

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

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Easter Hymn.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply!

"Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

"Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

"Lives again our glorious King!
'Where, O death! is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save;
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

"Scar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.'

Burial of Jesus.

"AND, behold, there was a man
named Joseph, a counsellor; and he
was a good man, and a just:

"(The same had not consented to the
counsel and deed of them;) he was of
Armathea, a city of the Jews: who
also himself waited for the kingdom of
God.

"This man went unto Pilate, and
begged the body of Jesus.

"And he took it down, and wrapped
it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre
that was hewn in stone, wherein never
man before was laid."

Saved by His Children.

A PHYSICIAN escaped ruin by the
mumking of his children. He began
his professional life with the brightest
prospects, and being thoroughly educa-
ted and skilful, soon won a large and
fashionable practice. His danger was
in the baneful custom of social wine-
drinking in fashionable gatherings and
at aristocratic dinners. The young
physician was witty and agreeable—
a welcome guest everywhere. The
rich petted him. At their tables he
found the social glass. He drank. His
appetite was aroused. It grew strong.
Soon he could not control it. He,
neglecting his business, sank lower,
losing patrons and friends, till he be-

came a staggering drunkard. His
wife and children wanted the necessa-
ries of life. Close before him and
them waited the rum pauper's inevi-
table fate.

One Sunday, when half-sobered

gered him, but on opening his eyes he
saw what struck him dumb. His
little six-year-old son was staggering
across the floor, and tumbling down
in exact imitation of an intoxicated
man. The other boy, older than he,

to become such an infamous pattern
to those innocent little ones! When
next the wretched man left his house it
was not to go to the dram-shop nor to
visit a patient. He had no patient.
He went forth to suffer his own self-
accusings, and to think of his own
sadly-neglected cure. In misery he
wandered through the fields. The
sight he had seen had exposed him to
himself, smiting him with ceaseless
rebukes. But it saved him, for it
broke his heart, and drove him to the
divine Healer for help and grace.
Alone with God, he registered a vow
that he would drink no more. He
was still young, and recovery and re-
turning prosperity rewarded the keep-
ing of his solemn pledge.



BURIAL OF JESUS.

after a night of excess, he was likely
to remain a while at home, his wife
went to church, and left him with his
two little boys. While the children
played about the room he lay upon a
lounge, and sank into a torpid sleep.
Presently their noise awoke and an-

laughed with delight at his perform-
ance.
"That's just like papa; let's both
play drunk!" he cried, and then joined
his brother in the sport. How the
agony of conscience awoke in that
fallen father's breast! Had he lived

Is It Right?

Is it right to build churches to save
men, and at the same time license
shops that destroy them?

Is it right to license a man to sell
that which will make a man drunk,
and then punish the man for being
drunk?

Is it right to license a man to make
paupers and then tax sober men to
take care of them?

Is it right to license a saloon to teach
vice, and then tax people for schools
to teach virtue?

Is it right to derive a revenue out
of a traffic which no decent man de-
fends?

Is it right to teach your boy not to
drink, and then vote to license a place
where he may be taught to drink?

Is it right to teach your boy to be
honest, and then vote to license a place
where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain
his passions, and then vote to license a
place where his worst passions will be
inflamed.

Is it right to take care of your own
boy, and vote to license a place which
will ruin your neighbour's boy?

Is it right to preach justice and
charity, and then vote to license a
thing which robs the widows and
orphans of their bread?

Is it right for you to go to the polls
and vote without having studied this
question seriously and carefully?

Easter Eggs.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

For days the children hid away
The fresh-laid eggs for Easter day,
When at each fireside one and all
With happy hearts held festival.

The eggs in pretty colour bright
Were laid on folded napkins white;
Or in the glowing hands were pressed,
Each egg a gem, each hand a nest.

Said Hans to Gretchen, "Tell me, pray,
What eggs are used on Easter day?
I often wonder why 'tis so,
And no one ever seems to know."

"I only know," Gretchen replied,
"That Jesus Christ was crucified
By wicked men, but that, you know,
Was many hundred years ago."

"His tomb was sealed. On Easter day
Two angels rolled the stone away,
And arose, our life to be—
Our resurrection. Do you see?"

"O yes, dear Gretchen, that I see,
But then the thing that bothers me
Is just about the eggs. And you
Would like to understand it, too."

"The little life, dear Hans, that dwells
Within the pretty cream-white shells
Is closely sealed, and seems to me
Quite like a little tomb to be."

"O yes," said Hans, "and who can tell
But angels break the little shell;
And that's the reason, we will say,
That eggs are used on Easter day."

Where Ivan Met the Lord of the Easter Festival.

BY THE F. V. E. A. RAND.

"EASTER is coming, grandmother!" said Ivan.

"Yes, coming!" replied Grandmother Olga.

That was in Siberia, with its vast snowy tracts, its rugged mountains, its frozen, winter-buried rivers. Coming, the warm sun to change the snow of winter to the verdure of summer. Coming, the gentler winds, at whose call the flowers would raise their buried heads; and the rivers, with the melody of ripple and wavelet, would run to the distant sea. Coming, the beautiful Easter festival, when Christ would meet many hearts in some garden of blessing. Would he not come to his aged, steadfast disciple, Olga, and the grandson whose home was with her since the death of his parents?

"The Master will come, Ivan, on the Eastern morning wherever we are, and meet us," declared the grandparent.

"I am going to Ghijigha, grandmother, you know, to sell my reindeer skin, and I would like to meet him in the church," said Ivan.

"That is a good place to meet him, Ivan. The Lord grant it! If we can't meet him in his church, then we must be content to meet him wherever he may see fit. It looks as if I must meet him here."

Not a very attractive place to receive the kingly guest, you might think. It was only a Siberian yourt. It looked on the outside like a clay bank, for its walls of small split logs

standing on end, and its roof of the same materials, were plastered from end to end, from top to bottom, with clay. It had eight small windows, and what was every window-pane but a cake of very clear ice! "Puttied in?" asks somebody. No, a dash of water, which quickly freezes in a Siberian winter, secured these panes, and if the yourt ever became so warm that the icy panes threatened to melt, a deer-skin stuffed into the window-openings would remedy this difficulty. Very little furniture in that yourt. Around three sides of the interior went a tier of seats that served as beds at night. Simple and yet comprehensive, as people say. Household furniture all in a piece; beds, tables, and chairs, united in one contrivance. But the fire-place—look at that! The chimney was framed and built of long poles, covered with that handy, poor builder's plaster—clay. In the base of the chimney was the open fire-place, and before it was the jolly "samovar," filled with hot tea, and sure to be tipped when some frost-nipped traveller arrives. But, hark! Was that a cow's musical voice on the other side of that log-partition? Look through the wide, gaping cracks, and you will see Grandmother Olga's bovine treasures. Not an elegant home was one like this to receive a royal guest, but he who slept as a babe in a Syrian manger will not hesitate to go into the Siberian yourt where a warm, loving heart waits to offer whatever it has.

