

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1897.

No. 15.

The Song of Easter Day

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Fair is April sunshine; strong the March
wind's breath,
Calling all the little leaves from frozen
sleep of death;
Precious is the fragrance that scents the
locks of May;
But what is all their beauty to the
blessed Easter Day?

Still art thou the fairest. When thy feet
pass by,
Through God's silent acres, all the seeds
that lie
Waiting for his harvest, p'anted still and
deep,
Thrill beneath thy footsteps, waken from
their sleep,

Rise to joy and glory, rise to hope and
love;
Rise to bloom and burgeon in fairer
fields above;
Rise to lift and strengthen, with healing
touch and kind,
The hearts that else were broken, the
eyes that else were blind!

this day the Bible remains the only book which he reads without indifference. His early experiences of life were harsh but salutary. Poverty pinched the household closely, and all through, like a jarring string in an instrument, there went the fear and horror of the head of the house, who was addicted to drink. Through it all, too, went the harmonious faith of the mother, her Puritan ideal of the personal "walk with God," and the constant voluntary exercises of prayer and "expounding of the Word."

Meanwhile, this child in a dingy little Walworth shop was inspired, as spontaneously as if he had been the primitive first artist, with a craving for plastic expression of his ideas. His first attempts were made when he was a very little boy, and consisted of objects drawn upon transparent slates. A little later he began to colour engravings. At last he took to cutting butter-stamps out of wood, and even to carving timid little wooden figures. All this time he was completely ignorant of even the simple processes which are taught to children, and his father used to severely reprimand him for "wasting his time."

At a very early age he had begun to

mean, Mr. Sparkes took the youth by the arm, and said, "Come in and see what we're doing!" To discover that his native talent was extraordinary was the matter of a single evening, and Tinworth at once took his place as one of the most interesting students in the Lambeth Schools.

Here he worked away for many years, slowly acquiring the principles of the art of modelling, reaching the school at the end of a fatiguing day, and so much brightening up under the excitement of study, as hardly to be persuaded to go home when the class was over. The home-life was now growing harsher than ever, and the father resisted with all his might these attempts of the son to educate his hand and eye.

If the mother had not shielded him, and if the father's habits had not made it easy to evade detection, Tinworth could hardly have supported existence. In one of his humorous bits of realism, he has shown us himself as a boy of fifteen, furtively carving a head with a hammer and chisel in the little wheelwright's shop, with a boy on the watch at the door, ready to give him the signal when his father should be seen turning

washing his hands and attempting thereby to rid his soul of the guilt of that judicial murder, which "not all the rain in the sweet heavens, no, nor in the mighty deep," can wash away. To his left appears the coarse and brutal robber, Barabbas, receiving the congratulations of the rude soldiers, and to the right the meek Christ endures their gibes and scoffs. Mr. Ruskin speaks of this as follows:

"After all the labours of past art on the life of Christ, here is an English workman, fastening with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews and their rulers in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released and the man condemned, clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of universal suffrage."

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

This is the glad salutation with which we welcome the glorious Easter Day. What blessed truths are wrapped up in this the Church's watchword, which is



THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS.

O come thou in the dark time, or come
thou in the bright,
Thou art the chiefest treasure of all the
year's delight;
Of all its best and rarest the one divinest
thing,
Thou fadeless lily shining! thou crown
and soul of spring.
—Youth's Companion.

GEORGE TINWORTH AND HIS WORK.

George Tinworth was born on the 5th of November, 1843, in South London. He was the child of parents from whom, at first sight, nothing in the way of artistic proclivity could be expected. His father was a master wheelwright in a very small way of business. Mrs. Tinworth was a member of one of the smaller Nonconformist bodies, among which the study of the Bible is considered not only a duty but a delight. Tinworth grew up, therefore, in a Biblical atmosphere; the Scriptures were read to him and by him, from cover to cover, over and over, until they sank into his blood, and became part of his very nature.

For the religious lines upon which his talent has developed, his mother must be considered wholly responsible. To

work at his father's trade, and to help him in the shop. In 1861, he first heard that there was such a thing in Lambeth as a school of fine art. He persuaded a comrade of his to go with him to see what it was like. Peeping in, they saw such a blaze of light, and such a number of respectably-dressed persons, that their courage failed them and they fled. However, the scene presented itself to the young man's memory again and again, and he could not keep away. The comrades arrived a second night, and this time Tinworth climbed on the shoulders of his friend, and took a long look through the window. It happened to be a modelling class, and the room was not nearly full. The young fellows began to think that they might venture in, and yet they hardly dared to do so. Tinworth was putting his ear to the door, when his comrade suddenly gave him a push and precipitated him into the presence of Mr. Sparkes, who happened to be going out.

The boy was far too much frightened to say anything; but he held up a little head of Handel, in the round, copied from a small model, and knocked out of a lump of sandstone by means of a hammer and chisel. After glancing at it, and securing a reputation for boundless sagacity by knowing for whom it was

the corner after his mid-day visit to the public-house.

