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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

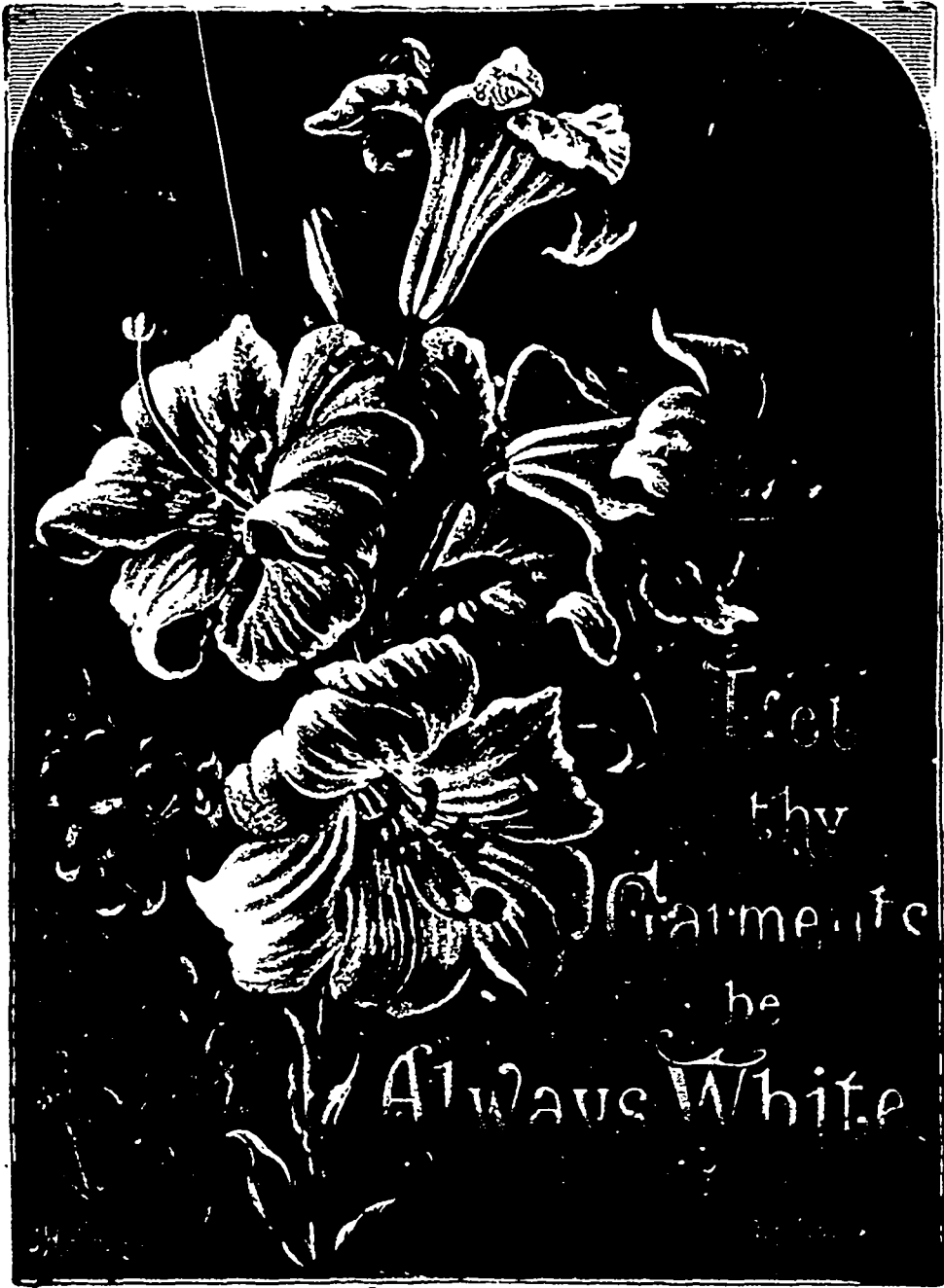
TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

[No 15.]

EASTER-EGG ROLLING.

ONE of the droll customs of Easter-tide in Germany is "Easter Monday rolling." The boys and girls go to the top of a grassy hill, and at a given signal, down they all roll. One girl has a bowl of coloured eggs that, as they start, she pours after them; they all scramble for them as best they can, each trying to get an egg before reaching the bottom.