The day of Ivan's talk with his grandmother the yourt seemed more lowly than ever.

"Ah," said Ivan, "if it had not been for Vassili you would have had a better house than this. You know I might have had a chance to work for Vladimir, and his pay would have brought us a better home."

"Let it go, let it go, Ivan. It is getting near Easter, and we must have plenty of room in our hearts when the Lord shall come to us. Hard feelings must go out."

Ivan made no reply. Vassili had told a false story—of Ivan's dishonesty—to Vladimir, the richest man in all the village, and who now had in the forests an immense herd of reindeer watched by their keepers.

"The Lord will take care of Vassili," said Olga. "Has Vladimir found his gold cross?"

Ivan shook his head. It was a gold cross that Vladimir missed. Vassili accused Ivan of theft, and it was this accusation which lost Ivan his chance to enter the service of Vladimir.

But there is Ivan's reindeer-team waiting at the door to carry him to Ghijigha, on the Okhotsk Sea. Two reindeer, with their great branching horns and their swift feet, were attached to a light sled loaded with deer-skin, and only waited the word from young Ivan to spring away over the white, sparkling snow. Ivan sprung upon the sled, seized the long driving-

stick, cried "Good-bye, grandmother," and was off.

"God be with you," replied Olga, reverently lifting her eyes and her thoughts to heaven in Ivan's behalf.

Away went the deer, the sound of their beating hoofs making most welcome music in the ears of an anxious traveller.

"There is the tundra," exclaimed Ivan.

Yes, far away swept a tract of Siberia's bleak, barren lands, rimmed by the cold white hills. Ah! but was that a threat of the "poorga" that the lowering wintry sky gave?

"Storm coming," thought Ivan. Hurry, hurry, fleet-footed couriers. And how they sped across the crystal floor of the dreary tundra!

"If I can only reach the shelter of those woods," Ivan said to himself. He was old enough to know about camping; and scraping away the snow under a scrubby pine, he raised a little tent-frame of poles that he cut in the forest, and covered all with the skins on his sled.

"Ah," he said, creeping within the dusky little shelter, "the storm can't reach me here. I would like to have a fire, though. Well, I can have it."

What a laughing defiance Ivan's camp-fire gave to the poorga now raging above the forest! What cared the reindeer for it, sheltered by the green roof of the pines! Tethered by Ivan, they patiently waited for fair weather, now and then digging in the snow for the moss dear to the susceptible heart of the reindeer.

"A clear sky!" shouted Ivan in the morning, thrusting his head out of his furry shelter, and looking amid the trunks of the pines on a distant sky all aflame with the coming day.

Away, away sped the reindeer again.

"To-night we shall be in Ghijigha," thought Ivan. He could seem to see the rough little town in far-off Eastern Siberia, and amidst its humble roofs towered the log church. He saw, in thought, the women within—the Marthas and Marys of the town—busily scouring the church in preparation for Easter; while the Johns and Bartholomews were supposed to be observing that rigorous Lenten fast which in the Greek Church precedes Easter. Perhaps from Petersburg had come some fresh painting that would adorn the walls of the church. And then Ivan could imagine the boom-m-m of the gun roaring out the great, solemn fact of the resurrection. O what impressive services at the church Ivan witnessed in thought! He also saw that custom—so strange to us—when the people saluted one another with three kisses; and he was hungry enough during his ride to enjoy, in anticipation, the feasting that Easter brought. But—but—why did Ivan give a cry of surprise in the midst of his meditations?

Outside a log-hut, or yourt, he was approaching, he saw a reindeer team, and was it not Vassili's team?

"It is Vassili's!" declared Ivan. He was not inclined to halt, but the reindeer had a suspicious look. Their flanks were torn and bleeding.

"Wolves!" was the thought flashing into Ivan's mind. He could not halt. As he stepped beside Vassili's sled he caught a flash from some bright object. Looking at Vassili's load he saw a gold cross! Could—could it be Vladimir's missing cross!

"I'll look at it," said Ivan. "Ah! there is Vladimir's mark, which he puts on everything that is his."

But where was the thief? Ivan entered the yourt—a post yourt built by Government for the shelter of travellers, and only used by the latter. On one side of the room he saw a platform for the traveller's bed, and in one corner was the fireplace, or "chual." Who was lying on the platform, his hands covered with blood?

"Vassili, did the wolves attack you?" asked Ivan, in astonishment.

"They chased—me—till—I came in sight—of this yourt. I drove them—off."

"Well, let me look after you."

Ivan stayed there in the lonely yourt, and there he passed his Easter. He heard no resurrection-gun. He did not stand in the church to receive the Lord-coming into the garden of devout hearts, and blessing them with his peace; but there, on the desolate tundra, Ivan received his Lord. That risen Master came to soften the heart of Vassili—to make him penitent for his sin. He came to heal the wounds that Ivan had bound up. He blessed Ivan.

In after days, when Ivan had entered the service of Vladimir, gladly receiving again his gold cross, Ivan thought that the Lord gave him a blessing in temporal things; but it was only a drop beside that river of peace which came Easter-day into the heart of that young Siberian ministering to an enemy out on the tundra.

A Terrible Harvest.

A TAVERN-KEEPER in Reusselaer County, N. Y., abandoned the traffic in ardent spirits, after having dealt in them for many years. Whenever the subject of selling intoxicating liquors was afterward referred to, he was observed to manifest deep sorrow and regret. A friend one day inquired the cause of his perturbation. "I will tell you," said he; and opening his old account books, he added: "Here are forty-four names of men who have all been my customers—most of them for years—and thirty-two of them, to my certain knowledge, now lie in drunkards' graves, and ten out of the remaining twelve living, are confirmed sots!" What a fearful responsibility now rests upon the shoulders of every saloon-keeper.—Selected.

The real things are inside. The real world is the inside world. God is not up, nor down, but in the midst.

Easter Hymn.

Shine forth in all thy splendour;
 Joyfully pursue thy way;
 For the Lord and my defender
 Pose triumphant on this day.
 When he bowed his head, sore troubled,
 Thou didst hide thyself in night;
 Shine forth now with rays redoubled,
 He is risen with thy light.

