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WELCOME AND VISITORS

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1887.

[No. 8.]

Vol. V.]

Reception Room, Chinese Mansion.

THE Chinese are a very hospitable, and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends and the rich folk entertain them very magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments.

The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving we are shown the interior of one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed doorway and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermilion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures with their bald heads and pig-tails and rat moustaches and almond eyes are very queer looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard the Gospel of Jesus, for there are only 100 missionaries in the whole country, which is as if there was only one preacher in the whole of the Dominion. This seems to me a strong

argument in favour of Methodist union—that of the surplus ministers in Canada some might go to the perishing millions of pagan lands who are dying without the knowledge of the true God. Let us do all we can to send the gospel to these vast multitudes who have it not.

day, very early in the morning, and after the agony in Gethsemane, Judas betrayed the 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

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



RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

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 the 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

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 that 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

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. Toward the evening he walked with two disciples to Emmaus. Then 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.

Easter Lilies.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

A LITTLE maid walked smiling on her way,
Bearing white lilies on an Easter day;
Herself a lily, pure and fair as they.

But as she passed they bore along the mart
A little child whom death had set apart,
His small hands lying empty on his heart.

Close to the hier the little maiden pressed,
And laid her lilies on the pulseless breast,
Saying, "Take these to light thee to thy rest."

"If to my Lord I bring no lily bell,
He is so near my heart he knows full well
I love him more than any tongue can tell."

She heard the organ's solemn voice that
soared,

As if in heaven to seek the risen Lord,
Crowned by his angels, by his saints adored.

The little maid knelt down with reverent
grace,

And a great light fell on her upturned face,
Bringing a vision of the heavenly place;

Wherein she saw her Lord, with smiling eyes,
Amid the countless hosts of Paradise,
Bearing the little child, by death made wise.

Her very heart ran o'er with joy to see
Her lilies blooming by the Master's knee,
Grown fair as any deathless flowers might be.

While from the blessed child this message fell:
"Dear Lord, thy little maid, who loves thee
well,

Sends these, by me, her faithful love to tell."

Blessed are they whose prayers in deed find
wing,

Whose hands the gifts of humble service bring,
And in his lowly children serve their King.

Blessed are they who hear the Master plead
In every cry of human woe or need;
Lo! in their hearts the Lord is risen indeed.
—*Christian Union.*

Lilies.

"SUNSHINE! Sunshine!" Bessie
opened her eyes with a smile on the
brightness of the Easter morning. "I
wonder if that bud is open yet!"

Very soon she ran into the hall
where she had for many days carried
her pot of Easter lilies from east win-
dow to west window, that they might
catch the first and last rays of light.

"Just opening! Just turning back
its leaves—oh-h-h!" She almost held
her breath as she bent over the plant,
whose latest unfolding bud seemed
opening its very heart to the tender
rays of the sunshine which wrapped
child and flower, while she drank in
its sweetness and fragrance.

"Yes, that's just how he says it is,"
she went on slowly, as if trying to
recall a lesson. "These white lilies
mean purity, and they open when the
sun shines on them. And our hearts
ought to be pure and white as snow
when the Sun of Righteousness shines
on them—yes, I remember it."

Bessie was soon ready for the chil-
dren's service, which was to take place
at the church before the usual morn-
ing worship.

Carefully cutting the precious lily
at the last moment, she went to grand-
mother's room, carrying also an egg
on which she had painted with infinite
care a bunch of little blue dabs, which
were meant for forget-me-nots, but

would have stood for any other pretty
thing touched by the April sky with
its own colour. Scraggy lettering on
the other side said,—

"May the peace of Easter dwell in
your heart."

Grandmother kissed the painstaking
little fingers and stroked the bonny
bright hair, with a prayer that the
peace which belongs to a pure heart
might never depart from the loving
child.

The children gathered in the Sun-
day-school room with faces as blooming
as the flowers they held, and soon took
their way to the church close by.

Some of them glanced at the little
girl, who stood timidly near the door,
noticing for a moment the pathetic
wistfulness with which the large soft
eyes followed the flowers.

As Bessie's class came, last of all,
she stepped a little further out, and
Bessie stopped at sight of her earnest
gaze, not having the heart to pass
without a word.

"You haven't any flowers, have
you?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Come, Bessie," said one of her
friends, impatiently; "don't you see
we're the last? Don't stop there to
talk."

Bessie did not stop long; but she
could not go into the church filled
with its warmth and brightness, and
happy faces and music, and the breath
of flowers, leaving the forlorn little
thing standing there with her bare
feet and her scanty clothing, and that
longing look in her eyes.

"Here," she said, holding out her
lilies, "you shall have mine."

"Bessie!" But Bessie heeded only
the surprised look under the old shawl.

"Yes, come with us," she went on,
as the others hurried through the
pillared vestibule. "You can give it
just as well as I."

The bare feet came up the steps
and over the softly carpeted aisle, as
their owner followed Bessie to the
seat assigned to her class.

Many smiled at sight of the queer
little figure, but as she shrank into
the corner of the seat, Bessie felt glad
she was there, although she could not
help a wish away down in her heart,
that she had wanted her flowers some
other day than just on Easter Sunday.

The different classes were bringing
their offerings of money collected
during the year, and by turns went up
to the chancel, each with some pretty
device in flowers. Crowns, crosses,
harps, anchors and a ship, were ar-
ranged in beautiful luxuriance, and
the little stranger looked on in quiet
enjoyment, listening intently as an-
thems were sung, not so closely to the
short addresses.

She pressed her poor little toes into
the soft footstools, peered curiously up
into the arched roof, or shyly stroked
the plush on Bessie's cuffs, but turned
again to her flower with ever fresh
delight, touching caressingly its waxy
leaves, or laying her lips and cheeks
lovingly against them.

And when Bessie's class went up,
carrying the lily branches, which were
to be placed in a lily shaped vaso wait-
ing for them, she went, too.

But as each willing hand made its
offering, little Barefoot, brought for-
ward as others stood aside, hung back
as one would have taken her lilies.

Bessie's cheeks grew red with dismay
and confusion.

Whispers and small nudges were all
no use, and more than a smile went
around in the moment's pause. For
the child, though she looked appeal-
ingly at Bessie as if for forgiveness,
still held on to her flowers with a posi-
tive little shake of her head, which
plainly showed that she did not mean
to give them up.

The exercises went on and were
finished. As Bessie walked out think-
ing earnestly of some things she heard,
the little lily-bearer came after her,
looking anxiously up as if wishing to
speak.

