

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1896.

[No. 13.]

## The Watch at the Sepulchre.

From east to west I've  
marched beneath the  
eagles;

From Pontus unto Gaul,  
Kept many a watch on  
which, by death sur-  
rounded,  
I've seen each comrade  
fall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looked as if my brother hung there  
bleeding,  
And put my soul to shame;  
As if my mother with his eyes was  
pleading,  
And pity overcame,  
But could not save. He who in death  
was hanging  
On the accursed tree.

Was he the Son of God? For so in  
dying  
He seemed to die for me.  
And all my pitiless deeds came up before  
me.  
Gazed at me from his face;  
What if he rose again and I should meet  
him?  
How awful is this place!



THE FIRST EASTER.

## The Lord of Life is Risen.

The Lord of Life is risen!  
Sing, Easter heralds, sing!  
He bursts his rocky prison;  
Wide let the triumph ring!  
Tell how the graves are quaking,  
The saints their fetters breaking;  
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives!

In death no longer lying,  
He rose, the Prince, to-  
day!  
Life of the dead and dying,  
He triumphed o'er decay.  
The Lord of life is risen;  
In ruins lies death's prison,  
Its keeper bound in chains.

We hear in thy blest greet-  
ing,  
Salvation's work is done:  
We worship thee, repeating,  
Life for the dead is won,  
O head of all believing!  
O joy of all the grieving!  
Unite us, Lord, to thee.

Here at thy tomb, O Jesus,  
How sweet the morning's  
breath!  
We hear in all the breezes,  
"Where is thy sting, O  
death?"  
Dark hell flies in commotion,  
While, far o'er earth and  
ocean,  
Loud hallelujahs ring!

Oh, publish this salvation,  
Ye heralds, through the  
earth!  
To every buried nation  
Proclaim the day of birth!  
Till, rising from their slum-  
bers  
The countless heathen num-  
bers,  
Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail, our Jesus risen!  
Sing, ransomed brethren,  
sing!  
Through death's dark,  
gloomy prison  
Let Easter chorals ring.  
Haste, haste, ye captive  
legions!  
Come forth from sin's dark  
regions!  
In Jesus' kingdom live.

## THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

On this happy Easter morning, it is perhaps not amiss that we should tell our young readers something of the history of this great Christian festival. It is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is called Pascha by the Roman and Greek Churches. It is a movable feast, occurring at any date between March 21 and April 25, and by it the other movable feasts throughout the ecclesiastical year are regulated. It is held about the same time as the Jewish Passover, or Paschal Feast, although it very seldom happens that the Christian and Jewish festivals are observed on the same day. In the early Church this festival lasted several days, and catechumens were then usually admitted to the rite of baptism. At present its celebration is confined in the

Church of England to Easter-eve, Easter Sunday, and the Monday and Tuesday in Easter week. In the Roman Catholic Church it is a time of enjoyment, because the restrictions imposed during the preceding period of Lent are no longer to be observed.

Some ascribe the institution of the Easter festival to the apostles, but the

more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate ancestors, about A.D. 68. The Council of Arles in 314, and the Council of Nicaea, in 325, decreed that the day for keeping this festival should be the 11th day of the March moon; but by the alteration of the calendar by Gregory XIII. in 1582, the first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st of March was fixed as Easter Day.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 20 pp., 100 copies, illustrated.	2 10
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.	2 10
Magazine and Review, Guardian and onward to other.	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly.	0 60
Forward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 50 copies.	0 20
50 copies and over.	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies.	0 20
Less than 20 copies.	0 25
Over 20 copies.	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.	8 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRIS,  
2170 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1896.