Faith, be joyous and glad-hearted,
 Spread out all thy vernal bloom;
 For thy Lord is not departed,
 He has broken through thy tomb.
 When the Lord expired, wide-yawning
 Thy strong rocks were rent with fright;
 Greet thy risen Lord this morning,
 Bowed in floods of rosy light.

Say, my soul, what preparation
 Meet thou for this high day,
 When the God of thy salvation
 Opened through the tomb a way?
 Dwellst thou with pure affection
 On this proof of our power and love?
 Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
 Raise thy thoughts to things above?

See! thy Lord himself is risen,
 That thou mightest also rise,
 And emerge from sin's dark prison
 To new life and open skies.
 Come to him who can unbind thee,
 And reverse thy awful doom;
 Come to him, and leave behind thee
 Thy old life,—an empty tomb.

Easter Customs.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

EASTER is a joyous festival observed in Christian churches in many parts of the world from the earliest times. It represents the Jewish Passover mentioned in Acts 12:4 as Easter, as well as later with us as the resurrection of Christ.

In Russia the Easter festivities begin with great pomp at midnight, with a long procession, the clergy bearing tapers, the military and civil authorities torches. This is to signify that light has come into the world through the glorious resurrection of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. They also salute one another with the cry: "*Kristos baskis*," "Christ is risen." "He is risen indeed!" comes back the answer; and those of the same rank kiss one another and present a coloured egg.

In the Moravian church, in Bethlehem, we are told, the children of the Sunday-school are seated together in the church on Easter morn, for a very early service, and before leaving the church a small lighted candle is given to each child, then they form in procession and march out of church singing a hymn as to Christ being the Light of the World, risen to redeem them. The congregation then follow and all go to the cemetery near by, and scatter flowers, emblems of the resurrection, on the graves.

Flowers, in various ways, are used profusely at Easter; the beautiful white lily, emblematic of purity, being the favourite. Of late it has been the custom to send the flowers from the different churches to the poor sick members confined at home, also to the hospitals and homes for the aged, where they are eagerly welcomed for their fragrance, beauty and breath, as it

were, of the out door life from which they are secluded. Another pleasing custom has recently been established, that of sending Easter cards and leaflets to the sick by the City Missionary.

There are many rites of heathen origin still observed in some parts of the Old Country, but the most universal and pleasing one now is the use of *Pasch eggs*; coloured or ornamented in various ways and hidden about the house or grounds. And a merry time is had searching for them, to see who can find the most. The little German children imagine that all their curious coloured Easter eggs are laid by hares, which live in some near forest. For weeks before Easter they are busy preparing inviting nests for the little hares or *haschens*, as they call them. The nests are made of hazel twigs stuck in the ground, in such a way as to form circles, and these circles are filled with straw. It is said the hares never lay any eggs for curious children who hide behind trees and bushes to watch for their coming. But the good children, who trust them, are rewarded by finding their nests brim full of bright coloured eggs.

Another use made of Easter eggs, which signify life coming out of a tomb, is a game called "Kippen." Two hard-boiled eggs are struck against one another, and the one that is cracked is given to the person holding the whole egg. The possessor of a hard shell egg is often fortunate in gaining nearly all the eggs from those taking part in the game.

A German game called "Eierlesen," is not so generally known. The boys collect from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty eggs, and march with a band of music to a distant meadow or pasture. The eggs are placed in a long row about two feet apart. The empty basket stands at one end of the row, and at a given signal, a boy runs to the other end, takes the last egg, and carries it to the basket; he then goes for the next, and so on, back and forth, until all the eggs have been placed in the basket. In the meanwhile another boy runs to a village about a mile and a half distant, and brings a broom or some other object to prove that he was actually there. The one who performs the task first is pronounced victor. They then march back to the village, the eggs are baked and eaten, and songs sung.

Much more could be told of the tansy cake and tansy pudding prepared in England and Scotland at Easter, and intended to represent the use of bitter herbs at the Paschal feast, and of other Eastern customs, did space permit. We can only add, in all our games and various observances let us not forget the one great fact that has given us Easter—the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

MIND your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.

The Easter-Tide.

AND now comes again this beautiful and most interesting anniversary—the day which marks the resurrection of our Lord. It is a quiet day; not filled with jubilation and merriment of the Christmas-tide. It is not marked with the giving of presents to any considerable extent, nor with the multiplied demonstrations of joy that belong to Christmas; and yet how wonderful is the event it commemorates!

On the Friday previous occurred the dark scenes of the crucifixion. On that day, very early in the morning, and after the agony in Gethsemane, Judas betrayed his Master to his foes. While it was not yet day, Jesus was arraigned before the high priest and the council, and not long after before Pilate, then before Herod, and again before Pilate; and by noon he hung a bleeding victim on the dreadful cross. Then followed the darkness, when, for three hours, the sun refused to look upon the scene on Calvary, and when the earthquake shook the mountain on which Jerusalem stood, and the vail of the temple was rent in twain. And when, on the Friday evening, the sun was setting, the friends of Jesus were laying his dead body to rest in the earth, then came Jewish officials to put a seal upon the tomb, and a guard of Roman soldiers kept watch about it that his disciples might not take the body away. The disciples, thoroughly disheartened and affrighted, were scattered about the city, not expecting ever to see the Lord again in the body in which they had known him, for, though he had said to them that he should be crucified, and on the third day he should rise again, they did not comprehend the meaning of his words.

But now came the third day. It was the day after the Sabbath. And now, having kept sacredly the holy day, the women went to the tomb to complete the embalming which the haste of Friday evening did not permit. How great was their surprise on coming to the tomb to find it empty, and a vision of angels to tell them that Jesus was not there, but was risen, as he said. The great stone was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. The soldiers had been overwhelmed by a power they had never before known, and had fallen to the earth as if smitten in battle. The linen clothes in which Jesus had been wrapped, and the napkin that was wound about his head, were all that now remained to tell that he had lain in the earth. Jesus had broken the power of death, and was alive again.

Soon after this Mary Magdalene saw the Lord. Some time during the day Peter saw him. Toward the evening he walked with two disciples in the direction of Emmaus. In the evening he appeared to ten, Thomas being absent. After this he was seen again of all the disciples, and once by more than five hundred. Then, forty

days after the resurrection, he led the eleven to the brow of Mount Olivet, and, having blessed them, ascended to heaven.

