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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1898.

[No. 16.]

Cheer Up!

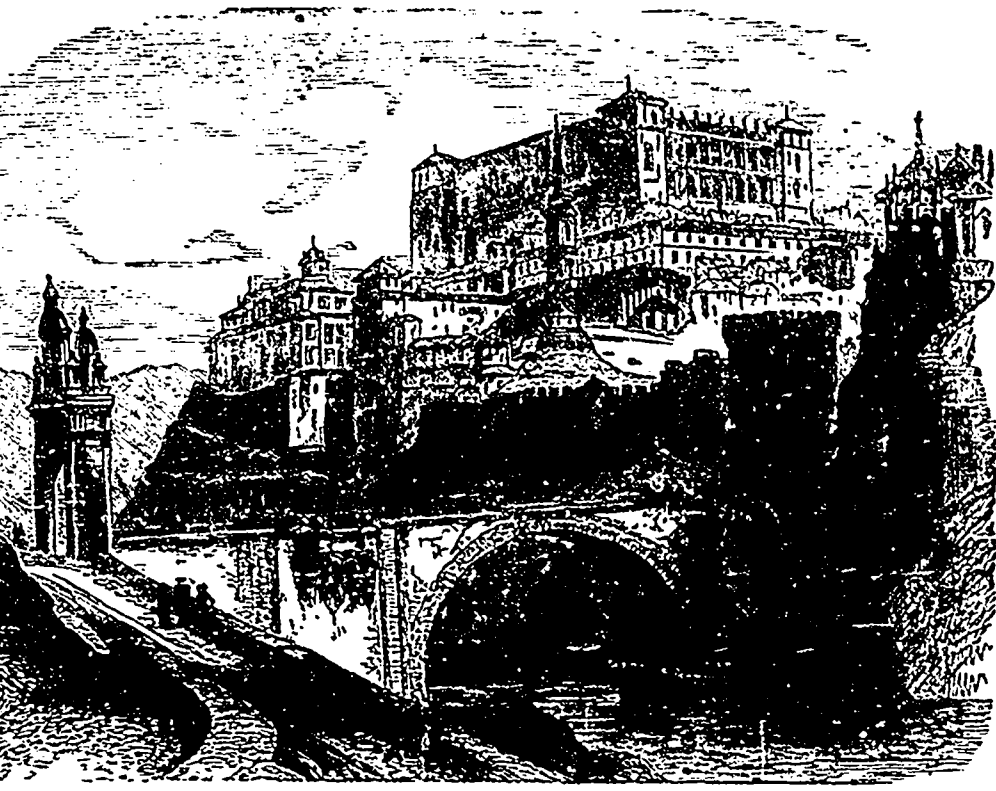
A little bird sings, and he sings all day—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 No matter to him if the skies are gray—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,
 And over the ripening wheat:
 He answers the lark in the early morn,
 In cadences cheery and sweet;
 And only these two little words he sings—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 A message to earth which he gladly brings—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 And little cares he for the storm or cold—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 And when in the winter the snow comes down,
 And fields are all frosty and bare,
 He flies to the heart of the busy town,
 And sings just as cheerily there,
 He chirps from his perch on my window-sill—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 This message he brings with a right good will—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 This dear little messenger can but say,
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 As over the housetops he makes his way—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
 A lesson we surely should heed;
 For if we all uttered but one bright word,
 The world would be brighter indeed!
 If only earth's children would blithely say,
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
 How jolly a world would ours be to-day—
 "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"

TOLEDO.

It was a fresh morning near the close of February when my friend, the Rev. Mr. Jameson, of Madrid, met me at the railway station in the south of that city for a trip to the ancient metropolis of Spain, Toledo. The sun shone with a comforting warmth, and the three hours' ride southward over the rolling plateau of Central Spain, which would have been pleasant in itself, was made doubly



SPANISH PRIEST.



