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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1888.

[No. 7.

## THE FIRST EASTER

IN the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he has risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word.—Matt. 28. 1-8.

## THE GLAD SPRING-TIME

April received its name from the Romans, as did all the other months. Its name is derived from the Latin word *aperire*, which means to open. It was thus named because within it the earth opens and allows the young plants to come forth, and the buds open and spread



THE FIRST EASTER.

out their leaves and flowers.

With joyful hearts we welcome April, with its glad news of spring-time. The little buds, becoming restless, peep out from their furled cradles, and the roots, that have lain snow-bound during the winter, send forth their tiny branches to drink in the warm sun. He that is not able to rejoice with nature, at this season of the year, must have closed his soul against all that is pure and good. On every side are flowers filling the air with sweetness and the soul with purity. Everything rejoices in its new life. There is beauty for the eye, sweet odor for the sense of smell, and music for the ear.

The activity of nature bids man, too, be active. He is taught that now is seed time, and that he must sow if he expects to reap. Busted with his labours, furnished by the opening spring, he soon forgets the trials of winter.

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which started the highway, said "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Well, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

## Easter.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

THAT day, when Christ, our Lord, was slain,  
I wonder if the children hid, and wept in  
grief and pain:

Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his  
tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close his  
loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful  
little feet

When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in  
Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dim-  
pled cheeks grew white,  
When he who suffered babes to come was  
prisoned from the light.

But haply, ere the sleeping world on Easter  
dawn had stirred,

Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked  
the earliest bird,

Some little child whom Jesus loved in slum-  
ber may have smiled,

By fanning of an angel's wing to happy  
dreams beguiled.

For, hastening down from heaven above while  
still the east was gray,

The joyful Easter angels came to pause  
where Jesus lay:

So shining, strong, and beautiful they swept  
along the skies,

But veiled their faces in the hour that saw  
our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce  
for tears can see,

The angels of the Easter time are sent our  
help to be:

And doubtless he whose task it is to roll the  
stone away

Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a  
presence sweet to day.

With beaming looks and eager words the  
glad surprise he gave

To those who sought the buried Lord, and  
found an empty grave;

For truly Christ had conquered death, him-  
self the Prince of Life,

And none of all his followers shall fail in any  
strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter  
garlands twine,

And bring your precious Easter gifts to  
many a sacred shrine,

And chant with voices fresh and clear—the  
seraphs singing too—

In homage to the Mighty One who died and  
rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to  
mounds of green and low,

Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy flowers,  
in blithe processions go:

And, better still, let offerings of pure young  
hearts be given

On Easter day to him who reigns the king  
of earth and heaven.

## Easter Emblems.

This butterfly, with gold and azure wings,  
Floating above its shattered silken cell;

The bulb in the Lily, that, rejoicing, swings  
The snowy censer of its perfumed bell;

The happy-hearted bird that soars and sings  
From the curved cradle of its tinted shell;

And every early wild-wood flower that  
springs

For joy, to feel the earth's warm bosom  
swell:

All, all, are Easter emblems, Heavenly  
things

That to the grieving heart this message  
tell.

"Lo! Christ is risen! from the grave he  
brings

That sweet soul whom thou lovest. All  
is well!"

MRS. L. G. McVEAN.

CAPTAIN SAM'S TWO EASTER  
SUNDAYS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND.

"YES, SIR. Yes, sir. Bin goin' to  
sea, boy an' man, for five an' forty  
year. Seen a power o' knockin' about,  
 afore the mast, and behind it, too, for  
that matter. Not all smooth sailin',  
 or fair winds, I tell 'ee. No 'n-dee-  
 no 'n-dee. Bin shipwrecked a matter  
 o' five times; knocked overboard twice;  
 had yellow Jack down in the Brazils  
 an' fever an' agur up the Mediter-  
 ranean; six weeks in hospital at Cadiz  
 wi' a broken leg—fell down the hold  
 when we was loadin' salt there—an'  
 over two months in Gibraltar hospital  
 'nother time wi' broken ribs an' broken  
 arm from the stroke of a sea. Bin under  
 the weather. I tell 'ee, in my time, aye,  
 I have sure. Five an' forty year is a  
 long time to be goin' to sea, 'twas I  
 may say, constant;—goin' foreign  
 voyages you know, summer an' fall,  
 an' goin' to th' Ice every spring, every  
 single spring but one, and then God  
 kep' me from goin' if ever He kep' any  
 one. It was this 'ore sir. Ye see"  
—but here I must stop the story, until  
 I have introduced the narrator to my  
 readers.

Samuel Barter, Master mariner—or,  
 to give a more widely known title,  
 Captain Sam Barter,—or, better still,  
 one which was familiar as a household  
 word for miles and miles around, Cap-  
 tain Sam,—was a bluff, hearty, hardy  
 old seaman, a splendid specimen of a  
 class now nearly passed away—the old  
 Conception Bay sea captains—men  
 who were wont to bring home from  
 the Newfoundland seal fishery huge  
 loads of "fat," in those palmy days  
 before the substitution of steamships  
 for sailing vessels utterly changed and  
 well-nigh spoilt that once prolific  
 source of wide-spread labour and wage;  
 and then to take these same stalwart  
 ships over many a league of ocean, to  
 many a quaint port of old world or  
 now, in many a varying temperate or  
 tropic clime—laden with one or other  
 of the country's staples—sealskins and  
 seal-oil to London or Liverpool or  
 Bristol; codfish in bulk to Mediter-  
 ranean ports—ports of sunny Spain, or  
 polished Portugal, or classic Italy;  
 codfish in casks or "drums" to the  
 West Indian Islands, or the palm-  
 shaded ports of far Brazil.

A notable-looking man was Captain  
 Sam. His broad shoulders stooped but  
 little under the five and sixty years  
 which had whitened his curly hair and  
 whiskers; his face, weather-beaten and  
 rugged though it was, yet was open as  
 a boy's, and ruddy as a winter apple,  
 while underneath the shaggy brows  
 shone eyes keen yet soft, deep blue as  
 that Mediterranean he had so often  
 crossed, and lit up, ever and anon,  
 with a gleam of almost boyish fun.  
 Still hale and strong, and with an  
 amount of energy, mental and physical,  
 that would put to shame many a  
 younger man. Captain Sam had for  
 five years past, as he phrased it,

"knocked off goin' to sea, and settled  
 down quiet wi' the Missus,"—the said  
 Missus being very much the counter-  
 part of her husband for heartiness of  
 manner and kindness of disposition.  
 In a picturesque little cottage over-  
 looking the bay and on the outskirts  
 of the quaint little town of Brig Cove,  
 the old couple, so often sundered dur-  
 ing their thirty-five years of married  
 life, weré contentedly enjoying each  
 other's company, till death should sum-  
 mon the one or the other to the last,  
 inevitable voyage.

"Thought I'd stay ashore and let  
 the boys try their hand," was Captain  
 Sam's way of putting it. "I'd had  
 enough o' knockin' about, and my tim-  
 bers was gettin' shaky. Can't last  
 forever, y' know, ayther man or ship.  
 I held out A1 a good many years, but  
 I felt I was on the second letter a  
 goodish bit afore I give up. Ah, well  
 it's all right. By an' by, I'll get a new  
 hull an' new riggin'—all knew from  
 keel to truck—an' then I'll be on the  
 first letter forever. Praise the Lord!"

Captain Sam was a Methodist and had  
 been for many years leading a sincere  
 and useful Christian life. He was  
 proud of his Church, too, and never  
 thought he need apologize for his adher-  
 ence to it.