Meanwhile, the young sculptor was learning all that he could at the evening classes. He gained prize after prize in the schools. He and another young man, who has attained distinction since, Mr. Martin, the potter, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to leave at nights when the visits of the inspector were imminent, and would sit up working all night through. In 1864, Tinworth was admitted to the School of the Royal Academy, and his career as a student was sound and rapid.

In 1870, the art pottery, as it is now understood, began to be a staple at Lambeth, and from that time forward Mr. Tinworth's hands were always full of congenial work, and he found by degrees the work which he was really fitted to produce. In 1874 he exhibited three large terracotta panels at the Royal Academy, the "Gethsemane," the "Foot of the Cross," and the "Descent from the Cross."

THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS.

George Tinworth's "The Release of Barabbas" is a kind of triple picture. The architectural accessories are much more fully worked out than is usual with Mr. Tinworth. In the centre is Pilate

repeated all along the ages by the believing sons of men. He, the Lord of life, died once for us. He has thus transformed death. It is no longer, what before it seemed to be, the end of all life, the dark hopeless gulf into which our hopes, our labours, our loves descend, never more to return. Death is proved to be but an experience of life, a way from life to life.

He died once. He liveth ever. He is the living Christ. Do we really believe this? Has this truth taken possession of our hearts, dispelled our fears, inspired our work? What room is there for unbelief and despondency? Can he ever fail us? Is he not more than sufficient for our utmost need? Do we live in him? Oh, that we were lifted out of the cold, dead formalism in which we have been held; and that we felt the quickening power of the life of the living one. May he grant us all this Easter blessing. May we awake to a new hope and a new life, a life of unselfish devotion, a life of holiness and goodness, a life to which death will only come to usher into its glad fruition and completeness.

It is better to give a little more taffy during life than so much epitaphy after death.

The Dawn of Easter.

Forth from heaven there passed two angels,
Down to earth on swift wing sped,
Hearing unto men glad tidings,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

When the first faint beams of morning
Touched the eastern sky with gold,
They had hastened to the garden,
From the tomb the stone back rolled.

And when Christ came forth triumphant,
Nevermore with death to bide
He who lowly stooped to suffer
Now for ever glorified—

Then within they watched and waited
For the coming, and and worn,
Of the friends who, bringing spices,
Sought the Saviour's tomb at morn.

How they soothed their fear and trouble,
Bade them spread the word of cheer,
"Christ is held of death no longer!
Seek him not, he is not here!"

And to us, through ages ringing,
Have the blessed tidings sped,
"Fear ye not, the grave is conquered,
Christ is risen from the dead!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$ 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly Illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	4 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to- gether.....	5 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 66 pp., 8va., monthly.....	0 20
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 00
5 copies and over.....	0 00
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 12
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year.....	5 00
Per quarter.....	0 07
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 00
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24c. a dozen; 87 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COVENS, S. F. HERRICK,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1897.

"HE IS NOT HERE."

How unexpected was this announcement to the women who were still seeking to show regard for their dear Saviour. They could scarcely wait until day-break, but hurried on through the twilight to bear precious spices to the Saviour's tomb. They still expected to find the body of Christ where Joseph had laid him. Their mission was that of unfeigned love. What startling news when the angel said, "He is not here, he is risen." At first their minds were confused and could not be satisfied. They feared that he had been stolen from the grave, but still they felt that he had power over death and the grave. So he had. He came forth from his narrow prison. He arose the first fruits. He triumphed. He thus subdued his enemies. He put to confusion the Scribes, Pharisees, and Sadducees. He was no longer the mean, contemptible Nazarene of former days. He now is the wonder of wonders. Nature seemed to be in close harmony with the spiritual. Jesus the spiritual sun shed his glory o'er a darkened world. He broke the power of reigning sin. "He is not here" indicated that he was somewhere. He was not overcome, neither disqualified for the greatest trials. He triumphed after all human vengeance had been expended.

EASTER JOYS.

What especially has afforded the world joy and peace? It was the resurrection of Christ from the dead. There was joy on his advent, and angels joined in the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest." There is real joy also after Jesus suffered the agonies of the cross to see him come forth victor over death and the grave. How sad were all his disciples and friends to see him suffer and die! How dark the world as

the Son of man expired on the cross! What a solemn stillness brooded over the holy city as Joseph took him down, and laid him in his rock-hewn tomb! With what sadness all who loved him spent that night and the succeeding day. Grief had settled down on many hearts who had learned to love the Prince of Peace. But, oh, the joy, when it is announced on the morning of the third day that "He is not here, he is risen!" Though doubts were mingled with fears, yet how great the joy when the fact is fully declared. Then the darkness fades before the rising light. Then gloom departs like mist before the sun. Then sorrow flies from despondent hearts, and joy and peace begin their loud acclaim, "All hail, all hail." Oh, what a load is lifted from the despondent friend to know that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, and has conquered the powers of eternal darkness and woe.