TOLEDO.

so by the society and conversation of my companion. His full information with regard to the country and people, freely given, shortened the way both happily and instructively. It was agreeable, too, to note the graceful courtesies of the Spaniards in that too often most selfish place, the railway-carriage. On entering they would lift the hat and salute all in the compartment; at leaving they did the same with a kindly Adios! Did one open a basket of refreshments, he offered it to all with a smiling face that was a gratification even though you might be expected to decline. Americans might learn something from Spaniards on the railway.

This elevated plateau of old Castile has little beauty or attractiveness. The Castilian farmer has no love for shade-trees; indeed, he looks upon them with apprehension; hence these plains are treeless and cheerless. The villages are closely-packed clusters of houses with the church rising high above them, like a hen with her chicks about her. The open country is bare, and for nine months in the year barren of crops.

But the fifty miles are soon crossed, and Toledo suddenly rises to view—suddenly, for it has no suburbs. The rugged rock on which it is built is so encompassed (on three sides fully) by the dashing Tagus that the city stands out from the country about it like a fortress. Guarded by lofty walls, which surmount the granite cliffs, only the towers, and especially the huge Alcazar, appear as you approach the city.

The train draws up at the station outside of the city and its encircling river, but a rickety and rattling carriage drawn by mules receives you and dashes toward the portal, through it, over the historic bridge Alcantara, with the Tagus chafing its craggy banks below, through another arched and turreted portal, again through the noble Moorish gate of the Sun, between the solid walls, up and up, until you emerge within the defences and are deposited in the Zocodover, the little open space where the wits and gallants of Toledo in the olden time were wont to gather to exchange the news and retail the gossip of the day.

Toledo is full of attraction to the visitor for what it is as well as for what it has been. Its Oriental aspect; its narrow, steep, winding streets, descending and ascending continually, the blank walls of the tall stone houses with their closed gates studded with iron spikes, the Saracenic arches, the old synagogues, the churches associated with Ferdinand and Isabella, the vast and magnificent Gothic cathedral, and all that meets the

eye,—speak of wealth, luxury and power and of long centuries of exciting history. But the Toledo of to-day is a city of the past, save as its buildings recall that past. A Roman army captured it before our Lord was born; Gothic kings reigned here, under the Moors it grew in grandeur, and under the Christian Spaniards it was a centre of learning and of ecclesiastical as well as of civil power for Spain. Goths, Jews, Arabs and Christians adorned it with palace, synagogue, mosque and church. The huge square building seen so conspicuously in our illustration was rebuilt by Charles V., doubtless on the site of a Moorish palace, as is indicated by the title, Alcazar, the title given by the Arabs of Spain to their government houses. It is now used for a military school, a "West Point" for the army of Spain.

But with all these grand buildings rich in art and architecture, and with its lofty historic memories, Toledo is a dead city. No traffic resounds in its streets, even the manufacture of its famous "Toledo blades" is carried on without the walls. Its population has shrunk from two hundred thousand to twenty thousand. Many of its convents have been suppressed. Although it has more black-robed priests than it needs, their numbers and wealth are so reduced that they cannot fill even its narrow streets and give them life. The rumble of cart or carriage is almost unknown. Many of the churches are unused and closed. The old Inquisition has become a posada—a tavern.

I do not know that there is one Protestant in all Toledo, though my companion recognized in a shop-keeper from whom I bought a small memento of Toledo's cutlery a man who had attended Protestant services and seemed interested in the truth, but it is a glorious fact that the Gospel may be preached in Toledo if the churches of Christ will send their messengers thither; whilst it is a sad fact that our zeal so far fails to enter the doors opening so widely and so appealingly even in the ancient strongholds of fanatical zeal and blind superstition.

"I BELIEVE IN GOD."

This is what Paul said to the ship's company during the great storm that came upon them on their way to Rome. Many of you do not know all that is meant by "believing God." Had you been in Paul's place wouldn't you have

been a little afraid in the storm, even though God had told you he would keep you from harm?

The other day, Bessie was walking with her papa when a cow ran at them, bellowing and shaking her head. Bessie was dreadfully scared, and said, "Oh, papa! do let me run, quick!"