"The Lord-Jesus Christ is my Cap-  
 tain," he would say, "an' the Methodist  
 Church is the ship I sails in. I likes  
 her, I do. She sails well, is a good  
 carrier, an' can be depended on in a  
 breeze o' wind. A fine stur'craft she  
 is, well built and well found. Some  
 don't like the colour o' her, an' some  
 finds fault wi' the cut of her jib, an'  
 some likes a more stylish kind of  
 craft; but I likes a craft as 'll carry  
 well an' sail well, an' Methodism is the  
 craft for me."

When he settled ashore, in his  
 characteristic style he said to the  
 minister, "This here little church is  
 my ship now, sir, an' you're the skip-  
 per. I've come to go to work. I can't  
 do much, so I won't ship as A.B., but  
 if you take me on as a greenhorn an'  
 put me to some work afore the mast,  
 I'll try to please you, an' the great  
 Owner above."

This was the spirit of the man, and  
 so well did he work, so humbly, so  
 faithfully, so earnestly, that, in a short  
 time, his influence was felt as a blessing  
 all around and beyond the circuit.  
 His time was almost all given up to  
 the work of the church in some way  
 or other; and his cheery face, and  
 hearty manner and open hand, and  
 generous purse, and loving, sympa-  
 thetic heart, were at the service of the  
 poor, the sick and the sorrowing, wher-  
 ever he could find them. It was to a  
 newly settled minister that the words  
 were addressed with which the story  
 opens. Captain Sam had had the  
 "new minister" up to tea, and had  
 taken him up a few yards higher than  
 his cottage, to what he called his "look-  
 out." Here he had built a seat and a  
 shelter, and here it was his wont to  
 sit in leisure hours looking out over

the waters of the beautiful Conception  
 Bay. Here you would see him, often,  
 on fine mornings or afternoons, with  
 his big spyglass, long and strong and  
 leather-bound, and beaten by many a  
 storm like its owner—"give me a  
 good spyglass, an' none o' them 'ere  
 now-fangled gimcracks they calls bino-  
 culars," he used to say)—and here he  
 would watch the ships in the bay, or  
 turn his glass to one or other point of  
 the wide and ever-varying panorama  
 stretched out before him. Here, too,  
 it was his delight to bring strangers,  
 and show them, with enthusiasm, the  
 points of beauty and interest in the  
 scene.

"There's a prospect for 'ee," the old  
 man would say, "there's a prospect for  
 'ee. Talk of goin' out o' Newfound-  
 land for scenery! Needn't do it, I  
 tell 'ee. If them gaffers at St. John's  
 knew what they was talkin' about  
 they'd know that you'd go a long way  
 afore you'd get a finer bit o' coast scene  
 than this 'ere. I knows what I'm  
 talkin' about too; I bin to Naples  
 an' through the Golden Horn, an' I  
 seen many a fine bit o' sea an' shore  
 in my time, so I have, but give me  
 old Consumption Bay, I says, wi' an  
 August sun shinin' an' a place like  
 this to look from!"

It was, indeed, a charming view.  
 The sun was getting low in the west,  
 and his almost level beams were light-  
 ing up the distant highlands, that  
 away the right, curved in continu-  
 ous undulations towards Cape St.  
 Francis; while, far to the left, swept  
 the long hilly outline of the North  
 shore, deepening into shadow till lost  
 in the purple haze of distance. Out  
 in the Bay lay Great Bell Isle, and its  
 sister islets, suspended, seemingly, be-  
 tween air and ocean, while the white  
 sails of passing vessels and boats  
 gleamed here and there in the offing  
 as the sun's rays touched them into  
 silver.

"Ye see, sir," continued Captain  
 Sam, in the conversation I interrupted  
 to introduce him to my readers, "ye  
 see, sir, it was—let me see—aye, it was  
 thirty-five year ago. I'd been master  
 of a vessel then over three years, an'  
 had got a name wi' my owners for  
 bein' a hardworkin' successful sort o'  
 fellow, bringin' in good trips from the  
 Ice, an' makin' quick 'y'ges foreign.  
 I was a wild chap, though, in them  
 days; I hardly knew I had a soul, I  
 was that thoughtless, an' careless, an'  
 a ter'ble hand to swear when I was in  
 a passion. I s'pose I was a good-  
 natured sort o' chap, in the main, but  
 I couldn't bear to be crossed, I was  
 that proud an' stiff in my own opinions.  
 However, that spring, early, the mer-  
 chant writes me, an' he says, 'You  
 done so well these three springs in the  
 little *Jane*, I'm goin' to give you charge  
 of our new vessel, the *Sea-Gull*, an'  
 you must come around to St. John's  
 to once, an' take charge.' I tell you  
 that made me hold my head higher  
 than ever, for the *Sea-Gull* was a  
 crack ship, an' everybody thought that

one of the older masters would get her. Ah my, it seems like yesterday I brought her home from St. John's to the very harbour bran' new; and the last I seen of her she was a worn-out old hulk.

"How's ever, to go on wi' my story, I brought my fine vessel home, shipped most of my crew from about these ports, mostly men that had bin wi' me afore, an' went back to St. John's to get our 'crap'—that's our outfit, you know, sir—an' start from there on the fust o' March. At St. John's we took in the rest of our crew, Pouch Cove chaps they was, an' our full number was a hundred an' thirty men, all told. Last thing the owner says the night we sailed was, 'Now, Barter, don't you show your nose in here unless you've got a load o' fat,' an' I told him I'd do my best, an' off we went. It was a lonely night when we left just after midnight struck, a fine, clear, moonlight night wi' the wind well off the land. It was lively times on the fust o' March in St. John's, in these days, sir; scores an' scores o' sailin'-ships all goin' out to the Ice together, and thousands o' men gettin' berths, as reglar as the spring come round, an' makin' good wages if they got anythin'; now 'tis only a few big steamers, an' thousands can't get berths, an' the few that does don't make any wages wuth while out o' the biggest trips. Ah, 'tis a thousand pities they started them 'ere steamers!

"Well, as I was a-sayin', we had a fine time off, an' worked well down north, wi' plenty o' water an' easy sailin', when all of a sudden up comes a gale from the nor'-east, an' jams us up into White Bay, the ice so packed together we couldn't move a yard, an' the fog that thick we couldn't see a hundred yards from the ship some days. Well, there we was, an' there we lay for nigh three weeks; an' a nice fume I was in, you may depend, wi' a new ship, an' a hundred an' thirty men doin' nothin' but eatin' an' drinkin' an' grumblin'. How's ever the wind changed at last, an' we got clear an' kop' clear. Still, we didn't do much wi' the seals; we got a few hundreds here an' there, picked up a scattered one, as you may say, but didn't seem to strike the main body of seals at all. This didn't improve my temper, ayther; I was fairly savage an' had hardly a civil word for anybody. I knew the men was grumblin' at me, too; they're sure to grumble, some of 'em, if everythin' don't go right, y' know. I worked hard, too; an' there was very few minutes o' daylight that I wasn't on deck, or up at the masthead wi' the spyglass, lookin' everywhere for the black patches that would mean seals. The ice was very loose, for an off-shore wind had follied the north-easter; an' my fear was that the seals had gone too far south for us, and had been taken by other vessels. There was nothin' for it though, but to go in the most likely direction, an' keep a good

look-out, an' one day when spyin' I saw, a little to the sou'-west of us the black patches I had been lookin' for so long; an' as soon as possible the ship's course was turned towards em, an' we were soon among thousands o' prime young seals. Plenty o' work now for everybody, an' I tell you them men did work well, an' the *Sea-Gull's* bran' new paint an' varnish soon began to look dirty an' greasy enough. It was a Thursday, just after dinner, when I sighted the seals, an' by Saturday night it was plain that another couple of days' good work would load us chock up to the decks. So I called the men together that Saturday night, an' I says:

"Now, boys, we're more 'n half loaded, an' another couple of days o' this will give us a good rousin' trip. I want every man-jack o' you on the ice to-morrow, at the crack o' dawn. No skulkin' now, mind; but let's bring the new ship home wi' a full load."