"Where do you live?" Bessie asked.

The other gave an address and then
came closer.

"Jan sick—so sick!" she said. "Jan
no laugh, no eat. Jan so"—leaning
her head pitifully to one side. "Jan
like these," she pointed to the flowers,
and Bessie said, heartily,—

"I'm glad you've got them for Jan.
Good-bye," as the feet turned down a
side street and she saw the Easter
lilies no more.

"Yes," (the little lassie went on
soberly to herself, in a way which had
grown upon her through having few
child-companions) "he said that love
and kindness are like sweet flowers
growing in our hearts. And that
when we are kind and loving it is an
offering to him. I must get grand-
mother to let me take some nice things
to Jan, to-morrow. I wonder what
he'll think of the lilies—poor, sick
Jan! Oh, I know I've given them to
the dear Lord just as much as if they
were in his church.

And when Bessie went to see little
Barefoot and her brother Jan, she felt
sure that her sweet lilies she watched
so long and tended so careful had
been given to the dear Lord. For she
remembered the verse, "Inasmuch as
ye did it unto the least of these, ye did
it unto me."—*Companion.*

THE north pole continues to be
popular. This time a party of three
Canadians will seek its cold and glitter-
ing hospitality: Alex. MacArthur,
an old Hudson Bay officer, and one of
the best-known men in the Canadian
northwest, accompanied by H. M.
Young and servant, left Winnipeg,
Manitoba, recently, on an overland
journey to the north pole. Mr. Mac-
Arthur will take an entirely new
route to the pole. He will go directly
north from Boothia Felix, keeping
about 300 miles west of Smith's Sound.
He expects to escape the hummocks in
the ice which stopped the Greely and
Markham expeditions, and hopes to

find smooth ice, admitting of compara-
tively easy approach to the pole. He
expects to be away from two to three
years, and will make extensive ornitho-
logical collections, but will collect but
little scientific data. The Dominion
Government is bearing a portion of
the expense.

Fearful Statements.

THE people of the United States are
caused to bury six thousand of their
fellow-citizens annually; through this
[the liquor] traffic; they find it writing
disorder and shame over every page of
history, causing nine-tenths of our
crime, four-fifths of our pauperism, and
six-tenths of our insanity; it is keep-
ing nearly one-half of our children
from public schools; it is the support
of outlawry, and the friend of prosti-
tution; it is blasting the hope and joy
of thousands of wives and mothers;
it is filling the graveyards with the
drunken dead, and entailing poverty
and shame upon their worse than
orphaned children; it is turning our
cities into hells, and freighting the
breezes with unspoken sorrows; it is
the enemy of the Church and the
abettor of infidelity; it is opposed to
all that is good, and even threatens the
life of our Government. We cannot
place the blame on the drunkard alone,
for the evils do not stop there. If he
were the only sufferer, patience might
bear with that apology for a moment,
but he is not. Every other man, and
woman, and child in the country
suffers more or less. Our taxes are
increased to support the courts and
to maintain the insane and paupers
created by the traffic. It rots the
cereals in the land; or turns their God-
given powers into destructive forces
to imbrute and destroy all who are
controlled thereby. It blunts the
conscience and whets the knife of the
assassin; it fills the land with mol-
lenico and misrule; it creates loungers,
loafers, tramps, thieves—increasing
the demand for time-locks and doubling
the police-force, and still leaving honest
people in dread of the fiends manu-
factured in the dram-shops. This
moral pollution not only endangers life
and property, but taints the very at-
mosphere with blasphemy, debauchery,
and social vice; it not only lights the
torch of the incendiary, but leads
away our sons and daughters by the
light of their burning homes into a
life of infamy, from which they never
recover.

It is the little things that are the
most wonderful and difficult; it is pos-
sible for human enterprise to make a
mountain, but impossible for it to make
an oyster.

THE Lutheran Church in the United
States preaches the Gospel in German,
English, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish,
Icelandic, Finnish, Bohemian, Polish,
French, Siberian (or Serbian), Swa-
kian (or Hungarian), and the Indian
dialects.

Easter Joy.

Why look for light in mortal gloom,
Or life in Death's dark prison?
No longer sleeping in the tomb,
The Crucified is risen.

Why, loving, loved ones, at the grave,
Stand ye thus weeping sadly?
He lives, he lives, who died to save;
Proclaim the tidings gladly.

Why to announce it still defer,
Your joyfulness restraining?
Why gaze into the sepulchre?
He is not there remaining.

Why doubt the tidings angels tell,
Down with the skies descending?
They know what to the Lord befel,
Unceasingly attending.

Why linger, loved ones? Haste away,
The news no longer keeping;
Proclaim the resurrection day;
Bid sorrow cease from weeping.

Why trembling now with glad surprise,
Still doubting, hoping, fearing?
He lives, he lives; your longing eyes
Shall witness his appearing.

Why should the tearful eye be dim,
Since Christ, our Life, is living?
Since everlasting life through him
Our God is ever giving.

Why dread the all-consuming grave,
Since Christ hath passed its portal,
And he, who died the world to save,
Shall raise his saints immortal?

Why not come boldly to the throne,
Since Christ for us is pleading?
Who for our sins did once atone,
For us is interceding.

Why not rejoice exultingly
That Jesus hath ascended,
And wait his last epiphany,
By all his saints attended?

Easter at Jerusalem.

At no time is there more to be seen and done in Jerusalem than during the Easter season. Then it is that the old city is crowded with pilgrims from far and near and wears, in consequence, an appearance of varied life and activity. Some of the pilgrims are Moslems returning from their journey to Mecca; others are Jews who have come to see that the massive stones of the old temple are being duly wailed over by their brethren; but by far the greater number are adherents of the Eastern Church.

Their purpose in making the pilgrimage is to anoint themselves with the fire which, according to their belief, is sent down from heaven each year at Easter-time to light the candles on the altar in the tomb of our Saviour in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Can they but ignite their little bundles of wax tapers by the holy flame, and with it bathe their faces and breasts, they believe that all their sin-stains are purged away. The great crowds of devotees become so wrought up with excitement over this divine manifestation that it is safer for those who would witness the ceremony to go to the church under consular protection.

Accordingly we assembled, about eleven o'clock on the morning of one Easter Sunday, at the American Consulate and from thence proceeded, with

a number of fellow-countrymen, to the church under the guidance of the *cavass*, or consular servant, whose heavy staff of office—a veritable drum-major's bâton—inspired respect on the part of the natives and opened a way for us through the dense crowds.