It is joy even to-day. The Christian rejoices in such a Saviour. The Christian Church hails this day with anthems of praise, for it declares her victory over the great enemy of sin. It makes the demon of despair rage and quake at this strong potentate, who fears neither death nor the grave. With what joy we should celebrate this festival. How appropriate to consecrate one's self to his service as an offering of joy for his salvation.

AN EASTER MESSAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. LLEWELLYN (L.A.D.)

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."—Isaiah 53, 5.

Easter Day seems to me the very gladdest of our Christian festivals. I think it is like passing out of the gloom and darkness of a dreary winter's night into the soft, clear brightness of a beautiful spring day, when bird and tree and flower are glad and gay together. Yes; but there is more than earthly sunshine to make our Easter Day so bright. You know Easter is kept in memory of the greatest day our world has known, and though nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since the first Easter Day, yet the wonderful story of what happened then is as fresh as ever.

We have just been specially remembering a very sad event in the life of that precious Saviour whose birth into our world we were celebrating with thankful hearts at Christmas. Ah, what a wonderfully loving life his was! Not a very long one, though to some of you who are only nine or ten years old, thirty-three years may seem a very long time. But how much of sorrow and suffering there was in it! And why? You know, don't you, why it all was? Our text tells us. Shall we read the whole of it? It is one verse out of many lovely ones in the same chapter—verses which are full of hope and encouragement and glad thanksgiving for you, as you sadly think of all the wrong things in the past, and wonder how you may come to God and be forgiven. You may come through this Jesus, of whom the whole chapter is full. It is just for his sake that God will receive you, and send into your hearts the sweet sense of his favour and forgiveness. I cannot tell you with what pleased readiness the great Father's ear catches the faintest whisper of his dear Son's name from the lips of any who are really wanting his help. But now let us read the whole verse, and see what it teaches us.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Surely this is good news! You could not have thought of anything so good if God had not written it down in his own book. Here is one who has stood in your place, and borne the penalty of your sin. Think of it! And that one is God's dear and only Son. Yes, he has suffered instead of you; for the next verse tells us that we have all "gone astray" like poor wandering sheep. Instead of following in the steps of our Good Shepherd, we have gone on in our own wrong way. Do you not feel that this has been often true of you? And so, because we cannot save ourselves, or make an atonement for sin, "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

There is a sense in which these words are true of everybody. It is quite true that Christ died for all—but everybody is not saved. Perhaps some of you are not, as you read these lines. These precious words cannot be a glad message to you until you take the Lord Jesus to be your own Saviour. Will you not do it now? God has laid your iniquity upon him. Remember the precious Saviour was "wounded" and "bruised"

and "chastened" for you during those terrible hours in the garden of Gethsemane, when "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Ah, you can never tell how much he suffered there! but it was almost more than even he—the divine Saviour—could bear. Well may you love him with your whole heart's love for what he has done for you. Picture him climbing slowly and sadly the slopes of Mount Olivet, and submitting to all the shame of a death on the cross in order that he might save you. And now, if you are truly sorry for the wrong things in your hearts and lives, which have so often wounded the Saviour afresh, God says you may each of you put the little words "my" and "I" into the verse. Let us do it now: "He was bruised for my iniquities, the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed." Yes, even I, a poor little sinful child—"with his stripes I am healed." Oh, if you can say this, you will indeed have a glad Easter-tide!

You can bring no thank-offering this Easter to the Lord Jesus so acceptable as yourselves; and then you may bring all sorts of loving deeds done to everybody you can, as grateful thank-offerings to the love which has saved you. I heard some pretty words the other day which I think I must tell you, and I should like all of you who have already given yourselves to Jesus to remember them every day:

"Loving deeds, for Jesus' sake,
Now our best thank-offering make."

God bless you all, dear little ones, and give to each a joyous Easter-tide!

A BOY'S MANNERS.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" This is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or one who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions, it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly, and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit to the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came in the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up by the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest to the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He positively can't be easy at the table until his neighbours are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks anyone else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittiest or most timely remarks ever thought of. He may learn to do so some day—after he has earned his hundred thousand—but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.

EASTER EGGS.

When I was little, like most of you, my pets, it was always a great mystery to me why eggs were used so freely on Easter Sunday. When you break an egg at breakfast on Easter, you are doing just what Roman boys and girls did centuries ago, for they began the first meal of the day with eggs, and the egg was looked upon as a symbol of the resurrection and the future life. The giving of an egg is considered a mark of friendship, and the preparing of it is always a work of love. The Russian salutes a friend on Easter morning with, "Christ is risen," and offers him his Easter egg, and in some parts of Scotland it is said to be the custom for young people to go out early on Easter morning and search for wild fowls' eggs to be used at breakfast, and it is thought lucky to find them.

