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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1895.

[No. 12.]

GREEK PRIEST AND PILGRIM AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY E. B. FOLEY.

LET us make a morning pilgrimage from the house on the north wall of Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre. We must crowd past bakers with their little loaves, fruit men with oranges, pomegranates, and dates, women with big bundles of wood on their heads, little donkeys with heavy loads, huge camels with burdens of building stone. Rather difficult to crowd through all these in a street eight feet wide! At last we reach the Holy Sepulchre, and stand where we can see those who come to worship.

It seems as though you might see pilgrims from almost every nation in the world. There goes an Arab, there a Turk, there a Russian, a Syrian, an Italian, a German, a Greek. All crowd to Jerusalem, many to the Holy Sepulchre. I have seen on a Mediterranean steamer fifty Russians who had walked from central Russia to Smyrna on their way to Jerusalem. One night at Hebron a company of Mohammedan pilgrims arrived. They had just walked from Jerusalem. Some were so completely exhausted by the journey that they fell to the ground.

The Jerusalem pilgrims buy crosses, crucifixes, beads, etc., to take home with them. There is now a law that all pilgrims entering Joppa shall leave a deposit, so that they will have sufficient money to pay steamer fare home; otherwise they would spend every cent for these worthless trinkets.

Stand here near the door, and watch the pilgrims enter. There comes a feeble old woman. She humbly kneels on the hard pavement and kisses it. She goes all about the building, kissing each stone in the wall, then totters away satisfied. Many, both old and young, come in and kneel before the altar, like the one seen in the picture, and remain there for hours at a time. Scores of people enter, kneel, and kiss the marble slab said to be the one upon which Christ was laid when anointed by Nicodemus. Watch that intelligent young man! The stone yonder at which he is looking he is told is the one to which Christ was bound when scourged. He falls upon his knees, rises and pushes his stick between the bars by which the stone is protected, touches the stone, and then kisses the stick.

Blind superstition! How well if such humble adoration were given the spiritual Saviour of the world! How much better to show our love for the Saviour by keeping his commandments!

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Howells so much."

THE BEST HOTEL IN TOWN.

"Esq. PRINCETON from Ohio is stopping at the Blank House," said Mr. Nims, glancing up from the list of hotel arrivals in the morning paper he had purchased on the train.

"Shall we have time to call upon him?" asked Mrs. Nims. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

"Lucky we happened in town to-day, we will try it." And an hour later they were shown to his apartments in the best hotel in the city.

"You have comfortable and luxurious quarters here, and they are very easy of

and to keep him in his room. As I ran to his assistance he said:

"I beg of you, sir, to let no one in the house know of my poor chum's condition. We have been playing billiards; he has been drinking hard here for a couple of days and nights, and has brought himself, as you see, to a terrible state."

"We soon had the young fellow quiet on the bed, and as I looked in his face, what was my astonishment, on a closer observation, to discover that he was the son of my old friend and neighbour at home, Judge A—. You know the family, Mrs. Nims."

"Certainly, I have heard that his

"As I sat in that luxurious room gazing into the pale, haggard face of that darling son of my friend, as he lay upon the bed moaning and tossing his arms at intervals in his feverish sleep, and heard from the lips of his faithful and conscientious friend and chum, who had never been his companion in evil, the dreadful account of how scores of young men, students and others, were being ruined body and soul while on their nightly visits to this as well as to other so-called first-class hotels in the city, I resolutely said to myself, 'As for me, I will no longer countenance this dreadful sin in any direction whatever. I will never again contribute my money or influence to the support of a hotel where, from the very "respectable" bar below, to the rooms in the topmost story, the glasses jingle in which the viper lies coiled, ready to fasten its fangs into the very soul of rich and poor, high and low, young and old alike.'"

"I am more and more led to see," said Mr. Nims, "that there is a manifest and very urgent duty in regard to this matter to be followed by the Christian public. The inconsistency of our so-called best people in regard to this matter is something astonishing."

"It is so, indeed," replied the gentleman from Ohio. "Ministers as well as the laity, from the most eminent to the lowest, should not only rigidly refrain from upholding the damnable sin of rum-selling personally, but strive by every means in their power to so mould the sentiments and practice of the travelling religious public in this direction that it would no sooner think of helping support a rum establishment under whatever guise than a counterfeiting den or a fero bank."

