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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1886.

No. 8.

THE MARIES AT THE SEPULCHRE.

IN the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he 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.—Matt. xxviii. 1-8.

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 colored rag. 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 favorite 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

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 trees, hens, and lambs—little sugar things lying on green banks, and

THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

THREE or four years ago Her Majesty the Queen came to open a new wing of the London Hospital. For some days previously nothing else was talked about in the papers and on the streets but Her Majesty's intended visit. There was a little orphan child lying in one of the wards of the hospital, and she too had heard that the Queen was coming. She said to the nurse, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me?"

"I am afraid not, darling," said the nurse; "she will have so many people to see, and so much to do."

"But I should so much like to see her," pleaded the little patient; "I should be so much better if I saw her," and day after day the poor child was expressing her anxiety to see Her Majesty.

When the Queen came the governor told Her Majesty, and the Queen, with her large, kindly heart and motherly instincts, said: "I should like to see that dear child; would you just take me to the ward?" and Queen Victoria was conducted to the bedside of the orphan girl.

The little thing thought it was one of the women come in the crowd to see the opening of the hospital, and said: "Do you think the Queen will come and see me? I should like to see the Queen."

"I am the Queen," said her visitor. "I heard you were anxious to see me. I hope you will be so much better now," and she stroked down her fevered, wasted, pale brow, gave some money to the nurse to get some nice things for the child, and went her way.

The child said, "I am ever so much better now that I have seen the Queen."

A greater than the Queen is always near to praying souls, even the King of Kings, and we would all be much better if by faith we realized his presence.—*The Presbyterian.*



THE MARIES AT THE SEPULCHRE.

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 he hare has laid," such eggs being generally of sugar, or toy-eggs that open, in which little presents are hidden.

Men are ashamed of drunken women, but women are not always ashamed of drunken men.

SCHOOL Board visitor, while examining a scholar. "Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't you? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr Kane and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

Men are ashamed of drunken women, but women are not always ashamed of drunken men.

EASTER HYMN.

BY ERIC J. LAWSON.

In holy adoration raise,
O this imperial morn,
Your hearts and voices in the praise
Of Christ the lowly born;
Praise to the Lord of earth and sky,
Who came to earth for man to die.

Arrayed in royal pomp above,
He, on his Father's throne,
Reigns as a God of Power and Love,
God's well-beloved Son,
Equal with God in high command,
He ever sits at God's right hand.

But list! the God of earth and sky,
Beholds a fallen race,
A world of rebels doomed to die,
And pity fills the place.
The mighty God who rules above,
Is moved with more than finite love.

Mercy and Justice now contend,
Each to receive its own,
When Christ steps in—the sinner's Friend
Leaving the imperial throne,
"Justice," he cried, "shall honoured be,"
"Mercy to all is offered free."

The royal courts of heaven he leaves,
A babe he comes to earth;
No natal splendour he receives,
A manger owns his birth;
Thus humbly comes the Son of God
To earth, to shed for us his blood.

With sorrow, hunger, pain and woe,
The Son of God was pressed,
While living in this world below,
Nor had he who to rest;
And then by treacherous lips betrayed,
His precious blood our ransom paid.

Stupendous sight! the Son of God
Extended on the cross!
The world's Creator sheds his blood,
To purchase life for us;
O how amazing Mercy's plan—
Emanuel dies for guilty man.

See the infuriated mob—
The soldier pierce his side,
But ah! that heart has ceased to throb,
"His finished"—he has died;
In the cold tomb, home of the dead,
Now rests the Saviour's sacred head.

Armed soldiers now protect the tomb,
(Already well secured,)—
Lest any of his friends should come
And take away their Lord;
Invasive thought, O man, and vain;
Down will he burst death's mighty chain.

See, where his sacred head was laid
No human form is seen;
The Lord is risen from the dead,
See where his late hath been,
His folded grave-clothes there are laid,
But Christ is risen from the dead.

The armed soldiers shake with fear
And faint beneath the shock,
When dazzling angels there appear,
And roll away the rock,
And thus while on the ground they lay,
The Lord arose and went his way.