Probably the only place on this continent where this rolling is practised is at Washington, and here it is only the eggs and not the children that roll. It usually takes place early in the day in front of the Capitol and close to the White House, where the sloping hillocks form a very favourable place for rolling the variegated, hard-boiled eggs. During the forenoon of Easter Monday it is the custom for thousands to flock to the play-ground, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, in the most democratic way, and the children of all classes join in the chase, over the green sward, of the rolling and bounding eggs. The spoiled boys and girls of the millionaire are seen running side by side with the joyous and sometimes bare-footed little coloured children, and the frolicsome egg-rolling assumes the character of a great public festival, all class discrimination being entirely laid aside. Those who have witnessed it pronounce the trooping of the children into the White House at one o'clock to offer the President a joyous Easter greeting a pretty sight.



FACING THE WORLD.

Mrs. FRANCES E. WILLARD tells the following story:

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired, young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the money he borrowed (make a note of that, boys) and he now had one cent of his own. With

that he bought another paper and sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favourite place with the newsboys and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing room for himself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class of two hundred others. When graduated from the course only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They

Thoburn, and is making a trip around the world. At the same time he is studying for his degree in the university, being permitted to substitute French and Sanskrit for some other studies that he would have taken if he were here.

He was my stenographer, on and off, for two years, and I think most highly of him. It seemed to me I could not do a greater service than to tell you his simple story.

In these lives of ours, tender little acts do more to bind hearts together than great or heroic deeds; since the first are like the daily bread none can do without, the latter, occasional feasts, beautiful and memorable, but not possible to all.—*Louisa Alcott.*

as the boys chasing a butterfly. Pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods or they stop to skip pebbles in the river. It is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and mother by his stenography for the professors. He kept up his health by outdoor exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, or tobacco, or alcoholic drinks. His food was simple—mostly fish, vegetables, and fruit. He had a good conscience, there was no meanness about him.

When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course, he had a large salary. He was clear cut in everything he did; there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him that he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honour you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagonian is Jerome Raymond. He is now the private secretary of Bishop

Easter Bells.

Sweet bells, that gall aloud: "Arise!
Follow your master to the skies;
He broke the bars of every prison -
Glad hearts arise!"

Clearly they ring: "He lives forever -
Lift up your eyes and have no fear:
He leads across the silent river
He brings heaven near."

They swing, they chime: "Oh, see! Remember!
Sorrow itself leads up to light,
As April follows on December,
Or morn on night."

Softly they say: "Ye heavy hearted,
Throw all your weary load away;
Ho bore your burdens, and departed
To light your day."

They swell, they peal: "Oh, blest is being!
He made the eye, he made the light;
Trust him who formed them both for seeing
To guide aright."

They rise and fall: "Oh, Love eternal,
In which all human life is bound,
Stream down from azure skies supernal
The wide earth round."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

FIRESIDE FORCES.

BY THE REV. A. C. GEORGE.

A CHILD comes into a household like a baby-bird into a downy nest, carefully prepared for its reception. Every thing in the constitution of the family is meant to promote the well being of the little one whose advent has such profound significance. "What manner of child shall this be?" may be appropriately asked with respect to every new-born mortal. Due consideration being had of divine forces, traditional influences, and prenatal conditions, both physical and moral, it may be said that character comes of character, and that character is, chiefly the product of culture. Every thing depends, God's graces being presumed, on the discipline and development of the child.

The parents may look with deepest seriousness into the face of the innocent babe and ask, "Is it possible that this little darling can ever become dissolute, degraded, drunken, going down to a drunkard's death and doom?" The answer is chiefly with the parents themselves. The child is entitled to an example of total abstinence from the intoxicating cup, and of pronounced temperance principles on the part of its parents. It is entitled to thorough instruction as to the wrong and ruin of indulgence in alcoholic drinks and the peril of tast-

ing or touching the accursed stimulant. It is entitled to a home so radiant with love, so enriched with books, so cheerful with company, so melodious with music, and so sacred with sanctuary services of prayer and praise, that no worldly, and especially no unhealthful and corrupting, associations will have any charms in comparison.

Homes built on the foundation of God's Book are the inspiration and strength of sobriety and godliness. If such homes were general in Christian communities the waste and woe of intemperance would be so diminished in a single generation that drunkenness and drunkard-making could be readily suppressed in all lands.