But papa held her hand tight and said, "Stand perfectly still, and you shall not be hurt."

And when she looked up and saw that he was calm and even smiling, she felt safe, and only clung closer to him.

The cow ran up close, and stopped and licked her papa's hand, for she was a pet, and ran to him because she was glad to see him, and expected to be fed. But before Bessie knew this she felt safe, because she believed her father when he said she should not be hurt.

What is the way God wants us to believe him. He tells us that he will forgive our sins for Christ's sake, and wants us to feel perfectly sure that we are saved, because he has promised it. He is so much greater and stronger than your father that it ought to be easier to believe him. The winds and waves and light-

nings are as harmless with him as the pet cow with Bessie's papa.

Now, can you not believe as Paul did, that what he has promised he will do, and that he does forgive all your sins now, for Jesus' sake, and loves you because he has promised it, if you asked in the name of Jesus?

COUNTING THE STARS.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying toward home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she,

"Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By-and-bye I heard her counting. "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear, I had no idea there were so many!"

Oh! dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul: "Now, Master, I am going to count thy benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea there were so many."—
 Mark Guy Pearce.

While escorting a lady home the other evening, a popular doctor attempted to relieve her cough by giving her a lozenge. He told her to allow it to dissolve in her mouth. No relief was experienced. The doctor felt chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a coat button, with a note saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of lozenge, and that he might need this one.



SPANISH LADY

The Resurrection-Plant.

Among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveller, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand

Before the Saviour came to earth,
The man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off time
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well,
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When, lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower bursts forth

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1898.

In a clipping from The Youth's Companion, in Pleasant Hours for Feb. 19th, under the heading, "A Canadian Missionary," the statement is made that the Rev. E. R. Young was still residing in his former missionary field, north of Manitoba. This statement, with others in The Youth's Companion, depending on it, are a mistake. Mr. Young, after a residence of nine years, we believe, in the Northwest, returned to circuit work in Ontario.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

APRIL 24, 1898.

SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT ARE GREAT

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and felling together, and a little child shall lead them."—Isaiah 11. 6.

This is a most beautiful picture of the good time coming when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy moun-

tain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This means that all the wicked passions which grow like cruel wolves or as treacherous leopards or as ferocious lions, shall be overcome. That throughout the wide world war, slavery, and intemperance, which devour their thousands, shall be destroyed. That every form of cruelty, oppression and wrong shall be removed. What a happy world this will be when this prophecy shall be fulfilled!

This has not yet come to pass, but it is surely coming. And we may hasten the day. We may do this by restraining the cruel, wolfish feelings in our own souls by, as Tennyson says, "Let the fawn and satyr die." That is, we may trample and destroy the coarse animalism of our nature and let only the nobler and better part grow. We may cultivate the innocence of the lamb, the playfulness of the kid and the falling, and the docility of the little child. There is a might in meekness that we little know. Often God makes a little child a means of restraining wicked passions. An infidel father told his little son to write on the wall the words, "God is nowhere." It was a dreadful thing to do. The little boy could not write very well, and when he was done the words read, "God is now here." This tremendous truth smote like an arrow to the heart of the father and led to his conversion.

Often the lessons and hymns learned at school and repeated or sung in the home have been God's means of leading careless and cruel or drunken parents to a better life. God often sets a little child in the midst to be a lesson that if he would enter the kingdom of heaven it is by becoming, like it, docile, innocent and pure. And thus in very deed a little child shall lead them.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

BY CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

The writer once lived opposite a beer-shop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of customers.

One winter evening a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the Fox and Geese, who had a marvellously shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse-girl to bring Addiehead (as she pronounced "Adelaide") to have her new shoes tried on.

I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms.

"Here! do look at her. The darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on. Look, dad, do!" said the mother, calling to her husband.

Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had her hovering about at the corner, peeping timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door, she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah! there he is, riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes. With a start he arouses himself and rushes out.

"What, Bill! going so soon?" bawls the landlady.

Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside; there are his wife and his little one. For a moment the woman looked at him timorously, and half swerved aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes up close to him, feebly, yet coaxingly. He takes the child from her tired arms. The little creature gives a short, quick cry of fright, and as he lifts it I see that its little feet are bare. It draws them under its poor frock, but not before the father sees them.

I wish his hat had been off, that I might have seen his face as those two little, blue, chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground. His wife, slipshod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him. I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. I was glad that from that night

I saw him no more among the frequenters of the Fox and Geese. He, and his wife and child, for weep or woe, had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after there was a meeting at the temperance hall of the district, and many workmen were present and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect temperance. Now and then they related little bits of their history, and told what it was that led them to stop going to the public-house. One of them said nothing. He was a comfortable-looking man, and listened earnestly, until one who sat near him called out:

"Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much about the mischief as anyone here or anywhere. Come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face from the path of destruction to the field of hope. Come, man, cut with it! It'll maybe do good."

The man thus urged quietly rose, and looked for a moment very confused. "The little shoes—they did it."

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and looked at the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends!" he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth; the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool. Strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone. No man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes; it was a simple thing, but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to chide the others, and let my own go bare?' said I; and there outside was my wife and child in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men, fathers, if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and, by God's mercy, mastered my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday. From that day to this I have spent no more money at the public-house; and thank God! I have, through faith in the merits of my crucified Saviour, been led to greater blessings than those of temperance. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."

JUST AN ORDINARY ANGEL.

"Very hot day, marm! Goin' fur?" said an old farmer, addressing a lady who sat at his side in a railroad station waiting for a train.

The lady drew away her rich silks impatiently, frowning as if to say, "You're out of place, sir," but she made no audible reply.

"Very hot day, I say, marm," said the old man in a louder tone, supposing she was a little deaf. "Are you goin' fur? Why," he continued, as no reply was vouchsafed, "I'm sorry you're deaf, marm. How long have you been so?"

"Sir," said the lady, rising, "do you mean to insult me? I shall complain to the police," and she swept haughtily from the room.

"Wall, I never!" exclaimed the old man, as he drew out the red bandanna and mopped his forehead. "Pretty tired, marm?" he continued, addressing a woman who had just come in, carrying a baby and a lot of bundles, with two small children clinging to her dress. "Are you goin' fur?"

"To Boston, sir," was the pleasant reply.

"Got to wait long?"

"Two hours. Oh, children, do be quiet, and don't tease mother any more."

"Look a-here, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my own pocket," and soon both children were on his knees eating peppermint candy, and listening to wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home. Next he pulled out a string and taught them how to play "cat's cradle." They were soon on the floor, happy as kittens.

"Now, let me take that youngster,

marm," he said, noticing that the baby wanted to be tossed all the time; "you look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies." In his big arms, the child cowered with delight until he fell asleep.

"Tain't nothin' at all, marm," he said, two hours later, as he helped the woman and her charges on board.

Buying a pint of peanuts from a little girl, and paying twelve cents instead of ten, he munched in hearty enjoyment until his train was called.

"Lean right on me, marm," he said to an old lady, as he took her carpet-bag; "I'll see you safe through."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train started. "Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day," said one who remained—"an honest heart."

An Easter Song.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We bore to see the summer go;
We bore to see the ruthless wind
Beat all the golden leaves and red
In drifting masses to and fro,

Till not a leaf remained behind;
We faced the winter's frown, and said,
"There comes reward for all our pain,

For every loss there comes a gain,
And spring, which never failed us yet
Out of the snowdrift and the ice
Shall some day bring the violet."

We bore—what could we do but bear?—
To see Youth perish in its prime,
And Hope grow faint and Joyance
grieved,

And Dreams all vanish in thin air,
And Beauty, at the touch of time,
Become a memory, half believed;

Still we could smile, and still we said,
"Hope, Joy, and Beauty are not dead;
God's Angel guards them all and see—
Close by the grave he sits and waits—
There comes a spring for even these."