Arriving at the church we were led to one of the galleries which run around the building in three tiers. The main portion of the structure is circular in form, and in the centre of the rotunda is a small chapel which, according to the tradition of the Greek Church, guards within its walls the sepulchre of our Lord. The entrance to this little building is so low that one has almost to crawl on hands and knees to gain admittance; and when once inside there is only a shabby altar worn down by the lips of countless thousands of pilgrims, and shabbier candles which make the atmosphere most disagreeable.

From our vantage-point in the gallery we looked down upon a curious scene. Men, women and children armed with little bundles of tapers covered every foot of the spacious floor, save an aisle which a double line of some two hundred Turkish soldiers kept open around the Holy Sepulchre as best they could. The officers of the guard had difficult work in preserving order. Serious outbreaks were of frequent occurrence among the excited people, which could only be quelled by a vigorous application of the officers' rawhides to the backs of the ringleaders, and, in some instances, a gentle prod from a soldier's bayonet was necessary to remind the individual that he was forgetting his good behaviour.

The space between the inner line of soldiery and the sepulchre seemed to constitute a sort of prison-pen, for here were thrust the most turbulent spirits. In a short time an assortment of these leading rascals was thus gathered together and, as might have been expected, they soon began to make things lively among themselves; the result being a vivid representation of paude monium. In fact, rough-and-tumble fights were now the order of exercises, for all were endeavouring to elbow their way to a position nearer the chapel that they might be the first to secure the coveted fire. Such was the conduct of the adherents to the Greek faith in their holiest sanctuary and at their holiest ceremony!

After waiting for nearly three hours, surveying the hubbub below us, which had been, if possible, increasing, we noticed an unusual stir; and soon from one of the ante-rooms issued a procession made up of priests bearing large banners of various hues, and numerous surpliced boys swinging silver censers of incense, while in the centre of this company walked the Patriarch of the church clad in robes of heavy silk and satin richly embroidered with gold and silver thread as befitted the dignity of the High Father.

Three times this band moved round the sepulchre while the crowds were

awed to silence by the magnificent spectacle. After the procession passed out the pent-up excitement of the people broke out with renewed energy and those in the rear redoubled their efforts to gain a front place, for this pageant of priests seemed to herald the advent of the fire.

Soon two of the priests approached apertures in opposite walls of the chapel and through these received from the Patriarch, who had meanwhile entered the sepulchre alone, the heaven-sent flame. As the priests drew forth handfuls of tapers ignited by the holy fire, the agitation of the multitude knew no bounds. The great surging crowd seemed frenzied in their eagerness to light their own tapers. The women and children in the throng were entirely ignored and, as the stronger pushed them aside, more than one went down and were trampled under feet. But gradually now the divine flame was passed from one to another, those in the galleries letting down their tapers to be lighted until the whole church was soon ablaze.

Strife and wrangling speedily gave way now to smiling good-nature, and all were anointing their faces and breasts with the holy fire. The dark recesses of the old building, which the sunlight could never penetrate through the dingy dome, were lighted up with the flickering glow of the little candles which, with the constant darting to and fro of the flames, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, made up a weird picture never to be forgotten. Soon, however, the smoke and heat rendered the atmosphere intolerable, and we were glad to elbow our way out through the now happy throng to the open air.

Such is the ceremony gone through with each year at Jerusalem. Many of the people try to carry the fire away with them that they may keep a candle which has been lighted with it continually burning, as it is reputed to possess wonderful restorative properties both for the body and the soul.—*Wide Awake*.

Do Something to Stop It.

COMMON-SENSE tells us that when we would arrest an evil, we can do it with least expenditure of energy by stopping the stream at its source. The reformation of one individual is worth any effort, but all humanity may profit if we attack, instead, the evil which has wrought his downfall. At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said, "This is not your picture!" "Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune

time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said.

There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

Said I, "Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I, "What is the matter?"

He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By-and-by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said,—

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it. "Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"Yes, that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him."

"O God," he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?"—*Christian Mirror*.

Toronto's Sunday.

"I HAVE sent circulars into every city, in every State and Territory in the United States, and into a great many cities outside," said Rev. Dr. Crafts, of New York, at the Metropolitan Church, "to obtain facts about the present state of Sabbath observance; and among the questions I put was this: 'Where in your travels have you seen the Sabbath best observed?' The reply in the great majority of cases was 'Toronto'; Edinburgh came second, and, strange to say, a place in Madagascar, where Christianity has taken deep root, came third in the list. I have enjoyed my visit among you extremely. I came here because my doctor told me to go away to the pleasantest place and among the pleasantest people I could find, and so I came here. Now, I want to say one thing more about your Sunday in Toronto. Good as it is—better, as I believe, than any city of its size in the world—it is not perfect. But I want you to realise that you are a city set on a hill, and cannot be hid; that you are a light to the world in this respect."

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TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1887.

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The Risen One.

THE resurrection of Christ is the foundation of our faith, and the inspiration of our hopes. "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that sleep."

The Lord is risen indeed! The vast cloud of witnesses to this glorious fact grows daily, for every true believer has an experience of the power of his resurrection, having been begotten again unto a lively hope thereby. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

The Outlook.

It is stated on highest authority that at the close of the last century there were but seven Protestant missionary societies in the world. Of these four were organized during the last ten years of that century. At this time there are over seventy in Europe and America alone. There are a number of others in the different colonies. At the close of the last century the number of male missionaries employed was one hundred and seventy. Now there are 2,500 ordained Europeans and Americans, hundreds of native preachers, and over 23,000 native helpers, not counting female assistants. At the beginning of this century there were scarcely 50,000 converted heathen; to-day the approximate number is 2,000,000. Then, the churches were about seventy mission schools; now, about 12,000.

The Empty Tomb.

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry:
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry:
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered, he has lain:
But he has mastered death—is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry:
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring:
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry:
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

That thou our Paschal Lamb mayst be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry:
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory.

Y. P. R. U.

We are glad to report that—late in the season as the plan was announced—a considerable number of Young People's Reading Unions have been formed, and a large amount of earnest work is being done. Next season the reading course will be begun much earlier—in October, instead of February. In the meantime we urge our young friends to vigorously prosecute the course of reading on which they have entered.

A Canadian Chautauqua.

