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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1898.

No. 14.

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

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.

## 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, particularly about New York and Washington, lay in a stock of eggs, which they boil very hard in a decoction of logwood chips, 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 in 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 hardest of the two. Another egg game that is a greater favourite 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 children 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 confectionery; 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 ornamental dishes, prettily festooned with flowers. The table remains 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 generally of sugar, or toy-eggs that open, in which little presents are hidden.

## TWO NIGHTS IN THE BAR-ROOM.

Rev. G. C. Rankin has spent two nights in the bar-rooms of Chattanooga (Happy is that city whose bar-rooms can be

indignation against a vice which has been before men constantly everywhere and for ages. But let the light be flashed behind the screens and into the cellars, and let the demon that burrows under our gilded civilization be dragged forth to the sight of all men, and let our legislatures look upon his horrid front and say whether he shall any longer have the shelter of the law. Price, 25 cents. Order of Rev. G. C. Rankin, Chattanooga, Tenn.

when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow. And he said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.—Luke 22. 40-46.

## COREAN HOMES.

Corean women of the upper classes live a life of seclusion; they do nothing at all, they are totally uneducated, and they are allowed to see no one but their husbands, parents, and a very few female friends. A woman belonging to the upper classes never appears before strangers, and she never goes in the street exposed to view. The daughters of the soil are more to be envied, for they at least enjoy more liberty, although they are nothing better than human machines. When you live among the Coreans, and know the terrible bondage under which the women labour, one breathes a sigh on their wretched behalf. Beside her household duties, and the bearing of children, the Corean wife combines the duties of gardener and field-labourer, and she must always be mindful that she has to wait personally upon her husband. Her whole condition, socially, morally and intellectually, is deplorable, and in a very large part of her native country she is without the Gospel, so that she may be literally said to live and die as a "beast of burden," in helpless and hopeless ignorance of anything beyond her present wretched existence.

In an interesting letter from Seoul to the "Heathen Children's Friend," Rev. M. F. Scranton has this story to say of the young folks of Corea:

"The boys do not have any hats until they become men. When do you suppose that is? The day comes just as soon as the father and mother please to have it so. I have often seen little men of ten, twelve and fourteen years of age, and boys of twenty-five and even forty. Early in the morning of the day when the boy is to become a man, the top of the head is shaven, then all the remaining hair is combed up over the bald spot and closely tied and twisted into a knot which stands up about four inches. After this is done a band called a mankeun is put about the forehead and hair to keep it in place. Then the new hat (for which the boy has been waiting all his life) is brought forward with great ceremony, also a coat with loose sleeves which hang down below the knees, after which the new man goes out to call on his friends and relatives. He makes profound bows to them all, then goes home to a feast. From this day forward he has a different name as well as a new hat and top-knot.

"When a Corean little girl reaches the age of nine or ten, her parents tell her she is now too old to be seen on the streets any more. She can't even stand at the front door and look out, but is banished to the apartments of the women, which are in the back part of the house. There is no pretty flower garden to look out upon, no dolls to play with, and not much of anything which is bright or beautiful ever enters the rooms where our Corean girl must spend her life."



THE EVE OF GOOD FRIDAY.

## THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And

visited in two nights), and has told in twelve lectures what he saw and the thoughts which were stirred by what he saw. They contain a terrific indictment against the bar-room, and sustain that indictment to the uttermost by a terrible array of facts. The license system in the State is more infamous than the sale of indulgences by Tetzel. It is but the sale of indulgences to breed and foster all the forms of crime known to man, and all the forms of misery under which man or woman or child can suffer. We recommend all such books. It takes a long time to arouse public

## An Eastern Legend.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

There's a tender Eastern legend,  
In a volume old and rare,  
Of the Christ-child in his garden  
Walking with the children there  
And it tells this strange, sweet story—  
(True or false, ah! who shall say?)  
How a bird with broken pinion,  
Dead within the garden lay  
And the children, childlike-cruel,  
Lifted it by shattered wing,  
Shouting: "Make us merry music,  
Sing you lazy fellow, sing!"  
But the Christ-child bent above it,  
Took it in his gentle hand,  
Full of pity for the suffering  
He alone could understand  
Whispered to it—O so softly!  
Laid his lips upon its throat,  
And the song-life, swift returning,  
Sounded out in one glad note  
Then away, on wings unwearied,  
Joyously it sang and soared,  
And the little children, kneeling,  
Called the Christ-child "Master  
Lord!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1898.