Thou triumphing o'er all his foes,
Who vainly watched his grave,
The Lord of life and glory rose,
And ever lives to save,
Death and the grave are overthrown,
For Christ is risen to his throne.

In kingly robes again arrayed,
Behold the Son of God,
Pleading for those for whom he died,
And spill his precious blood—
The Father hears the availing prayer,
And doth the guilty sinner spare.

Let ceaseless praise to God be given,
Who gave His Son for us,
Who freely sent him down from heaven
To die upon the cross;
Throughout eternity we'll raise
To God a ceaseless song of praise.

And to the Son who shed his blood,
Still endless praise be given,
The Holy Ghost, the true God,
By all the hosts of heaven;
Jesus hath died, but risen again,
And purchased life for every man.
CONDON, Ont.

PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

ONE afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of schoolboys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of the schoolhouse only a few minutes before, and had their books and slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thompson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out, leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat-collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he's always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and his prisoner, and we soon lost sight of him. As we passed on we noticed the public school building was only a short distance from that saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thompson had graduated from the high school. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing.

He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of his good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face, every smile she gave him and every kind word made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by that saloon again, and to go home another way, although it was much further. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thompson a constant frequenter of this same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse, for six years or more—the years, too, of his life which were the most important to him

—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but the "habit begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now, boys, this case of Paul Thompson is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over to the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Susan T. Perry, in Youth's Temperance Banner.*

GREETING ROYALTY.

DEAN STANLEY met Lady Augusta Bruce in Paris at the house of Madame Mohl, wife of the great Oriental scholar, and was so charmed as to say, "If I were in a mind to marry, I have seen the woman who would suit me." It was not long before the Dean was "in a mind to marry" the woman who suited him.

Madame Mohl used to make an annual visit to the Deanery, where she was a constant source of entertainment to the Stanleys and their friends. One friend, Queen Victoria, was very much entertained by her original sayings and manners.

One of Madame Mohl's visits to the Deanery was at a time when there was apprehension of a war between England and Germany on account of the Schleswig-Holstein question. One morning, madame was sitting in the drawing-room, reading the *Times*, which contained the good news that there would be no war. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the servant announced,—

"The Queen!"

An ordinary woman would have been a little flustered by the unexpected presence, but madame was an extraordinary woman, on whom royalty as royalty made but a slight impression. Standing up, she said, with heartiness,—

"Well, your Majesty, we are to have no war!"

"No, thank God, we are not to have war!" answered the Queen, holding out both hands to madame, and sitting ing down beside her.

Lady Augusta hurried with her toilet, rather anxious as to how her friend, who was no respecter of persons, would behave to the sovereign. She found them chatting in the most friendly manner, and the old lady giving opinions on European politics as freely as if her listener had been only an intelligent lady. She was, in fact, nothing more to madame, who, after the interview, always spoke of her as "that dear woman, the Queen."

During another visit to the Deanery, she again met with royalty, and again showed her indifference to rank. Prince Leopold, then a boy, was brought in, amid the bowing and scraping of those present, to be intro-

duced to Madame Mohl. The old lady, however, remained seated, and putting out her hand, said,—

"I am an old woman, my dear, so I can't get up, but I am very glad to know you."

Once at Berlin she was presented to the Crown Prince and Princess at a *soiree*. The German Court is rather stiff in its etiquette, but madame invited the Prince and herself to sit side by side.

"I had a delightful flirtation with His Imperial Highness" said she, in narrating the event.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO SING.

I LIVE in a terrace that is built of lumber, and you can hear almost all that is passing in the adjoining tenements. There are ten families in the row. On the east side is a family of four persons—the father, a railroad conductor, who rarely goes to church, and two children who, with their mother, go occasionally. The little girl, about eight, has been trying to learn some of the hymns at the Sunday-school, particularly, "We'll try to be like Jesus," from our excellent Hymnal. She has been singing it in the house a great deal for several days. The little boy, named Charley, is five years old, and he too has become very fond of it. Their bed is in a room next to my partition, and apparently being too wakeful to sleep he has been to night singing over this little hymn for an hour at least. A few minutes ago he shouted down to his mother to know if she didn't think his hymn was very pretty. She answered, "Oh yes, but you had better go to sleep." Charley's voice stopped, and I hear him breathing heavily, so I suppose he is sleeping now. He is a very delicate child; I fear he will not reach manhood, but he will find many pleasures in singing the hymns that he learns from his sister, and his singing of them will touch chords in other hearts besides his own. Let us teach the children to sing. A. A.