### EASTER.

The word "Easter" suggests to our minds something of heathen as well as Christian custom. It is derived from the word "Eostre," meaning the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring, to whom the fourth month of the year, April, was devoted as a time of worship. Therefore we see that although kept in a very different way and for a very different purpose, yet it was then, as ours is now, a festival of joy and thanksgiving. Writers attribute the introduction of this festival into the Christian Church as a perpetuation of an old usage, just as many other customs have been established. The first Christians were of course very closely connected with the Jews, and naturally continued to observe some of the Jewish festivals, though in a different way, and in a totally different spirit from that of their ancestors. The Passover, which had been cultivated for so many years by God's chosen people, in time became the Christian Easter. Easter is commemorating the greatest theme of our religion, the greatest blessing of our lives, the redemption of our souls by the death and resurrection of our blessed Lord, has always been regarded as the chief festival of the year and has always been observed with more or less ceremony. A great deal of trouble has been experienced as to the date on which Easter should fall, but after great discussion among the fathers of the early Christian church, it was finally decided that the Sunday following the full moon after the twenty-first of March, should be the date of celebration. This accounts for the diversities of the time on which we keep this anniversary. We see from this that Easter cannot fall upon any Sunday earlier than the twenty-third of March, or later than the twenty-fifth of April.

Many curious customs are still in vogue in the celebration of the Easter season, some of which might be mentioned here. In Great Britain the lower classes have great faith in the medicinal powers of a loaf of bread baked by the house-wife on the morning of Good Friday. This is kept throughout the year to ward off many diseases. Another custom common to "Good Friday" which is in vogue in

almost every civilized country, is the eating of hot cross buns on this day. This is supposed to protect the household from fire throughout the whole year. Then we must not forget the custom so prevalent in our own day, that of sending pretty dainty Easter eggs, thus showing our dear friends that we remember them in the joy and happiness of Easter-tide. Above all we must not forget the beautiful, fragrant lilies. What church is complete on Easter morn without its floral decoration? What hospital ward is not the cheerier because of the presence of the beautiful waxen blossoms. What face is not the brighter for having looked upon these delicate beauties of nature? What thoughts are not the purer and the honer after having thought of the Creator of these flowers to which Christ himself is likened; symbolic of purity, beauty and meekness? Let us not forget as we are nearing this Easter-tide all that we owe to our blessed Lord and let us rejoice anew at our redemption from all sin and for the gift of eternal life.—The Sunbeam.

### SOME QUEER EASTER EGGS.

BY OLIVE M. WEATHERBY.

Way out in Kansas on a large prairie farm lived Ned and Jamie Black. They had a pleasant cottage home, and with their dogs, chickens, and pony, spent many happy hours.

Their holidays were but few, and they always looked forward with great delight to them, and especially to Easter. They would begin several weeks before Easter came to hide eggs, taking a few each night when they hunted them, till they had a great nest full; and then what fun on Easter morning to take in a big basket full and surprise mamma.

One evening, the first of March, they were all around the bright fire in the sitting-room; papa and mamma were reading, Ned was playing with Snow-ban—the kitty—and Jamie was curled up in the lounge, intently studying an almanac. Presently he arose and went into the other room, beckoning to Ned to follow.

"Say, Ned," he began in a whisper, "do you know three weeks from next Sunday is Easter and we have not begun to hide any eggs yet."

"That's so," said Ned, "we will commence to-morrow."

So the next day when they gathered the eggs, they took five of them to hide.

"Now," said Ned, "we must find a warm place for them, for it gets pretty cold nights, you know."

"Let's make a place in the hay mow," replied Jamie. So they fixed a nice warm place in the hay, and put them there.

The next day they had five more eggs to add to the first. When they went to put them with the others, Jamie said, "Why, here are six; I thought we hid only five." "Maybe we made a mistake," said Ned. So they left them as before.

Again, on the following day, they had five more to hide, and on counting them all, they found seventeen. "Surely we did not put six in last night," said Ned; "I don't see how it is."

Before they had decided the matter, they heard a call, and upon answering it found their Uncle Charlie from his cattle ranch twenty miles away, who had come to take them on a long promised visit to his home to see their cousins, Ralph and Lela. They were soon ready, you may be sure, and started on their long ride. They were to stay till mamma and papa came for them.