## SOMETHING ABOUT EASTER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

I wonder if all the boys and girls know what Easter means, and why we welcome the day with beautiful flowers and songs of rejoicing.

When you kept Christmas last December you celebrated the birth of the Saviour; to-day when you cut your Easter lilies you honour the day of his resurrection.

Christmas and Easter are, then, the anniversaries of the two most important events in the history of the world.

Easter like Christmas goes back, however, to a more ancient time than our era. Do you remember that terrible night when the destroying angel smote with death the first-born in the homes of the Egyptians, but "passed over" the homes of the children of Israel? And do you remember how the Hebrews saved their little ones by sprinkling the blood of a lamb on the door-posts of their dwellings? In memory of that night and that deliverance the Jews have always kept the feast of the Passover. It was at the time of this feast that Christ, "the Lamb of God," was crucified, and his disciples accordingly changed the Jewish feast into a Christian festival.

The Hebrew name for the festival comes from a word which meant "he passed over." The same word has grown into a great many different languages, all referring to the same thing. Among the French the day is known as Pasque. In Scotland it is Paschen, and in Holland it is Paschen.

Did you ever hear of Pasch eggs? These are Easter eggs, boiled so hard that you can play at ball with them. They are dyed with different colours and often have inscriptions or landscapes traced upon them.

And now let me tell you how to dye them. Take a piece of wet rag, sprinkle it with logwood, cochineal, madder or

any dye, roll the egg in it, tie it up, and boil it for fifteen minutes, then take off the rag and rub it with butter. Or, you may boil it in a solution of these dyes, and then if you wish, trace some design upon it with a penknife, or you may warm the egg, trace your pattern with the end of a tallow candle, and then boil it in the dye; the grease will make the tracery come out white.

The custom of boiling eggs and colouring them with bright-hued dyes at Easter is very ancient. The eggs were at first dyed scarlet, in memory of the blood of Christ. Will you remember this when you are colouring yours?

The children of Armenia and Syria in the far East play a game with their eggs at Easter. Two boys knock their eggs together and the one whose shell remains unbroken wins the other. That boy then tries his whole one against another boy's egg. The one who wins then gets the other two, and so on until somebody wins all the eggs.

A good many curious customs have been observed in different parts of the world in connection with Easter.

One of the most beautiful of these was practised by the early Christians, and is still followed in Russia by the members of the Greek Church. Early in the morning of the festival, friends and neighbours visit each other to exchange

from the cross, and put into a coffin. About sunset this is carried out in front of a long procession, which returns in the course of an hour or two. The coffin is then placed in the organ recess of the church, and a box is put near to receive the offerings of the hundreds and thousands of worshippers who are there. At each end of the coffin are represented Roman soldiers, and near by are images of the Apostles and of the mother of our Lord. The eager worshippers deposit their money, kiss the cloth that covers the coffin, or the robes of the Virgin, and go away with their souls still hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life. Not one word does the priest say to them, but he stands and eagerly watches the money as it falls into the box.

I went once to see this "festa," as they call it, and I did feel so very sad. These poor people do not know any better, children. They have very few teachers to show them the way to go. I am sure that my little friends will pray every day that God may send to them those who will teach them of himself. Some of these days you, who are little folks now, will be men and women, and I do pray God that he may call some of you to go to these people, to show them the way to Jesus, whose name they know, but of whose love they are ignorant.



BEHOLD THE MAN!

## Behold the Man!

The voice of Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
Its gracious accents fall!  
"Rest for the weak and weary feet,  
Pardon and peace for all."

The smile of Jesus! Light of light,  
For life's rough, narrow way;  
It penetrates Death's darkest night  
With Hope's celestial ray.

The look of Jesus! Lord of love,  
Cast not the glance on me  
Thou gavest Peter, to reprove  
Forgetfulness of thee.

The feet of Jesus! without stain,  
Unsoiled by steps they trod,  
Mark still how we, through sin and pain,  
May find our way to God.

The arms of Jesus! outstretched still,  
The soul half-way to meet,  
Some precious promise to fulfil  
Of hope and comfort sweet.

The hands of Jesus! ever near  
The sinking soul to bless;  
To heal the wound, to wipe the tear,  
And make our sorrows less.

The heart of Jesus! can it be,  
In his fair home above,  
He still retains, my soul, for thee,  
A thought of pitying love?

