeling of one leg being chained down by red-hot chains, that tortured him day and night.

Now this had all passed away, and, though weak and feeble, and helpless as an infant, Tim felt wonderfully happy, and at rest.

The long, lofty ward, with its delicately painted walls, was bright with the dancing firelight that flickered and shone upon the rows of little white beds, with their red-and-white coverlets, and revealed fragrant flowers and wonderful toys scattered in rich profusion about the room.

A soft-footed nurse, with a snowy cap crowning her dark hair, was bending over a small patient, smoothing his pillows, and talking to him in the gentlest of gentle voices.

No wonder that Tim, awakening from a long and dreamless sleep to gaze upon the peaceful scene, should say aloud, "I wonder if I'm in heaven!"

But though his feeble voice did not reach any one's ears, he was not long left alone.

Presently the nurse came, and stooping down said softly, "You are feeling better, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Tim, still in that strange, weak, hoarse little voice, that seemed to belong to some one else, and as he spoke tried to raise himself into a sitting posture.

The moment he did so he was conscious of a strange feeling in his right leg; it hurt, and it was stiff and fast in something very hard the chains perhaps of which he had dreamt.

"You must not move," said the firm, gentle voice. "drink this, and then lie perfectly still and go to sleep."

Whether it was food or medicine Tim

did not know, but he took it obediently, and then, overpowered by weakness and drowsiness combined, fell into a dreamless slumber, that lasted until late in the morning of the following day.

When next he awoke the ward was full of cheerful bustle and confusion. In each little bed was a boy, some older, some younger than Tim, some lying still and quiet, others sitting up, talking, laughing, and amusing themselves with books, games, or toys.

Tim lay on his back, dreamily listening to the merry chatter, and wondering who it was had brought him to that wonderful place.

Then all at once he remembered the cold, dark street, the bag of cakes he snatched from the little girl, the policeman's hand upon his collar, his wild, mad efforts to get free, and the awful feeling of being beneath a horse's feet, trampled by strong iron shoes. After that memory was a blank; but Tim guessed pretty accurately he had been hurt, and brought to this place, which was, after all, not heaven, but an hospital.

What a beautiful room! what jolly little beds! thought Tim, and then he happened to glance at his hands, and saw, to his astonishment, they were perfectly clean and white.

"My! if this ain't a rum sort of a go!" he murmured softly, holding them up before his eyes to make sure they were his own once dirty little paws. Satisfied on this point, he next discovered he was clad in a warm red flannel jacket, instead of the old rags he used to wear, and he smiled to himself with the utmost satisfaction.

Then one thin little hand stole feebly behind the new apparel in search of the long-treasured shilling, and groped up and down, at first carelessly, then with eager, nervous excitement, alas! all in vain.

The precious shilling he had guarded so carefully, and for which he had suffered so much, was gone!

A loud cry of pain and distress rang through the ward; the boys hushed their merry chatter in surprise and alarm, a nurse came hurrying forward, and a tall lady, who at that moment entered the room, her face framed in a white cap with strings tied beneath the chin, went quickly to Tim's bedside.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked in a voice of authority. "Hush! you must not make such a noise, you disturb the other children." "All right, nurse; I will attend to him," she added pleasantly, and the nurse obediently went back to her duties at the other end of the ward.

"My shillin' is gone!" moaned Tim, tears running down his pale face. "Somebody's stole it, and I'll never see it no more. It had a hole in it, and a string, and it were round my neck, and I promised the little chap as I'd keep it for ever and ever."

The lady, whom Tim afterwards found was always addressed as "Sister," took something from her pocket, and holding it before his eyes, said, "Is this the shilling?"

He seized it with a cry of rapture and delight.

"Yes! yes! where did you get it? Oh! I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

And then, from weakness and excitement, he began to cry again.

"You must not cry," said the Sister, in her firm, quiet voice, "but listen to me, and you shall hear how I got your shilling."

Tim obediently choked back his tears, while the lady told him how the policeman had found a broken red string with a coin attached, beneath Tim's ragged jacket, when they were about to carry him to the hospital, and judging it to be some great treasure, had brought it and handed it over to her, in trust for the boy.

"It were awful good of him," murmured Tim; "I shan't ever again call a 'pollis' names."

And then, with the recovered treasure clasped tightly in his hands, Tim told the Sister, in answer to her gentle questioning, all his sad story; from the terrible days passed with Granny Brown, to the evening not very long ago, when, tempted by hunger, he had stolen the cakes, and in trying to escape had been so badly hurt.

She listened in silence, only now and then touching his cheek with gentle, caressing hand; and when he had finished, she talked to him of that same wonderful Friend of whom he had heard in the mission school.