THE great Chautauqua movement has been extending its ever-widening circle till now it may fairly be said to engirdle the world. It has 1,200 members in Japan, with circles in India, in the Sandwich Islands, in Europe, and some 2,000 members in Canada. Throughout the United States there are many branch assemblies—from Maine to California and south to the Gulf of Mexico. The latest link in this great chain is the Canadian Chautauqua at Niagara. It is expected to give a great impetus to the Chautauqua movement in Canada, and to become an important centre for carrying out a similar programme of high class educational, moral and religious meetings to those of the original Chautauqua. A vigorous company has been organized, composed of a number of strong capitalists, a park of ninety-two acres has been purchased on the shore of Lake Ontario at Nia-



A HOUSE IN NORWAY.

A House in Norway.

THE domestic architecture of Norway is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, and carved doorways and porches, as shown in our cut on this page.

Giving in the Sabbath-School.

THAT careful training in Christian benevolence is needed will be readily admitted, and in no place is such training so important as in the Sunday-school. There lives and characters are being shaped and moulded, and, if the training be right, the results will tell all through life.

Let the scholars feel that they are giving; guide them in the choice of objects to which they give; inform them about these objects, so they may give intelligently; bring back to them, as far as possible, reports of the good done by their gifts; select objects covering all classes of Christian duty and benevolence, including the regular contribution to the support of the parent Church; impress upon them that giving means self-sacrifice, that it is not merely a mechanical form, that thoughtlessly asking papa or mamma for a penny for the Sunday-school is not true giving; that giving is a duty to God from each individual, which cannot be done by somebody else; that it is not the amount that makes the value in the sight of God, but the spirit which prompts the gift, and the years will show results that cannot fail to benefit mankind.—S. S. Times.

God causes all things to work together for good to his people.

gara, adjoining Fort Mississauga and on the historic battlefield. A programme is being arranged for a series of attractive meetings, beginning with a combined Queen's Jubilee and patriotic demonstration. Special prominence will be given to Sunday-school and Normal class assembly work; to Chautauqua examinations and conferring of diplomas; to Temperance, Y. M. C. A., and Christian conventions—to everything, in fact, that can promote the religious and intellectual welfare of man. Situated on the main route of travel by steamers and trains it will be at all times accessible, and the beautiful park will furnish pleasant summer homes for the citizens of Toronto, Buffalo and adjacent centres of population. The carrying out of this comprehensive plan is vested in an able directorate, of which the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the Methodist Church, is President, and Mr. L. C. Peake, so long and so favourably known as an active Chautauquan and zealous Y. M. C. A. worker, has been secured as Managing Director.

The Romance of Invention, a book just from the press of Cassell & Company, is as fascinating as a fairy tale, yet every word of it is true. The stories of the many inventions that have electrified the world, are here set forth robbed of their often wearisome technicalities, and are laid before the reader in their most attractive form. Mr. James Burnley, the author, has worked laboriously to accomplish his object, and he has met with signal success.



Behold the Man!

The voice of Jesus! Oh, how sweet
Its gracious accents fall!
"Rest for the weak and weary feet,
Pardon and peace for all."

The smile of Jesus! Light of light
For life's rough, narrow way;
It penetrates Death's darkest night
With Hope's celestial ray.

The look of Jesus! Lord of love,
Cast not the glance on me
Thou gavest Peter, to reprove
Forgetfulness of thee.

The feet of Jesus! without stain,
Unsoiled by steps they trod,
Mark still how we, through sin and pain,
May find our way to God.

The arms of Jesus! outstretched still
The soul half-way to meet,
Some precious promise to fulfil
Of hope and comfort sweet.

The hands of Jesus! ever near
The sinking soul to bless;
To heal the wound, to wipe the tear,
And make our sorrows less.

The heart of Jesus! can it be,
In his fair home above,
He still retains, my soul, for thee,
A thought of pitying love?

The love of Jesus! Heaven and earth
Have never fathomed this
Exhaustless joy, that by its birth
Secures eternal bliss.

—Rowland Brown.

Let a more straighter order be taken
to bar the making of *aqua-vitae* of corn
in the commonwealth. . . . *Aqua-vitae*
that is sold in towns ought rather to
be called *aqua-mortis*, to poison the
people rather than to comfort them
in any good sort.—Sir John Peronet,
to the Mayor and Corporation of Gal-
ley in 1584.

Happy Death of a Young Disciple.

WE have pleasure in printing the following touching sketch, kindly sent by a minister of our Church in Nova Scotia. We hope it will lead many of our readers to become in their early youth the disciples of Jesus.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR,—Having been informed that a little girl of fourteen—a bright little Sabbath-school scholar, with whom I was acquainted on a former circuit—had suddenly died, I wrote to her father, who is also superintendent of the school, for particulars of her death, and received a most beautiful reply. I send you a few extracts, hoping they may prove a blessing to the readers of the HOME AND SCHOOL, as they have been to myself. Yours fraternally,

R. B. M.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Rejoice that you belong to the army of the Lord. The Captain is himself a refuge under all circumstances! I never had such an engagement with the enemy since I enlisted, and can to-day sing "Hallelujah" louder and clearer than at any former period!

Annie was attacked with diphtheria etic croup. The doctor was called, but did not sound any alarm. On Saturday morning I went for him early, and then he told us her case was hopeless. This was very startling news to us. We told the dear child at once, when she said, "The will of the Lord be done!" Her faith must have been of no mean character. She struggled with death until about daylight, Sabbath morning, and never once faltered,

never uttered a lament, but, on the contrary, was filled with unshaken confidence in God. Her mind was well filled with the letter of the *Word*, and she had long ago opened her young heart to the Great Teacher, who had made her acquainted with the spirit thereof; it was food for her faith in the contest. She frequently repeated the words of the Saviour to Martha, John xi. 25, 26; particularly the first clause of the 26th verse. You know, the last few Sunday-school lessons for 1886 were John's glimpses of the Home of the Redeemed. Well, my conviction is, that God permitted that dear young creature to enjoy glimpses of the New Jerusalem. Her mind was full of it! The Golden Streets—Pearly Gates—River of Life. And the inhabitants—white-robed—palm-bearers: their song, and the chorus. I verily believe she saw as did Stephen.

She would say: "Oh, don't cry, mamma; I'm going to heaven to be with Jesus!" On one occasion she repeated in substance, Rev. vii. 15, 16, 17.; and, as she uttered the last words: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," she suited the action to the word, and, raising her hand, wiped the tears from her mother's eyes! My dear brother, we have a child in heaven. Rejoice with us! We have read the *Word* together since she could speak, daily. We have gone to the house of God together since she could walk. Last winter she renewed her pledge of service, joined a class, and since has been an exemplary Christian.