The confectioner's windows are full of fancy candy eggs, but far prettier are the ones made and decorated by skillful little fingers. Care should be taken, however, that the designs are tasteful and appropriate, and that no ridiculous groupings are painted on them.—Christian at Work.

The Legend of the Easter Lily.

BY KATHERINE NEWCOMB.

In the gloom of early morning
Which precedes the coming day,
Ere the fuller rays of sunlight
Fade the lingering stars away,
Came the two with spices laden,
Perfumes rich and rare and sweet,
Love's last offering brought the Marys,
Love's last gift for His dear feet.

Forth they came in swift confusion,
For the stone was rolled away,
And the empty tomb and graveclothes
Found they where the dear Lord lay.
As they ran to tell his loved ones,
"Christ, the Lord, is risen indeed,"
Mary Magdalene wept softly,
And her tears fell like the seed—

Like the seed along the wayside
Fell her tears upon the sod;
Forthwith sprang the Easter Lily,
Lifting high its head to God,
"He is risen!" sang the Marys,
As with flying feet they sped,
And the nodding lilies answer,
"He is risen—is risen indeed."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 18, 1897.

Abraham into Canaan.—Genesis 12, 1-8.

FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.

Abraham, though born of idolatrous parents, became a most eminent man of piety. God designated him as "My friend." The answers obtained to his prayers were the most remarkable on record. His name at first was Abram, but the change was made to Abraham by command of the Most High. You know the passage of Scripture which says, "Them that honour me, I will honour." Abraham's career is an illustration of the truth of this statement.

DIVINE CALL.

This call was a test of faith and of obedience. Abram was to leave home and go to a strange country, of which he knew nothing. To obey was an act of strong faith. How would any of our juvenile members like to be thus commanded? If you will read the text carefully, you will see how remarkable is the command, and how strong Abram's confidence must have been, to render cheerful obedience. Learn this important lesson, that to obey God is always better than sacrifice, and is moreover sure to receive reward.

THE PROMISE.

Verse 2. Had he remained at home, there was no probability that he would attain to any particular distinction, but now see, he is to be the "father of a great nation." Nothing could be more satisfactory to Abram than the promise now made. God knows what will suit his children best, though he does not always literally grant them their requests, but what he does grant is always for the best, though in some instances it may require strong faith to comprehend the blessing implied in the gift.

SECOND PART OF THE PROMISE.

Verse 2. "I will bless thee." This may mean all manner of blessings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things." "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich." It tendeth to prosperity and long life, and is always a satisfying portion. Nothing else produces contentment. Covet earnestly this best gift.

PROMISE OF GREATNESS.

On leaving his own country, he renounced every prospect of becoming conspicuous, even in his own family. The promise implies that he would receive ample compensation for any sacrifice which he would make in connection with his father's house. Whatever Christians may lay aside, or deny themselves of, God will reward them abundantly. It may be even in this life an hundredfold, and in the world to come life everlasting.

HE WOULD BE A BLESSING.

Every good man is a blessing to the community in which he resides. Religion is not merely for present enjoyment, but to benefit others. His example is to allure all with whom he comes into contact, to walk by the same rule, and to mind the same thing. Thus it was with Abram, and so it should be with us.

The Walk to Emmaus.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAM.

Down from Jerusalem, on Easter Day,
Went two to Emmaus, six miles away
The long sad hours were drawing to an
end,
And as they walked they talked about
the Friend
Who, they had hoped, would Israel re-
deem,
And how that hope had vanished as a
dream.

But presently a stranger came their way,
And went beside them through the wan-
ing day:
His words were gentle, sympathetic,
kind,
And fell like healing on their anxious
mind:
His tender voice almost their hearts made
glad,
As soft he asked them, "Why are ye so
sad?"

Though wondering, they told him all
their grief,
(And in the very telling found relief),
They listened with astonished, burning
heart,
While he to them true wisdom did im-
part:
Showed how Christ had to suffer death
and pain,
But would henceforth in endless glory
reign.

Then, as they reached their little jour-
ney's end,
Feeling that they indeed had found a
friend,
They urged him, when he would have
further gone,
To tarry with them till the morrow's
morn.
"The day's far spent," they plead,
"evening draws near;
Abide, and share with us our humble
fare."

And so he tarried with them—welcome
Guest!
Sat down to meat, took bread, and
breaking, blessed.
They watching him with ever deepening
awe—
Until their eyes were opened, and they
saw
It was their dearest Lord—O vision
bright!
And instantly he vanished from their
sight.

He vanished, but their sorrow too had
fled;
He was alive! He who had once been
dead!
He was alive! their hope had not been
vain!
As he had promised he had risen again!
Conquered was death! ended the mortal
strife!
Begun the power of that eternal life!

A RUSSIAN EASTER.

BY OLINTON MONTAGUE.

In Russia the Easter season is one of
especial brightness and rejoicing. Here
Easter is celebrated principally as a
church feast; but in the land of the Czar
it is a long, gay holiday, full of merrim-
ent and display.