Many pleasant days they spent, and forgot all about their Easter eggs up in the hay-loft at home. On Saturday before Easter, mamma and papa came to take them home; Ralph and Lela were going, too, to spend Easter with them.

Bright and early the four cousins were up the next morning at home and ready for the day, when all of a sudden Jamie cried out, "Oh, Ned, there are our eggs; I had forgotten about them."

"What eggs?" said Ralph.

"Oh, some we hid before we went to see you," replied Ned. "Let's go and get them and roast them for ourselves. Come on!"

So they followed Ned to the barn, and climbed up to the loft. "Ca, ca! peck, peck, peep! peep!" were what the frightened boys heard as they saw Ned ahead grabbing at something. "Peck,

snapp! let me alone!" and what do you think the boys found! On their precious Easter eggs was an old black hen. Ned lifted her up, and instead of Easter eggs, there were eighteen little white and brown and buff chickens. "Look at our eggs, Ralph," said Ned, "the old hen has got ahead of us."

Then they knew that the hen had found their nest, and that accounted for those extra eggs.

The boys were off to the house to tell their story; papa said that was the old hen's Easter, so they put her and her eighteen little babies in a coop, and gave them a nice breakfast. By the next Easter old Blackie's chickens were sold, big as their mother they were then, and five bright shining dollars the boys had to give for their Easter offering.

"Those were the best Easter eggs we ever had, weren't they, Ned," said Jamie, and Ned thought they surely were.

### Springtide and Easter.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Oh, time of glad awakening  
To sunshine and to song!  
Oh, time when hearts long grieving,  
Grow glad again and strong,  
Oh, springtide ever welcome,  
With skies so blue and fair,  
And scent of new-born blossoms  
Upon the balmy air!  
Our hearts awake to greet thee  
Amid the bells' sweet chime,  
For lo! with thee there cometh  
The blessed Easter time.  
Hear loud hosannas ringing  
For joy that Christ is king;  
Hear merry chimes up-springing  
To swell the songs we sing!  
We sing of Jesus' triumph,  
And victory over pain,  
We sing of sins forgiven,  
And pardon won again,  
Shine out, ye stars so tender!  
Shine for the Easter day,  
For winter's chill is over,  
His reign has passed away.

And then, oh, risen Saviour,  
Look from thy throne above,  
And fill us with the Easter  
Of thy most wondrous love.  
Disperse the clouds of sadness,  
Till sorrowing be done,  
And Lenten woes be banished,  
Before the Easter's sun,  
Bless to our use the springtide,  
And all its gifts from thee,  
And in our hearts may joy-bells  
Ring ever ceaselessly,  
And prayers, like morning incense  
Most gratefully arise,  
As smoke from altar fires  
Soars upward to the skies.

### BRING FLOWERS.

Get all the flowers you can for the church on Sunday afternoon, dear boys and girls, but do more than that. Put flowers in the home; put flowers in mother's room; put a few flowers in baby's crib. Make the home light and bright with lovely blossoms everywhere. If there is a dear old grandmamma or an auntie, or a sick person in the home, be very sure that such a one has plenty of Easter flowers.

We gather the flowers and put them in the churches because we are so glad that Christ is not dead and buried and gone away from us, but that he is alive and with us, although we cannot see him.

When we are asleep at night he watches over and cares for us. When we are at our lessons, if we just lift our thoughts up to him, he will help us to think clearly and to remember quickly. When we are at work, if the work is hard for us, the thought of him just at hand and ready to carry our burden, will make it much easier; and when we are at play, then, too, he is watching to see that we are careful to be fair and kind, and that we try to make others have a good time as well as to have a good time ourselves.

He is not a dead, far-away friend, but just a living, every-day, close friend, with us wherever we are and whatever we do. He cares very tenderly about us, too, and the one thing that he is most watchful and most anxious about is

that in our hearts there should be just such feelings, and just such love, and just such kindness toward everybody as is in his great loving heart, and when the same feelings are in us that are in him, and we do as he would do, you see it is his beautiful living that is becoming a part of our living, too.