We bore to see dear faces pale,
Dear voices falter, smiles grow waa,
And life ebb like a tide at sea,
Till underneath the misty veil,

Our best beloved, one by one,
Vanished and parted silently,
We staid without, but still could say,
"Grief's winter dures not away;

Who sleep in Christ with Christ shall
rise;

We wait our Easter morn in tears,
They in the smile of Paradise."

O thought of healing, word of strength!
O light to lighten darkest way!
O saving help and balm of ill!

For all our dead shall dawn at length
A slowly broadening Easter Day,
A Resurrection calm and still.

The little sleep will not seem long,
The silence shall break out in song,
The sealed eyes shall open—and then,
Who have waited patiently

Shall live and have our own again.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or here.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.

Easter Bells.

Swinging, swinging,
Hear the ringing,
Of the great bells in the steeple,
Listen, listen, O ye people,
For the earth is glad to-day!
Pealing, pealing,
Echoes stealing
Through the great clefts of the mountains
Past the merry-hearted fountains
To the valleys of decay;
Ring, O bells,
Ring in gladness,
Ring out sadness,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

Voices calling,
Visions falling,
Through the pearl-embattled portals,
From the Land of the Immortals,
On our blessed Easter Day;
And for Angel,
And Archangel,
This the message that they bring us,
This the challenge that they fling us,
Hail the Saviour, risen to-day!
Ring, O bells!
Ring out blindness,
Ring in kindness,
O ye bells of Easter Day!

Falling lowly,
Lord most holy,
By the Peace that thou hast lent us,
By the Spirit thou hast sent us,
Grant on this thine Easter Day:
Worthward wending,
Voices blending,
That with lips that do not falter,
We may sing beside thine altar,
Of that love that lives away;
Ring, O bells!
Ring out coldness,
Ring in boldness,
For the King of Easter Day!

Ring out again,
Bells ring again!
And the heart finds rest from malice
In the ruby-hearted Chalice
Of the Lord on Easter Day.
Christ is risen,
Christ is risen!
And sin's burden is uplifted,
And the sombre clouds are shifted,
From the shining upward way.
Ring, O bells!
Tell, tell the story,
Ring, ring the glory,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

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Bells ring again!
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Christ is risen!
And sin's burden is uplifted,
And the sombre clouds are shifted,
From the shining upward way.
Ring, O bells!
Tell, tell the story,
Ring, ring the glory,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG.

BY REV. GEORGE J. BOND, EDITOR OF
The Wesleyan.
II.

"An awful night that was, my boys, I assure 'ee—a long, long, weary night. We had hard work to keep any warmth in us; if it hadn't been real mild we'd ha' frozen stiff long afore mornin'. Oh, my! it was an awful, awful night. However, at last it ended, and with the dawn the wind came round, and the fog cleared off. We could now make out the size and shape of the island of ice on which we had struck. It was very large; I suppose half a mile in length and as much in breadth, and part of it very high, and brokea into great spires and towers, like some of the old churches I've seen up the Mediterranean; and at the foot of these was a kind of plain or beach, with a great tongue running out, just under the water, for, I suppose, a hundred yards. It was on this tongue that our vessel had struck, and it being below water she had run a good way up on it with the force with which she struck. This accounted for the way she lurched and hung over before she went down. The upper part of this sloped like a beach, and was strewn with a lot of wreckage, broken spars and planks, and a quantity of other stuff. We soon got over to this place to see if we could find anything washed up that we could eat, and, to our great joy and relief, we found a box of hard bread. It was water soaked, of course, but I tell you it tasted honey-sweet to us, after our long fast and exposure for nearly twelve hours. We found also another of our sealing-punts, or rather the half of one, and our main boom with the sail blew upon it; so we hauled the broken punt as high up as we could get it, in the shelter, and rigged up a sort of tent over it with part of the sail, using the rest to make a bed for the poor fellow who was sick. Then we got together some of the broken wood, and with the help of some dry splinters, shaved off by the use of a clasp knife, we managed to light a fire, making a bed for it on the larger drift-wood, and so we got our clothes dry a bit, and got more comfortable like. We did all we could for poor Jack Green.