"It is strange to me," said Mrs. Nims, "why many people when they travel insist on having things so much more luxurious than they are accustomed to at home. The modest temperance hotel, the clean lodging-house, the respectable restaurant will not satisfy them. They seem to forget that a petty annoyance is of little account by the side of principle, consistency and genuine love for the Master and his teaching."

"That is so," said Esq. Princeton; "we have all need to pray with the Psalmist: 'Lead me to the land of uprightness.'"
Boston Christian Safeguard.

A LITTLE girl, having been reproached with disobedience and breaking the commandments of God, sighed and said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, those commandments break awfully easy!" And it is easy for us to sin. If we want to resist sin, we must ask the strong God to help us to overcome evil with good.

An orator at one of the University Unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell.



GREEK PRIEST AND PILGRIM IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

access," said Mr. Nims, after the first surprised and cordial greetings.

An earnest, serious look passed over Esq. Princeton's face as he replied.

"Yes, I am very well cared for here, but I have made up my mind to quit the abominable rum hole before the sun goes down."

"Rum hole!" repeated the gentleman and lady in surprise. "What can you mean by calling the Blank House a rum hole? and why do you propose to depart from it so hastily?"

"I will tell you," replied the gentleman. "Last evening as I was turning the key in the lock of my door, on the way to supper, the door of the room directly opposite mine, in the long corridor, swung back, disclosing two young men, apparently fighting. One of them looked like a maniac, and was shrieking wildly, and I was soon convinced that his companion was endeavouring to get him under control

oldest son was in the sophomore class of B— College."

"This was the boy, and this meeting was a sad contrast to the friendly call I had planned to make upon him at his father's request. I have some knowledge of medicine, and hastily preparing a quieting draught I administered it with some difficulty, and he was soon quietly sleeping off the effects of his long debauch."

"I did not need to be told by his chum that he had come from his home and entered this world-famous college a purloined, frank-hearted temperance boy—all that I knew from personal acquaintance."

"Now I had heard the sad story of his being gradually enticed to visit this hotel in company with some of his classmates, at first to play billiards, then to play billiards and to drink, and then, when the brain was fired and consequently the reason and conscience dethroned, to rush to vile resorts.

Alone.

BY ROSE J. BURDETTE.

SINCE she went home,
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The wintry days till so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe out a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
How still the empty rooms her presence bleat,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

SINCE she went home,
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely
tears,
Since she went home.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1895.

THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.

THERE is a certain fault which many people do not count as a fault at all—they speak of it as "a defect," "a blemish," "a failing," and yet that little fault injures more characters, spoils more lives, causes more unhappiness, than many another sin which we think far more dreadful. The fault of which I write is thoughtlessness, and I think that boys are rather prone to that habit: but no matter how friendly, how bright, or how obliging a boy may be—no matter how much he may mean to do right—if he is thoughtless, it spoils it all, for don't you see if you cannot depend upon a boy as doing the right thing—if he fails you just at the critical moment—of what good are his good intentions? He may come to you the next day with his face full of honest grief. "I don't think," says he. "I'm ever so sorry to have annoyed you so," and you know that he is sorry, for you count upon Jack's good heart always. But Jack's regret does not help matters at all.

"But," says Jack, "I cannot help it—honestly I cannot. Am I to blame for forgetting?"

"Yes, Jack, you are. You can exercise your memory just as well as you can any muscle of your body, and one will grow strong and serviceable with proper training just like the other."

"But I have tried to remember," says poor Jack, "and I can't do it."

"You have not tried hard enough," I insist. "You cannot break up that miserable habit in a day, nor a week, nor a

month, but in the course of a year, if you set the whole force of your nature against it, your friends will see a decided change in you for the better.

"If you promise your mother that you will be home promptly at three to do an errand for her, be there at the minute, if you have to tie strings around every one of your ten fingers to make you remember your engagement.

"If you promise to buy a copy of the *Tribune* for your Aunt Mary on your way to school and bring it home to her when you come back, and Harry Davison joins you as he did the other day and you get so engaged in chat that you walk five blocks beyond the news-stand before you think of the paper, leave Harry Davison and go back and get it. You will have to run, and you will probably be a little late at school, so that you will have a mark for tardiness, for you will have no proper excuse. Of course your Aunt Mary would forgive you if you did not bring her the paper. True, you might buy her one on your way home from school, if they were not all sold, but do not rely upon any of these ways out of the scrape; go back as fast as you can and get the paper; if you are late at school, take your tardy mark, for you deserve it: but you will have kept your word as a gentleman should, and that is of great importance. If you treat yourself with such severity as this every time you forget anything, your memory will learn to give you the right reminder at the proper time.