The Russians are very devout, and
observe all the festivals with scrupulous
fidelity. The forty days of Lent are
kept with religious exactness—neither
flesh, eggs, fowl, milk, or butter being
eaten. The theatres are closed, and
dancing is forbidden. During Passion
Week no business is done, and religious
services are held continually in the
churches.

On Easter Eve the houses are all
scrubbed clean, and every Russian puts
on a new suit of clothes, or part of a
suit, at the least. There is uncommon
stir everywhere, and the churches are
thronged with people. There are no
seats in a Russian church, so the wor-
shippers all stand. A single lamp
blazes in each place of worship; by the
light of this the attendant priests begin
a mass that continues slowly until the
hour of midnight.

The solemnities preparatory to Easter
begin properly on Holy Thursday. On
that day the people repair to the
churches with candles, which they light
and hold in their hands while the priests
read the sorrowful story of the Saviour's
last days upon earth. This is peculiarly
impressive, as often the common people
take the duty upon themselves, after the
priests have ceased their labours; and it
is no uncommon sight to see an aged,
white-bearded labourer reading with
slow, feeble utterance, surrounded by
groups of little children, listening de-
votely with clasped hands.

On Good Friday occurs the ceremony
called the *procession of the tabernacle*,

The tabernacle is a shrine, raised upon
a platform and covered with a black
cloth, upon the upper side of which is a
representation of Christ. The tabernacle
remains thus until Easter Eve, the
worshippers thronging around it, and
offering their devotions continually.
The ceremonies of the Greek Church are
very formal, and at the Easter time they
are peculiarly long and elaborate.

"Boom! boom! boom!" chime the bells
in the steeples at midnight, and almost
instantly there is a vast transformation
scene. The chandeliers suddenly be-
come glaring circles of brilliant light and
every worshipper becomes a torch bearer.
Peasant and soldier, together with prince
and merchant, each carries a taper,
which is now lighted, and the crowd is
enveloped in a strange and weird splen-
dour. Bells ring out their peals; the
reports of heavy ordnance shake the city,
and amid clouds of incense and strains
of sweetest music, the centre door of the
shrine—which encloses the holy of holies
in all Russian churches—springs open,
and the bishop or archbishop, in his
priestly vestments of many-coloured
satin and cloth of gold, and a high,
jewelled cap upon his head, steps for-
ward, chanting "Christ is risen—Christ
is risen from the dead!"

This joyous chant is taken up by the
attendant priests, who now carry the
cover of the tabernacle back to the altar,
where the bishop stands and blesses all
the people with outstretched arms.
Through the multitude pass other priests
with swinging censers of perfume, pro-
claiming the glad tidings, "Christ is
risen! Christ is risen!" Each wor-
shipper bows his head reverently to re-
ceive the blessings of the holy fathers
as they go by.

After the church service comes the
blessing of the Easter cakes. These
are set in long rows, and each cake
carries its lighted taper. The priests
sprinkle the cakes with holy water, and
the poor people carry them home. The
rich do not appear to think that their
food requires this blessing. But there
is no recognition of rank in the Easter
greetings. Everybody seems to recog-
nize the common brotherhood of men,
and the Easter salutation and the Easter
kiss is passed indiscriminately from
mouth to mouth. "Christ is risen!"
exclaims the peasant. "He is risen in-
deed!" replies the great noble, and
passes on. Friends kiss each other up-
on the cheek. Even the Czar himself
is not exempted from bestowing these
courtesies. In the chapel of the winter
palace he is kept an hour and a half
saluting with affection the clergy, the
council, his guards, and his household.
Every face beams with joy, and the
watchword, "Christ is risen," echoes
everywhere. The merry peals of the
church bells resound through the air;
churches and palaces are brilliant with
illuminations; rockets light up the skies
—and thus the great holiday is ushered
in.

At a Russian Easter breakfast there is
every indication of the joyous festival.
Eggs are, of course, a staple article; and
on most tables a lamb in butter, frizzled
and curled, with currant eyes, appears.
Other dishes are a rich curd, with a
covering of delicious paste; bread made
of long rolls of dough twisted together;
and wheat gruel. Pork is invariably
used; and plenty of vodka (whiskey) is
drunk.

One of the Easter customs is the pre-
sentation of eggs. These eggs are made
of porcelain, glass, wax, sugar, and
sometimes of silver and gold; of all
colours, and of any size, from that of a
tiny sparrow's egg to those of giant
proportions. Some of these Easter eggs
are very valuable; and costly jewels are
often hidden away in a beautiful, golden,
egg-shaped case. Whoever presents one
of these eggs, says at the same time,
"Christ is risen," receiving the usual
response, together with a kiss. In St.
Petersburg alone hundreds of thousands
of eggs change hands at this season.