Jesus, though once he was dead, is alive, and sits at the right hand of the Father in heaven, making intercession for us. And to all who love him he says, "Because I live ye shall live also." Not only shall our spirits live with him in heaven, but he assures us that all who are in the grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth again alive.

Easter Eggs.

THEIR SYMBOLIC MEANING AND POETIC SIGNIFICANCE.

THE egg, symbol of unrevealed life, in all ages and every country has been the subject of poetical myths and legends.

In France and Germany the custom of offering eggs at the Easter festival is so old that its origin is lost. The Russians and Jews also give Easter eggs, while the Persians present them at the beginning of the new year. With the Romans the year commenced at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed, and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is not to be misunderstood. Eggs are the germs of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within its slender shell when we offer the gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below.

In some remote districts of France it is still customary for the priest of the parish to go round to each house at Easter and bestow on it his blessing. In return he receives eggs both plain and painted.

The idea of fabricating imitation eggs in sugar and pasteboard is of comparatively modern origin, and was brought into life by the genius of trade. In both France and Germany their manufacture is an important source of traffic. In Paris, that city which Beranger says is "full of gold and misery," the splendours of the Easter eggs are almost fabulous. Once a Parisian house furnished, as a present for the Infanta of Spain, an egg which cost nearly \$4,000. It was a wonder in its way. It was formed of white enamel; on its inside was engraved the gospel for Easter day; and by an ingenious mechanism a little bird, lodged in the pretty cage, sang twelve airs from as many fashionable operas.

The designs for Easter eggs in Paris are more numerous than the flowers of the field, and more unique and beautiful than the dreams of a barbaric king. Eggs, eggs everywhere—eggs unbroken, eggs opened and revealing wonders within, eggs transported on the shoulders of fairies, eggs decorated in every conceivable style and made of every conceivable material.

Easter Morning.

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

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

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

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

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1888.

"He is not Here."

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

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

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

A Life-Saving Lesson in Physics.

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

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

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

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

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



O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

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

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

—Translated by J. W. Alexander.

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

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

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

Easter Gleams.

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

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

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

The Risen Lord.

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



THE HOME, BONNER ROAD.

The Story of the Children's Home.

BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

IV.

"SMALL as a mustard-seed." Such was to be the kingdom of heaven in its beginning amongst men. And such have been almost all things belonging to that kingdom which have ever been worth much to the world. For the seed can grow; it has life in it; there is something of God in it. Generally speaking, the things which begin with great flourish and noise, and are built upon a large and ambitious foundation, have not life in them, and, therefore, do not grow.

The Children's Home has grown. Here is the comfort; for this is one of the proofs that it is not our work, but God's. If it were a scheme of our own, we should be overwhelmed with its burdens and anxieties. But believing that he, who received and blessed the little children when he was on earth, is now the true Founder and Patron of our work, we can toil cheerfully in our subordinate task, since he, whose is the ultimate responsibility, has all riches, and might, and power,

and dominion—"yea, all things in heaven and earth." The beginning of our work was indeed very like the mustard-seed. For two years the Home was housed in a couple of inconvenient cottages. Then we removed to a range of workshops, having one house attached to them, situated near Victoria Park. At first we could only divide these workshops into suites of rooms by wooden partitions. But from the first we embodied in the arrangements all that has subsequently been provided in larger and more solid forms. We had the distinction of separate houses: we had workshops for several industries; and we had our little chapel for our daily united prayer. Soon sympathy and help were attracted to our work; and step by step, through the kindness of many friends, we have secured additions and improvements to our premises. At first leased for a short term, they have since been bought and enlarged by many accretions, until we have been able to secure the one house which was needed to make our property complete and self-contained.

Our chapel is now a very beautiful though simple building. The hard limit of space compelled us to build

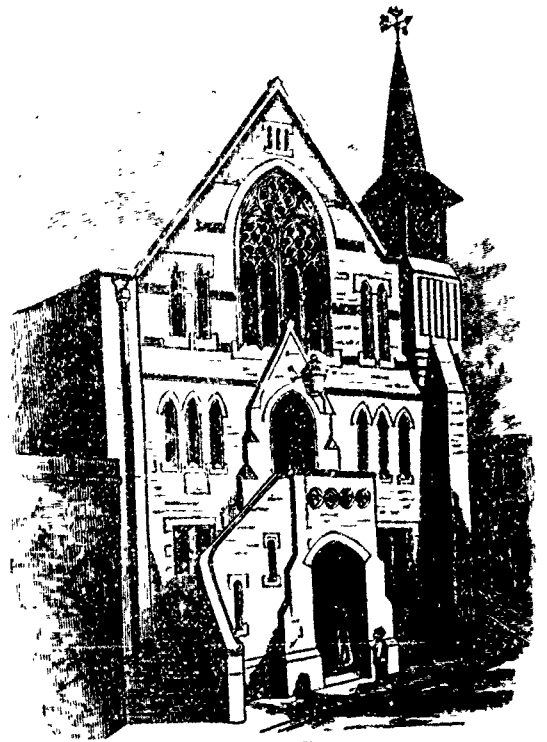
it over the schoolroom; but it has independent approaches; and once inside, the peculiarity of its position is forgotten. It has many points of special interest to such as know its history. The organ, a small but richly-toned instrument, was paid for by concerts, given for this purpose, by the choir of the Home. The Bible, from which daily lessons are read, is the gift of a true and now lamented friend of our work, the late William Whelpton; and that used on Sundays is the gift of old boys and girls, who have settled in Canada.

One of the pulpit

hymn-books is connected with a pathetic story: One of the boys of the Home was dying; he had a few shillings of his own; and when he knew that he was drawing near to his end, he asked that his money might be given to Dr. Stephenson, "to help him to keep other poor boys like me." When the dear lad had gone, the little legacy seemed too sacred to be put to any ordinary use, so a hymn-book for the chapel was bought with the money, and is inscribed, "George Pitman's legacy."

Two recent additions to the chapel have also some interest to a limited circle: A stained-glass window, given by the Principal's family as a thank-offering for preservation in their journey round the world; and a memorial-brass, bearing the name of "Sister Emily," the first child of the Home who became a helper in our work, and who now waits the resurrection-call in a South African grave.