LILLIAN'S EASTER GIFT.

BY MYRTLE LINCOLN.

LILLIAN RAYNOR was a bright, beautiful girl of sixteen, the daughter of a poor mechanic who had hard work "to make ends meet," as he sometimes said. Her mother was a frail, weakly little woman, who depended mostly upon her sixteen-year-old daughter for help and counsel. The two children younger than Lillian were also her special charge. If Willie "got stuck" on an example in arithmetic, it was always "Lillie" who helped him out. If Mabel tore her dress or soiled her clothes, it was to "Lillie" she went for help. If father came home from work tired and cold, it was "Lillie" who placed a chair in the warmest corner of the room and his slippers warming by the fire; "Lillie" who met him at the door with a kiss and cheerful smile, till it seemed that she had earned the name "Sunbeam," which her father had playfully given her.

There was not another such a happy man in the world as Greely Raynor when he brought his young wife to the pleasant home he had prepared for her in the outskirts of a little town in Vermont. But the times had been hard, and with Mrs. Raynor's poor health, and the children's clothes (which would wear out in spite of Lillian's patient toil over them after the culprits had gone to bed) to buy, he was not able to supply all their wants, till one fatal day when Mrs. Raynor was just recovering from one of her bad fits of sickness, and he could not get her all the delicacies which she required, he mortgaged their home. And this was the pass things had come to when Lillian was sixteen.

Lillian was an ardent lover of music, and her highest ambition was to own a piano. Sometimes she would sit and dream of the lovely piano she had so often admired at "Blackett & Rosco's, dealers in pianos and organs."

One day she called upon the daughter of Mr. Blackett, and their conversation turned upon music, and Lillian told her of the piano she so much admired and how she wished she might call it her own.

"Why!" exclaimed that young lady, "it is only five hundred dollars."

"Only five hundred dollars?"

Lillian had not dreamed of its ever being that much. All her father was worth now would not amount to that. Five hundred dollars! That would pay the whole mortgage and leave their home free again. She must forget all about the piano; it could never be hers.

On her way home she stepped into the postoffice, not that she expected anything for herself (for she very seldom received a letter since she left school), but she went because others did. But what was her surprise to be handed an envelope with her name written upon it. She eagerly tore it open and unfolded the sheet, when there fell from it a slip of paper which fluttered down to her feet. She stooped and picked it up and looked at it with wide-open eyes. Surely there must be some mistake! A bank note worth five hundred dollars, payable to Lillian Raynor! She could hardly believe her eyes, but when she did understand that she was the owner of five hundred dollars, the glad thought flashed upon her, "I can have my piano after all." In her eagerness she had entirely forgotten the letter which came with her precious note. She unfolded it, with hands trembling with joy, and read it half aloud, "From

Uncle Howard, an Easter gift to his little Sunbeam." Lillian hastened home to tell the glad news to her parents. She opened the door so softly that the inmates did not hear her light step. Her mother lay on a low couch while her father knelt beside her with his face buried in his hands. Lillian stepped lightly across the room and laid her hand on her father's shoulder. He started and raised his head, but his face was so wan and haggard he hardly seemed like the same father she had parted with in the morning.

"Why papa, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

Her mother took her hand and drew her gently down to her side. "Lillie, dear, we have tried to keep it from you as long as possible, but now you must know; we can keep it from you no longer. Monday we must leave our home. We cannot pay the mortgage, and it will have to go."

Lillian in her excitement had forgotten all about the letter, but now she remembered and her face brightened, and turning to her father said, "Papa, I think I have heard you say the mortgage was five hundred dollars."

"Yes, daughter, and although it seems a small sum, yet it is as far from me as five thousand."

"Papa," and Lillian's voice fairly rang with gladness, "papa, I'll pay the mortgage!"

"You!" exclaimed both parents.

"Of course," answered Lillian, smiling through her tears. "You didn't know I was a fairy and had subjects who obey my commands, did you?" And then she had to tell them of her letter and its precious contents.

"And to think I should have mistrusted God for a moment," whispered the happy wife, "And I thought to-morrow would be our last Easter we should spend in our home," replied the husband as he looked around upon his happy family.