The love of Jesus! Heaven and earth  
Have never fathomed this  
Exhaustless joy, that by its birth  
Secures eternal bliss.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 10, 1898.

Some little things that are great. The widow's mite.—Luke 21. 1-4.

The name of this poor widow is not known on earth, but it is written in the Book of Life. Her gift is spoken of through all the world when that of Herod, who gave vast sums to rebuild the temple, is forgotten. It is not so much what we do as the spirit in which we do it that wins the favour and blessing of God.

WE ALL MAY DO SOMETHING.

This widow did not say, "I am so poor I cannot give anything," or, "My gift is so small it is of no use." She did what she could, and God owned and honoured her gift. A poor widow in India, who was dependent on the charity of the church for her support, brought one day her offering to the missionary. He said to her, "Why do you bring back this, which is freely given you in charity?" She replied, "After you gave it, it was mine, and I want to give something to God." Even almost the youngest boy or girl can earn something for themselves by doing work or running messages, and they can consecrate the whole by giving a generous part to God.

HOW CAN WE GIVE TO GOD?

All the silver and the gold are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the wealth of all the world. Yet he condescends to accept our gifts if they be given to one of his needy ones, and given in his name. A cup of gold water given out of love to God shall not lose its reward. We can give to the mission cause, which is the cause of God, or to the sick, or poor, or suffering. A gift of flowers, or fruit, or even a kind word shall not be forgotten by him who noticed the poor widow as she cast in her mite into the temple treasury. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## DR. COKE'S TRACT.

All young Methodists who read the Pleasant Hours ought to know that Dr. Thomas Coke was the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Francis Asbury was elected bishop at the same time—December, 1748—and was ordained by Bishop Coke. On one of his journeys, while attempting to cross a river, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and, getting into deep water, was nearly drowned; but, catching hold of a bough, he succeeded at last in reaching land in safety. After drying his clothes in the sun, he continued his journey, and met a man who directed him to the nearest village, and told him to inquire for a good lady's house. This he did, and was hospitably received, every kindness and attention being shown him by his hostess. The next morning the doctor took his leave of his new-found friends, and went his way.

After about five years, he happened to be again in America, and while journeying to one of the States in company with several other gentlemen, a young man desired to speak with him alone, and asked him if he remembered being in a certain part of America five years before.

"Yes, I do," replied the doctor.  
"And do you recollect that, in attempting to cross a river, you were nearly drowned?"

"I remember it quite well."  
"And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady, in the village near?"

"Yes, indeed; and never shall I forget the kindness she showed me."

"Then do you remember leaving a tract at that lady's house when you went away?"

"I do not recollect that," said the doctor. "But it is very possible that I may have done so."

"Well, sir," said the young man, "you did leave a tract in the house. That lady read it, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to her conversion. It was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours, and now there is quite a little company of believers in that village. But I have not yet told you all. I am one of that lady's children and was converted through the blessing of the Lord upon my reading that tract; and now I am seeking to win others to Christ."

The Commissioner of Prisons in Scotland says that in one year he found that out of a total of 53,000 committals in Scotland, 38,000 were traceable to drink,

Easter.

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

Dawn of a sacred, glorious day,  
Freighted with hope so sweet,  
We hail thy advent with delight,  
With joy thy coming greet.

In thought we visit Palestine,  
And see the guarded tomb,  
Where Jesus lay, while soldiers grave  
Watched through those nights of gloom

The morning breaks! Exultant morn'  
For with its coming gray,  
Angelic hands have sought the tomb,  
And rolled the stone away.

Then from its portals dark and grim,  
Triumphing o'er his foes,  
Revealing his divinity,  
Our Saviour, Christ, arose.

Blest Easter morning, hail to thee!  
For to our hearts ye bring  
Sweet memories of a risen Christ,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Arise! Arise! let all the bells  
Of earth their music swell  
In loudest strains of melody  
The joyous news to tell.

Christ has arisen! This Easter day  
He lives, enthroned on high,  
Sharing the Father's majesty,  
No more for man to die.

We fain would crown this risen Christ,  
And reverently pray  
That with him in hope may rise  
At the last Easter day.

VICTORY!

That is a thrilling word when heard amid the smoke of battle. But it signifies nothing compared with the shout of triumph from the followers of Jesus when, having fought the good fight, they gain a final and eternal victory over death. As we rejoice in the promise that we who share in the conflict will one day be enrolled among the conquerors of the king of terrors, let us read with glad hearts the story of our Saviour's conquest of the grave as recorded by Matthew in chapters 27 and 28.