Her work in the morning always was, to put the Bibles on the table, find the Scripture lesson, and announce it to the family. You know, we always read International selections. Sometimes we would have to wait for other members of the family to find their verse, but never for Annie; she was always ready!

Oh, my dear brother, it is hard for flesh and blood; but I suppose this corruptible nature will be an incumbrance to us while in this life.

I said to my wife: "Why weep? If Queen Victoria had sent for Annie to be her guest for a few years, or a life-time, we would have witnessed the preparation with pleasure; but how is it! Queen Victoria's Lord has sent for her to adorn his palace, not for a few years, but forever; and we witness the inevitable preparation (death) with tears?" As my humanity was riven, looking at the indescribable agony of the dear child, I was made to feel the fulness of that expression: "Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." In one sense, death is the only soil in which our immortality can germinate.

I have often thought since, what would have been my feelings when informed that my darling must die, if neither she nor I had had an acquaint-

ance with Jesus. Think of it! Oh, brother, get the children into the Church! Bring them to know the Saviour! Press the matter! Labour and pray for their conversion while in health. What could our poor darling have done amid the turbulent waters of Jordan without Jesus?

Yours truly,

* * * *

Fix an Eye on Him.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sunday, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his mother were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself; "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through his strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix an eye on him, and he will keep you in the way.—*Congregationalist*.

You may go far in the temperance reform by moral suasion, but it has failed in removing the evil and, from the nature of the case, must always fail, just as anything else would, while the state throws its protecting shield over the traffic; and while there are men who will take advantage of such protection and resist your arguments, and soothe their consciences in the plea that what they do is *legal*.—*Rev. Albert Barnes*.

Comforted.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

My eyes were heavy with weeping,
My heart was heavy with care,
For my fairest hope lay withered
Because of unanswered prayer.
And all through the long night-watches
It seemed, as I lay awake,
That life itself was a burden
To carry for others' sake.

For my hands and feet were weary
With the daily toil and care;
And my courage seemed to fail me
With the failure of my prayer.
And I thought of the strange life-journey
So full of trouble and fears,
And I said: "But the dead are blessed;
For sleepers there are no tears!"

And so with my saddened fancies
I listened the beating rain,
Forgetting that April sunshine
Would waken the flowers again;
Forgetting that hope, though baffled,
Dies not in the human breast,
And that only the upward toiling
Will lead to the mountain's crest.

Then down through the dawn came ringing
Glad peals from the old church-tower;
And I thought with a rush of feeling,
Of that strange, chill morning-hour,
When Mary within the garden
Stood weeping, and troubled, and worn;
How the Master's one word: "Mary!"
Made a glorious Easter morn.

And my heart threw off its burden
At the sound of the swinging bells;
For the thought of the Resurrection,
All querulous murmuring quells.
And because of the world's Redeemer,
It is well with the world for aye;
And my heart was sweetly comforted
That beautiful Easter Day.

"Give a Man a Chance!"

BY EDWARD LAVER.

"WELL, JONES, have you anything to say for yourself, eh?"

So spoke Captain Springfield, chairman of the County Magisterial Bench, to Charles Jones, a man of about forty years of age, who had been brought up before him charged with being drunk and incapable a day or two previously. The case was clearly proved by the constable, who had found the defendant in a helpless condition on the highway. Indeed, there was no defence.

The man looked sheepishly at the Bench, as he replied, "Well, sir, all I can say is, 'Give a man a chance!'"

"You have been a soldier, have you?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," answered the man, involuntarily springing to attention and giving the military salute.

"I thought so," was the quiet response. "I am sorry to see a man who has served his Queen and country standing in the position you are. Anything against him before, Inspector?" turning to the police officer.

"No, your worship. He could do well enough if he would keep away from the drink," replied the officer.

"Supposing I give you a chance, are you willing to work if you could get a job?" asked the magistrate of the accused.

"Yes, Captain, give me another chance, and see if I wouldn't turn over

a new leaf," respectfully answered the man.

"Very well," was the reply, "as this is your first offence you will be discharged with a caution. Don't come here again on this charge, or it will be remembered against you. If you will wait for me outside the court till the business is concluded, I should like to have a few words with you."

"Thank you, kindly, sir, I'll be there," answered the man, as, giving a salute, he turned to the right-about and left the court.

At the rising of the court Captain Springfield went outside, not much expecting, if the truth may be told, to see the man he intended to befriend.

"It's all very well, Springfield," a brother magistrate said to him in the ante-room, "your temperance notions may be all right, but you only get imposed upon after all. That fellow will get all he can out of you, then go away, get drunk out of the proceeds, and laugh at you for your pains."

"I hope not," quietly responded the Captain, as he put on his coat. "At any rate I intend trying the experiment. I saw too much of the evils of intemperance whilst on service not to be anxious to do all I can to mitigate some of it, if it lies within my power to do so."

The other laughed, and saying, "You mean well, no doubt," passed on.

Captain Springfield, it should be explained, had seen much service in various parts of Her Majesty's dominions, and had been frequently called upon to punish drunkenness among the gallant fellows under his charge, who occasionally forgot themselves and yielded to the temptations which so plentifully beset them. When placed upon the half-pay list he returned to England, settled down at his country seat, qualified as a county magistrate, and had for some years past been doing all the good he could to those around him, or with whom he was brought into contact. His magisterial duties frequently brought him face to face with the evils of the drink traffic in our midst, and he determined to take some steps to show his practical sympathy with those who were trying to inculcate habits of thrift and sobriety. He first of all tried the strictly moderate plan as the basis of his advice and example; but finding, as many others have done, that this is but a half-hearted way of getting about the work, and being really in earnest, he took the further step and came out boldly as an abstainer, and at once found his power and influence for good vastly increased, although, as a matter of course, some of his personal friends and acquaintances rather deprecated his "fanatic notions," as they called them. But, strong in the consciousness of doing right, and having the approval of his conscience, Captain Springfield kept right on, till by and by his friends not only began to respect his ideas, but also to render pecuniary assistance

when necessary to carry out any charitable design or relief scheme in which he was the prime mover.

The man was waiting outside the court when the magistrate emerged from the court, so telling him to call at the Grange in half an hour, Captain Springfield entered his carriage and was driven away.

True to his time, Jones presented himself at the Grange, where the magistrate was waiting for him in his study.