The services of the Home Chapel are open to the public, though no effort is made to establish a regular congregation of "outsiders." We attach, however, great importance to the presence of visitors, which makes the worship "public worship," and something else than a mere part of institutional routine. Great pains are taken to make the service interesting and effective. The musical service is varied, and is led by the carefully-trained choir of the children. Some of the best church anthems are frequently sung. The chapel is used for no other purpose than worship; and all these circumstances combined, secure a solemnity and propriety of demeanour in the children which is remarked by all visitors, and might



THE HOME CHAPEL.

well be imitated by congregations of older persons. The chapel is something more than a convenience—something more than a necessary arrangement. It represents, and it continually fosters, the religious life of the Home, which is the mainspring of its activities, the true source of its power, and the only hope of its largest and highest success.

Another principle of our work is represented by the separate houses which constitute the Home. Four-

teen years ago "the family principle" was not embodied in any English institution. The Red Hill Reformatory had, indeed, discarded the system of massing together large numbers of children in one huge building. From the first, "The Children's Home" accepted and acted upon this idea: borrowing it, with adaptations and improvements, from Wichern's wonderfully successful experiment at Hamburg. One important, though indirect result of our work, has been that in several institutions, including some of the schools under the Poor Law administration, the "family principle" has been embodied, and is being wrought out with most happy results.

The principle is very simple. God "setteth the solitary in families." He is the "God of the families of the whole earth." We conclude, therefore, that the family is God's plan for the moral training of the human race. The sorrow and peril of the children is, that they are without a home. Now, when Christian love endeavours to supply what these children



WALTON MEMORIAL HOUSE.



SANDERSON-MITCHELL HOUSE.

lack, it cannot do it so well as by placing the children under arrangements and influences which will, or nearly as is possible, reproduce for them true family life.

In realising this idea, we place the children in separate groups. We fix the number at twenty; but I am afraid that pressure leads us generally to crowd more into the house rather than reject a needy child altogether. The children of the house live there, under the care of "mother" and "sister;" and all that is needed for the domestic life is provided in the house. Their meals are taken there; they sleep there; they pass their hours of leisure there—it is their "home." And it is sacred to them—no other children being admitted except as visitors. In this way we believe that we gain an individual knowledge of the children, and a specially appropriate dealing with each child, without which the best education of heart and conscience—as well as of intellect—can never be accomplished.

Two incidental results following from this system are very valuable in such work as ours: the services of Christian women of a higher class than have usually been engaged can be secured. Several of our matrons are ladies, who cheerfully give their time and strength to our work; and this they can do—with domestic arrangements on the above plan—when we could hardly ask or expect them to hold subordinate offices in an establishment of the barrack kind. And all our experience goes to prove that the more thoroughly refined and the more highly educated a woman is, the better is she fitted to do our work; provided always, that she has plenty of personal religion and common sense.

The other advantage of the system is, that the houses can be built or purchased in succession. The buildings thus gradually increase as means and requirements grow; and the cost of the several houses comes within the amounts which individuals or groups of friends feel at liberty to devote to such an enterprise. Thus many of our houses represent most kindly personal interest in our work.

Now, all our Homes are founded upon this "family principle." We apply it to boys as well as girls, believing it to be quite as needful for the one as for the other. Accordingly, in the country branches of the Home, we have similar interesting associations and memories connected with the various houses. At Edgworth, one of the houses is the "Ministers' Children's Gift House," the cost of it having been provided by children of Wesleyan Methodist ministers. A third is the Sanderson Mitchell House—a gift commemorative of a much-loved mother and two dearly-remembered little ones, whose death had snatched away.

(To be continued.)

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

Easter Lilies.

BY AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

Oh, where are the sweet lilies,
Stately and fair and tall?
And why don't they grow for Easter,
Down by our garden wall?

Dear, in the bare, brown garden,
Their roots lie hidden deep,
And the life is pulsing through them,
Although they seem asleep.

And the gardener's eye can see them,
In germs that buried lie,
Shine in the spotless beauty
That will clothe them by-and-bye.

So may Christ see in us growing
The lilies he loves best—
The faith, the trust, the patience
He planted in the breast.

Not yet their crown of blossom,
But he sees their coming prime,
As they will smile to meet him,
In earth's glad Easter time.

The love that striveth toward him,
Through earthly gloom and chill;
The faithful, meek obedience,
In darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,
Spotless and fair and sweet,
He would bring to the risen Saviour,
And lay at his blessed feet.

Easter-Tide.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

As long as the Anglo-Saxon language has been spoken, the anniversary of the resurrection of our Lord has been known as "Easter."

In our day, Easter is often called "The Christian Festival," or "The Sunday of Joy;" and has been greatly changed from its original character, which was at first somewhat pagan. Now it has become a day of general rejoicing for all who believe in His name, of whatever sect or nation, and accompanied with rites of peculiar significance well adapted to the needs of all.

The appellation "Easter," probably came from Ostar—"to rise"—though many think the name is derived from the Saxon goddess "Eastre," who was thought to exercise a happy influence upon the spring and its vegetation. But whichever it may be, the day is held only second in interest to Christmas, both in England and in our own country, where these anniversaries have come to have a lasting home in the hearts of all Christian people.

In earlier days, Easter was also called "The Queen of Festivals," and was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The usual form of salutation on that day was, "Christ is risen!" the person addressed responding, "And has appeared unto Simon;" and even to-day this form of salutation may be heard in the Russian and Greek churches.

Many curious customs are attached to the observance of this day in different parts of the world. In Ireland, the people rise at four o'clock in the morning, on purpose to see the "sun dance." Not only the ignorant, but the wealthy and intelligent, observe

this custom. Now we know that the sun neither works nor plays on Easter-day more than any other. This is only one of the ignorant superstitions of the country. In some parts of England they call it "lamb playing," looking at the sun in some clear spring of water—which is really only the pretty reflection—and believing it to be the frisking and gambolling of lambs.

In Paris it was an old custom to stone all Jews who might be found in the streets on Easter; and if one of these unfortunate sons of Abraham could be caught, he would be taken to the nearest church, and there severely punished for the deeds of his ancestors.

In Rome, the Easter season is one of great magnificence. The Pope is placed in a lofty chair, which is borne to St. Peter's, followed by a concourse of "the faithful," who receive his blessings, which are dispensed by the flourish of three fingers as he is carried along.

At Easter this magnificent church—the largest in the world—is most brilliantly illuminated. Four thousand four hundred lamps are so arranged as to show off to the best advantage the massive architecture of the building; while the one hundred and ninety-two statues along its top are surmounted each with a lamp, giving the effect of a fairy palace suddenly lighted and hung in the air. These illuminations last from eight to nine in the evening; and just as the cathedral bell, with its solemn peal, strikes nine, nearly fifteen hundred torches are suddenly lighted, besides the lanterns, so that the glorious structure looks like one vast conflagration surmounted at the top by a fiery cross. The scene is at once grand and terrific, lasting hour after hour, and not until the gray twilight of morning shows itself in the east are its last torches extinguished.