SWEDISH TRAITS.

ONE great peculiarity of travelling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout. A Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England, to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steamboat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers, and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travellers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY MRS. M. P. CHURCH.

OVER the hills of Palestine
The flush of morning broke,
As night drew back her curtain,
And the day in beauty woke.

The scent of dowy blossoms
Fell on the air like balm,
The morning breezes awayed the trees,
The olive, fig, and palm.

The sound of rustling leaves was heard
Through the vines upon the hill,
The twittering low of early birds,
By many a fountain and rill.

When slowly through the garden,
With hearts oppressed with gloom,
They who the best had loved him,
Now sought the Master's tomb.

Laden with myrrh and spices,
They sought him where he lay;
Anxiously they questioned
Who should roll the stone away.

But as they near the portal,
The door stands open wide,
For angels in the darkness
Have rolled the stone aside.

And one appears before them,
In the flush of morning light,
His brow is like the sunbeams,
His robes are dazzling white.

Why seek ye here the Master?
He has risen as he said;
The last great foe is conquered,
And Death himself has fled.

Go, spread the joyful tidings!
Go, tell it far and wide;
That the seal of death is broken,
And the stone is rolled aside.

As on that night of sorrow
Rose the resurrection morning
So to the darkest hour there comes
The rosy flush of dawning.

And where in storm and darkness
Stern rocks oppose our way,
Angels may rise to greet us,
In the glorious light of day.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Jan. 29, 1886.

I AM pleased to tell you that all the Indians here have learned to look forward with great pleasure to Christmas. They call it in their own language the "Great Sunday."

From February till November they may wander here and there in search of work or preparing their stores of food, as the season comes, but before Christmas they all gather home and feel that they are a united people with common interests.

For weeks a band of singers led by Miss Knight and Mr. Millan had been preparing Christmas hymns, and shortly after midnight set out with Mr. Millan through the village, which was illuminated the whole night, and after singing in ten or twelve different places, finished up at the mission-house about four o'clock, when after partaking of coffee and biscuits they dispersed to their homes to prepare for the further celebration of the day.

Soon after daylight the people in great companies came to shake hands with us—the Fire Company, the Rifle Brigade and the band, many of the Band of Hope, with their blue ribbon badges, and others.

At 11 a.m., the church was filled with attentive hearers, while we preached from Luke ii. 68, and the choir, with Miss Knight at the organ, sang some of their Christmas hymns. The rest of the day was spent in visiting and tea parties.

I am sorry to say that for the first time in twelve years two or three of

our people got liquor, and this from white men. I hope they may be punished.

Sunday was a good day. Our Sunday-school has become a blessed place for the children. Two classes are taught in English, all the rest in Pamphean by native teachers. It is pleasing to see how interested the children are in learning Scripture texts. For verses recited they receive tickets, with which some of the readers of the PLEASANT HOURS kindly keep us supplied, and when tickets representing two hundred verses are obtained they are exchanged for a prize.

On Tuesday we had a Christmas-tree for the children. About 150 assembled in the school-house, and had a merry play, diving for apples and bits of money, singing, and eating buns, while the tree was being made ready. Several of the local preachers made very good speeches. There was a present for every one, not forgetting the little sick boy lying at home in pain, and all went away very happy. Then the sick and aged had to be remembered, and next day a loaded load of rice, sugar, tea, and bread, and biscuits went through the village, and stopped at every house where there was a sick one lying, or one too feeble to join in the general merry-making.

About Christmas a good deal of time has always to be given to settling the difficulties that have arisen among the people. They like to settle these all before the New Year, that they may shake hands and begin the New Year with good-will to each other. Their quarrels are almost invariably settled thus, with the advice of the missionary and some of the wisest men, without going to law, and thus much trouble and hard feeling prevented.