The next evening as they all sat around the fireside of their pleasant home, which they could now call "all their very own's," as Mabel said, the frail little mother began singing, softly, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the father joined in with his deep bass voice, and Lillian and Willie with their clear ringing voices, while even Mabel's baby voice lisped out the sweet strain. When it was finished Mr. Raynor said reverently, "Let us give thanks unto God for all his blessings toward us." And as they knelt there in the quiet of the evening, it seemed that the same angel was saying again, as of old, "Christ is risen."

FIRST EASTER.

THE first Easter Sunday was almost nineteen hundred years ago. You have heard the story of it ever so many times, but it never grows old:

The Jews killed Jesus, by nailing him upon a wooden cross. About sunset on a Friday he died. The next day, Saturday, was the Sabbath of that country, so his friends took down his body and hastily buried it that same evening. They did not put it in a coffin and cover it with earth, but wound it in a fine linen sheet and laid it in a new tomb, hollowed out of the solid rock. After they had rolled a heavy stone against the door the mourners went away, and Christ's enemies sealed the tomb-door to keep anybody from breaking in, and set a guard of soldiers about the place.

All day Saturday the spot was quiet. But toward sunrise of Sunday, the third day after the crucifixion, two women came to the tomb bringing sweet-spices to anoint the body. They loved Jesus dearly, and were sorrowful to think of his awful death. As they drew near the place they wondered how they should open the heavy door. But they found the door wide open, and a young man dressed in white—a bright angel from heaven—sat there and told a wonderful tale:

"Fear not," he said, "you are looking for Jesus; he is not here; he has risen, as he said. Go quickly and tell his friends."

Then the two women—each was named Mary—ran to tell their friends and Christ's friends that he had come to life, and that they should see for themselves. Excited and frightened as they were, the two Marys told this story.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS

By the Author of "Lost in London."

CHAPTER VIII.

DEAD AND ALIVE AGAIN.

It was spring-time again—twelve months since his wife had died. The hedgerows were sweet with primroses and violets, whose fresh fragrance was full of sorrowful memories to Rodney. The years, which had changed him so much, had hardly touched the face of the country. Every step of the road was familiar and dear to him. Here were the nut-bushes, where he and his brothers had come nutting in the autumn, when he was a boy; they were fringed and tasselled with yellow catkins now. On the other side of the hedge lay the corn-fields, where they had all gone gleaming together in the harvest, as happy a time as any in the whole year. Yonder was the bank where the violets grew thickest, and where he had been used to seek the first-scented blossom for Ellen, before they were married. The wooden bridge over the shallow brook, whose water rippled round pebbles as bright as gems, where he had paddled barefoot when he was young—barefoot like little Nelly, only it had been sport to him; the willow trees dipping down into the stream; the cottage-roofs; but above all, the thatched roof of his own cottage home; all seemed to him like another world, compared with the noisy, bustling, tempting streets of Liverpool, where, in those parts to which he had sunk, there were none but sordid sights and sounds of misery. Oh! if Nelly had only lived a young life like his own!

He reached the garden-gate, and leaned against it, looking down the long, straight, narrow walk which led to the door. It stood open, and the sun was shining brightly into the house, lighting up for him the old, polished oak dresser, with the shelves above, well filled with plates and dishes. A lavender and rosemary bush grew close up to the door-sill, and the bees were humming busily about them. He could hear also the murmur of voices; the prattle of a child's voice talking gaily within, out of his sight. Once he saw Bessie cross the kitchen to the little pantry, but she did not glance his way, through the open door; and he lingered outside, scarcely knowing how he should make himself known to his mother, who believed he was dead.

She came to the door at last—a neat old woman, with a snow-white frill round her face, looking out through her horn spectacles upon her sunny garden; and Rodney, leaning over the gate, stretched out his hands towards her, unable to speak a word, except the low, murmured cry, "Mother! mother!" which reached her ears, though they had grown dull of hearing years ago.

For a minute or two old Mrs. Rodney stood still, gazing intently at the motionless figure leaning over her wicket, and then, almost in a voice of terror, she called out loudly, "Bessie." And in an instant Bessie was at her side, in the doorway, with her quick, sharp eyes fastened upon him.

"Bessie!" cried Rodney, in a louder voice than before, "I was not drowned, as you thought I was. I've been almost dead in the infirmary, but I didn't die. I've come home now, a changed man, if you and mother will take me in?"