Lifting, or "heaving," as it was called, was one of the old curious customs in England at each returning Easter festival. An arm-chair, lined with white and decorated with ribbons and favours, was placed in some prominent position. Any one was invited to take a seat, when at once several females would appear, and, raising them in the air, keep them there until a fee should be offered, when the unlucky occupant would be brought to the ground, withdraw, and give place to others, who would be caught in the same way.

Pasch eggs are quite as much a feature of Easter as hot-cross buns are upon Good Friday. The word *Pasch* is derived from "Paschal," a name often given to Easter, as it is the Paschal season. As far back as the reign of Edward I., history records that he bought four hundred eggs on purpose to have them stained or covered with tinseel, and afterwards given to the royal household—not, however, before they were consecrated. This

custom of dyeing and ornamenting eggs is followed up all over the world. It is a pretty custom, and gives much innocent amusement.

From a small beginning, the observance of Easter, which has always been so universal in Europe, has grown to be a very general custom in this country. Hands and hearts are being knitted closer together because of its coming. Discord gives place to concord, and contention to harmony, for, with many, Lent is a time for true penitence, self-denial, and alms-giving; a seeking to do good, and the cherishing of a brighter hope for the true Easter that may dawn for us all.

Easter, too, is becoming rapidly the festival of sacred remembrance of departed friends, by bringing to the altar offerings of flowers which send up incense to the mercy-seat like a message to the lost ones, as well as our tribute to him who is at once "the resurrection and the life." Old as the Litany is itself, the flowers are of older birth yet. Every rose and lily, even the very leaves themselves, mean more after the lessons of such a day.

Already we are reminded of the near approach of this season most memorable in human history. Very soon the long forty days' fast will be over, and all the clouds that have enfolded Passion week will be swept away. Then all Christendom will rejoice when the bright and joyous Easter dawns again, betokening, not only the new birth of the natural world, but the great "re-birthday of the year"—the day the Lord himself has made.

An Easter Legend.

WHERE'ER the Saviour smiles a flower awakes,
And springing forth before his shining feet,
Looks up, and seeing him, grows straight-way sweet
With grace that from his smile perfection takes;
And this it is that gives it charm, and makes
A flower a thing of beauty, so complete,
Sometimes I think the simplest bud we meet
Its angel hath to heal some heart that breaks!
Yes, heaven makes advent to the earth
through flowers;
And in these Easter blossoms you and I
May catch a gleam of God's eternal bowers,
Hid somewhere in the glades of the sky.
For this I send thee flowers on Easter day
To bring that sweetest heaven about thy way!

WHEN Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger and rags and hardships. Let him who loves his country follow me!" And thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet at that high appeal. And will you—the trustees of posterity—will you turn your backs to the appeal of your Saviour Christ? I know that you will not. You cannot all be missionaries, but some of you may be called to that high work, and all of you may help it forward. —Archdeacon Farrer.

Good Friday.

Go back, my soul, to the sorrowful day
When thou led thy Lord to be crucified;
Follow him over the stony way,
By love betrayed and by love denied;
Let, through the silence of ages gone,
The tears that dropped in that desolate
glow.

When the scarlet robe had a deeper dye
From the blood that streamed at the Victor's
stroke,
When the angels leaned from the frowning
sky,
Ere the clouds with their fateful lightnings
broke.

Go back, my soul, o'er the vanished years,
List to the ring of the Roman spears.

For Jew and Roman together stood
On the awesome mount where the nails
were driven
Deep to the heart of the shrinking wood,
Through his hands and feet in the sight of
heaven,
And the sun grew pale and refused to shine
When death drew near to the Man Divine.

O death, that came with the serpent's guile
Through the gates of Eden long ago,
Henceforth we, dying, may dare to smile
Full in thy face, thou relentless foe;
For the Love on the cross that bowed to thee
From the power of Death hath set us free.

Kezzy's Easter.

BY BESSIE PEGG MACLAUGHLIN.

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

The voice rang out silvery, sweet,
and clear. It seemed a part of the
radiant morning. It did not come
from Miss Mabel's pretty blue room.
That young lady was absorbed in the
new gray suit and delicate bonnet and
gloves, spread out upon the bed, and
had no thought of Easter Sunday aside
from spring clothes.

Neither did the glad tones come from
the library. There was nobody there
but Mr. Terry, and he was buried in
the Sunday *Tribune*. A person can't
very well sing an Easter anthem and
read up a law-suit at the same time on
a Sunday morning.

The singer was not Mabel's brother
Gerald. He had been out late at the
theatre the night before, and had not
finished his morning nap. Somehow
the play had not fitted him for the
Sabbath.

Mrs. Terry had been a sweet singer
when she was young; but it was not
her voice that floated joyfully up the
basement stairs, for she was in her own
room looking over the washing list for
Monday.

Did that song of praise come from
the kitchen! Could it be black Kezzy
singing over the dishes?

The voice was full of life, and sun-
shine, and victory.

Cousin Ray, who was visiting Mabel,
slipped down into the kitchen.

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

Yes, it was Kezzy.

"What makes you so happy, Kezzy?"
asked Ray.

"It am Easter, Miss Rachel."

"Yes, but why should that make
you happy? You have a big dinner

to get to-day, and have to stay home
from church among the pots and
kettles."

"Bress your heart, Miss Ray, I's
happy in my Jesus. He rose from the
dead dis bressed day. I can't go to
church like you parlour folks, an' hear
de music an' de parson, an' see de flow-
ers, but ebry ting um a-preachin' an'
singin' to me dis mornin'. De sun
shine on de wall, an' I hear Jesus say,
'I am de light ob de worl,' an' as I fill
up de tea-kettle I tink ob de water ob
life—free, Miss Ray, free for me. An'
O! dat white geran'um ob mine done
blossom out full to-day, an' it say, 'Dey
shall walk wid him in white.' Dat
means me, Miss Ray. No more
kitchen, by-an'-by. Kezzy wont be
black over dar, chile. Bress de Lord!"
And Kezzy drew a shining platter
from the foaming suds, and resumed
her chorus:

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

Ray climbed the stairs thoughtfully.
It seemed as if the upper part of the
house was gloomy and cold. There
was no Easter joy in her own heart.

"It is because I cannot say 'My
Jesus,'" she whispered to herself.