"Poor little Tim! you thought you had not a friend in the world who cared anything about you, and yet all the time Jesus was near you, watching over and caring for you; and now he has sent you here that you may grow strong and well, and serve him faithfully all the rest of your life."

"But he is such a great way off," said

Tim wistfully. "I don't seem as if I could get to him somehow. If he lived down here in Sunderland, and would give me a shelter in his house, just a place to sleep in, warm and snug at nights, I'd work my fingers to the bone for him, and I'd never, never tell ties or steal, or do a thing as he didn't like me to do."

The entrance of the doctor going his morning rounds put an end to the conversation, but all day the Sister pondered Tim's words, and that night she prayed long and earnestly that God would provide a home for this poor little destitute child.

Tim soon felt quite at home, and was very happy in the hospital, in spite of the severe pain he often suffered from his broken leg.

His merry, cheerful disposition made him a favourite with nurses and patients alike, and his odd, quaint sayings frequently raised a laugh at his own expense.

Tim's bed was at the extreme end of the long ward, therefore on one side he had no companion. But with his nearest neighbour on the other hand he soon became very friendly.

Dick Rogers was a round-faced, chubby boy of nine, who looked as if nothing very serious could possibly be the matter with him, though in reality he had suffered greatly from very severe burns upon his chest and legs.

His father was a sailor, away at sea, and his mother, a decent, respectable woman, came every visiting day to talk and to sit beside her little boy.

Tim used to lie and watch with envious eyes how Dick's rosy face grew bright and smiling when his mother appeared, and how he never once let go her hand while she sat beside his bed.

These visiting days were a terrible trial to Tim, for they made him feel how utterly alone and friendless he really was.

Every other little patient had some kind friend or relation who came to see them, but nobody ever inquired for Tim Blake.

One afternoon Dick was in a high state of excitement upon his mother's departure, and called across to his friend.

"I say, Tim, such good news, father's ship is due this week, and mother says next visiting 'ay he himself will come to see me. Aren't you glad? Isn't it jolly?"

"Yes, for you," answered Tim gruffly, "but I don't see as it'll make much odds to me; he ain't my father."

"No, of course he isn't," said Dick, rather taken aback; "but—oh, I say, Tim, you needn't be so cross about it."

Tim felt ashamed, and to make amends encouraged Dick to talk of his father, and tell of all the wonderful voyages he had been, and the strange, curious things he had brought home.

Dick, highly flattered, told all that he knew, and invented a good deal more, and, in spite of himself, Tim grew interested, and felt quite anxious to see this wonderful sailor.

When visiting day arrived, Dick watched the door with eager, anxious eyes, and presently Tim heard a loud energetic whisper: "He's here at last! Father has come!"

Tim glanced up curiously, then his eyes dilated, and he caught his breath with a curious gasp. He hardly noticed Mr. Rogers bending over his little boy, for there, standing beside the sailor, looking awkward and embarrassed, stood John Wilson, the steward, who on board the Argus, more than three months ago, had proved such a kind friend.

Tim was propped up by pillows, his injured leg stretched straight and stiff along the narrow bed, while quite a regiment of leaden soldiers were encamped upon the red-and-white quilt.

The boy's sudden start upset these toy warriors, and they pattered down like hail upon the floor.

John Wilson saw them fall and came to the rescue, picking them up in two or three great handfuls, and placing them once again beside Tim.

"Thank ye, sir," said the boy, looking into his face with an eager, anxious gaze; then, seeing no recognition there, added in faltering tones, "Please, sir, I think you've forgot me?"

The man stared at him in surprise. "I certainly can't call to mind having seen you before," he answered, after a prolonged inspection.

"O sir!" There were tears of reproach in Tim's voice as well as his eyes. "Have you forgot the little chap as went with a message aboard the Argus last December? The chap you give such a good breakfast of ham and eggs and—"

"Why, bless my 'art and soul, it cannot be possible you are Timothy Blake!" interrupted the steward, falling back a step or two in his surprise. "Well, I'm blowed if this ain't the queerest thing. Poor little chap! I've often thought about you, but I never guessed when Rogers pressed me to come with him to-day as I should find you here."

He sat down at the bedside, and they forgot all about Dick Rogers and his father, as Tim told how he had run away from Granny Brown and come to Sunderland to seek his fortune. Tim's voice faltered when he had to tell about stealing the cakes, he felt so terribly ashamed that his friend should know how wicked he had been, and that only a broken leg saved him from being sent to prison. Since his admission to the hospital he had had many talks with the kind Sister, who was herself a true and earnest follower of the Lord Jesus, and Tim had firmly resolved that in all his future life he too would serve the great Master.