Would they take him in? They could hardly hasten to the wicket fast enough, the old woman, with her short, unsteady steps, hanging on to Bessie's arm to prevent her from being the first to welcome her son. She threw her arms round his neck, and pressed many motherly kisses upon his haggard face, crying, "My boy! my boy!" while Bessie clasped his hand in both her hands, fondling and kissing it as if it was impossible to express her great and unexpected gladness. It seemed to Rodney as if they were making too much of him, and forgiving him too freely. They ought at least to hang back a little from such a sinner as he.

"Mother," he said sadly, "You know all about my poor little Nelly."

"Yes, yes, my son," she answered, "I know it all; but now you've come home safe and sound, after we thought you were dead, we cannot remember all that. Nelly forgot it long ago."

"Ah!" cried Rodney, with a heavy sigh. "Nelly's happier than ever she was in her life," said Bessie, "and she'll be happier now. It was a good change for her to be took away from those dirty streets, where everybody about her was getting drunk. She was never so well off as now."

"I know it," answered Rodney. "And though the pain was very bad," continued Bessie, soothingly, "she's forgotten it all by now. She's never in any pain, and she's singing as happy as an angel all day long. I wouldn't fret about that if I was you. We've forgot it, and now you've come home again, though I was sure and positive you were drowned. I said so before the coroner; and Mr. Rodney, please, I followed you to the grave."

Bessie burst into an hysterical fit of laughter and sobbing, which she could hardly conquer, and she ran back along the garden-path, leaving Rodney and his mother to follow more slowly. His mother was hanging fondly on his arm; and before he entered the cottage he paused and lifted his old hat from his head.

"Please God," he said, earnestly, "I'll be a different man to what I've ever been; and may he at last bring me to where my poor wife and little Nelly are gone!"

"Father!" cried a sweet, childish voice inside the cottage, a voice he had never thought to hear again in this world: "where is father, Bessie?"

How he crossed the threshold, and passed into sight of his child, he could never tell. But there was Nelly before his eyes, her wan, small face unchanged, save for a faint tinge of colour in her cheeks, and a happy light in her eyes. She was lying on a little couch beneath the lattice window, a doll beside her, and a cup of violets on the window-sill; peaceful and happy, with a childish patience and sweetness in her face. Her arms were stretched out to him, and her features began to quiver with eagerness as he stood awe-stricken and motionless. Bessie drew him to her side, and he fell down on his knees, with his gray head upon the pillow, while she laid her arm about his neck. He had no voice to tell them what he had thought during these terrible months, and with what a shock of rapture it came over him to find that his little Nelly was still living.

"Come," said Bessie, in a tone of comforting, "don't take on so, please, Mr. Rodney. We never thought as Nelly would pull through at all; and she's not in any pain; are you, darling?"

"No," answered Nelly, pressing her arm closer about him; "are you come home to stay, daddy?"

Still Rodney could not speak, for his throat seemed dried up and choked. The child's voice grew plaintive and wistful.

"Oh! father," she said, "you're not going to get drunk any more, and make Granny, and Bessie, and me all poor and miserable again? You've come back to be good, aren't you, father?"

"God help me!" sobbed Rodney.

"We're all so happy now," continued Nelly pleadingly; "Bessie goes out to work, and Granny and me are alone all day, and at nights we sing, and I'm learning to read, and so is Bessie. And if you'll only be good, it'll be nicer than ever. You didn't mean to hurt me, I know; never, did you?"

He could not hold up his head yet, or answer her in any way, except by his reiterated cry, "God help me!"

"See, I've got a doll again," said Nelly in a gayer tone, to cheer him; "it's all my own, and it keeps me company all day and night too. The doctor says I shall never walk and run about like other children, but I don't mind that. I don't mind anything, now you're come home, if you'll only be good, and never get drunk, and make us all poor and ragged again. I shouldn't like to see poor Granny like mother was. You'll never do that, will you father?"

"Hush, Nelly!" said Bessie, as she saw Rodney shaking with his sobs, "hush! Father's come home to work, and get money for you; and we shall all be happier than ever now. If God wasn't going to help him to be good, now he's trying himself, he'd have let him be drowned in the river, and not brought him back here, to be a plague to us. There, Mr. Rodney, please get up, and sit down on this chair beside of little Nelly."

Rodney did as she told him, and sat still for a time, holding Nelly's small hand tightly in his own. He could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream.