When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple, he went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed. And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre. Now the next day, that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, he is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.

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 ye not; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; he is 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. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all

the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, his disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught, and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world. Amen.

THE BASKET OF WATER.

"My son," said an Arab chief, "bring me a basket of water from the spring." The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, and before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned and said: "Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in." "My son," said the old chief, "what you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is. So will it be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good words you hear, but keep trying to treasure them, and they will make your heart clean and pure."



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

From East to West I've marched beneath the eagles;  
From Pontus unto Gaul,  
Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,  
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,  
To think that I should fear—  
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—  
To watch th's dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,  
I've kept the wolves at bay;  
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling,  
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,  
I've sat with shield firm set  
And heard the lion roar; and in this forearm  
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me.  
Until I felt his breath,  
And saw his Jewel-eyes gleam; then he seized me,  
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,  
My feet his warm blood dyed;  
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning,  
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city  
Lies at our feet asleep;

Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying,  
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives,  
Till every hill-side sighs.  
But round us here the moanings seem to muster,  
And gather where he lies.

And through the darkness faint, pale gleams are flying,  
That touch this hill alone,  
Whence those unearthly lights? and whence the shadows  
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,  
His great eyes I could meet;  
But His, if once again they looked upon me,  
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,  
And put my soul to shame,  
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,  
And pity overcame.

But could not save. He who in death was hanging  
On the accursed tree,  
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying  
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,  
Gazed at me from his face:  
What if he rose again and I should meet him!  
How awful is this place!

DICK'S EASTER OFFERING

"Why do they bring flowers at Easter, Miss Ray?" asked Dick of his Sunday-school teacher. The superintendent had just expressed a desire that all who could should give flowers to decorate the room for Easter Sunday.

"Because," she answered, "it is a beautiful way of showing our belief in the resurrection of our Lord and our hope in the blessed future life which he has purchased for us. As Christ was imprisoned in the tomb, so things lovely in nature have been imprisoned in the grasp of winter. And as he broke the chains of death and the grave, so the leaves and flowers break through fetters of winter, and we bring them to make sweeter our rejoicing in the glory of Easter-day."

"I wish I had some flowers for next Sunday," said Dick to himself. But he had none at home, and no means of getting any, for he could not take a cent from the small sum he had earned by running errands and doing odd bits of work out of school, which was to be added to the Easter fund for missions.

On Saturday morning he lingered near a greenhouse, looking wistfully at the flowers within, all so lovely in their waxy white or soft colourings. People inside seemed very busy, and he at length ventured in and asked if he could do anything.

"No; we can't be bothered—stop, though!—yes, you can carry this basket up to Judge Ward's."

He did it and some other errands, for which he was paid six cents. They were very new, bright ones, and he was glad to have them to add to his store, but he looked longingly at a little rose-bush which grew in a pot. It was very small, and had but one white rose on it

and they had so many others. "Could I have that instead?" he asked, hesitatingly, of the sharp-featured woman.

"That? It's worth five times the money. What do you want with such?"

"I want to take it to church for Easter," said Dick, very humbly. In the afternoon Dick's teacher called for his Easter money—it was to be added to what the others had, and sent in as one offering. He brought the tin cup in which he had kept it, and poured it into her hand. "But you're not going to give this gold-piece, are you?" she said, holding up one of the coins.

"Gold-piece? Isn't it a cent?" asked Dick, in great astonishment.

"No; it's worth two dollars and fifty cents, don't you see?"

"Somebody has given it to me by mistake, I suppose," he said.

"I suppose you can easily find out who it belongs to," said Miss Ray, as she wished him good-bye. Two dollars and a half! Dick could not help thinking how many things such a large sum would buy for himself and for his mother. He began trying to persuade himself that perhaps some one might have really intended to give him the money, or, if not, that it would be impossible for him to find its owner.

And for one hour the temptor almost had his way with poor Dick. But then better thoughts came. How could he go to Sunday-school—and on the day when children gathered with bright faces and innocent, happy hearts to celebrate the Lord's triumph over sin and death—with a burden of sin on his soul? Just as twilight settled down, he appeared at the florist's door.

"No; there's nothing for you to do now," said she, sharply; "and I haven't time to waste on boys."

"Please to look just one moment, ma'am," he said, holding out the gold-piece. "Didn't you give me this with the cents you paid me?"