"I didn't care much for Sunday then, sir, I'm sorry to say, an' I wasn't alone in that. There was many a man then that didn't think more of breakin' the Sabbath than he did of eatin' his dinner. I'm sorry to say, too, although it ain't so bad now as in them days, there's men now—some callin' 'emselves Wesleyans, too—that don't regard the Lord's Day at the Ice. I called myself a Wesleyan an' 'ed be ready to fight any one that said I wasn't, an' a Christian as well, but 'tis little I knew o' what them words meant. However, nex' mornin', afore I come on deck, I heard argyfyin' goin' on above, an' shortly a master-o'-watch comes down the companion-ladder, an' he says:

"There's some o' the men won't go on the ice, sir, 'cause 'tis Sunday."

"What men?" says I.

"Well," says he, "there's little Billy Peppy an' three more from Pouch Cove, an' there's Dave French, an' Joe Pike, an' nine more from our place an' Bay Roberts."

"Well," says I, "you tell 'em if they're not on the ice in ten minutes I'll be up, an' make 'em go." When I went up, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later, I seen they wasn't gone, but was standin' together for'ard, so I went down to 'em.

"Well, men," says I, "what nonsense is this I hear! Why aren't you on the ice wi' the rest? Come, now, get your haulin'-ropes an' bats, and away with you." Not one of 'em stirred. "Is it goin' to turn manus on me you are," says I, stampin' my foot, "I'll soon let you know who's skipper o' this craft."

"Then, Billy Peppy—a little, short, dark man, he was—steps out, an' he says, 'Cap'n Barter, we can't work to-day, sir, 'cause its Sunday.'"

"You hypocrite," says I, "I've seen the like of you before, an' I swore a big oath at him."

"Then Dave French, a great big man he was, says, 'Cap'n, we're

willin' to work early an' late other days, but we can't go on the ice to-day—'tis Sunday."

"Well, what o' that?" says I. "You weren't so partic'lar last year, Dave French."

"I know that, sir, more to my shame," says Dave, "but I've giv' my heart to God since then, an' I'm tryin' to please him. That's the difference."

"Shut up, you great fool," says I savagely, "an' let me hear no more o' that sort o' talk. Now, I'll be plain wi' you men. You shipped wi' me to obey orders an' do your work, what ever work I give you to do. Now, my orders is that you get over that rail there, an' do your work to try an' get this ship loaded. Are you goin' to obey me?"

"There wasn't a sign of a yield in 'em I could see, an' Dave French speaks up very quiet, but very firm, 'We've made up our mind to obey God, sir.'"

"Very well," says I, furious. "I order you over this ship's side in two minutes. Do you hear?"

"Well, sir," says Dave, "I s'pose you have the right to order us off the ship, an' we'll go, but this is God's day an' we dare not break it. We'll go on the ice, sir, but we can't work."

"Wi' that they all got over the side an' got on th' ice, an', as I turned to go below, I seen 'em all together movin' off some distance from the ship. I didn't feel very pleasant, sir, you may depend. In the first place, the men had vexed me wi' their obstinacy, as I called it, an' in the second, I couldn't help feelin' that they was right, an' I was wrong. Argy as I might, I couldn't but feel that they had the best of it, an' I got so cross an' restless an' fidgety that, at last, I says to myself, 'I believe I'll go on the ice an' see what them rascals is about.' So I got out on the ice, an' follied on in the direction I'd seen 'em goin'. By'n' by I heard voices, an' creepin' up quiet among some heavy ice, there I seen 'em. There was big Dave French readin' the Bible, an' the other men standin' around listenin'. I felt ashamed, sir, I tell 'ee, in spite of myself. Poor Dave wasn't much of a reader, but he was slowly spellin' it out like—it was the chapter about our Saviour's resurrection—but I thought I never heard that 'ere chapter read as plain afore. Then they began to sing a hymn—that one beginnin' 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day'—you know it, sir—an' all of a sudden I remembered that 'twas Easter Sunday. Then they knelt down—right down there on the cold ice, an' three or four o' 'em prayed—such prayers I thought I never heard afore—thanked God for givin' his Son, an' for helpin' 'em to be faithful to him, an' asked him for grace to be patient an' stidfast. Then they prayed for their families, an' their comrades out breakin' the Lord's day, an' for the Cap'n that the Lord would bless him an' make him a man

after his own heart. 'Twasn't very warm, sir, you may be sure, but I tell 'ee I got oll over in a sweat there listenin' behind a big hummock of ice, an' I says to myself, 'Sam Barter, no wonder yo're ashamed o' yerself, that you drove them men off your ship, an' now they're prayin' for you here; an', at last, I couldn't stand it any longer, an' so I crep' away agen, an' went back to the vessel, pretty well upset.

"How's ever nex' day was a very busy one, an' I soon forgot all my good feelin's. On the Tuesday it began to blow heavy, an' as we was gettin' pretty deep, an' the wind was fair, I thought 'twas best to make sure o' what we had an' go home, which accordingly we did. Passin' Pouch Cove on our way to St. John's I mind the bight was full of ice, an' I declare if some o' the crew didn't leave the ship an' go home instid o' holdin' on an' helpin' to get out the seals when we got to port. Jus' after we got clear an' was gettin' round by Torbay I seen little Billy Peppy on deck, an' I says, 'Hullo, Peppy, how is it you didn't go home when we passed your harbour?'

"Because I didn't believe it was right, sir," says he.

"Ah," says I, "I'm glad to see you've got some conscience."

"Sir," says the man, looking at me right in the eye, "I try to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man."

"I said nothin' and walked away, but the words struck me like a blow, an' made me think of Easter Sunday."

"Well, sir, now for the rest of my story;—an' I must cut it short, or you'll be feelin' chilly an' tired. When we old chaps begins a yarn, sir, we hardly know where to knock off. How's ever, nex' year I was expectin' of course to go to th' Ice agen, but in the beginnin' o' January, th' owner sends for me an' he says, 'Barter, Cap'n Bishop of the *Sunbeam* is taken very sick, an' can't leave his bed, an' the brig's loaded for the Mediterranean an' ready for sea. You must take his place an' leave to-morrow mornin' if there's a time off, as I think there'll be.' There was nothin' for it but to get ready, an' nex' day off we went. We was loaded wi' fish in bulk, an' chock-full, an' was to call at L— for orders. Things went very rough wi' us fust startin'; we had a lot o' head wind, an' sea pretty rough, but it cleared up when wed bin about ten days out, an' looked for settled weather.

"Ev' rythin' went well till we got, accordin' to my reck'nin', about a hundred mile from Gibraltar, an' then, all to once, the glass went down like a shot, an' I knew we was in for a real southerly gale. It was an ugly place, an', as I said, we was heavily loaded, but all we could do was to be careful, an' try to ride it out. We hadn't long to wait for it I tell 'ee.