Our watch-meeting was a time of power. The church bell rang out to tell us a New Year had begun, we joined in hymns of praise and hearty hand shaking and good wishes. Next morning early the people turned out in uniform—the Fire Company in scarlet, headed by the brass band, unite with the Temperance Society in their regalia. We open a clear course through the house; they enter at one door and pass out at another, while we station ourselves at convenient places to shake hands with each one as the stream passes. A little later the Rifle Brigade march up with drum and fife, and after going through a display of their manoeuvres file through the house as the other companies had done. Drawn up into order outside, a word of advice and encouragement is given and they pass on. Thus hundreds come to express their good-will; the women and children following their fathers and brothers in their respective companies. After the march the riflemen engaged in a sham fight on the beach, and the young men played football and all passed off happily.

The first Sunday of the New Year was a good day, and the following Monday, at 7 a.m., we began a series of prayer-meetings, which continued through the week with much blessing. Many would gather in the street singing, and march to the place of meeting.

Monday evening a public meeting was held in the school-house to elect a new Council. It was opened and closed with prayer, as all such meetings are, and a kindly spirit and good sense prevailed.

We have had a mild winter; a little

snow fell Christmas week which soon disappeared with rain. Since then it has been cold, but no snow. Not much sickness. Several little children have gone home to heaven.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

We made reference some time since to the proposal to erect as a memorial of that heroic Christian soldier—who took so deep an interest in poor boys—an institution for the education and training of homeless boys.

At a regular meeting of the Methodist Ministerial Association of this city, on resolution the cordial approval of the Association was given to the "Boys' and Girls' Gordon Memorial Fund," and the Association also recommended the various Methodist Sunday-schools of the city to take up a collection of at least one cent per member for this worthy object, all monies to be remitted to Mr. John Macdonald, Wellington Street, who is the Canadian treasurer of the Fund. Mayor Howland has received a letter from a little boy enclosing one dollar, saved by himself and his little sister, in aid of the Gordon Memorial Relief, on behalf of poor children. This shows how even the children are interested in the enterprise. The following have also been received: Hon. S. H. Blake's Bible-class, \$20; St. James Cathedral Sunday-school, \$10 1/2; Northern Methodist Church Sunday-school, \$10 30; St. Andrews Church, Guelph, \$2. Mr. H. J. Clark, the indefatigable superintendent of Church Street Congregational Sunday-school, will shortly give an entertainment on behalf of the same object. We hope that very many of our schools will have a share in this good work at least to the extent of one cent per scholar.

There are four aspects of the Home Scheme:

1. The helping boys and girls in existing institutions.
2. The sending of convalescent and weakly children to seaside and other healthful places.
3. The assisting of boys and girls to emigrate.
4. The fund to be called the "Boys' and Girls' Gordon Memorial Fund," the character of which is yet to be determined.

It is for this latter fund that the Canadian appeal is being made.

We have no authority for making the statement, yet it is possible that if the Canadian schools and people will generously respond to the appeal, that this memorial might in some measure take a Canadian form, which would doubtless be as suitable as any other.

The following letter has been received by W. H. Howland, Esq., Mayor of Toronto, and shows the interest felt by even very little lads.

Dear Sir,—We have noticed in the paper that you receive contributions for the Gordon Memorial Relief Fund. Please find enclosed \$1, saved by my little sister and myself, to be sent to poor children. Please let me know if you receive it.

HARRY V. S. HOLMES,
Lucknow, Ont.

My little boy, four years old, said to me: "Mamma, what is the name of that town on the left hand of God, where the wicked people go? I can't think."

THE EASTER LILY

A HYMN BY MRS. M. P. CHURCH.

THROUGH all the winter hilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From its heart thrust above the hill,
To seek expansion leaf,
Though a scant the sunshine that it felt,
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bloom,
And that its one green calyx sheath
Did tenderly enfold
A snow-white flower, upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold.

We watched, and, ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt,
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out!

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question had reply;
Our doubt became delight.

Out from its fold I prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us Life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unfold,
Until the soul is freed and fair,
As Christ himself arose.