The Terrys went to church that
morning, and listened to the anthems
and the eloquent discourse, and ad-
mired the lilies; but the humble black
saint who cooked their dinner saw and
heard more than they all.

Her kitchen was a temple, her white
"geran'um" an Easter lily, her anthem
the joyful praise of a redeemed soul.

True Easter.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast;
Does she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen
indeed!"

Long past is the Lenten morning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light.
Set every song to gladness;
Why should the Bride have sadness?
Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen
indeed!"

He suffered once and forever
The cross, the smiting, and the pain,
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen! Yea, he hath risen
indeed!"

Always so ready to cease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the living Jesus
May walk with us day by day.
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,
"The Christ is risen! The Christ is risen
indeed!"

It is always good to know, if only in
passing, a charming human being. It
refreshes one like flowers and woods
and clear brooks.

Strange Easter Customs.

In our larger cities the festival of
Easter grows in interest and beauty
every year. In some streets of New
York, at this season, the travelled
stranger might well ask, "Where am
I? Is this Paris?"

In the shop windows the egg is the
leading object. Flowers abound every-
where—as well in the streets as in the
churches. Go where we may in the
world—even beyond the confines of
Christendom—we shall find that eggs
and flowers are the favourite emblems
of the great feast of the spring—the
season which is itself a wondrous
resurrection.

It is, indeed, like Paris, for there,
too, outside of the magnificent cere-
monial of the churches, the Easter
egg is the ruling emblem. Everybody
gives and everybody receives this tra-
ditionary token, endless in form and
ingenious in device, as only French-
men could make it.

In the Russian Easter, also, the egg
plays a great part. The poorest
peasants have their red Easter eggs
on that day; while materials of every
degree of richness are employed by
the wealthier classes.

Crystal eggs, engraved with flowers
and mottoes, were at one time be-
stowed by the Czar upon his courtiers.
Other customs are peculiar to the
country. Persons meeting each other
make use of a regular formula of
salutation and reply.

"Christ hath risen!" exclaims one.
"He hath indeed!" responds the
other.

Then, if they are friends, they kiss
each other rapidly three times on the
right and left cheek alternately.

It is considered perfectly proper for
gentlemen and ladies who are but
slightly acquainted to exchange Easter
greetings of this loving kind. For-
merly, it was also the custom between
strangers, as it was intended to signify
the universal brotherhood of man.

In Moscow, the City of Bellis, the
Easter ceremonies are especially im-
pressive. On Easter-eve an immense
crowd, comprising peasants, Cossacks,
soldiers, merchants, and nobles, in
their various picturesque costumes,
gathers every year within and around
the cathedral in the Kremlin, each
person holding a lighted taper, and
waiting patiently until midnight.
Then, as the clock strikes twelve, the
priest announces, "He is risen!"

Immediately the huge deep-toned
bell in the tower of Ivan the Great
begins to toll, and all the innumerable
bells throughout the city break into a
merry responsive peal, while the can-
non of the fortresses join the din. Loud
as the tumult becomes, nothing can
drown the voice of the great bell,
which goes on booming solemnly
through it all.

Later, Easter cakes are blessed by
the priests and distributed among the
people.

The use of eggs is one of the most

characteristic of Easter rites. Our
Saxon ancestors, on celebrating the
annual festival of Easter, the goddess
of spring, used eggs to symbolize the
springing forth of nature's new life in
the springtide of the year.

This use may have originated in the
fact, that in pagan cosmogonies the
mundane egg symbolized the produc-
tion of a well-ordered world—the
cosmos out of *chaos*.

When the Saxons were christianized,
their "Feast of Eggs" was given a
new meaning, and the egg became the
emblem of the resurrection and of a
future life. The symbol has not lost
its sacred signification to the thought-
ful Christian. It suggests to him not
only the resurrection, but the long in-
cubation by which he—to whom a
thousand years are but as one day—
has seen fit to develop and diffuse the
religion of the Risen One.

As the Omnipotent has limited him-
self to the use of moral suasion in the
diffusion of Christianity, the process
requires ages. Long geological epochs
marked the creation and development
of the world of matter. The new
moral creation must also be slow in its
evolution, seeing that it progresses
only as it persuades man, as a person,
to become a disciple of Christ.—*The
Youth's Companion*.

Too Dignified by Half.

WRITING lines is the penance Har-
row boys do for all their sins, in and
out of school. If a boy is late for
school, he writes lines; if he misses
"bill," he writes lines. If the lines
are not finished at a stated time, their
number is doubled. There was one
clever boy who escaped writing half
the ordered quantity; and the masters
tell the story of how he did it to this
day. He was an untidy boy and was
often taken to task for his carelessness
and disorder. One day his master,
who had very dignified and impressive
manners, and who always said "we"
instead of "you" when talking to the
boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he
said, with much severity. "We have
not washed our hands this morning.
Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was
the impudent boy's answer, "but I've
washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are
very impertinent to-day. We will have
to write a hundred lines before the
next 'bill.'"

When "bill" time came, the master
sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he
asked.

"I've written my fifty," the boy
answered very promptly, handing in
his paper; "but I don't know whether
you've done your half!"—*St. Nicholas*.

The man who will break one of
God's commandments habitually and
continually, if you will turn him loose,
will break them all.—*Sam Jones*.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30] LESSON I. [APRIL 1

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Matt. 22. 1-14. Memory verses, 11-14

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. Rev. 19. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Feast.
2. The Guests.
3. The Garment.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Same as in lessons of last quarter, which see.

CONNECTING LINKS.—There is no break in the story since the last lesson of the previous quarter. This is the last parable of the three which our Lord uttered in reply to the attack of the Pharisees and officers of the Jews contained in the questions of v. 23, chap. 21, "By what authority doest thou these things?" The attack was parried, and they withdrew to devise a new way to entrap him.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Parables*—Illustrations of truths. *The kingdom of heaven*—The power or the sway of truth in the universe. *Made a marriage*—That is, provided all the festivities accompanying a marriage, which in the Orient are very many and long continued. *To call them that were bidden*—"An Oriental custom: the first invitation was general, the second announced the beginning of the feast." *Have prepared my dinner*—There were a series of wedding feasts; this was the introductory one. *Into the highways*—That is, beyond the city, into the country roads. *Both bad and good*—All classes, irrespective of previous life, are offered the Gospel, and all who accept come to the feast. *Not having a wedding garment*—Or a garment suited to the time and place such as all were expected to provide, or to obtain from the master of the feast. He had not taken the care that was required and expected. Protestants generally understand this to be symbolic of faith.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Feast.*

To what did our Lord here liken the kingdom of heaven?
What Oriental custom is suggested by the action mentioned in v. 3?
Who were the ones that had been bidden, whom Christ had in mind?
What had occurred in past history which v. 7 vividly suggests?
What classes of people are portrayed by v. 5?
What was the character of this feast? v. 4.