Wrestling and boxing are common.
The swing is also a grand diversion of
the holidays. At the great squares the
Russian Punch and Judy draw large
crowds. The picturesque groups in the
streets, the variety of the costumes of
the peasants, the rich and showy uni-
forms of the officers, the strangeness of
the language, accompanied by the ex-
pressive gestures, and all the demonstra-
tions of the people, present a picture
that is entirely novel to a visitor from
another country.

The lower classes of the Russians have
their pictures of the saints, which they
call "gods," which are usually suspend-
ed in one corner of their living-room.
These are painted in bright colours, on
pieces of board, and are ornamented
with silver or gold. On Easter Day
there is placed in front of these pictures
a table, on which is set a lamp
that is kept continually burning.

Whenever the owner, or one of his
family, enters the room, he salutes his
"god" by bowing or crossing himself
before it. At the end of the holiday
season the lamp is removed but the
worship of the images continue.

The Russian festival closes with a
mass on the Sunday after Easter. On
this occasion each worshipper is given a
piece of a loaf, with the words, "Christ
is risen," which he keeps as a sacred
relic, together with his Palm Sunday
branch, on the table of his domestic
saint.

**"AND UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT
THOU TRUST"**

We are told that during the storm
cannonading of Nickajack, a small bird
came and perched upon the shoulder of
an artilleryman, designated as "No. 1,"
whose duty it is to ram down the charge
after the ammunition is put in the gun.
The piece was a Napoleon, which makes
a very loud report. The bird, perched
upon the man's shoulder, could not be
driven from its position by the violent
motions of the gunner. When the piece
was discharged, the poor little thing
would run its beak and head up under
the man's hair at the back of the neck,
and when the report died away would
resume its place on his shoulder. Cap-
tain Babbitt took the bird in his hand,
but when he released it, it resumed its
place on the shoulder of the smoke-
begrimed gunner. The scene was wit-
nessed by a large number of officers and
men. Possibly, frightened at the violent
commotion caused by the battle, and not
knowing how to escape or where to go,
some instinct led it to throw itself upon
the gunner as a protector. Was it some-
thing like this the Psalmist was think-
ing of when he wrote the ninety-first
Psalm?

GIVE FREELY.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."
—Matt. 10. 8.

God will have no grudging offering, he
will bless no gift that is not given freely
and heartily. Nothing that the richest
of us can ever offer will in any way
equal his Great Gift to us, of his only
beloved Son. Shall we, then, grudge the
little that it is possible for us to do for
him?

A good but penurious brother once got
a good lesson on this point from an old
minister. A church building was sadly
needed where he lived, and an earnest
effort to obtain one sent the minister to
stingy Brother Jones for his help.

"Here," said the pastor, "you see what
the brethren and sisters have given so
far. Now we are ready to hear what
you will give."

"Well, we do need the church, I
s'pose," replied Brother Jones slowly, and
with a long-drawn sigh; "and I reckon
I'll have to do somethin'; but you see
times are mighty hard, mighty hard,
Brother Gray, and I dunno as I can—"

"Stop right there, Brother Jones!" in-
terrupted the good old minister, putting
the subscription paper back into his
pocket, "stop right there! We don't
want one dollar of your money. Not a
dollar shall go into the Lord's house that
doesn't go freely. When the church is
done, you shall be as welcome as any-
body to come; but we won't have one
of your grudging dollars, not one!"

He rode away, leaving Brother Jones
greatly astonished and severely rebuked.
But a few days later he went to Brother
Gray, and saying, "May the Lord forgive
my stinginess! Here's a free gift,
Brother Gray; and I'll give you more if
it's needed," he laid down a hundred
dollars.

"That's it, Brother Jones," replied the
pastor; "that's it! Now the Lord will
take your money, and bless it to you."

THE RIGHT HEART.

Two little girls were sitting near a
brook in the woods. "Listen to that
noisy brook," said one; "it scolds and
scolds. I wish it would keep quiet."
"Why, sister, it is not scolding, it is
singing," said the other. "The leaves
are falling from the trees. How bare
and ugly they look," cried the first
speaker. "Oh, but it is so pleasant to
gather the leaves," was the reply; "then
we see more of the sky, and the sun
shines on us better." The other frowned
angrily and said, "Your ears and eyes
must be made different from mine." The
difference was not in the ears and eyes,
but in the heart. If the heart is right
the brook will sing, not scold; the sky
will look blue, and through the bare
branches God's love will shine.

"The only way to prevent what's
past," said Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a
stop to it before it happens."

LILLIAN'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY FANNIS ROPER FEUDOR.

Two little lassies, Lillian and Maude,
had just returned to the Elmwood
boarding-school, after spending the
Easter holidays at their own homes.
They were classmates, nearly of the
same age, and very fond of each other.
As girls do, they had a great deal to talk
about when they first met after their
return to school; the presents they had
given and received and the pleasant
times they had enjoyed at home.

"I liked all my gifts," said Lillian, as
she sat perched on the window-seat in
Maude's room one afternoon; "but I
think the very best of them all was
Uncle Howard's letter written especially
for me."