The woman's face changed. "I do believe it's that gold-piece!" she said, taking it. "Yes, my boy; it was paid me this morning, and I knew I must have paid it out by mistake. Well!" she went on, looking curiously at him, "who sent you back with it?"

"Nobody, ma'am."

"Then why didn't you keep it? Nobody would have known?"

"God would have known," said Dick, looking soberly up at her. "And tomorrow's Easter Sunday, and Miss Ray says that if we belong to Christ he must rise in our hearts and reign there as he rose out of the grave to reign in heaven."

"So that's what you learn in Sunday-school, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am. Good-night."

"Wait a minute—here's a flower that's left over. Wouldn't you like that for to-morrow?"

Dick's eyes shone at sight of the beautiful lily. But he drew back a little. "Not to pay me just for doing what was right?" he half-questioned.

"No," she said, more earnestly. "Not to pay you; only to make right seem a little pleasanter, and because you've made me think more of Sunday-schools than I ever did before."

And Dick was surely the happiest boy who carried a flower to church on Easter morning.—Young Folks' Friend.

The Fiddler.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

Sometimes if you listen—listen,  
When the sunlight fades to gray,  
You will hear a strange musician  
At the quiet close of day;  
Hear a strange and quaint musician  
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle  
On his coat of shiny black,  
And draws the bow across the string  
In crevice and in crack;  
Till the sun climbs up the mountain,  
And floods the earth with light  
You will hear this strange musician  
Playing—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearth-stone,  
Sometimes underneath the floor,  
He plays the same shrill music,—  
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er,  
And sometimes in the pasture,  
Beneath a cold, gray stone,  
He tightens up his sinews,  
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,  
From the corner of your room,  
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddler  
Sounding out upon the gloom;  
If you wish to see the player,  
Softly follow up the sound,  
And you'll find a dark-backed crick-  
Fiddling out a merry round!

—Youth's Companion.

**The Angel at the Sepulchre.**

BY MISS F. L. BALLARD

Behold those sorrowing women come  
Grief-stricken to the Saviour's tomb,  
Nor wait until the morning light  
Dispels the shadows of the night  
Love lingers not for light,  
Faith carries not for sight.

And, hastening on their mournful way  
Who shall roll back the stone?" they  
say.

That we may come into the tomb,  
Bearing our spices and perfume?"  
Who shall the stone remove?  
Death cannot bar our love

But, lo! the stone is rolled away  
The night is gone. The dawning day  
Shines brightly on the open tomb,  
Dispelling it of all its gloom.  
God's angel sits above  
The grave of buried love.

But the dear body is not here.  
They stand perplexed, and full of fear,  
The angel speaks: "Be not afraid,  
The Lord is risen as he said."  
The Lord that came to save  
Is stronger than the grave.

**LADY ABERDEEN ON HOMES AND HOME-MAKERS.**

Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen visited the Presbyterian Ladies' College the other day and in the course of a very thoughtful and interesting address to the students spoke specially of the opportunities for usefulness afforded women in Canada. "I am deeply impressed," she said, "as I go about the country, by the splendid openings for womanhood in this new land, and I would count it a great thing if I succeeded in awakening in the hearts of you college girls a sense of the opportunities lying before you to be a woman in this day, and in Canada is to have a chance to do something worth while. And believe me, there is no sphere greater, nobler, holier, than the home. To be a woman in a Canadian home! With that before you it becomes you to be earnest and true during these years of your girlhood and school life.

In spending some time in various new settlements in the great West the opportunities and responsibilities of womanhood came home to me. There are there on the plains, out on the ranches, in the mining towns and elsewhere hundreds of men who are away from home and from everything that would restrain the bad and stimulate the good. Many of those men are kept from going to utter ruin by the presence in their community of one good, true, thoughtful woman who knows how to make a home for her own husband and children, which becomes to homeless ones in their "shacks" a haven and a little heaven.

And what is true of these new settlements is true of life everywhere in Canada. There is not a social circle anywhere but needs the refining, elevating, ennobling influences of good, intelligent women. I look into our faces to-day, you young women with your lives before you, and I think of the good you might do, and I trust you will do, when you pass out of this college into the great world.

There is something about a good home, which is the result of woman's influence there, but which can hardly be defined, a certain simplicity and beauty, a something in the very atmosphere, and in the tones of the children's voices, a refinement, a culture, which impresses a guest at once and which is of the very essence of home. To be sure, love must be everywhere. The very life of home is love and knowledge. Women must know. And you, young women, should use these precious years in learning everything possible and learning it well. There will be no time afterwards, when home responsibilities come to you. See that your knowledge is such as will be available in after life.