In other words, if you will understand it better, the good in us is Christ being alive in us. We can keep the doors of our hearts wide open and have him in there all the time, making our lives most beautiful, or we can shut the doors of our hearts with evil words, and actions and thoughts, which will be like the stones that shut the door of the tomb, and so we can keep him from living within us, and helping us to live in him.

But to shut him out is not what our boys and girls wish to do. They wish to have him for their best friend. Let us see if more and more, from this beautiful Easter time on, we shall not be able to be more like him. Then not only the Easter day, but all the other days will be most happy ones to us.

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 5, 1896.

It pays to be good.—Psalm 1. 1-3.

The word "blessed" means "happy." Everybody wants to be happy, but only those enjoy the blessing who act in the manner here described.

WHAT SUCH A PERSON AVOIDS.

Verse 1. Read it carefully. Bad company has ruined thousands. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," is Solomon's caution. Untold misery would be avoided if the wise man's caution was obeyed.

SEE THE PROGRESS OF A SINFUL COURSE.

Walks not in the wicked counsel, does not keep company with bad persons, but avoids their society, and will not sit with them. Evil is progressive. Once do wrong and a second wrong will soon follow, for sinners invariably go from bad to worse. They do not intend to come to such an end, but they are led on until they land beyond the hope of amendment.

THE POSITIVE CHARACTER.

Verse 2. See what the happy man delights in! "The law of the Lord." He hides in it his heart, and meditates on it by night and by day. This is a treasury from which he derives indescribable pleasure, the result of which is seen in his everyday life and conduct.

WHAT HE REFUSES.

Verse 3. The tree thus planted will be in a good situation for bringing forth fruit. Being well watered, the ground will always be full of moisture. The person described will not be like a withered leaf, but one that is bright and attractive.

THE EXTENT OF HIS SUCCESS.

"Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." "The path of the just is as the shining light," that is all the while becoming brighter. "Godliness is profitable unto all things." Let all the Juniors who may study this lesson, aspire to be such a person as is here described.

### THE WISE JUNIOR LEAGUE

SUPERINTENDENT.

Is gentle.  
Is never late.  
Doesn't scold.  
Is an optimist.  
Uses blackboard.  
Won't chew gum.  
Speaks distinctly.  
Wears Junior badge.  
Cultivates simplicity.  
Prepares a programme.  
Requires Juniors to lead.  
Speaks a kind word often.  
Sits in church with Juniors.  
Lays stress on small duties.  
G greets Juniors on the street.  
Thinks scowling abominable.  
Looks up topic weeks before.  
Has a prayer in her heart always.  
Has monthly missionary programme.

**A Time of Gladness.**

BY MARIANNE PARNINGHAM.

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

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

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

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

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

**EASTER LILIES.**

"Easter lilies pure and sweet  
On his altar stairs we lay,  
Emblems holy, emblems meet  
Of the risen Life to-day."

The window was wide open, the March breeze fluttered the lace curtains in the bay window, while the sunshine poured its flood upon the tables heaped with pure white lilies. There they were by the hundreds, great heaps of perfume and bloom, while in and out among them flitted a bevy of bright-faced girls, whose deft hands were rapidly transforming the blossoms into stars, wreaths, crosses, and crowns.

"Look, girls, look how the sun lights up my star," said Margaret Kinnaird, as she hung her completed work on a hook in the window, and turned her pretty head to look at it critically, while half unconsciously she sang the anthem they had been learning for to-morrow.

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

"Her's yer Times, Democrat, and Herald!" piped a shrill childish voice, as a ragged and tattered newsboy came briskly down the street with his load of papers, but midway in his march he pulled up suddenly as if spell-bound, as he caught sight of the tabicau in the window.

"My, 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.

"Please, miss, what is they fur?" said the little Arab, venturing to touch with his grimy finger the point of the anchor which lay on the sill. With a start Margaret turned; she had not seen the little elf, but the brown eyes were shining and the lips smiling as he repeated his query.