"Well, my man," said the Captain cheerfully, "I am anxious to do you a good turn if I can, and I hope you are anxious to help yourself. Depend upon it, that is the best way to succeed—help yourself, and others will help you. Your worst enemy at present is, without doubt, the drink. No man can do himself or anybody else any good if he is continually on the fiddle, and I have seen enough of life—and so have you, I expect—to know that the men are most successful in life, most respected by their comrades, and most useful all round, who do not take intoxicating drinks in any form. Now, I want to make an offer to you. I will give you a chance if you will accept it."

"Only try me, sir," eagerly replied the man.

"Stop a minute," said the Captain. "There is one condition which I must insist upon. I will take you into my employment and give you a fresh start, but I must ask you first of all, are you willing to sign the pledge not to take intoxicating drinks in any form? You know your own danger, and you know how we used to get at that in the army. When a danger or a difficulty was in the way we went straight at it, and got the best of it. Now, that is what I want you to do in this matter. Go straight at it, and sign the pledge. You will conquer if you are determined to succeed. What do you say?"

Jones hung his head, and mused for a few moments before venturing to reply. The Captain waited patiently, thinking it best to let him have due time to consider the matter. At length the reply came—"I hardly know what to say about that, sir, because I am afraid of myself. I don't believe I could resist the temptation long if any drink were to come in my way; and how is a fellow to get away from it, sir?"

"Yes, I know," answered the Captain, sadly. "A man is tried and tempted at every turn, and if we had to rely upon our own exertions or our own strength we should be sure to fall. We must put our trust in One above, who will not leave us nor forsake us if we will only call upon him in our times of trial and temptation. You can join the Good Templars or the Temperance Society, and have a meeting to go to occasionally, to encourage or assist you. I have taken an interest in you, because you, like myself, have served under Her Majesty in the army, and also because of the love of him who went

about doing good, and who puts it into our hearts to speak a word in season. Think about this matter, Jones: pray to God about it, and enlist under the banner of the Captain of our salvation."

"Please God, I'll try my best, sir," responded the man, and the eagerness and heartiness with which he spoke showed that he was in earnest. "Nobody ever spoke to me like that before, sir. It has always been the way of the world to kick a man as soon as he gets down, and not give him a chance to pick himself up again; I shall have a hard fight, I know, sir, but, please God, I will get the best of it."

Captain Springfield was as good as his word: he gave the man employment, found him lodgings in rooms over the coach-house, surrounded him with safeguards, and at the end of a year was able to promote him to a position of trust. Nor was his confidence misplaced, for no one would recognize in the smart, honest-looking valet at the Grange, the hopeless, dejected wretch, who, twelve months before, was pleading before the magistrates for "a chance" to do better. Yes, temperance and godliness have changed Charles Jones from a useless encumbrance upon the State to a respected member of society, and brought him out of the mire and placed his feet firmly upon the rock.

The moral need scarcely be drawn; he who runs may read, so legible are the characters. If temperance reformers would more often give a practical turn to their opinions and their sympathies, like Captain Springfield of our sketch, there are many, very many, in this fair land of ours, who, like Charles Jones, are pleading for just another chance to do better, and who, in broken accents, are appealing to be relieved from the weight of sin and woe which oppresses them, and whom, even yet, there may be a chance to save, if we only heed the heart-piercing cry, "Give a man a chance."—*Western Temperance Herald.*

An Easter Thought.

Oh, while all things are awaking
In this busy world around,
Say, must hearts alone be breaking
For the bliss they have not found?
And must blighted souls' affection
Like dead leaves be cast aside—
Shall it have no resurrection
In a heavenly Easter-tide?

Surely, he whose power can waken
Life within the leafless tree,
And to woodlands, flower-forsaken,
Bring again the bird and bee—
He can wake to life and duty
Human souls enchained by sin,
And bring forth the hidden beauty
Of his image stamped within.

Oh, when broods the dark December
Over blighted tree and flower,
Hopefully we will remember
Beauties waked by sun and shower;
And when mists of shame and sorrow,
And thick darkness round us roll,
We will look for God's to-morrow,
Bringing Easter to the soul!

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Myrrh Bearers.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THREE women crept, at break of day,
 Agroped along the shadowy way
 Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.
 Each in her throbbing bosom bore
 A burden of such fragrant store,
 As never there had laid before:
 Spices, the purest, richest, best,
 That e'er the musky East possessed,
 From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
 Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
 In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
 Should the dead sepulchre imbue
 With vital odours through and through:
 'Twas all their love had leave to do!
 Christ did not need their gifts; and yet
 Did either Mary once regret
 Her offering? Did Salome fret
 Over those unused aloes? Nay!
 They did not count as waste that day
 What they had brought their Lord. The
 way

Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
 Thenceforth about the robes they wear
 The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
 Go women forth by twos and threes
 (Unmindful of their morning ease),
 Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
 Where'er they see the faintest rim
 Of promise—all for sake of him
 Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
 It just such joy as those of old,
 To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh bearers still—at home, abroad,
 What paths have holy women trod,
 Burdened with votive gifts for God—
 Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
 By this one thought, that all had suffered;
 Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

A Word on Easter Eggs.

THE Pashka, or paste egg, is literally an egg used at the Passover, and was very likely an idea borrowed from the Egyptians, who, in common with other nations of antiquity, regarded the egg as an emblem of creative power.

There is no difficulty either in tracing the hold the Jewish name for the Easter eggs has obtained through so many centuries in our common English tongue. Passover and Easter occur about the same time of year. Formerly the two feasts began on the same day, and when there was an alteration made in the dates there were a number of Christians strong enough to form a sect known as Paschites, who held fixedly to the opinion that Easter should be kept on the fourteenth day of the moon, no matter what day of the week that might be.

The position taken by the Paschites gave rise to long disputes. One of the popes, about the end of the second century, tried to settle the affair by excommunicating all who celebrated Easter on any other day than Sunday. But papal anathemas were of no avail, and it was not until the decree of the Nicene Council that the matter was settled by the acceptance of Sunday, and the additional arrangement that when the fourteenth day of the moon fell on the first day of the week, Easter was not to be observed until the following week.

These decrees did not affect the question of eggs, however. They had been used by European nations in connection with the new year, as symbolizing a fresh start in life, and when the date of the new year was put back from the vernal equinox to the winter solstice, the Feast of Eggs was not shifted with it, but remained a part of the unwritten rites of Easter.