(Continued on page 54.)

## Easter Hymn.

BY MINNIE A. GRIZZLER.

ANGELS roll the rock away  
From the grave's dark portal.  
Lo! the risen Christ appears  
Clothed in light immortal.

He has triumphed o'er his foes,  
Burst his three days' prison  
Angels shout the Easter hymn:  
"Christ the Lord is risen."

He is risen, the Lamb of God  
Slain on Calvary's mountain  
From his side deep pierced for sin  
Flows a cleansin' fountain.

Scattered are the clouds of sin  
Past the night of sadness:  
In the east a brighter day  
Dawns in peace and gladness.

Be not faithless but believe,  
Yield to doubting never,  
Christ is risen! he lives again  
Lives and reigns forever.

He is risen; and so shall we  
Rise to joys supernal:  
Reign with him, our Saviour King,  
In the land eternal.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1888.

## THE EASTERTIDE

THE approach of the annual Easter leads our thoughts to an event which can never cease to interest, but which must become ever increasingly interesting as time goes on. That event is the resurrection of our Lord from the dead.

At different times the Saviour had said to the disciples that he should be delivered to the chief priests, and should be crucified, but that on the third day he should rise again. However they may have understood his reference to his own crucifixion, it is certain that they did not at all comprehend what he said about rising again. After he had actually arisen, and had appeared to the women, when the women declared that they had seen him the apostles did not believe them. Afterward, however, they believed. Jesus appeared some time

during the day to Simon Peter, and in the afternoon toward evening to two who were journeying to the village Emmaus. Then in the evening, when ten of the apostles and some others of the disciples were together in an upper room, Jesus suddenly stood among them and spoke to them. After that he was seen a number of times by the apostles, and finally they saw him ascend up to heaven.

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

## THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

ON this happy Easter morning, it is perhaps not amiss that we should tell our young readers something of the history of this great Christian festival. It is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is called *Pascha* by the Roman and Greek Churches. It is a movable feast, occurring at any date between March 21 and April 25; and by it the other movable feasts throughout the ecclesiastical year are regulated. It is held about the same time as the Jewish Passover, or Paschal Feast, although it very seldom happens that the Christian and Jewish festivals are observed on the same day. In the early Church this festival lasted several days, and catechumens were then usually admitted to the rite of baptism. At present its celebration is confined in the Church of England to Easter-eve, Easter Sunday, and the Monday and Tuesday in Easter week. In the Roman Catholic Church it is a time of enjoyment, because the restrictions imposed during the preceding period of Lent are no longer to be observed.

Some ascribe the institution of the Easter festival to the apostles, but the more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate successors, about A.D. 68. The Council of Arles, in 314, and the Council of Nicaea, in 325, decreed that the day for keeping this festival should be the 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.

With your savings aid the cause of God, and thus encourage Christian workers.



A BRAVE BOY.

## A BRAVE BOY.

JAMES FARRELL was an orphan boy. That is, his mother was dead, his home was broken up, and his father sent him to live at a large boarding school. Here the poor orphan, who was shy and timid, and had never been from home before, felt very lonely among a crowd of strange boys. When they all went to bed in one large room, James knelt down by his little iron cot to pray to God as he had been taught by his dear dead mother, now in heaven.

"Hello!" said Tom Loker, the bully of the school, "got a saint among us, have we? We won't have any sniffing and praying around here," and he flung pillows and boots at poor James, and the other boys joined in the cruel sport. As James took no notice of these persecutions, Tom took a pitcher of water and was going to dash it over him; but some of the other boys prevented him. James prayed in his heart to his mother's God, and felt the truth of the words, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." And night after night he continued to pray, till the persecutors got tired of their one-sided game, and one of their number even came and knelt down beside James and said, "My mother taught me to pray, but I was ashamed to do so before all these boys. God helping me, I'll be a braver boy."

So through the influence of that single praying boy much good was done in that school. Boys! dare to do right! Dare to be a Daniel, to stand up for Jesus, to confess him before men, that he may confess you before his Father and the holy angels.

## An Easter Carol.

SWEETLY the birds are singing  
At Easter dawn;  
Sweetly the bells are ringing  
On Easter morn;  
And the words they say  
On Easter day  
Are "Christ the Lord is risen."

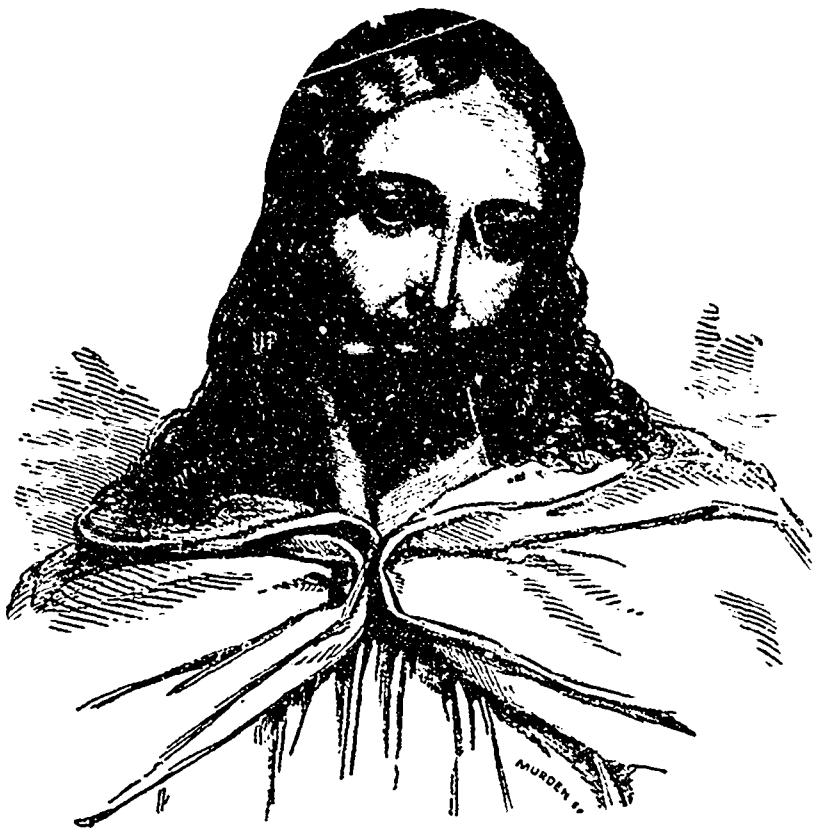
Birds! forgot not your singing  
At Easter dawn.  
Bells! be ye ever ringing  
On Easter morn.  
In the spring of the year,  
When Easter is here,  
Sing "Christ the Lord is risen."

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 was risen.

## HEARING AND ANSWERING OF PRAYER.

SOME persons nowadays are seeking to effect good by trying to analyze the reasons why God in specific cases does and in others does not answer prayer. They practically argue in such a way as to lead to the conclusion that answered prayer comes as a reward of meritorious asking. Such speculation is both erroneous and dangerous. It is ours simply to pray in faith, and to leave the results to the wisdom and goodness of God.

Prayer's power and effects cannot be reasoned out. Dr. Pierson well says: "I have made up my mind that there are some things in the mind of God that I cannot get into mine; hence I do not attempt to reconcile the two revealed truths—that God is unchangeable, and that prayer changes men."—*The Moravian*.



BEHOLD THE MAN.