"Why, they are to decorate the church for Easter," was the answer.

"What's Easter?"  
"The little heathen," laughed Nellie Lyle, from inside, "not to know what Easter is."

The boy's face flushed and he turned away, when Margaret whispered:

"You wouldn't know, Nellie, unless somebody had told you. Easter, my boy, is the day the dear Lord rose out of the grave and went up to heaven to live."

"And what do yer have flowers fur?"  
"Because he lay in the ground three days and then rose, and the flowers stay in the ground all the cold winter, and then come up beautiful in the spring, do you see?"

"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 now with Jesus."

"Did people see him when he cum out of the grave?"

"Yes, ever so many people."  
"Why can't I see our baby if she riz up? She always loved brother Tim."

"You can't see her now, but you will some day, if you love Jesus."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout him. I never herrud on him before."

"Margaret, Margaret!" called someone from within.

"What is it?" she said.

"You must come; we have been calling you for ever so long."

"I must go, now," she said to the little wail, "but come to Sunday-school to-morrow, and you can see the flowers, and I'll tell you all about him, for he loves little children, and wants to take care of them."

"May I bring Margie, miss? and will he take care of her, too?"

"Who is Margie?" 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 for her."

"Yes, indeed, bring her, too, and take her this," and she took up one of the great clusters of lilies and put it in his hand. He gazed at it in speechless delight.

"My, won't she be 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 his buttonless coat. "Be sure you don't forget to come," she called after him, as he made his best bow and scampered away.

Forget to come! there was small need for the injunction. All that afternoon as he flew in and out, dodging among the horses' hoofs, jumping on and off the street-cars, elbowing his way through the crowds of Saturday 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 his papers on account of the bright face, wondered to see such a flower on such a coat.

The last paper sold, Tim, flushed with his unusual luck, indulged in the extra extravagance of a bun for Margie, and with his tin can of milk was on his way back to his little sister, when a block in the street just around the corner from the tenement house he called his home, made him stop. Three or four carriages were drawn up to the sidewalk, and from them they were taking basket after basket of flowers.

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

Within was light and warmth and brightness. Tim slipped unnoticed into a pew in a dim corner, and watched with wonderment. The pulpit platform seemed a perfect bed of lilies, out of which rose a great white cross, shedding perfume on the air; the baptismal font was covered with a woven mosaic work of violets, 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. The light was turned on brightly to aid the workers, and its beams falling on the thousands of lily-bells, lit up the crosses and the anchors with a chastened light, until it seemed to the little Arab in the corner as if it might be heaven.

"Oh see!" said Margaret, "they have hung my star wrong. I must alter it." And before anyone could interfere she climbed the light step-ladder which had been in use all the evening.

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, suddenly there came a lurch and a sway, but before the affrighted group below could move, a little figure darted out from the side and stayed it for an instant, but it was time enough for a young man to rush forward and catch the slight girl in his arms—and then with a crash the ladder fell, pinning the child underneath.

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

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

"It's Tim, 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.

"Are you much hurt, Tim?"

"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 she told there at midnight, in the dim old church, the sweet, simple, old, old story to the childish heart whose life was so rapidly ebbing away.

"When will I go there where he is, and where baby is?"

"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," she said, while the tears dropped on the small, wan face.

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

"Never fear, my boy," said the gentleman, "we'll take care of Margie."

"Will he take me certain shore, miss?"

"Yes, certain sure."

"Then I want to go now. Sing it again; sing about the lilies," and he groped with his hand. Mr. Milton took a rich cluster from the cross that hung just above his head, and placed it in the boy's outstretched fingers, which closed over it. With a weary sigh he 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 many mansions as the Easter bells rang out the glad chime—

"Christ is risen,  
Is risen indeed."

—Leigh Young, in Exchange.