The Greek Church attaches a great deal of meaning to the egg at Easter-tide. The custom in Russia has varied very little from what is said of it in a book published in London, in 1589, where it stated that the Russians, "Every yeere, against Easter, die or colour red with Brazzel (Bazil wood) a great number of Eggs, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish upon Easter Day in the morning. And moreover, the common people carry in their hands one of these red eggs, not only upon Easter Day, but also three or four days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have gilded eggs, which they carry in like manner. They use this custom, they say, for a great lore and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoice. For when two friends meete during the Easter Holydays they take one another by the hand; the one of them saith, 'The Lord is risen,' and the other answereth, 'It is so of a truth'; and then they kiss and exchange eggs, both men and women continuing kissing for four days."

Kissing in the Russian dominions is not so general now as three hundred years ago, but the eggs are still handed about and the words of greeting are unaltered—"Christ is risen," being met with the response, "It is so of a truth."

Eggs are also exchanged ceremoniously in Greece at Easter and throughout Germany, where, however, Easter cards are more used among grown up folk, the hunting of eggs through house and garden being a delight specially reserved for children. These cards have been in use among the Germans for a long time. There is one in the British Museum which represents a basket in which are three eggs decorated with pictures illustrative of the resurrection, all being upheld by three hens. Over the centre egg is the *Agnus Dei*, with a chalice, representing faith; over the others are emblems of hope and charity. Beneath is a legend,

"All good things are three,
 Therefore I present you three Easter eggs—
 Faith and Hope, together with Charity.
 Never lose from the heart
 Faith to the Church; Hope in God,
 And love him to thy death."

The precise date the Easter egg found its way into England cannot be determined, but certainly before the time of Edward I., for in the household expense book of that monarch there is this item in Latin for Easter Sunday: "Four hundred and a half of eggs, eighteen pence"—cheap enough certainly, and a contrast to the price at the present time.

Some of the superstitious rites pertaining to the egg at this season are retained in various parts of the country, but divested, of course, of the peculiar significance which we attached to them in the days of compulsory education. Egg rolling, which was formerly indulged in under the notion that the farm lands on which it was practised would be sure to yield abundantly at harvest time, has now become a sport.

The very colouring of the eggs has now an artistic meaning only; formerly it was a sacred sign. Easter eggs are no longer thought to be good for ailments; nobody preserves them as charms; it is no longer supposed that eggs laid on Easter Day will keep fresh longer or will result in fowls of the choicest kind. Yet it cannot be said that the interest has diminished with the more practical view we now take of old customs.

Eggs continue to be stained very much as they were centuries ago, and the gilding, which is as ancient, at least, as Greek mythology, is also kept up, while, though the sacred and mysterious meaning which formerly invested them belongs to an age when the common people had no literature, and a peasant who could read was a prodigy, yet the Christian must ever feel a fresh springing of the heart with the coming of that day of days which commemorates the resurrection of the Lord of lords and King of kings.—
L. P. L., in Demorest Monthly.

The Message.

BY A. L. B.

SO READ the page of sacred meaning
 To one who sought with prayerful gleaming
 The guidance of the Spirit;
 Whose gentle touch, like angels' wings,
 Woke in her heart the song that sings
 To all who list to hear it.

The song whose ringing echoes sound
 Down all the ages circling round
 The Star of Bethlehem;
 The peace on earth, to men good-will,
 Which shepherds heard, give to us still
 A Saviour, as to them.

Now, for the sake of him who died,
 Whose bleeding hands and pierced side
 Point out the way for me;
 "I fain would give my life," she said,
 Walk in the path his footsteps led,
 Up rugged Calvary.

"Bear with my cross the balm and spice
 Which faithful love and sacrifice
 Shed round each earthly tomb;
 Led through the dark by faith alone,
 Not knowing who shall roll the stone
 In the morning's cold gray gloom.

"Content if it is mine to hear
 My Master's voice in accents clear
 Say to me, 'Go and tell,'
 Though the 'brethren' dwell beyond the sea,
 And kindred, friends and home must be
 Left with a long farewell."

You never get to the end of Christ's words. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations, but they never pass away; and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—*Dean Stanley.*

Easter.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFON.

THERE is silence in the city, while the mid-
 night hours roll by;
 The deed was done which shook the earth,
 and darkened all the sky;
 The Victim, bruised and mangled, sleeping
 calmly in the gloom;
 The sentry slowly treads his beat before the
 sealed tomb.

Along the east a line of light prophetic softly
 lay;
 Night plumes her sable wings for flight, before
 the coming day,
 When suddenly a blinding flash burst on the
 gloom profound,
 And down the smitten sentries sank, as dead
 men, to the ground.

The ponderous stone, with life instinct, before
 its Maker's nod
 Moved back, and on it sat a form in brightness
 as a god;
 Forth walked the pierced and crucified in
 majesty divine,
 On his marred countenance in full the God-
 head's glories shine.

In a lone upper chamber a sad band vigil
 kept,
 And slowly passed the weary hours, as still
 they mourned and wept;
 "We trusted it were he," they sighed, "but
 ah! our dreams are fled;
 The cherished hopes of kingly reign are
 slumbering with the dead."

List! to those hurrying footsteps along the
 silent street,
 And up the darkened stairway a rush of flying
 feet,
 And Mary bursts into the room, and on their
 startled ears
 The cry is flung, "He's risen!" and her voice
 is choked with tears.

O earth! so filled with sorrow, with wrong,
 and crime, and sin,
 Shut in the tomb of ignorance, with guilt and
 dead within,
 Down through revolving ages echoes that
 woman's cry,—
 "He's risen!" Ho, ye sleepers, wake! in
 death no longer lie!

WE have already temperance text-
 books for schools intended to impress
 fundamental temperance doctrines
 upon the youth in attendance, and now
 the Women's Christian Temperance
 Union in California publishes a series
 of arithmetical questions for a similar
 purpose. The examples deal with
 temperance statistics. We have often
 thought that temperance copy-books
 would be a valuable acquisition in the
 same line. Thus the scholars might
 be taught to write the strongest kind
 of temperance sentiments, such as
 "Alcohol destroys both body and soul;"
 "Beer contains only — per cent. of
 nourishment;" "Look not upon the
 wine when it is red;" "Wine is a
 mocker, strong drink is raging." The
 alphabet would soon be exhausted.

A MAN once took a piece of white
 cloth to a dyer, to have it dyed black.
 He was so pleased with the result that,
 after a time, he went back to the dyer
 with a piece of black cloth, and asked
 to have it dyed white. But the dyer
 answered, "A piece of cloth is like a
 man's reputation; it can be dyed black,
 but it cannot be made white again."

Easter.

MAGDALENA! Magdalena!
Hasten, feet of Magdalena!
Hasten for the sun is rising
O'er the Eastern hills of bloom!
In thine eyes the tear-drops tender,
In thy face the morning splendour;
Hasten, feet of Magdalena,
Hasten, hasten to the tomb!