"A letter the best of all?" asked
Maude. "What kind of a letter was it?"
"Why, you know Uncle Howard is a
missionary in China, said Lillian, "and
he sees what hard times the women and
girls have in that country. First he
told me about two large brick vaults,
built for the purpose, where young chil-
dren can be thrown without any trouble,
and he says that hundreds of little girl-
babies are every year thrown into this
dark, cold place, and left there to die.
Then he spoke of a well-to-do family
where there were already two sons, when
a dear little girl-baby was born. But
the cruel father, instead of being glad,
got angry, and said he could not afford
to take care of girls, and that this new
baby must be either strangled or thrown
into the vault. The poor mother cried,
but she could not save her dear little
daughter, because in China the husband
and father has complete control of the
wife and daughters."

"But just as this wee Chinese baby
was about to be carried off, her old
grandmother, who was a good Christian,
heard of it, and sent and begged to have
the baby for her own. Her son-in-law
laughed at her for wanting a good-for-
nothing girl-baby that is not worth the
bringing up, but said she could do as
she pleased about it."

"So the grandmother took the poor,
despised baby to her own humble home,
and grew very fond of her, and took just
as good care of her as she was able till
little Su-tek was five years old. Then
the old grandmother died, and as she
was so poor that there was not enough
left in her little cottage to pay for the
burial, Su-tek was seized and carried off
to be sold as a slave, when a good mis-
sionary heard of the trouble, paid the
money, and took the poor frightened
child to his own happy home. Now she
is learning to sew and to read, and to
know about Christ, just as we do."

"But," said Maude, "you have not told
me why you liked this story more than
your other gifts."

"It was because hearing of the sad
lives of the poor little children in heathen
countries made me think more than I
had ever done before how much we in
this land owe to our Father in heaven.
Our fathers and mothers love their
daughters instead of killing them, and
they teach us of Christ's great love for
us too. We do not have to burn in-
cense sticks to idols that cannot hear
or help, no matter how much we need
help. As I thought of all this, and who
it was that made my life so much
happier than that of heathen children, I
wanted to tell God how I thank him and
love him for his great goodness to me.
Then I asked him to help me to show
my gratitude by loving and obeying him
more than I had ever done before."

"It was Easter morning, and I was in
my own room, where I always go when
I am at home to read the Bible and have
my little prayer service by myself. I
had been reading of the wise men who,
when they had found the young child
with Mary, his mother, fell down and
worshipped him, and when they had
opened their treasures they presented
unto him gifts, gold, frankincense, and
myrrh. I wanted to bring an offering
also to the loving Saviour who gave him-
self for us, but I did not know what I
had that was worthy. Then there came
into my heart a desire to give my heart
and life to him, and I do want both to
be his forever."

"And so do I," said Maude. "Let us
ask him now to teach us. I never
thought before how much the children
of Christian parents and Christian homes
have to be thankful for, and I want the
Saviour to teach me to give him my
heart and my life, to show him my
gratitude and love."

So these two girl-friends knelt to-
gether and dedicated themselves anew
to the blessed Saviour they had already
learned to love, and this was their
Easter offering to him "who died and
is risen again, and ever liveth to make
intercession for us."

At Easter Dawn.

Sweetly the birds are singing
At Easter dawn;
Sweetly the bells are ringing.
On Easter Day.
And the words that they say,
On this glad Easter Day,
Are, "Christ the Lord is risen."

Birds! forget not your singing,
At Easter dawn;
Bells! be ye ever ringing
On Easter morn.
In the spring of the year,
When Easter is here,
Sing, "Christ the Lord is risen."

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,
Cheery and white.
Snow-storms are changing to showers,
Darkness to light.
With the awakening of spring,
O sweetly sing,
"Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

Easter buds were growing,
Ages ago!
Easter lilies were blowing,
By the water's flow.
All nature was glad,
Not a creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord is risen.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III—APRIL 18.

GENTILES CONVERTED AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 11. 19-26. Memory verses, 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then hath God also to the Gentiles
granted repentance unto life - Acts 11. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Church Growing, v. 19-21.
 2. The Church Organized, v. 22-26.
- Time.—A.D. 40-44.
Place.—Antioch in Syria

HOME READINGS.