**THE EASTERTIDE**

At different times the Saviour had said to the disciples that he should be delivered to the chief priests, and should be crucified, but that on the third day he should rise again. However they may have understood his reference to his own crucifixion, it is certain that they did not at all comprehend what he said about rising again. After he had actually risen, and had appeared to the women, when the women declared that they had seen him, the apostles did not believe them. Afterward, however, they believed. Jesus appeared some time during the day to Simon Peter, and in the afternoon toward evening, to two who were journeying to the village Emmaus. Then in the evening, when ten of the apostles and some others of the disciples were together in an upper room, Jesus suddenly stood among them. After that he was seen a number of times by the apostles, and finally they saw him ascend up to heaven.

This great fact of Jesus' resurrection the apostles after this constantly declared to the people. And this is the great and wonderful historical fact whose anniversary we celebrate at Easter. The day should be observed with gladness, in a spirit of fervent worship, with songs of praise; and the glorious truth of the Saviour's victory over death should be made prominent in our thoughts. Jesus said once to his disciples, "Because I

live ye shall live also." Because Jesus lives, and because of his conquest over death, we shall be brought to a like blessed resurrection, and to everlasting life at his right hand.

**The Little Workman of Nazareth**

(We have come across this quaint little poem, illustrating the recent lesson on the childhood of Jesus.—Ed.)

In the humblest of workshops the Son of the Carpenter  
Works with his father the whole year around,  
Skillful, obedient, patient, and docile—  
A workman more faithful can nowhere be found.

Growing in wisdom and grace as in age  
Marvellous powers the twelve years  
Have brought to him,  
And among all of you, hoary old artisans,  
There is not anything you could have taught to him.

St. Joseph, wishing to give him a livelihood,  
Clasps in the fingers of his little hand  
A miniature piano that lightly and easily  
Glides to and fro o'er the work that is planned.

Each with his instrument works on so bravely  
From the dawn of the day until twilight comes down:  
Around his head showers of light falling shavings,  
Make haloes of gold on the ringlets of brown.

Where in a corner a sweet bird is singing,  
Mary the Virgin on bended knee prays,  
Or tranquilly turning her wheel, she is spinning,  
The flax she will whiten beneath the sun's rays.

Joseph makes trays that the bread's dally kneaded in,  
Benches and footstools of oak and of pine,  
And humbly exposes them there in his workshop,  
To purchasers looking for things in this line.

While Jesus makes toys for the boys of the village,  
Toys that are gems. "And some day he will be  
An excellent carpenter," so say the villagers  
"This workman of Nazareth in Galilee."

Yet this simple workman is God the Creator;  
The creatures he made he is eager to save:  
Humbly humbling their pride and their intolerance  
A lesson to creatures Omnipotence gave.

Let us bow our heads, humbly repenting our pride,  
Since the Lord who hath made us and all things hath planned,  
Industriously toiling with hammer and plane  
Submits without murmuring to Joseph's command.

"Father," said a little boy, "what does 'selah' mean at the end of this psalm?"  
"Shut up!" said the parent, gruffly.  
Next day at Sunday-school, the superintendent noticed it. "Who can tell me what 'selah' means?"  
And the little fellow's hand was raised.  
"Please, teacher, I can. It means 'shut up.' Father told me so yesterday."

Traveller—"May I take this seat?"  
Miller (from Boston City) "Where do you wish to take it, sir?"

Stranger in Kansas—"Can you direct me to the county seat?"  
Mr. Deane (a boy) "No o, I can't, stranger. There was a cyclone here last week, and I ain't heard yit just whar the county seat went to."

## The April Fool.

BY EMILY B. SMALL.

Yes; I was a fool! I own it.  
Now it is gone and past,  
The biggest kind of fool and worst,  
But that time was the last.

I'll never play an April trick  
On woman, man, or child.  
It's always nasty business,  
Even if you do it mild.

This is the way I did it.  
I drew a small black string  
Across the path where it wouldn't show,  
Right down there by the spring.

And I hid there in the bushes  
To see who'd get thrown down,  
And I meant to cry, "Oh, April fool!"  
Enough to wake the town.

Now what do you think! 'twas grandpa!  
For years he has been lame.  
And he broke his leg! Oh, dear! oh, dear!  
And I am all to blame.