**Behold the Man.**

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who was he?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping death-dewed brow,  
Son of man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who was he?  
By the sun at noon-day pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By earth that trembles at his doom,  
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,  
By Eden, promised ere he died  
To the felon at his side—  
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—  
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who was he?  
By the last and bitter cry;  
The ghost given up in agony;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,  
Crucified! we know thee now;  
Son of man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who was he?  
By the prayer for them that slow,  
"Lord! they know not what they do!"  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the conquests he hath won,  
By the saints before his throne,  
By the rainbow round his brow,  
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

—Selected.

SAID Dr. Arnold to an assistant teacher: "Do you see those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before. You should make a special point of observing the company they keep; nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character."

**EASTER KISSES.**

BY M. V. M.

SOME one has said that "All Russia kisses all the rest of Russia at Easter," and this is pretty nearly true. To be sure, Easter in Russia does not fall on the same day as with us, since in that country they still reckon time by the "Old Style;" but the same wonderful fact is celebrated, and some of the Easter customs are very curious. The Easter kissing is one of the most peculiar of these customs, and the person who should refuse to take part in it would be looked upon as a churl, or even something worse. For the ceremony is closely connected with the religion of the country, and how can one be considered glad that Christ has risen unless he kisses his neighbour—no matter who or what the neighbour may be?

Easter day begins at midnight, and a little before midnight all good Russians go to church. The emperor and all his family, to the great delight, no doubt, of the little princes and princesses, assemble in the imperial chapel, and the commoner people all over the empire fill the churches and chapels. Solemn, prayerful silence reigns, as the clock begins striking the hour of midnight. At the last stroke inner doors are thrown open and priests come forth, carrying censers, and chanting, "Christ is risen." The song is taken up by the choir, and the priests respond, "Christ is risen from the dead," walking through the congregation, and swinging their censers as they go.

And now the kissing begins. The church is a blaze of light, for, with the appearance of the priests, the illumination, both inside and outside,

begins; bells are ringing, cannon are thundering, and rockets are blazing in the sky.

The kissing goes on. Little groups of friends and acquaintances kiss each other rapturously. Those who have only the slightest possible acquaintance kiss each other, and at every kiss they say, "Christ is risen," and "Christ is risen from the dead."

And the kissing does not end here. All night and the next day, and for several days thereafter, relatives, friends, and chance acquaintances salute one another in this way. The peasants kiss as generally as do the upper classes. Clerks in public offices kiss one another. The general of an army kisses all the officers under his command, the colonel of a regiment kisses all the officers below him, and the captain of a company kisses all his soldiers!

May be you think the emperor is excused from this ceremony. Not at all. It is his duty not only to kiss all the members of his household at this time, but the poor man has to kiss all his officers on parade, and a delegation of soldiers besides, who represent the grand army. These military parades last several days, for the army of Russia is very large, and comprises many regiments, and the emperor must get very tired of the performance. Think of kissing a whole army, as it were!

This custom does not seem so strange in this strange land as it would seem to us in Canada. In Russia, kissing is not confined to women and children, as it is largely with us. Dignified officials salute each other in this way. The simple peasant labourer greets his friend with a kiss, and these signs of cordial friendship, which would excite mirth here when displayed between man and man, are quite the thing there.

Easter should be a time of heartfelt rejoicing among all people, and what more natural expression of joy can there be than a loving recognition of one's neighbour? So, before we laugh at the Russian custom, let us ask if it does not hold some hints for our own Easter gladness.

**FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.**

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through, the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state, is worth \$12 when made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance wheels for watches, \$250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of

hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch springs, but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horse-shoe or watch spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become which ever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry for you to grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter  
—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

**An Easter Legend.**

THERE is an ancient legend,  
It is both quaint and old;—  
A legend of the lilies fair,  
By old folks long since told.

How at an early dawning  
Of that blest Easter day,  
The Lord's disciples came to see  
The grave wherein he lay;—

But lo! their Lord had risen!  
And empty was the tomb!  
Christ, all-triumphant over death,  
Had robbed it of its gloom!

Amazed, they stood still doubting  
Until one, going in,  
The linen napkin lifted up,  
Where that dear head had been.

When straightway—saith the legend,  
That years ago was told—  
When straightway sprang up lilies fair,  
Most lovely to behold!

There, where the Lord's head rested,  
Forth from his glory bright,  
They blossomed in that holy spot,  
Reflecting heav'n's own light.

So bring we fair sweet lilies,  
Their hearts all pure within—  
The radiant lilies, white as snow,  
"Which neither toil nor spin."

Still do they rise to greet him,  
And all their fragrances fling  
As incense, on this blessed morn  
When he arose—our King!

Thus may our hearts, O Jesus,  
Awake and shine for us!  
All pure, and chosen for thine own,  
This Easter may they be.

IN a list of juvenile contributions received recently from Newark, appears the name of "James Bolton, \$7." We are informed that more than half of the amount is the produce of his own industry. He has a small garden spot on which he raises some small fruits, and the amount realized goes into his missionary fund. Then he has a couple of hens who raise missionary chickens, and this has been supplemented by a missionary duck. Verily "where there's a will there's a way."—*Outlook.*

It come on frightful heavy, tearin' down as if it fairly meant to beat us into the sea. Hows'over we kep' her to it, with just enough canvas on to give her steerage way, an' mighty partie'lar we had to be about the steerin', I tell 'ee. Well, we was doin' very well, considerin', an' I was in hopes we'd get through without damage, when a terrible accident happened. We picked out the carefullest men we had for steersman, o' course, an' the gale was so bad they was lashed to the wheel. The second day o' the gale we was gettin' along middlin', though the sea was awful rough.

I never see it worse afore or since—an' I was standin' somewhere amid ships, when all of a sudden I heard a frightful crash aft, an' the nex' moment I was swept right across the deck an' agen the bulwarks on th' other side wi' as ter'ble crash o' fallin' riggin' an' smashin' timber in my ears, as I went off senseless.

"Nex' thing I knew I was in my bunk in the cabin, wi' the steward an' another o' the crew bathin' my head, an' my right arm broke in two places an' four ribs broke—all wi' the clout I got agen the bulwarks from the stroke of the sea,—an' I had been near twelve hours insensible. It seems Dave French had been at the helm—he was one o' the best and carefullest sailors we had on board,—an' a heavy sea broke right over her stern an' smashed the wheel to pieces, knockin' senseless the two men who was steerin'—an' the rudder flyin' round, she broached to, an' three ter'ble seas came aboard afore they could secure it, bringin' down the masts, an' sweepin' the decks. Fortunately, no one had been knocked overboard, but four o' the crew besides myself was badly hurt, an' L. French the worst of all.

"This was what the mate told me, when they had called him down. He told me too that the gale had abated, as quick as it came on, an' the sea had gone down. We was now workin' along very well under jury-masts he had rigged up, an' from an observation he had got, he found we was not far off Gibraltar, an' would likely get in nex' day.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, we did get in nex' day, and Dave French an' myself an' the rest o' the sick men was taken at once to the hospital. Th' other men soon got around an' was able to start in the ship, when she left after bein' repaired, but I was very badly hurt an' poor Dave French was worse than I was. He had the bed nex' to mine, an' I could see the doctors shake their heads an' whisper, as they went away after visitin' him. It seems he was hurt inside, an' the doctors couldn't do him much good—he kep' gettin' weaker an' weaker. I could hear him prayin' quiet to himself often, an' readin' his Bible, an' the tracts the minister used to give us when come his rounds, an' I never heard a murmur out of him,

although he used to suffer ter'ble on times, while I was grumblin' an' impatient as could be at lyin' in bed helpless so long.