"Ah, he was a Christian, if ever there was one, was poor Jack, and he showed it clear enough in that testin' time.

'Don't bother about me, boys,' he'd say. 'I know it won't be for long, and I'm goin' home. Go and mend the punt up, an' I'll try to get a nap o' sleep.' So we covered him up as snug as possible, and patched up our punt as well as we could with bits of the other broken stuff, an' we found four or five oars with the other wreckage, and secured 'em to her, an' hauled her up well on the ice, an' then we sat down and consulted as to what we should do. The old skipper thought we was well in the track of sealin' vessels, and that by taking our punt and rowin' towards the land we'd be likely to be picked up or to reach land before our bread was used up, an', with care, 'twould last near a week; so we decided to start at daylight next morning and to spend the night in our tent, gettin' a night's sleep if we could.

"We all slept soundly till about midnight, when we was woke up with a terrible crash, as if the whole of the ice was comin' to pieces, and we started up thinkin' it was all over with us. 'Twas pitch-dark an' we could make out nothing, but from the sound of the sea and the rollin' of the ice we guessed that there had been a founder, either of the piece we were on or of one near us—they call it founderin', you know, when an island of ice topples over or goes to pieces. Well, there was no use movin', so after awhile we dropped off asleep again, for we was very weary, and we slept till the dawn was in the sky. When we woke, we saw 'twas breezin' up smart, and after makin' a meal on our hard bread we started to get our boat launched, and be off while the wind

then again he sings out, 'Aye, aye, sir!' that loud that he woke up the rest, an' then he sank back, an' I heard no more. I took hold of his hand, and it was cold, and fell from my grasp like lead. He was gone. Sure enough, he had heard his Captain callin' and was gone.

"Well, we didn't sleep any more that night, you may be sure, and next mornin' we took poor Jack's body and put it away in a little cave in the ice, so that we might bring it home if we was rescued. Then we kept watch all day, but saw nothing. So the next day passed, and the next, and the next, until our bread was almost gone, and death seemed starin' us in the face. We was most givin' up, but still life was sweet, and we tried to cheer each other up and hope for the best. One mornin', I mind it well, I was watchin', an' all of a sudden the old skipper sings out: 'Look, look! a sail close to us.' We could hardly believe our eyes, but yet there it was, a schooner bearing down close upon us, but yet some distance to leeward. Could we make her hear? Oh, the anxiety of the next few minutes. Did she hear us, or as she goin' from us? How we shouted and prayed! At last we saw them lower a boat and row in our direction, and in a few minutes more we was safe aboard an' bein' tended and cared for as if we was brothers. And now, boys, my story is done. As I said at the beginnin', that was a changin' time with me, an' I bin' a sailin' ever since under Jack's Captain, and by his grace, I'll reach harbour by-and-bye. Good-night, my sonnies, and God bless you all."



JESUS, MARY AND MARTHA.

was fair. Old Skipper Ned was the first to leave the tent, an' I'll never forget the scared look on his face as he turned round to us just after goin' outside, and said: 'Why, our punt is gone! We're lost men! Our punt is gone!' We was that dumbfounded we could hardly speak, and when we got outside we seen what had happened. A great piece of our iceberg, as you call it, had foundered and had carried away our punt with it. We looked all about for her among the floating ice, but not a sign of her could we see, and it was clear she had drifted off.

"However, there was no help for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it; so we gathered all the wreckage together as high up an' near our shelter as we could. By allowin' each man one biscuit a day they would last a week. We rigged up a bit of the sail on an oar and fastened it up on a pinnacle of the ice, so that any passing ship might see it. Poor Jack had been very bad all day, eatin' nothing, and just drinkin' the melted ice, as though his inside was afire. He was in a burnin' fever, and out of his mind entirely, but even in his ravin's there was nothin' but prayin' and singin' and godly words. Somewhere about the middle of the night I heard him call out, 'Aye, aye, sir,' just as he might aboard ship to an order from the captain or mate. Then he says it again, louder like, 'Aye, aye, sir.' I thought he was dreamin' or wanderin', but in a minute he says, 'Is that you, Tom?' 'Yes, Jack,' I says; 'what can I do for you, boy?' 'Captain's callin' me,' he says. 'You've been dreamin', I think, Jack,' says I; 'can I do any more to make you comfortable?' 'Captain's callin' me, Tom,' he says again. 'He's callin' me. Don't you hear him?' and he rose on his elbow as he spoke, and

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 18. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.—Luke 6. 37.