But I'll never do the like again,  
Even if he does get well.  
For nobody has smiled on me  
Since the day that grandpa fell.

And he suffers, dear old grandpa!  
I'm so afraid he'll die!  
Don't ever try an April trick,  
Or you'll end it in a cry.

But whether he gets well or not,  
I know, for I am sick,  
I'll never, never try again,  
An April-fool-day trick.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

## LESSON I.—APRIL 5.

## THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24. 6.

Time.—Sunday morning, April 9, A.D. 30.

Place.—A garden outside the walls of Jerusalem, near the place of the crucifixion.

Rulers.—Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Calaphas, high priest; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the story of the first Easter morn (Luke 24. 1-12). Prepare to tell in your own words the twelfth lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read a vision seen by Mary (John 20. 11-18). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Rulers.

Wednesday.—Read about many witnesses (1 Cor. 15. 1-11). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read a pledge that we shall live after death (1 Cor. 15. 12-22). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read the account of Christ's death (John 19. 16-24). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read of vain attempts to keep our Lord in the tomb (Matt. 27. 57-66). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read how he arose (Matt. 28. 1-16).

## QUESTIONS.

1. The Sepulchre, verses 1-3.—1. When did the women first go to the sepulchre? For what were the spices meant? 2. How had the stone been rolled away? 3. Why did not Mary enter with the rest?
2. The Messengers, verses 4-9.—4. What vision did the women see? What was the appearance of the angels? 5. Why should they not seek Jesus there? 6. Who first told of his resurrection? Why did the angel mention Galilee? Why did the angel quote Christ's prophecy that he would rise? 8. Had they at first understood this saying?
3. The Disciples, verses 9-12.—9. How far was the sepulchre distant from the city? 10. Give the names of the women here mentioned. To what company did they belong? 11. How did the disciples

receive their story? 12. What caused Peter to run so eagerly? Had any special message been sent to him? Why? Did he find any proof that the body had not been stolen? Did he quickly believe?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

It is right for us to honour the bodies of our dead. Fear of dreaded difficulties is often groundless. Since Jesus rose every Christian's grave has an angel of hope in it. If we know of the risen Christ we ought to run and tell others of him. He is able to save us from death because he himself conquered death. The message borne by these women was the most joyous ever uttered in the world's history.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE KING

The Daughters of the King do not confine their ministry of love to their fellow-men and women alone, but reach to the

## THE BLUE RIBBON.

A little girl of three, the youngest in a family, was recently rescued in a Mission attached to a church of the late Dr. Crosby. They all tied on the blue ribbon, and worked with and for the redeemed husband and father. It happened one day in a public conveyance that this bit of colour on the little tot caught the eye of a distinguished clergyman who officiates in a neighbouring church. Bending his tall form to her small capacity, he said kindly: "Can my little girl tell me why she wears this piece of blue ribbon?" "Yes, sir," replied the child, looking up into his face with artless assurance; "that means not to drink any beer. We don't any of us drink beer at our house now. And since my papa has stopped drinking beer he gets us all nice clothes, and he's just the best papa that ever was." Ah, we wish this active, enterprising clergyman would give the little children of his own Missions the privilege of learning such

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."  
"Well, sir, how many of them can you put in an inch?"  
"Between eight and nine."  
"Give the benefit of the doubt; call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile these \$900,000,000 in?"  
"100,000,000 inches."  
"How many feet would that be?"  
"8,333,333 feet."  
"How many rods is that?"  
"505,050 rods."  
"How many miles is that?"  
"1,578 miles."  
"Miles of what?"  
"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. This is only one year's grog bill."  
Reader, if you need facts about this temperance question, call that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog.—Christian Observer.

## Easter Bells.

BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,  
Fill earth and air with noisy swells,  
And many a tuneful lay,  
Afar and near let songs of cheer,  
In carols sweet the joy repeat  
Of resurrection day.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,  
Your cheerful note of joy impels  
The human heart to praise;  
Your merry rhyme of clang and chime,  
With holy fire our souls inspire,  
A sacrifice to raise.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,  
To all the world your music tells  
Of fairer things above.  
Our songs of joy we will employ,  
To praise His name and wide proclaim,  
The wonders of his love.