"At last, one mornin', after we'd bin more'n a month in he says to me, 'Cap'n, do 'ee know what day it is!'

"'Tis Sunday, I b'lieve, Dave,' says I, 'though I can hardly keep the run o' the days here.'

"'Yes, sir,' says he, 'tis Easter Sunday, so I heard one of the nurses say. Easter comes early this year, don't it!'

"'Aye it do,' says I; 'I didn't think 'twas Easter, yet a bit.'

"'Aye,' says he. 'Well I didn't think last Easter Sunday that I should die on the next. But 'tis all right, all for the best.'

"'Why, Dave,' says I, 'you musn't be down hearted. Who says you're goin' to die! You an' I'll see old Consumption Bay, yet, please God.'

"'Ah, no, Cap'n,' says he; 'I'm not down hearted, an' I'm not afraid to die, but I know I'll never see home agen, though I hope you will. I'm goin', Cap'n, I'm goin' fast. I've knowed it for days. An' I'm goin' to-day, I think—an' with that he was quiet an' dozed off like.'

"When the doctors come in he was still asleep, an' they didn't disturb him, only looked at him an' shook their heads; an' one of 'em came over to me—I was sittin' up that day for the fust time—an' he whispered, 'French won't live through the day, poor fellow; he'll wake out o' this an' be conscious a little while an' then he'll go off.' So I went over an' sat down beside his bed, an' the nurse drew a screen around, as they do when a man is dyin'. By'n by he woke, an' catchin' sight o' me sittin' beside him, he says:

"'O, Cap'n, I'm so glad to see you able to get up,' an' he put out his poor thin hand to shake hands wi' me. 'Twas good o' you to come an' sit beside me; I'm real glad to have 'ee so close, an' he grip' my hand so well as he could.

"'Any pain now, Dave?' says I. "'No, Cap'n, no pain now, thank God. I'm quite easy now. I'll soon be at rest with my blessed Saviour.'

"'Is there anything I can do for you, Dave, my boy,' says I; 'any message I can take home?'

"'Thank 'ee, sir,' he says; 'if God spares 'ee, I be glad if you'd tell my sister in Bay Roberts that I died happy, an' have my chest o' clothes sent home to her. She's the only one I got left, since poor old mother died, last spring. Tell her I'm gone home to be with Jesus, an' that his grace helped me wonderful in my pain an' sufferin'. Aye, an' tell her, too, that the doctors an' nurses an' all was very kind to me, an' that I had every comfort in hospital. That'll comfort her, poor thing, an' make her bear up better.'

"'Aye, indeed, I will,' says I, 'I'll go an' see her fust thing when I gets

home. Now is there anythin' else, boy?'

"'Cap'n,' he says, 'there's one thing I'd like, if you wouldn't mind. Would 'ee read me a chapter, sir, please?'

"'Certainly, Dave,' says I, takin' up his Bible, 'what shall I read?'

"'Please read me the twentieth o' St. John, sir, about the blessed Lord's risin' from the dead, you know.'

"I turned to the chapter an' began to read, an' as I did, I remembered 'twas the very same chapter I'd heard poor Dave readin' to the others, when I turned 'em off the ship last year for not breakin' the Sabbath. How I got through I hardly know. My voice trembled an' shook, an' the tears runned over my face like peas.

"When I'd finished, Dave looked up an' thanked me, an' he says, 'Why, Cap'n, you have a wonderful tender heart.'

"'Dave, my son,' says I, cryin' now like a child, 'I heard you readin' that same chapter last Easter Sunday when I turned you an' the other men out on th' ice, because you obeyed God rather than me. I heard 'ee readin' an' prayin' from behind a hummock of ice.'

"'Did 'ee now, sir?' says he, 'I never knowed you was anywhere near.'

"'No, boy,' says I, 'but I was, an' I haven't forgot it. I was ashamed then, an' I'm more ashamed now, for treatin' ye men like that. Will 'ee forgive me, Dave?'

"'O, Cap'n,' he says, 'course I've forgiven 'ee. I forgave 'ee at the time, freely. But there's one thing I must tell 'ee, Cap'n, while I've strength. I've prayed for 'ee very often that the Lord would bless 'ee an' lead 'ee to himself. Will 'ee accept my little Bible, sir? 'Tis the one my poor old mother gave me, when I first went sailin', an' it's the same one I was readin' out of the time you speak on, at the Ice. Will 'ee take it as a keepsake o' me, sir?'

"I was cryin' bitter by this time, sir, as you may well think, but I told poor Dave I'd take it, an' never part with it, an' that I'd read it, too, reglar, but the talkin' had exhausted him, an' he could only smile. He lay that way for some time with his eyes closed an' a smile on his face, an' every now an' then he'd whisper a passage o' Scriptor, or a line of a hymn. By'n by, he opened his eyes an' looked at me, an' I see he wanted to speak to me an' couldn't, so I bent over close, an' he whispered:

"'Jesus is very precious to me, very near to me.' Then as he grip' my hand he says, 'Cap'n, will 'ee meet me in heaven, will 'ee?'

"'I will, Dave,' says I, 'with God's help, I will.'

"'Aye, do,' he whispers. 'Come . . . to . . . Jesus . . . to-day. Come . . . to . . . Jesus . . . to-day . . . Jesus . . . will . . . save you . . . if you ask him . . . to-day.'

"Them were his last words, an' He jus' gave me one more grip o' the hand, an' opened his eyes wide, an' smiled an' fixed 'em on me; then he closed 'em like a little child goin' asleep, an' in a moment he was gone.

"I knelt down by the bed an' cried bitter, until the nurse come along an' helped me into my own bed. Then when I got over the shock a bit I prayed to God to forgive me. Poor Dave's last words, 'Jesus will save you if you ask him, to-day, kep' ringin' in my ears, an' earnestly indeed I asked him. An' there, sir, on that Easter Sunday, lyin' on my bed in Gibraltar hospital, Jesus heard my prayer an' saved me, an' praise his name, he've kep' me ever since.

"When I got back to St. John's, sir, the old merchant says to me, 'Well, Barter, I s'pose you'll be expectin' the *Sea-Gull* agen. She's there fer you, an' mind you always do as well as you did the first spring.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'I partly loaded her on Sunday that time; but I've signed articles with the Lord Jesus Christ since then, an' no more Sunday work for me. If I can have her on these conditions I'll take her, if not I can't—so then I told the old man the story I've told you, sir. Poor old fellow, I have seen him wipe his eyes more'n once afore I'd done; and when I stopped he shook my hand, an' he says:

"'Well, Barter, take her an' do your best with her. If you do your duty to God, I don't doubt you'll do your duty to me.'

"An' now, sir, come down to house, an' I'll show 'ee poor Dave's Bible. It's old an' worn, now, for it's bin wi' me, afloat an' ashore, all through these years, but it's very precious to me; and you'll not wonder when I tell 'ee that I reads an' cries over that twentieth chapter o' St. John every Easter Sunday."—*Methodist Magazine*, 1887.

NATURE'S way of bringing order out of chaos is to steadily flood darkness with light, and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when artificial corruscations are withdrawn. When I see our schoolboys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and are enticed into saloons by music, games and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honours is steadily gaining on that of the boys, it seems to me that I cannot wait until the schools of my country focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention.—*Frances E. Willard*.

MIND your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.