"The trouble is, Jack, you do not think these things are of sufficient importance. It seems absurd to you to take all of that trouble for a newspaper, and you know that your kind aunt will accept any apology that you choose to make her. But it is not for your aunt's sake that I am writing, nor for the sake of the paper—that is a little thing; it is for the sake of your own character. It is that you may grow up to be a truthful, reliable, trustworthy man.

"Truthful!" exclaims Jack and his colour rises at that.

"Well in one way I never knew a more truthful boy than you are. I should rely upon your account of any circumstance exactly. I know you would relate it just as it occurred. But you said you would mail that letter at once for me, you know—and did you? Yes, after it had lain all night in your breast-pocket. Of course it was only a trifle, and you were sorry, and I excused you instantly: but the ideal gentleman keeps his word in trifles, you know, as well as in things which are more important. And as it happened that letter was not exactly a trifle, for the fact that it was not received when it should have been, caused some anxiety.

"Indeed you and I never know what are the trifles of this world, for sometimes the things which appear most trivial to our short-sighted eyes are really very serious matters; and the only way for us to live is to do whatever comes to us in the line of duty in the most thorough manner possible; then we shall be sure that no trouble which could be helped will come either to ourselves or to anyone whom we love by our thoughtlessness."

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

JESUS suffered. He suffered that he might personally know what his people have to endure and pass through. He wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like us as he could. He now knows not only what we feel, but how we feel.

No angel in heaven knows this; no angel can, for an angel never suffered. The tenderness, therefore, of Jesus is far beyond the tenderness of an angel; yea, of all the angels in heaven.

He knows what bodily pains are; and he knows what mental agitation, dejection, and agony mean. His nerves were shaken. His soul was troubled. His body suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, and wounds. He suffered in every part and from every possible cause.

And he knows, therefore, the strength necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to sustain. He feels for us. More, he feels with us. He is our Head, and we are his members. The sympathy of the head with the members is quick and constant, tender and perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus.

Suffering one, Christ alone can suitably sympathize with thee, because he alone can so sympathize as to sustain, sanctify thy sufferings, and certainly and honourably deliver thee. Jesus always has his eyes upon thee. He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. He will not lay on you more than you can bear, nor will he allow anyone else to do so.

Look to Jesus under all your sorrows, sufferings, and pains, and draw comfort from this—Jesus feels for me, Jesus feels with me.

'JUST AS I AM.'

ONCE a boy came to a city missionary, and, holding a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir?"

The little page with a single hymn on it had been cast on the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

AN INDULGENT MOTHER.

BY M. B. DRIBOND.

JET was an old black cat whose wise ways and looks caused much amusement in the family. She had one bit of pride about her: she would not eat with the other eight cats—although she ran with them to meet the pails of fresh milk, morning and evening—but would wait for a saucer by herself while they lapped theirs from the flat rock which had been hollowed out for the purpose. She also had one lazy habit; she would not lie on a chair without a soft cushion in it. Besides these things, she was a very hard-working, patient mother to large families of kittens, which it is feared she did not bring up very well, since they always left her to furnish them with mice and ground-squirrels, of which she was a skillful hunter.

In her old age she adopted a white kitten, which was found and brought home by one of the children, in a weak and bedraggled state; and though she was perhaps too indulgent to him in some ways, she kept up strict discipline in the matter of cleanliness, washing his face herself every day. Moses did not like this very well, and would watch a chance to get away, but his new mother would hold him down with one paw while she worked, and if he succeeded in running off would run after him and box his ears until he was willing to be good and have a clean face.

He grew to be a handsome cat, much larger than his foster-mother, but did not seem to grow ashamed to let her still earn his living for him. At last I think Jet must have remembered that she would not be here always to take care of this spoiled child, and that it was best to undo the effects of some of her indulgence. So she took him one day and started for the woods to teach him to hunt for himself. She went on very cautiously, showing him just how to creep softly and slyly after the game. But Moses was a foolish and trifling fellow, who had never been taught to do anything but play, and so he followed behind, making fun of his poor old mother behind her back, catching her tail and jumping in the leaves to make a noise.