- M. Life for the Gentiles.—Acts 11. 1-18.
Tu. Gentiles converted at Antioch—Acts 11. 19-26.
W. Promise for the Gentiles.—Isa. 60. 1-7.
Th. A minister to the Gentiles.—Rom. 15. 13-21.
F. Joy of the Gospel.—Luke 10. 17-24.
S. Fellow-citizens.—Eph. 2. 11-22.
Su. From all nations.—Rev. 7. 9-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Church Growing, v. 19-21.
Why did the disciples leave Judea?
How far did they go in their travels?
To whom only did they at first preach?
To whom did some afterward preach?
Who were these latter preachers?
What results followed their work?
Golden Text Why?
2. The Church Organized, v. 22-26.
Who heard of this good work in Antioch?
Who were sent to inspect the work?
How did Barnabas feel?
What did he urge them to do?
How is Barnabas described?
In character whom did he resemble?
Chapter 6. 5.
From Antioch where did Barnabas go,
and for whom?
Where had he known Saul? Chapter 9. 27.
How long did these two remain at Antioch?
What new name there came into use?
By what names had they been called before?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That God's enemies sometimes help the truth?
 2. How we should feel when God's cause prospers?
 3. How we can "fulfil the law of Christ?" Gal. 6. 2.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL

On this happy Easter morning, it is perhaps not amiss that we should tell our young readers something of the history of this great Christian festival. It is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is called Pascha by the Roman and Greek Churches. It is a movable feast, occurring at any date between March 21 and April 25; and by it the other movable feasts throughout the ecclesiastical year are regulated. It is held about the same time as the Jewish Passover, or Paschal Feast, although it very seldom happens that the Christian and Jewish festivals are ob-

served on the same day. In the early Church this festival lasted several days, and catechumens were then usually admitted to the rite of baptism. At present its celebration is confined in the Church of England to Easter Eve, Easter Sunday, and the Monday and Tuesday in Easter week. In the Roman Catholic Church it is a time of enjoyment, because the restrictions imposed during the preceding period of Lent are no longer to be observed.

Some ascribe the institution of the Easter festival to the apostles, but the more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate successors, about A.D. 68. The Council of Arles, in 314, decreed that the day for keeping this festival should be the 14th day of the March moon, but by the alteration of the calendar by Gregory XIII. in 1582, the first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st of March was fixed as Easter-day.

sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me. But all this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.—St. Matthew 26. 47-56.

HOW THE OYSTER BUILDS HIS SHELL.

The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all, yet what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When the oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never on his flat shell, and, being once fixed, he begins to grow, but he grows only in summer.

Inspect an oyster-shell closely, and it



CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

This picture of the betrayal of our Lord is after a famous painting by the nounced Dooray). The following are celebrated French artist, Dore (prophetic words in which St. Matthew describes this greatest crime of all the ages.

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priests, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I

will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so does the marking of an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea. Suppose an oyster was born June 15, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In the next summer he would more than double his size. In the next he would add to this house. In the next two years he would again go on building till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in the following year, when he would be five and a half years old.

The way in which an oyster builds his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard or fringe of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but his feeling organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of this fringe begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till they at last form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile; then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is at least as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing in their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken

glass, and a wound on a finger from an oyster-shell is often very troublesome.—Frank Buckland.

A THOUGHTFUL BOY.

Much of the so-called "cruelty to animals" arises from pure thoughtlessness. Every boy and man should constitute himself a committee of one to undo careless work of this sort. The following story comes from New York:

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty-Second Street, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said: "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.

"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates, who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service. Iest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."

WORKS OF JOSEPH H. HILTS

Experience of a Backwoods Preacher. Facts and incidents Culled from Thirty Years of Ministerial Life. Second edition, cloth, illustrated \$1.25

"In this age . . . a volume of facts and realities is positively refreshing. . . . We have read this volume with unbounded pleasure. The style is quaintly original and subtly humorous, and holds the interest of the reader from the first to the last chapter."—Truth.

"Mr. Hiltz relates his experience in a pleasing, gossipy style, and as they are varied, embracing incidents, both grotesque and grave, the perusal of the book is a pleasure. From an historical point of view the book is valuable."—Toronto Mail.

Among the Forest Trees; or, How the Bushman Family got their Homes. Cloth . . . \$1.00

"A chronicle of facts and incidents of pioneer life in Upper Canada, told in a fresh, easy way, and with a sympathetic fidelity to the details of life in the early settlements that gives it a marked historical value, besides its merit as a live, well connected narrative. Mr. Hiltz' story ought to be widely read by native Canadians and all concerned to reach the inner life of the early settlements."—Toronto Globe.

"Has all the freshness of its predecessor, with the added charm that the narrative has been thrown into the form of fiction. A record of the work accomplished by unaccredited heroes and heroines who were the pioneers of this now flourishing Dominion, deserves to be kept, and Mr. Hiltz deserves well of his country for this valuable and timely contribution to Canadian history."—Canada Presbyterian.

(loth) with the Sun; or From Olivet to the Gates of Glory. Being an Historical Similitude, in which Christianity is personified in the form of a good and beautiful woman journeying through a wilderness that is full of dangers, and where she finds many deadly foes. Cloth . . . \$1.00

"This is a most excellent and interesting book, written by one who has already proved his literary power in 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher,' and 'Among the Forest Trees.' . . . The attractive manner in which these great themes are presented makes them much more readable than if they were set forth in expository or didactic form. Mr. Hiltz has written clearly and forcibly, and with a fine literary style."—Christian Guardian.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Metropolitan Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
E. F. MURPHY, Halifax, N.S.