**The Angels of Easter.**

God hath sent his angels to the earth again,  
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men.  
They at first at Christmas thronged the  
heavenly way,  
Now beside the tomb-door sit on Easter day.

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was  
tried,  
There the faithful angels gathered at his  
side;  
And when in the garden grief and pain and  
care  
Bowed him down with anguish, they were  
with him there.  
Yet the Christ they honoured is the same  
Christ still,  
Who, in light and darkness, did the Father's  
will.  
And the tomb, deserted, shineth like the  
sky,  
Since he passed out from it into victory.

God has still his angels, helping at his word  
All his faithful children, like their faithful  
Lord;  
Soothing them from sorrow, arming them in  
strife,  
Opening wide the tomb-doors leading into  
life.

Father, send thine angels unto us, we pray;  
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.  
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er  
we be,  
Till our resurrection brings us home to thee.

**EASTER EGGS.**

LONG before they were Christianized, the Scandinavian races had a spring festival called, after the goddess of the spring, *Eostre*, and the eating of eggs upon her festive day was a custom then as it is now. The Finns, whose superstitions and myths affected the Scandinavians very greatly, when they were not drawn directly from Scandinavian sources, believed that the world itself grew up in the spring-time from a magic egg which Thor tried to hatch in his brawny arms, but allowed to drop into the sea.

The connection between this legend and the eating of a large number of eggs on *Eostre's* day is not very remote, as our ancestors may have reasoned that there was no knowing when another magic egg might be laid, an accidental interference with which might produce another earth—something not to be desired by thinking men of that age.

The custom was not confined to the Scandinavians, although the name *Easter* is for Persians, Jews, Egyptians, and Hindoos, who also give and receive Easter eggs. The Persian custom arises, doubtless, from the legend of the mundane egg for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend until the consummation of all things.

The Easter or Pasch egg of the Christian has but little connection with the Easter egg of the Scandinavian or the Persian egg of contention. It was a part of the Jewish celebration of the Passover to give and eat special Paschal eggs, and in accepting Christ's feast as the new feast of the Passover, they in particular accepted the Paschal egg, because in the egg they saw a peculiarly apt symbol of the resurrection. They coloured it red as

type of the blood of their Redeemer, and gilded it as a token of his glory.

In the ritual of Pope Paul V. is the following: "Bless, Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

Easter has always been observed as the most sacred of Christian festivals, and the custom of giving and eating Easter eggs is the most widespread of any among Christians. In Russia, in particular, Easter is observed with great solemnity, and many old forms—once common to all Christians—are still observed there. The Russian meets his friends on the morning of Easter day, with uncovered head, and the words, "Christ is risen," "He is risen indeed," and gaily coloured eggs are exchanged. Tremendous quantities of eggs are prepared in every Russian family, and the children, in particular, are given many of them. They have several curious customs, one of which is to roll them down a board at one another. The colour of the egg which breaks decides many important matters for the little ones; for instance, if the egg be red, the young omen-seeker will get a fine red dress; if it is golden, a pocket full of money, and so on. A little maiden trying her fate in this manner is the subject of Oeher Mere's celebrated Easter picture.

In Russia they believe to this day that the Easter sun not only shines gloriously, but dances for joy on Easter morning. This belief was not confined to Russia two hundred years ago, as Sir Thomas Browne proves, for the worthy and erudite knight thought it was worth while combating the belief in his work on "Vulgar Errors." How often Sir John Suckling's lines—

"But, oh! she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight."

are quoted, but how many of those who use them remember that Sir John really believed that the sun actually danced?

**THE DYING SOLDIER.**

I WAS in Murfreesboro, just after the battle, and at one o'clock in the morning a man came to me, and said such a one wanted to see me. I went as requested; and when I reached the place, the man said: "Chaplain" (for they called me chaplain), "I wish you would help me die."

I said, "I cannot help you die. If I could, I would take you in my arms and carry you to God." I told him of One who could. I prayed with him; and he said he had a mother in the North praying for him. I thought how anxious that mother would be to get a message from him. I thought of Christ's conversation with Nicodemus, and the man riveted his eyes upon me as I read: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even

so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

The dying man said, "Stop! Is that there?"

"Yes."

"Just read it again."

I read it again, and as I read, the man bowed his head, and brought his hands together and said, "Bless God for that. Read it again."

I read it a third time. It did not seem as if anything else made any impression upon the dying man. When I got through, his hands rested upon his bosom, his eyes were closed, and his lips quivered, and leaning over to listen, I heard him whisper, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up—that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then opening his eyes, and fixing them upon me, he said, "There, Chaplain, that is enough."

There was truth enough in those two verses to save the dying man; and putting his trust in those two verses, he went up in the Saviour's chariot, and took a seat in the kingdom of God.

**I WANTED TO HEAR MORE.**

MISS AMES was passing the corner of a street, when she felt a little hand pulling her dress. Looking down she saw a ragged child with a thin, eager face and dark eyes lifted to hers.

"Please, ma'am, ain't you Susie's teacher?"

"Susie O'Neill's? Of course I am. Why didn't Susie come to mission school last week, and the week before?"

"She couldn't, ma'am; she got runned over by one o' them street cars, and she's had her leg taken off, and she's up at the hospital now. Please, ma'am, won't you go to see her?"

"I am very sorry, my child," said Miss Ames, putting a little money into the child's hand, "and I will go and see Susie this week. I cannot go to-day, but I will visit her very soon, indeed."

Miss Ames went on her way a little saddened by the thought that the bright, merry, black-eyed Susan would never more be able to walk and run as she had done; but she was very busy that day, and it was not until night that her thoughts reverted to the promise she had made. Three days went by before she stood by the lowly pallet where lay little Susan, dying. White, still, scarcely able to speak, the large, mournful eyes alone recalled the child as she had been three weeks before. She smiled feebly as she looked at her teacher, and murmured something Miss Ames could not understand.

"Susie," she said, "are you happy? Do you know you are going to Jesus? Do you feel that you love him? for oh, how he loves you!"

Slowly, painfully came the words from the pale lips:

"I hope so; but I wanted to hear more—more." And with one sigh the soul departed.

Days and nights passed before Miss Ames could get the echo of those words out of her memory. She was ever hearing the dying, sorrowful cry, "I wanted to hear more!"

With a chastened spirit she taught her little class thereafter, and no one was more faithful in looking after the absent ones from that time forth.—*S. S. Times.*

**Easter.**

ONCE more the yearly miracle  
Is wrought before our eyes,  
And over all our waking earth  
A tender beauty lies—  
A rapt expectancy of desire,  
When soon the pomp shall be  
Of drifting blossoms rolling far  
Like billows of the sea.

Fair spring! she comes with lilies pale,  
Like vestal virgins white  
Who bear the bridegroom and the bride,  
And meet them in the night;  
Fair spring! she bears a seal divine,  
For on her shining way  
She gives the world her Eden back  
On every Easter day.

Our hearts, that waited at the door  
Of Joseph's guarded tomb,  
Exalted are in wondrous joy  
Above their grief and gloom—  
For oft as Easter's morning light  
Along the sky is poured,  
We hail the Prince of endless life—  
Our mighty risen Lord.

No bond of death could hold him fast,  
Or stone could shut him in—  
The sinless One who laid him down  
The sacrifice for sin.  
In mortal weakness we forget  
How strong our souls should be,  
Since Christ has risen, and man lives  
For all eternity.