OUTLINE.

1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.
2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35.

Time.—Probably A.D. 29, before our Lord's visit to Jerusalem in the autumn of that year, perhaps six or eight months before the crucifixion.

Place.—Capernaum, in Galilee.

HOME READINGS.

- M. God's mercy.—Matt. 18. 1-14.
- Tu. Gaining a brother.—Matt. 18. 15-22.
- W. A lesson on forgiveness.—Matt. 18. 23-35.
- Th. As you are forgiven.—Eph. 4. 25-32.
- F. Forbearing and forgiving.—Col. 3. 8-15.
- S. Brotherly love.—Rom. 12. 10-21.
- Su. Be merciful.—Luke 6. 27-36.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

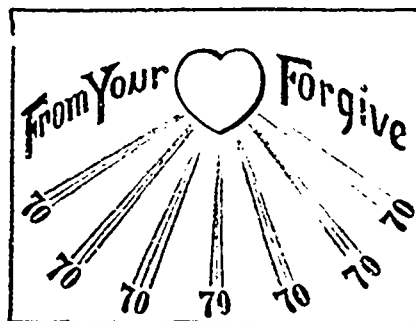
1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.
What question about forgiveness did Peter ask?
What answer did Jesus make?
To whom did he liken the kingdom of heaven?
What great debt to him did this king discover?
Why had not the servant paid the debt?

- What did his lord command to be done?
- What plea did the servant make?
- How was the master affected by the plea?
- What did he do about the debt?
- When only can we hope to be forgiven? Golden Text.
- 2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35.
Whom did the forgiven servant seek out?
What demand did he make?
What plea did his fellow-servant urge?
What did the creditor do?
Who saw what was done?
What did these fellow-servants do?
How did the lord address the unforgiving servant?
What ought he to have done to his fellow?
How was he punished for his unforgiving spirit?
Who will condemn us if we are unforgiving?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson may we learn—
1. Why we ought to forgive?
 2. How we may be forgiven?
 3. Who will be unforgiven?

One day Peter, who was a disciple, which means a learner, asked Jesus a question. He said, "Lord, how often



shall I forgive? Seven times?" Peter thought that was a great many times to forgive, very likely! What do you think? Jesus said, "I say . . . seventy times seven." Did Jesus really mean that we are to keep right on forgiving without an end? Yes, he meant that we are never to have the unforgiving heart, but that we are to forgive our enemies even when they do not care to be forgiven! That is the lesson Peter and the other disciples learned, and that is the lesson we must learn if we are in the school of Christ.

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A CHILD'S SERMON.

A story is told of a nursemaid, who one day was walking in a square, round which there was no pavement, and which was very narrow. She was wheeling a perambulator before her in which was a child of about one year. Presently a waggon heavily loaded, with five or six horses to pull it, came along. There was no time to run to the gate of the square and go in, no time for thought. The waggoner did not see her, or all would have been well. Quickly she hung the child over the railing into the square. There was no time for her to follow. The waggon passed a living woman and left a dying one. The child was unhurt. The humble, devoted nurse gave up her life for the child and Christ, the King of Heaven, gave up his life to save us. Then should not we, as the brave nurse, without a moment's hesitation give up our lives to him?

A minister one Sunday earnestly besought all the congregation, every one, however small, to give up their lives to Christ. A little boy rose up and said, "Am I too small to serve Christ?" The minister smiled and answered, "A little child shall lead them, none are too small or too weak to serve God. Many who smiled at the time thought to themselves afterwards, 'If that little boy was not too young to serve Christ, cannot I, who am so much older do something too?' Children, will not you, too, do something for the Saviour who died to save you? Give yourselves up willingly, devote your whole life to him. That is the most acceptable gift you can possibly give him."