Magdalena! Magdalena!
Once thy soul was demon-haunted,
Like the hart pursued it panted
For the rest earth could not lend;
Then he came to thee, the Healer,
Came the Paraclete Revealer,
At his feet thou fellest, pleading,
In his bosom found a friend.

Magdalena! Magdalena! —
Angels speak to Magdalena,—
"Lo, the sealed tomb is rolled,
Lo, the stone away is riven!"
Once thy soul was demon-driven;
Now the shining ones of heaven,
By the empty tomb of Jesus,
Thou art worthy to behold.

Magdalena! Magdalena!
Favoured thou above all women;
Hasten to the sad eleven,
To the sorrowing ones, and say,—
"He is risen! At the portal
Of his tomb are forms immortal;
Lo, mine eyes have seen the vision,
In the place where Jesus lay!"

Magdalena! Magdalena!
Though thy feet may flee from Judah,
Though thou diest in the caverns
'Neath the purple skies of Galilee,
Yet thy message from the angel
Shall become the world's evangel,
And all wondering nations hear it,
And thy mission blessed call.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

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

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN.

Gen. 45. 1-15. Memory verses, 13-15

GOLDEN TEXT.

Overcome evil with good. Rom. 12. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. A Brother. 2. The Son.

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

PLACE. The capital of Egypt.

CONNECTING LINKS. The famine has come, but Egypt has abundance of corn. The starving nations seek food in the Egyptian cities. Among the buyers come Joseph's brethren. He recognizes them, but keeps his secret. The incidents of our lesson occur in the second visit.

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

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Brother.*

What had led to the scene which opens our lesson?

Give a reason why Joseph should cry,

"Cause every man to go out from me."

Give a second reason for it?

What evidence that he was really their brother is furnished by the circumstances?

What elements of brotherly love did Joseph show?

To what past fact that only they and he knew did he allude?

How did he attempt to put them at ease? Does Joseph's statement of the determinate purpose of God concerning him relieve them from responsibility?

2. *The Son.*

What had been the anxious question on Joseph's lip at each interview with his brethren?

When he had made himself known, what was his first thought?

What filial purpose does he express?

How many years had elapsed since he had seen his father?

What is the spirit of the command concerning treatment of parents?

Joseph's days for obedience had passed, had his days for honouring his father also passed?

What was the chief desire of our blessed Lord? John 12. 27, 28; 15. 8.

What should be the prayer of every true son of God? Matt. 6. 9, 10.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is the doctrine of man's responsibility and of God's sovereignty.

The sheaves bowed as in the dream so long ago. It came in good time.

David said, "My times are in thy hand," Daniel said, "He knoweth the times and the seasons." Joseph proved it.

Joseph not only obeyed his father while a boy at home, he honoured him when prince of the foremost nation of the earth.

Notice the power of conscience, v. 3.

Notice what grace in a man's heart can do v. 5.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Human responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. Into what state did the fall bring mankind?

Into a state of sin and misery.

Romans v. 12. Through one man sin entered into the world and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all have sinned.

B.C. 1706] LESSON IV. [April 24

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER.

Gen. 47. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and mother: which is the first commandment with promise Eph 6. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The King. 2. The Father.

TIME.—1706 B.C. Same as last lesson, but later in the year.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen.

CONNECTING LINK.—The brothers have fulfilled their mission. Israel and all his dependents have come to Egypt and are settled in Goshen. The parted father and son have met. And now it remains only to present them to the monarch.

EXPLANATIONS. *Some of his brethren*—Not all, but five, as representatives of the whole, and because their occupation placed them far below the Egyptians in caste. *Thy servants are shepherds*—A confession of social inequality. The sheep feeding and herding was given over to women. *To sojourn in the land*—Not as permanent inhabitants; for they knew that God had promised to them the land of Canaan. *Men of activity*—Men fitted for the duty of guarding and herding the royal droves of cattle. *Free and evil*—As compared with the lives of Abraham and Isaac, which had been long and prosperous. *The land of Rameses*—Probably not so called till long after, but when this account was written commonly so called. If Moses wrote this, he would naturally call it by the name of the Pharaoh whom he had known best.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The King.*

In what position had the king told Joseph that he must be the greater? Gen. 41. 40.

How is this right of superiority recognized in this lesson?

What had been Joseph's special commission from the king?

In whom did the absolute ownership of the soil vest under an Oriental absolute monarch?

Had Joseph exceeded his authority, and encroached upon the rights of the throne?

What must have been the financial effect of Joseph's wisdom upon the revenues of the crown?

What does Pharaoh's question to Jacob suggest as to the possible duration of life in Egypt?

How did the king receive the request? Did he grant more than was desired?

2. *The Father.*

What must have been Jacob's appearance as he came in before Pharaoh?

Which one felt himself consciously the superior? v. 7.

Give a reason why he should feel so?

In what respect had Jacob's days been evil?

In what respect had they been days of blessing?

What is the purpose of discipline?

What kind of character had been wrought in Jacob by his life of suffering?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The pilgrimage of Jacob is only a picture of human life.

Life is short at the best, and the evil equals the good.

Jacob looked for a better country. Heb. 11. 9-13.

The sons of Jacob came only to sojourn in the land, not to dwell.

We are but sojourners here. Are we looking for the better country?

Is any thing more beautiful than filial love?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The better land.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What is the sinfulness of that state?

The want of original righteousness, and the depravity of our nature, through which it has become inclined only to evil.

[Romans v. 19; iii. 10; Matthew vii. 11. Luke xi. 13.]

To Schools Opening in the Spring.

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

SUPERINTENDENTS and pastors would do well, when a young man leaves the Sunday school and his home to go to school, or into business in some other place, to write to the pastor or superintendent, or both, in the place to which the young man is going, asking them to look after him. Many a young man is lost to the Church and the Sunday-school for want of a little attention. The Young Men's Christian Association does a good work in this way. Think of this, and look after the strangers who come into your community, especially the young men.

As long as money can be made by the traffic, there are men who would build their guggeries in the crater of a volcano; they would sell rum, did the law permit them, amid the upheaving of an earthquake; and as the drunkard steps down the bank and hangs suspended by a single twig over the bottomless pit, they would put between his chattering teeth the draught that would unnerve his arm and plunge him into an eternal abyss. Shall we talk of moral suasion to such men? Only the pains and penalties of the law will reach them.—Rev. James B. Dunn.

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