Oh, happy bells of Easter Day!  
Ring, ring your joy  
Through earth and sky;  
Ye ring a glorious word:  
The notes that swell in gladness tell  
The rising of the Lord.

## R. M. BALLANTYNE'S

Miscellany of Entertaining  
and Instructive Tales.

With Illustrations. 35 cts. each.

- Fighting the Whales; or, Doings and Dangers on a Fishing Cruise.  
Away in the Wilderness; or, Life among the Red Indians and Fur Traders of North America.  
Fast in the Ice; or, Adventures in the Polar Regions.  
Chasing the Sun; or, Rambles in Norway.  
Sunk at Sea; or, The Adventures of Wandering Will in the Pacific.  
Lost in the Forest; or, Wandering Will's Adventures in South America.  
Over the Rocky Mountains; or, Wandering Will in the Land of the Redskin.  
Saved by the Lifeboat; or, A Tale of Wreck and Rescue on the Coast.  
The Cannibal Islands; or, Captain Cook's Adventures in the South Seas.  
Hunting the Lions; or, The Land of the Negro.  
Digging for Gold; or, Adventures in California.  
Up in the Clouds; or, Balloon Voyages.  
The Battle and the Breeze; or, The Fight and Fancies of a British Tar.  
The Pioneers: A Tale of the Western Wilderness.  
The Story of the Rock.  
Wrecked, but not Ruined.  
The Thorogood Family.  
The Lively Poll: A Tale of the North Sea.

## WILLIAM RIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHERS HOUSE, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. J. HUNTER, Halifax, N.S.



EASTER LILIES

lump creatures and give them, too, of their loving care.

A dog, with his rough coat thick with ice, was ambling down the street one morning after a storm. At the corner was a lot of broken glass. The dog stepped on one of the broken bits. In an instant up went his leg, and he pranced about on three feet, ki-yi-ing piteously. His yelps attracted the attention of a number of lads who were loitering near the corner. Instantly mischief gleamed in every youthful eye, and the boys reached out instinctively for pieces of ice and snow.

Just as the first missile was about to be thrown, a daintily-clad young woman stepped from a crowd of shoppers.

The young girl wore the purple ribbon of the King's Daughters. Walking briskly up to the dog she stooped over and patted the animal upon the head. The boys fell back, and their hands gradually lost their grip on the pieces of ice. One by one the missiles were dropped, and the boys gathered about the girl.

Leaning over the young woman examined the dog's paw. In an instant her gloves were off, and a dainty pearl-handled knife was whisked from her pocket. Then followed a deft surgical operation. In a twinkling the glass was extracted, and the dog limped down the street, gratefully wagging his tail. The young woman turned and smiled on the boys, and went her way without a word.

There's not a child so weak and small,  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise  
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

things from books and oral teaching, and forestall the teachings of the dramshop.—Neal Dow.

## THE PRAYING BOY.

A little boy in New York, who attended a prayer-meeting, was convicted of sin, went home and began to pray aloud in his room. His father, a wicked man, heard him, and told him he must stop that or leave his house. The boy thought it over, and decided that, as much as he loved his father and mother, he loved Jesus better. He gathered and tied up a few things in his handkerchief, and then went to say good-bye. His mother, surprised, asked him where he was going. He replied: "I don't know. Father says I can't stay here if I pray; and I can't stop praying." The father said that if this was his religion, he wanted it too. The boy prayed with both parents, and soon all three were serving God together.

"No music," says Secker, "could ever equal the heaven-born cries of newborn babes. When the snowdrops of youth appear in the garden of the Church, it evinces that there is a glorious summer approaching."

## LIQUOR ARITHMETIC—OBJECT-LESSON.

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"  
"\$900,000,000 annually."  
"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"