It was this resolve that made him ashamed even to remember past wrong-doing, but he was determined John Wilson should know the whole truth. And so at last the pathetic little story was told, and the listener had to brush his hand across his eyes and clear his throat several times before he could make any comment.

"When your leg is better, and you are discharged from the hospital, what do you mean to do, my lad?" was his first question.

Instantly Tim's face wore a grave and troubled look.

"Discharged from the hospital!" That meant cold, dark streets, hungry days, weary nights, and misery unspeakable. How could he bear it after all this comfort and happiness and rest? The very thought was terrible, but the reality would be far, far worse.

Then all at once Tim's face cleared, and his old sunny smile shone out.

"I don't know," he said softly, as if speaking more to himself than his listener, "but I have a wonderful Friend, up above the bright blue sky, who knows all about it, and I'm not afraid."

Ah! little Tim, the good seed sown first in your heart in the mission school, and strengthened now by the Sister's love and prayer, has indeed taken root, and someday will spring up abundantly.

John Wilson looked at the child in great surprise.

"You didn't use to talk in that way," he said, "and yet I like to hear it, cause it minds me of my old mother, she's one of the real religious sort—bless her! She's take to you like a duck to the water. Now, listen to me, young 'un, I've got a plan that I think 'll suit you down to the ground. I've left the Argus, and I don't mean to go to sea any more. You know my old mother lives in Sunderland, but praps you didn't know she keeps a small eating house or dining rooms down near the docks. Well, I'm going to help her in the business. I think both of us together can make out of it a pretty tidy thing. And my plan is this, as soon as your leg is mended and you are able to walk you shall come and live with us. You can be a sort of errand boy and general helper, and I can teach you heaps of things, so that when you're old enough you can take up my old calling and go to sea as steward."

"Do you mean it?" cried Tim. "Do you really, truly mean it? It seems too good to be true. But you shan't ever repent your kindness. I'll work for you like—"

"A black slave," interrupted John Wilson, with a laugh, for he saw Tim was very much excited, and feared it would do him harm.

"Yes," said Tim slowly, and with a smile as he lay back upon his pillows. "like a black slave."

(To be continued)

Song for Easter.

BY MRS. LUTHER KRENE.

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

The sleeping brooklets softly stir,  
Beneath the brightening light,  
And smile into the sky's sweet face,  
Out of their long, lone night.  
"Let us awake and run  
To meet the shining Sun!"

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

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



## A Song of Easter.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Sing, children, sing! and the lily censers swing,  
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that death no more is king  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening spring;  
Sing, little children, sing

Sing, children, sing! Winter wild has taken wing,  
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes ring;  
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling,  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun,  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;  
And the golden catkins swing in the warm airs of spring;  
Sing, little children, sing.

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

## HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.

Here is a picture of Christ looking at a funeral. The Lord of life is face to face with death. Three times he raised people that were dead to life again; once a little girl (the daughter of Jairus), once a young man (the son of the widow of Nain), and once a man who was his own true friend—Lazarus, of Bethany. What a wonderful thing it was to bring these dead people back to life again! And how happy it made those that loved them! The little girl—once more she could run about the house, and her father and all the rest were, oh! so glad and happy! The young man—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—how great the joy at home! Perhaps there were only himself and his mother in the house. How lonely it was when he was carried out dead! How great the joy when the Saviour called him back to life and sent him home again! Lazarus—how sad his sisters were when he died!—how grieved was the Lord himself, for it was then that "Jesus wept"—and how glad they all were when Lazarus, who had been four days dead, and was buried beneath a great stone that lay over his grave, was restored to his home!

This is what Jesus did, then, sometimes, with the dead. He brought them back to life again. And the time came when he himself was face to face with death. He had to die. He had to die because there was sin in the world. The week in which he died is called "Holy Week," and the day of his death we call Good Friday.

It is terrible to think of the power of death, when the Saviour himself, who had raised dead people to life again, had to die. And it was men who killed him. They pierced his hands and his feet, and nailed him to a cross.

But he soon showed that, as he had raised others to life again, so he could raise himself. On the first Sunday morning after his death the grave where they had him was found empty, and Jesus himself was standing by it! It was the first Easter—the glad Easter day. And how lovely is Easter day! The winter is past and gone, the trees and plants and flowers are coming to life again, the birds have come back. Little lambs and colts, and calves, and chickens, and all young things tell of new life, bringing up everywhere. It is Easter time—the time of new life. It was then that Jesus rose from the dead.