At last Jet's patience was quite gone at this foolishness, and she turned back and gave him such a whipping that he ran home sulky and she went to the hunt alone. When she came back, however, she brought him a fat mole to make peace with him; and I think he would easily forgive one who was so very useful to him.

At last old Jet died, and the children buried her where a clump of catnip made a head for her grave: and now poor Moses, who does not like to live without the fresh game he is used to, has to catch it for himself; but, not having been willing to learn, he is not very skillful. The first time he sprang at a mouse he fell downstairs, nearly breaking his neck. He kept hold of the mouse, and no doubt found it better than other mice, as we generally do what we ourselves make an effort for. Perhaps his success made him proud, for the next time he saw a mouse he ran after it so fast that both mouse and cat went into the fire on the hearth, and Moses had to run on three legs for several weeks on account of burning one paw so badly. I think the foolish puss, like many people who walk on only two legs, has found out that life would have been much easier and pleasanter if he had learned when he was young to do things well.

Epworth League.



Juniors.

Our Junior soldiers brave will be
To fight for Christ our King;
Our hearts we'll give, for Jesus' love,
And lost ones to him bring,
And lost ones to him bring.

CHORUS.

We'll march, we'll march,
With banners wide unfurled,
We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring
And tell to all the world,
And tell to all the world.

Our battle-ground's the field of sin,
Our foes are millions strong;
We never, never will give in,
For victory is our song,
For victory is our song.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

June 2, 1895.

FORBID THEM NOT.—Mark 10. 13-16.

Jesus loves young disciples. John was the youngest of the Saviour's early disciples, and we see how greatly he was attached to him. He loved the young man who came to him with the inquiry as to what he should do that he might inherit eternal life. The Bible abounds with encouragements relating to early piety. Some of those who were the most conspicuous members of the Church in every age commenced their Christian course in early life. See Joseph, Josiah, and Timothy.

In the lesson which we have now to consider Jesus encourages even children to be brought to him. The mothers of these little ones were desirous to obtain some mark of favour for their loved ones, and pressed hard to get an interview with the great Teacher. The disciples, probably with a view to prevent their Master being troubled, sought to hinder the women from getting near the Saviour. But see how Christ resented their interference. He disapproved their conduct and blamed them for thus acting, a clear proof that he loves children. All members of Junior Leagues should therefore come to Christ without delay, he will not cast them out.

The Master here states, how persons are to receive him, or become members of his family. They are to possess a child-like, humble spirit, not proud or haughty, but to be "humble, teachable, and mild." No person will be made a Christian who is proud or arrogant and entertains the thought that they possess any worthiness in themselves. All are to accept salvation on Gospel terms. "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to thy cross I cling, must over be their cry. Jesus loved me and gave himself for me. By his stripes we are healed."

"Luck."

BY KEEN E. HEPFORD.

THE boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not with wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.

LESSON NOTES

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LESSON HYMN.

The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the rains and seed,
To reign in endless day.

The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IX. [June 2.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Mark 16. 1-8. Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke 24. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mission of Love, v. 1-4.
2. The Message of Life, v. 5-8.

TIME.—April 9, A. D. 30; the first day of the week after the passover. Each "first day" is now called Sunday, a name borrowed from heathenism, and unknown to the Jews. But the day of which we are now to study differed from a modern Sunday in that (1) it had no sacredness until the events of our lesson came to be commemorated; (2) every day with the Jews began and ended with evening, so that the dawn of the day was not at its beginning, but halfway toward its close.

PLACE.—The tomb at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, outside the city walls.

RULERS.—Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Caiaphas, high priest; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea.

INTRODUCTORY.

On the evening of our Lord's death, Friday, his body was buried by Joseph of Arimathea in his new rock-hewn tomb. On the next day, the Hebrew Sabbath, our Saturday, by Pilate's authority the stone door of the sepulchre was sealed and a guard of soldiers placed about it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The resurrection.—Mark 16. 1-8.
Tu. False reports.—Matt. 28. 8-15.
W. At the sepulchre.—John 20. 11-18.
Th. Fulfilment of Scripture.—Acts 13. 26-37.
F. Certainty of the resurrection.—1 Cor. 15. 12-20.
S. Risen with Christ. Rom 6. 1-11.
Su. Descent of the Spirit.—Acts 2. 1-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Mission of Love, v. 1-4.
What women sought the tomb of Jesus? For what purpose did they go? On what day and at what hour did they go? What difficulty did they anticipate? How was the difficulty overcome? To whom was this at once reported, and by whom? See John 20. 2.