Those of us whose girlhood is past, who are growing old, and who have had to learn so many things about life and about home-making, not from teachers and books, but through experiment and experience, which involved us in such mistakes and blunders to our own and our loved ones' hurt—those of us who can look back over a few years of real effort for our homes almost envy the

girls of to-day. And we look to you who are now in training to make right our mistakes, and to do perfectly the work we have tried to do and failed to have done blunderingly through ignorance. I would have you believe that every branch of your education is of importance, and most of all would I have you remember that the great work of home-making cannot be done excellently, as it should be done, unless you are actuated by the highest motives and live the truest life.—The Westminster

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON II.—APRIL 10.**

(Easter Lesson.)

**THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.**

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

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15, 20.

What difficulty did they look forward to?

How was this difficulty set aside?

What did Mary Magdalene suppose, and to whom did she go? See John 20, 2.

What did two disciples do? See John 20, 3-10.

2. Finding the Living v. 5-8.

Whom did the women find in the tomb?

How were they affected by the sight?

How did the visitor calm their fears?

What did he say of their mission?

What good news does every Easter recall? Golden Text.

To whom did he bid them go?

What message were they to bear?

How promptly did they obey?

How did they feel over what they had seen and heard?

Why were they silent by the way?

To whom did Jesus first show himself? See John 20, 14-17.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we shown—

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

The Bible is the freshest of all books. It is the real interpreter of life at all times.

She, amazed, her watch was keeping,  
Blinding mists her vision steeping.  
"Woman, why art thou a-weeping?"

Was the startled woman chary?  
Was she in her answering wary?  
What a change when he said, "Mary!"

Once the piteous supplication,  
Now the glad ejaculation,  
"Master!" in rapt adoration.

No more mocking, no more scourging,  
Priest and mob the soldiers urging,  
While the rage of hell was surging.

Crown of thorns no longer wearing,  
Cruel taunts no longer bearing,  
Nails no more his body tearing.

Majesty and gracious sweetness,  
Join in him with perfect meekness,  
God and man in full completeness!

Lord Jehovah! low before thee,  
Ransom'd by thee, we adore thee;  
Glory in the highest! Glory!

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**WHAT IT DOES.**

The following short temperance lecture will be found truisms that cannot be disproved:

"Drunkenness never causes a victory to be gained, it causes some to be lost; it never prevented shipwrecks, it often caused some."

"Liquor leads thousands of persons to poverty, not a single one to wealth."

"It has destroyed thousands of healths and has not restored a single one."

"It has shortened thousands of lives, and has not lengthened a single one."

"It has lost forever thousands of immortal souls, and never saved one."

"A woman never became more virtuous by beginning to drink; how many have become less?"

"Never did a son become kinder to his parents through the use of alcoholic drink; how many have become less so, how many have become their shame and their sorrow?"



THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHRE.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Seeking the Dead, v. 1-4.
  2. Finding the Living, v. 5-8.
- Time.—"Sunday," April 9, A.D. 30.  
Place.—The tomb at Golgotha.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The resurrection of Jesus.—Mark 16, 1-8.
- Tu. Foretold.—Matt. 16, 21-28.
- W. Witnesses.—Acts 2, 22-32.
- Th. Risen with Christ.—Rom. 6, 1-11.
- F. Crucified.—Mark 15, 25-38.
- S. Glad tidings.—Acts 13, 26-37.
- Su. Joy and wonder.—Luke 24, 36-48.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Seeking the Dead, v. 1-4.  
What women sought the tomb of Jesus?  
For what purpose did they go?  
On what day and at what time of day did they go?

**Easter Hymn.**

Christ is risen! O the wonder!  
Rending bands of death asunder,  
Rising to glory yonder!

Silently as morning breaking,  
Came the wonderful awaking,  
Christ again his Godhead taking.

In the stillness of the morning,  
Angels heralding no warning,  
Though the world's new light was dawning.

Last she saw him faint and dying;  
She whose heart with pain was reeking,  
Tears her pallid cheeks bestreiking.

Last she saw him faint and dying;  
Stark and cold her Lord was lying,  
Ere she left him, weeping, sighing.

Lone she stood in tearful wonder;  
Who had rent his tomb asunder?  
Who so vile the grave to plunder!

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