In the long, sunny afternoon, with the bees humming at the door, and the scent of lavender and rosemary wafted in upon every breath of the fresh spring air, Rodney told them all that had happened to him, and the great change that had passed over him in the workhouse, and his interview with Mr. Radford the evening before. Then Bessie related to him the history of their lives.

"Mr. Rodney," she said, "when little Nelly came flying down them steps all in a flame, I met her just at the bottom, and I'd a big cloak on as was lent me by a woman I was friends with, and I wrapped it all round her, and quonched the fire. Then a woman as was in the crowd shouted, 'Take her to the Children's Hospital. They'll do well by her, if she isn't dead.' And I cried out, 'Oh! she is dead!' And then me and some other women carried her to the hospital, and at first they said she was dead, and then said she'd be sure to die. So I had to leave her there, and I came back to tell you, and you was gone, and Mrs. Simpson she said she'd see you go creeping off in the dark, and it 'ud be a good riddance if you never came back. And it was three days after they found somebody in the river and I was certain it was you, and I followed you to the churchyard, me and nobody else at all. And then I went to the hospital, and they said there was a little spark of hope, but if Nelly lived she'd never be good for anything. And I said, 'Never you mind. You make her live, and I'll take care of her after.' And then I came down here, walked every foot of the way, and told Mrs. Rodney, and she said, 'Bessie, as soon as that dear child is well enough, her and you shall have a home with me.' So as soon as Nelly could come we moved down to this place, and it's been like heaven to us—hasn't it, Nelly?"

"Yes," answered the child with a quiet smile. "But now you're come home as well," continued Bessie, blithely, "it'll be better than ever. It was bad to think of you being drowned, and never been the good man you ought to have been. I'm glad you've seen Mr. Radford; and glad you've made him a promise like me. And oh! I'm so glad you're going to be good and kind again at last. I always knew you'd be that, if it hadn't been for drink."

Long after the others had gone to bed, and were sleeping soundly and peacefully under the thatched roof, Rodney sat up by the cottage fire, brooding over his past life and that which lay before him, with many earnest prayers for light, and strength, and help. One thing was certain whatever other people might do who had never fallen captives to drunkenness, he must never touch the accursed thing again. He trembled to think of the snares that would be laid to entrap, and with what wary and watchful steps he must tread among them. He could not walk down the village street, or greet any one of his former friends, who had believed him dead, without being invited, urged and tempted to drink. He could not seek work where he should meet with fellow-workmen who would not mock at the pledge he had taken. He could not even sit among some religious people who would not despise him somewhat for his weakness. Whatever he did, wherever he went, in town or country, he would be forced into contact with drinking customs, which would assail him from without; while within there would ever be a treacherous foe ready to betray him. No other sin met with so constant a temptation. Yet, on the other hand, here was his little child restored to him from the dead; here his mother, so long broken spirited for him, and with so few days left which he could make happy; and here was Bessie, constant and faithful, true to the promises she made, his helper and example. Could he plunge them again into the depths from which God had delivered them? Rodney opened his mother's old Bible, with the large print which his own dim eyes needed now, and turning over page after page he found at last the promise he was searching for, and set an indelible mark against it to look at in after years: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."



THE MARYS AT THE CROSS OF JESUS.

Easter Morning.

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord of all things lives anew
And all his works are rising too.

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarce chased the gloom
And dew was white and pearly,
With loving, but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find.

But earlier still the angel sped,
His words sweet comfort giving;
"And why," he said, "among the dead,
Thus seek ye for the living?
The risen Jesus lives again,
To save the souls of sinful men."

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord is risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

R.C. 1055.] LESSON III. [April 17.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

Palm 19. 1-14. Memory verses, 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.—Palm 19. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God reveals his truth to us by his works and by his Word.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Firmament—The expanse—the heavens.
Handycork—i.e. His hand-work, the works of his hands. They show his goodness, wisdom, power, greatness, exactness, faithfulness. **Day unto day**—Day uttereth speech to day—it is continuous. **There is no speech, etc.**—Either (1) they are understood by all nations and people, for they speak a universal language; or (2), leaving out the italics in the verse, they have no speech nor language, their voice is not heard, yet (ver. 4) their line is gone out, etc. **Their line**—i.e., measuring line, that measures their extent. **In them**—The heavens, which are the sun's tabernacle. **As a bridegroom**—Bright, beaming, glorious. **As a strong man**—His work is done easily, joyously. **The law of the Lord**—God's revealed will, especially the ten commandments. **The Lord**—Printed in capitals, therefore Jehovah. **The testimony**—God's witness to what is right and true. **The same as the law**. **The fear**

of the Lord—Reverential fear. **Is clean**—Is pure, and makes others pure. **The judgments**—The decisions. What God decides to be right. **Who can understand his errors?**—(1) they are so many; (2) they are often unconscious; (3) they are far-reaching in their influence. **Presumptuous sins**—Defiant; done against knowledge and in the face of command. **The great transgression**—Leave out "the"; not a particular sin, but much sin.