What did these disciples do? See John 20. 8-10.

2. The Message of Life, v. 5-8.

Whom did the women find in the tomb? How were they affected by the sight? How did the visitor calm their fears? What did he say of their mission? To whom did he bid them go? What message were they to bear? How promptly did they obey? How did they feel over what they had seen and heard? To whom did they speak by the way? Why were they thus silent? To whom did Jesus first show himself? See John 20. 14-17.
What is the message of life to the world? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. True love for Jesus?
2. True faith in Jesus?
3. True service for Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was the body of Jesus in the tomb? From Friday until Sunday. 2. What then took place? He rose from the dead. 3. Who first knew of the resurrection? Mary Magdalene and other women. 4. Who told them of the resurrection? An angel at the sepulchre. 5. Where did the angel say that



THE RESURRECTION.

they would meet Jesus? In Galilee. 6. What is the Golden Text? "The Lord is risen indeed."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the difference between the visible and the invisible Church?

By the visible Church is meant the whole number of those who belong to Christian societies; the invisible Church is the company of all true believers in every age.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE life, ministry, and death of Jesus are all vain and powerless without his resurrection. If Christ is still in the grave there is no basis of personal faith. A dead Christ inspires no confidence and awakens no enthusiasm. But he lives. The proofs of this fact are abundant, but the church is not bound to produce them. The Jews and Roman soldiers had him in charge. They must account for the body or be silent. For forty days after his disappearance from the tomb somebody claiming to be the risen Christ was in Jerusalem and Galilee. He showed nail-prints in his hands and a wound in his side. If the claimant was an impostor, either the civil or ecclesiastical government should have arrested him. The fact that they did not is very significant. It means that they were afraid of him. We do not wonder at their fears. They had been terribly shaken up on that first Easter morning. Five hundred people saw him after he arose, and know him. These are the human witnesses among those who know him on earth. The Holy Spirit in the world, con-

vincing it of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come, and in the church to sanctify, guide, and comfort, is the divine witness to the fact of his resurrection. Another class of human witnesses is made up of those who have been converted and who have lived or are now living with the love and grace of Christ in their hearts.

Jesus has sent word to the Church that he is not in the grave, but in heaven; and we believe the word. There should be more rejoicing over the resurrection of Jesus than over his birth. It would be a good time to make a free-will offering to missions. Will our Sabbath-schools think of this?

THE STORY OF BRESOA.

THE little town of Bordighera in Italy has furnished the Easter palms at Rome ever since the year 1586. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea-captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade anyone

ation, "why do you use that nonsensical phrase?"

"That is my way of swearing," answered Train; "and it is no more nonsensical and far less blasphemous than your oaths. I'll quit if you will." There was no more swearing during the journey. The Christian describes another lesson once given to a swearing student:

A late distinguished president of one of our Western colleges was one day walking near the college, with his slow and noiseless step, when a youth, not observing his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely in his vocation.

The doctor stopped up and said, "Give me the axe," and then quietly chopped the stick of wood. Returning the axe to the young man, he said, in his peculiar manner, "You see now the wood can be cut without swearing."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE man who thinks that a horse is not thoroughly intelligent had better look to his own education. The other day a big, fine-looking horse attached to a grocer's waggon fell down in the middle of a slippery pavement. The driver did not jump down and belabour the animal with a club, as most drivers would have done. He did alight from his waggon and loosen the harness upon his horse. Then he took his lap robe and spread it upon the slippery pavement near the fallen horse's feet. The intelligent animal did not mistake the mute suggestion. He eyed the robe for a moment, and then he edged around until his feet were upon it. With an effort he struggled to an upright position, and then lifted his feet while the driver picked up the robe. He seemed to know intuitively that he could not slip on the robe. Then the driver readjusted the harness, mounted his seat on the box and drove on. If that horse was not intelligent, what was he?

A MAN who can sit around a good, warm fire and enjoy himself cold winter nights while his horses are shivering in cold, uncomfortable stables, has not much conscience and should be deprived of the comfort which he denies his faithful servants.

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BY

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A LESSON.

THE eccentric George Francis Train, while travelling in a parlour car, was annoyed by the many oaths with which several men interlarded their conversation. Determined to rebuke them, he joined in the talk, exclaiming again and again:

"Shovel, tongs and poker!"

"Mr. Train," said one of the men at last, wearied with the recurring exclaim-