2. *The Guests.*

What reason does the king give for the lack of guests at his feast?
What means were taken to provide guests?
What is meant by the gathering of "bad and good"?
Of what is this class of guests a prophecy?
Would a Pharisee understand the meaning of this language?
What only preparation was expected of the guests?

3. *The Garment.*

What evident custom was alluded to in v. 11?
How was the guest to obtain a wedding garment?
What was perhaps meant by the wedding garment in this parable?
What did the lack of it show in regard to the man himself?
What did the king's question show concerning his attitude toward his guests?
What is the application of the parable?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The grace of God provides the best things possible for us freely.

The love of God calls us over and over again to come, for all things are ready. But his grace and love compel no one to come.

Here is a prophecy of the wrath of God against sin. The Scriptures surely teach this doctrine. Do you believe it?
Have you accepted the invitation?

How wide is God's grace? It takes in the world.

No wedding garment. Then it is possible to be in the company of the redeemed and still be unsaved.

This man was simply not prepared. He was cast out. Are you prepared? Speechless; bound; taken away; cast out; in the darkness; weeping. What a picture of a lost soul!

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find the different characters who act in this parable, and make a list of them: for example, "a king," "his son," "his servants," etc.
2. Now write the persons or things represented by them: for example, "a king" represents God; "his son" represents Jesus, etc.
3. Find all the parables that you can which are about "the kingdom of heaven."
4. Read in the fourteenth chapter of Luke a similar parable about a supper.
5. Compare this with our lesson and see how they agree and how they differ.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who were first told that the time had come for the marriage feast of the king's son? "Them that were bidden." 2. Whom did Christ mean to point out by this description? The Jews, God's chosen people. 3. How did the king treat their refusal to come, and their wicked violence? He utterly destroyed them all. 4. Who then received of his boundless bounty? All that could be found. 5. What was the only condition of their presence at the feast? Having on the wedding garment. 6. How does our GOLDEN TEXT describe the condition of these guests of the king? "Blessed are they," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament?

There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the word of God.

18. How does the New Testament teach his religion?

It contains the history of his life and death, the record of his teaching while he was among men, and the doctrine which he taught the Apostles by his Spirit after he ascended into heaven.

A. D. 30] LESSON II. [APRIL 8

CHRIST'S LAST WARNING.

Matt. 23. 27-39. Memory verses, 37-39

GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Psa. 51. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Final Warning.
2. The Final Woe.

TIME, PLACE, RULERS.—All, same as in last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Foiled in the attempt first made, as told in last lesson, three more attempts to entrap him in his words, and to find a ground of accusation against him, are made on this same day: the first of these was by the Herodians, on the question of the tribute money; the second, by the Sadducees, on the question of the resurrection; and the third, by the Pharisees, concerning the binding force of the law. Jesus having silenced them all, turned upon them with awful denunciation for their sins, and pronounced in course of it this last warning, which is our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Hypocrites*—Men who not only pretend to be what they are not, but who do it with the deliberate purpose of deceiving. An old illustration says they are like "looking-glasses, which present the faces which are not in them." *Whited sepulchres*—The graves were every year, on the 15th of March, whitened with a kind of chalk, that they might be easily seen and avoided, as to touch one was ceremonial defilement. *Build the tombs of the prophets*—The thought which likened the Pharisees to sepulchres leads Jesus to speak of the past history of their ancestors, which was a history of crime. *Fill ye up then*—Or, "ye will fill up the measure," a prophecy of the fact that they were soon to put him to death. *Wherefore behold I send*—Not that Jesus

would send, but he quotes the substance of past history as if it were a prophecy, and goes into the future, and foretells vaguely the destruction of Jerusalem, which was to come so soon. *Your house is left*—Jesus now for the last time leaves the temple and the people; his public teaching was done. *Ye shall not see me*—A prophecy of the final conversion of the Jews.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Final Warning.*

Unto whom was the denunciation of this lesson addressed?
What position did they occupy in the Old Testament Church?
What was it that made them hypocrites?
What was the pretence that they made?
What is the thought that connects vs. 30 and 31?
What is the meaning of v. 32?
How did they accomplish this?
What is the warning that is implied in these words of Christ?

2. *The Final Woe.*

What woes actually came upon the Jews in less than half a century from the time of this lesson?
What is meant by the term "whited sepulchres," which is used in connection with the first enunciation of woe?
Did Jesus mean that he really would send prophets and others as told in v. 34?
What was the house which was left desolate?
Did Jesus ever visit the temple again after this leaving?
Who was the Zacharias who was slain?
Where in the lesson is Christ's tender heart shown?
What is the danger which to-day threatens the Christian?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Appearing to be a true servant of God, and being so, are vastly different.

Profession is easy; confession is very hard. These Pharisees made loud professions; no one of them would confess himself a sinner.

Art, not heart, characterized these Jews. They could build tombs and garnish sepulchres; they could also kill and crucify prophets and wise men.

Dear student, do you appear to be, or are you, a Christian? Have you confessed Christ as well as professed? Is your religion one of heart, or one of art? Which?

Christ left the temple forever. "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost." Has he left you? What a desolation that will be, when Christ leaves you!

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find from a Bible dictionary all that you can about the burial customs of the Jews.
2. What prophets had been put to death by the ancestors of these Jews?
3. Read the whole of this twenty-third chapter, and note how many woes Christ pronounces upon the Pharisees.
4. Find the first sermon preached, and see how it differs from this one.
5. Find from Roman history when and how "these things" came upon them.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Against whom did Christ pronounce this final woe? Against the scribes and Pharisees. 2. Why did he pronounce these woes upon them? Because they were hypocrites. 3. What else did he call them? Serpents, a generation of vipers. 4. What words of Christ teach us to-day our danger? "Except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish." 5. What should be our prayer that we may escape the sin of hypocrisy? "Create in me a clean heart."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

19. How does the Lord teach us by his Spirit?

All the Scriptures were written under the Holy Spirit's inspiration: and he who inspired them will show their meaning to such as humbly ask him.

20. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's inspiration?

That he put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write.

"The heart of childhood is all mirth;
We frolic to and fro
As free and blithe, as if on earth
Were no such things as woe."
—Kebler.

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