A missionary box was passed at a meeting. It came to a group of boys. The first, who had plenty of money, dropped sixpence in, thinking, "I suppose I must, as every one else does." His brother dropped his in without thinking at all. The third dropped threepence in, thinking, "Poor little heathen, this will help to buy you some clothes." The last, a poor boy, dropped a penny in, thinking, "Lord, I have no more to give but myself, and I give myself willingly to thee." Which was most acceptable to God? Was not the last most pleasing in his sight?

RAILROAD MEN AND DRINK.

At the twenty-second anniversary of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. of New York City, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad, made a speech in which he contrasted the extent of drinking among railroad men twenty-two years ago, and now. He said: "Then there were about 15,000

men in the New York Central service. Now there are over 30,000. At that period it is safe to say that twenty per cent. of the force were discharged for drunkenness within a given period. The saloon everywhere abounded; it was the great force at all railway centres; it was the great force wherever there were railroad shops. It surrounded all our terminals, and its alluring features were inviting all the force, so that I know that at least twenty per cent. of the force at that period were discharged or dropped for drunkenness, and that means that their families were reduced to absolute misery. To-day we have twice that number of men in the service and not one per cent. disappear from drunkenness. It is the rarest thing in the world that it is brought to my attention that any man in the service upon whom depends the lives of others or the safety of trains is disciplined for that vice."



OPHELIA.

OPHELIA.

This fine engraving represents one of Shakespeare's most pathetic characters—a poor, distraught girl, who in a fit of insanity destroys herself by drowning. She dresses her hair with wild flowers and sings.

Bonny, sweet Robin was all my joy . . .

And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God 'a mercy on his soul!

In the picture the artist has finely shown the strange, distraught look and the pathetic attitude and gesture.

HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

Tom did odd chores for the great house of Smith & Co. It was "Tom, do this," and "Tom, do that," "Tom, here," or "Tom, there," from Monday morning until Saturday night, until it seemed to Tom some nights, as he lay in bed, that his legs would drop off, they ached so.

"Well, I musn't complain," the cheery boy would say to himself, "whatever should we do if they did not want me?" By "we" he meant his mother, little sister and himself, who found it pretty hard to get the necessities of life in the great city. They never expected to have any luxuries.

To-day, in spite of his cheery disposition, Tom was feeling decidedly "blue" as he vigorously swept the sidewalk. He was thinking of his little sister at home, and wishing that he had money to buy her an orange, a bunch of white grapes, or some other tempting thing in the fruit store across the street, for lately she had not seemed very well and ate scarcely anything.

Just then he felt a soft touch on his hand, and, looking down, saw his employer's little daughter standing beside him. She was just the age and size of his little sister. She had found the soft spot in Tom's heart, as only a gentle little girl can.

"There, take this," she said, thrusting a bright quarter in his hand, and before he knew it Tom had told her about the little sister and his wish.

"Well, now you can get Susie something," said Nellie, as she ran across the street to nurse, who was waiting for her. Nellie had intended spending her money in the very fruit store Tom was thinking of when she saw his sad face and changed her mind.

That night she told her papa Tom's story. There seemed to be something the matter with his eyes, and Nellie thought that she felt something like a tear drop on her cheek when he kissed her.

"Supposing we give Tom another dollar a week for the present," said papa, "and by-and-bye we will add to it."

"Oh! you dear papa," said Nellie, giving him a bear hug; "Tom will be delighted." And Tom was delighted, and showed it by trying to work the harder, if it were possible.

The next morning mamma packed a large basket with everything tempting to the appetite, and nurse and Nellie carried it to Susie. Nurse waited while the two had a merry feast, for Susie had heard about Nellie from Tom, and wanted her little friend to "play tea" with her, which she did.

Nellie told mamma that she had never had such a lovely time before.