And when we die we shall rise again—Jesus has told us so—and if we pray to him, and believe in him, and love him, we shall rise at the last great Easter day to be with him forever. It is this thought that makes Easter a happy time.

Bright Easter skies! fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen, we, too, shall rise.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,  
Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold;  
Nor Satan's marshalled hosts could keep  
The pierced hands in deathly sleep,  
Just as the Easter day-beams dawn,  
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

Green Easter fields! fair Easter fields!  
Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered,  
yields

In churchyard wide the seed we sow,  
Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow;  
One Easter day death's reign shall end,  
And golden sheaves shall heav'nward send.

Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light  
Angels shall reap the harvest white,  
Bright Easter skies! fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen, we, too, shall rise.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV.—APRIL, 22  
THE CENTURION'S SERVANT  
HEALED.

Luke 7. 1-10. Memory verses, 9, 10.



A FUNERAL IN PALESTINE.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Like as a father pitieth his children,  
so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—  
Psa. 103. 13.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Elders Say the Centurion is Worthy, v. 1-5.
  2. The Centurion Says He is Not Worthy, v. 6-8.
  3. Jesus Says He is Worthiest of All, v. 9, 10.
- Time.—The summer of A.D. 28, immediately after the Sermon on the Mount.  
Place.—Capernaum.

## LESSON HELPS.

1. "All his sayings"—The Sermon on the Mount.
2. "A certain centurion's servant"—A centurion was the commander of a hundred men in the Roman army, as a captain is in ours. His "servant" was a slave. "Dear unto him"—We gather from Matthew that the servant lived in the centurion's house. "Sick"—In Matthew the disease is called paralysis; it was probably a dangerous form of rheumatic fever.
3. "When he heard of Jesus"—His fame as a good physician such as had never before arisen, had now travelled far and wide.—Pulpit Commentary. "He sent unto him the elders"—"Whatever is wanted in the East is sought through mediators. There are middlemen always ready to offer their services whether you want to buy, to sell, to get a position, to make love, to bribe a magistrate, or to do anything which in the Western world one would do for himself."—Rice.
4. "Instantly"—Earnestly, pressingly. "He was worthy"—A pious worship-

per of the true God, a lover of the Hebrews, whom most men hated; liberal, zealous."—Watson

5. "He hath built us a synagogue"—It was in this building probably that our Lord, in the discourse of John 6. To have built it, was proof positive that he loved both the people and their God. In Tell Hum are the ruins of a white marble synagogue of the time of Herod.

6. "Sent friends to him"—To send a second deputation was in accordance with what we know to be the custom in the East. "I am not worthy"—Not of enough importance. The word used in verses 4 and 7 refers to character; the word here refers to rank.

7. "Say in a word"—He did not need, like Gideon, any outward sign; he did not need, like the sick woman, to touch the hem of the Master's garment; one word would be enough.

8. "A man set under authority, having under me soldiers"—"I am under superiors and over inferiors, and military training helps me to understand obedience; well, just as my soldiers obey me, and just as I obey my general, so the forces of disease and health all obey thee."

9. "Marvelled at him"—Was filled with admiration. "I have not found so

great faith"—This centurion's faith was of the sort that begets faithfulness.

10. "Found the servant whole"—Found him recovering. This healing was effected by a word spoken at a distance from the place where the sick servant was.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The Centurion's servant healed.—Luke 7. 1-10.  
Tu. The willing helper.—Luke 4. 33-44.  
W. Nobleman's son healed.—John 4. 46-54.  
Th. Possibilities of faith.—Mark 9. 17-27.  
F. According to faith.—Matt. 9. 27-31.  
S. Life through believing.—John 20. 24-31.  
Su. Matthew's narrative.—Matt. 8. 5-13.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Elders Say the Centurion is Worthy, v. 1-5.  
Why was the centurion's servant dear unto him?  
What was his disease?  
What had Jesus become famous for?  
Whom did the centurion send to Jesus?  
Why did he send them?  
Why did they think he was worthy?  
Were they correct in their conclusion?
2. The Centurion Says He is Not Worthy, v. 6-8.  
How are favours sought in the East?  
How did the centurion show his great faith?  
Did he think that Christ had power over disease?  
Why did he think he was not worthy for Christ to visit his home?  
Was he correct in his conclusion?
3. Jesus Says He is Worthiest of All, v. 9, 10.



What astonished Jesus?  
How did he show his divine power?  
What did he say about the centurion?  
How does this agree with the opinion of the elders and of the centurion himself?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That people ordinarily recognize the goodness of their fellows?
2. That every true soul knows it is unworthy of God's grace?
3. That when a man has faith in Christ he becomes through Christ's merits worthy.

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