**IMPROVING EVENINGS.**

Don't smoke, drink cider and idle away any of the evenings. Life is short enough and time flies fast enough without the adventitious aid of provocatives. Settle accounts, make calculations and estimates for future use, attend meetings of farmers' clubs, institutes and granges; read and digest good and profitable books and periodicals; overhaul the children's progress in school, and see that they make proper use of that invaluable institution, the school library; encourage singing in the family, of sacred music and moral and patriotic sonnets, which is a far better recreation for both young and old than the chequer-board, cards, etc. Indeed, don't waste or kill time, but strive to increase your leisure by acquiring knowledge that will prove beneficial.—*The Christian at Work.*

DRINK is the key-stone of the bridge which leads to moral degradation, physical deterioration, and political slavery.

"WHAT! kis. such a homely man as papa!" said mother in fun to her little girl. "O but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.



Christ Hath Arisen.

Christ hath arisen!
Death is no more!
Lo! the white robes once
Slept by the door.
Dawn, golden morning,
Scatter the night!

Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chant the great Easter tide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chant him young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!

Chant him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod;
Chant him, wild-leaping streams,
Praising your God!

Break from thy winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy spring.
Come where the Lord hath lain,
Fast is the gloom;

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30.] LESSON II. [April 8.
CHRIST'S LAST WARNING.

Mat. 23. 27-35. Commit to mem. vs. 27-35

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

OUTLINE.

- 1. The final warning.
2. The final woe.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Hypocrites—Men who
not only pretend to be what they are not,
but who do it with the deliberate purpose
of deceiving. An old illustration says they
are like "looking-glasses, which present the
faces which are not in them." Watched sepul-
chres—The graves were every year, on the
15th of March, whitened with a kind of
chalk, that they might be easily seen and
avoided, as to touch one was ceremonial de-
silement. Build the tombs of the prophets—
The thought which likened the Pharisees to
sepulchres leads Jesus to speak of the past
history of their ancestors, which was a his-
tory of crime. Fill ye up then—Or, "ye will
fill up the measure," a prophecy of the fact
that they were soon to put him to death.
Wherefore behold I send—Not that Jesus
would send, but he quotes the substance of
past history as if it were a prophecy, and
goes into the future, and foretells vaguely
the destruction of Jerusalem, which was to
come so soon. Your Asses to left—Jesus now
for the last time leaves the temple and the
people; his public teaching was done. Ye
shall not see me—A prophecy of the final
conversion of the Jews.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That God hates false pretences?
2. That wickedness is progressive?
3. That opportunities lost cannot be re-
gained?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

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

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment
of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

19. How does the Lord teach us by his
Spirit? All the Scriptures were written
under the Holy Spirit's inspiration, and he
who inspired them will show their meaning
to such as humbly ask him.
20. What do you mean by the Holy
Spirit's inspiration? That he put it into
the minds of holy men to write, and in-
structed them how to write.

A. D. 30.] LESSON III. [April 16.
CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

Mat. 24. 42-51. Commit to mem. vs. 42-44

GOLDEN TEXT.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all,
Watch. Mark. 13. 37.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Faithful Servant.
2. The Evil Servant.

TIME.—30 A. D. The Wednesday of Pas-
sion Week.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives.
EXPLANATIONS.—The evil man of the
Asses—Or simply the occupant of the house.
To be broken up—That is, forcibly entered by
the thief. Ye also ready—The duty of
Christian watchfulness against every form of
sin, so as to be prepared for Christ's second
coming. Under our his handhold—The cus-
tom alluded to is that of appointing a steward
to provide for the wants of a family of one
with a large estate. Shall mark his rule—
The same moral as in the parable of the
talents. promotion for idleness. Shall cast
him out—Or, cast him off, as utterly de-
prive him of every thing honourable, and
give him to punishment for his offences.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That the Son of Man is coming again?
2. That no man knows when he will come?
3. That we ought always to be ready for
his coming?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ say might happen to
the householder who did not guard his
house? It might be broken up. 2. What
did he say would happen to the evil servant
who neglected his duty? He would be cut
away. 3. What lesson did Jesus teach
from these two illustrations? Therefore be
ye also ready. 4. What did he call such an
one as was always ready for his coming? A
faithful and wise servant. 5. Were these
teachings meant for more than the twelve to
whom he spoke? "And what I say unto
you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fidelity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

21. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit
inspired the Old Testament Scriptures?
Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his
Apostles.
Matthew 22. 43. He said unto them,
How then doth David in the spirit call him
Lord?
2. Peter 1. 21. Men spake from God, be-
ing moved by the Holy Ghost.

EASTER EGGS.

ALL over the world, at Easter-tide,
eggs are used for games or given in
token of good-will. As the time draws
near, the boys lay in a stock of eggs,
which they boil very hard in a decoction
of logwood, h'p's, herbs, or coloured
rags. When these preparations are
finished, the fun begins. One boy holds
an egg so that the top of it is seen just
above his closed fist. Another boy,
with his egg held the same way, pounds
with the bottom of it on the top of egg
number one. The egg that is broken
first becomes the property of the boy
who holds the ladder of the two. An-
other egg game that is a greater favour-
ite, because it can be played out-of-
doors, is the rolling of these hard-boiled
eggs one after another down a hill; and
every boy who can break another's
property may have it for his lunch.

In Russia it is a common custom to
dye and roll eggs, the latter part of
the practice belonging to the children.
All classes of the people exchange
these pretty little symbols, embracing
each other, and exclaiming while they
do so, "Christ is risen;" the response
being always, "He is risen indeed!"

In some parts of Scotland the chil-
dren have the greater share in the
amusement of rolling the dyed eggs
in the fields and greens. The object of
this rolling is to keep the eggs uncracked
as long as possible. There are
plenty of other eggs in fine confection-
ery, and sugar, wax, and glass are also
used as materials for Easter eggs.

In Italy the eggs are gilt or coloured
before being placed on the table in
large ornamented dishes, prettily fea-
toned with flowers. The table re-
mains arranged in this way, and every
visitor is invited to take one of these
eggs, which he will not refuse, unless
he wishes to give offence to his host or
hostess. The merry-makers of Naples
present each other with stained eggs,
arranged in baskets or on trays; the
well-to-do classes taking care that such
eggs come from the confectioner or
toy-shop.

In Germany, though the egg-giving
custom is very popular, they have in
many parts of the country Easter hares,
hens, and lambs—little sugar things,
lying on green banks; and many of
the people make little nests of moss in
out-of-the-way places, and the eager
children are sent to seek "the egg the
hare has laid"—such eggs being gen-
erally of sugar, or toy-eggs that open,
and in which little presents are hidden.

Christ Arisen.

There stole three women alone,
Through the dawn so long ago;
By the rock-hewn grave to moan
For the Master, cold and low.
But behold! the earth was riven;
The stone from the door was driven,
And an angel sat on the stone
In raiment white as snow.

"Fear not," the angel cried,
Joy thrilling his silver voice;
"The Lord who was crucified
Ye seek with spices choice.
But broken is death's dark prison.
Rejoice! for Christ is risen.
Tell the tidings far and wide,
Till a ransom'd world rejoice."
KATHARINE LEE BATES.

THE PAGE SPEAKS.

"I DIDN'T say a single word," said
Annie Barton, to her mother, who was
reproving her for her unamiable
temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but
your face talked."

What volumes our faces say! Some
speak of love and kindness, some of
anger and hatred, others of pride and
rebellion, and others still of selfish-
ness. We can't help our faces talk-
ing; but we can make them say
pleasant things, and all should try to
have them do so.

Never wait for anything to turn up.
Go and turn it up yourself.

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