Find in this lesson—

1. What God's works teach us about God.
2. What more his Word does for us.
3. How precious God's Word is.
4. What should be our daily desire and prayer.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. In what two ways does God reveal himself to us? "By his works and by his Word." 2. What do his works teach us about God? "His wisdom, power, greatness, goodness, and truth." 3. What four qualities has his Word? "It is perfect, right, sure, and pure." 3. What four things does it do for us? "(1) Converting the soul, (2) Making wise the simple, (3) Rejoicing the heart, (4) Enlightening the eyes." 5. What should be our prayer? (Repeat ver. 14.)

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. Why is this sometimes called justification?

Because the forgiven penitent is justified or treated for Christ's sake as if he were righteous.

Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Romans 5. 1.

But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reckoned for righteousness.—Romans 4. 5.

HOW JANE WAS CHANGED.

Mr. MOODY tells of an Episcopal clergyman in England who was staying at a hotel, and was waited on by a little girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, no sir!" she replied; "we have no time here to pray. I am too busy to do that."

"I want you to promise me that during the next six months you will say three words of prayer every night, and when I come here at the end of that time I will give you half a crown."

"All right," she said; "I will do it."

"Well, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'"

He left, and two months after, when he came again to the same hotel, he inquired for Jane, and was told: "Oh, she got too good to stay at a hotel,

and has gone to the parsonage up yonder."

He went to see her, and as she opened the door for him, she said: "Oh, you blessed man, you! I don't want your half crown; I have got enough already."

And then she told him how she had at first just carelessly gone over the words as she was going to bed at nights. But after the first two weeks she began to think what the word *save* meant. Then she got a Bible and found the words: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and the prayer was no longer a mere form.

"Now," she said, "I am happy, and I don't want your half crown. But I am so thankful you asked me to say that prayer."—*Ocean Grove Record*.

THE LIFEBOAT.

"A SHIP on the sands! a ship has struck!" was the cry that rang through a little fishing village, one stormy day in November.

Between two and three miles out to sea there were some treacherous sands, which were nearly uncovered at low water, and on which many fine ships had been wrecked. The day was stormy and wild, the rain fell, the wind was high, lashing the waves to fury, and the ill-fated ship was aground on the sands! Rocket after rocket was sent up to tell the tale of their peril to those on shore.

The rockets were seen, and the lifeboat was quickly taken out and put on a cart, and driven across the sands that it might be launched at the nearest point to the ship. The crew, with their oars and life-belts, followed it; brave, true men, risking their lives to save their fellow-creatures. The wives and children of the fishermen, and a few friends, struggled over the sands through the storm to cheer the noble lifeboat men, and to do what they could to help.

It was an awful time. The hungry waves looked ready to engulf the ship and drag it down; it shivered and staggered with every wave, and seemed ready to sink in a moment. The lifeboat was soon launched, and started amid the cheers and prayers of those on shore, who watched it with straining eyes, as now it floated on the top of a wave, and then was almost lost to sight deep down in the trough of the billows.

After what seemed a long, long time to those on shore, the boat was seen returning full of saved ones. Glad cries and welcomes greeted them, eager hands were stretched out to help them, and the lifeboat was pulled on shore, with many hearty cheers, as it was known that all on board were saved; and that though the ship was rapidly sinking no lives were lost.

How much we rejoice when life is saved at sea, how much we admire the brave men who risk their lives to save others, but oh, how little we think of the love of the Lord Jesus, who not only risked his life, but "gave it up," that we might be saved from everlasting death and misery!

Are you in the lifeboat, dear child? That is, have you come to the Saviour, and are you now sailing on over the seas of this world to the bright land on the other side of the sea? If so, live for Jesus, shine for him, and do all you can to bring others to him, too.—*Every Youth's Paper*.

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