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

SAID a boy to his mother one day,
"Our school is a dreadful place,
mother. I don't believe there is a boy
in the whole school who does not use
bad words."—"My son," exclaimed the
astonished mother, "not one! Where
is my boy?"—"No, not one; even I
sometimes say words that I know are
wrong. It's so catching, mother, and
you're surprised into it before you
think. I wish you could help me do
something about it." She promised to
help him first to set a watch over his
own lips, and then she encouraged him
to speak to the boys, and try to get up
a sentiment in school against the
practice. She realized the importance
of this, as every good mother must.
And she was rewarded—in her own
boy, at least, for he grew up to be a
noble, pure, good man, one of the very
best, and one who did a great deal
toward helping others out of the wrong
path into the right one.

Most boys do not consider the
fearful tendency of this bad habit.
Impurity of speech leads directly to
impure ideas, unhallowed desires and
secret sins. The heart becomes like
the chamber of imagery described by
the prophet Ezekiel—"full of every
unclean thing"—and by and by, when
the boy has grown to be a man, how
easy is the pathway to actual vice!

A great deal of horrible wickedness
is committed nowadays, but where did
it have its beginning? The mighty
river at its source is only a tiny
spring; the raging, destructive fire
was at first but a little spark; so
wickedness which appalls us by its
terrible character and magnitude has
its little beginning in the school-room,
on the street, in the boy's heart.

Boys, beware of the beginning of
this sin! Ask God for a clean heart,
let your lips be pure and every action
as white as the snow. Then you will
help to purify society. Every upright,
pure man and woman helps to build up
a solid barrier against vice and crime.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
shall see God.—Forward.

When you are pained by an unkind
word or deed, ask yourself if you have
not done the same many times.

EASTER.

☉ No more the yearly miracle
Is wrought before our eye,
And over all our waking earth
A tender beauty lies—
A rapt expectation of desire.
When soon the pomp shall be
Of drifting blossoms rolling far
Like billows of the sea.

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

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

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

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OPENING
IN THE SPRING.

In response to numerous requests, in the first May number of each of the larger papers there will be begun a serial story: In PLEASANT HOURS of May 1st, a tale entitled "Pioneer Methodism," by the Rev. Dr. Eggleston, author of the famous "H. J. Schoolmaster." In *Home and School* for May 8th, will be begun a continued story, by the Editor, entitled "Barbara Heck, a tale of the settlement of Upper Canada," giving true sketches of Methodism in Ireland, and of its introduction into New York, and in both Lower and Upper Canada. With

this record every scholar in our schools should be familiar. To secure the whole of these stories without interruption, schools opening in the spring should send in their orders as promptly as possible.

Schools needing help from the Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund will please write to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Secretary of the Sunday-School Board, stating their needs, number of scholars, and what they can raise.

A CENT A DAY FOR MISSIONS
—WHAT IT WILL DO, AND
HOW IT MAY BE
RAISED.

SCARCELY any one in this land of plenty is unable to spare a cent a day for the conversion of the world. Where there is a will there is a way. If the resolve be only made the means will be found. Now what would a cent a day from the 185,292 members of the Methodist Church amount to in a year? Figure it out and see if it would not amount to \$675,715.80, nearly four times as much as the entire income of the Missionary Society from all sources last year. Now, as many persons give sums of from \$25 to several hundred dollars, a great many members must give very little, and many give nothing at all, for this purpose. What is wanted is to get every one to do something, however small. Why, even one cent a week from the 203,616 scholars and teachers in our Sunday schools would amount to \$105,879.28 in a year, or more than half the entire income of the society, and more than four times as much as the schools now raise. Let there be a united effort to raise one cent a week for each scholar, and one cent a day for each adult member of the Church.

HOW TO DO IT.

At the week-night service of the Metropolitan Church, a short time since, a missionary prayer-meeting was held. The pastor, Rev. E. A. Stafford, read a selection of passages of Scripture, bearing on missions, and made a rousing missionary speech. Missionary hymns were sung. Short missionary remarks were made, and fervent prayers for missions offered up. Then, although the missionary meetings had already been held, and nearly every one had subscribed, and some quite largely, it was proposed that they should subscribe again, one cent a day, and that those who had not subscribed should also subscribe that amount. A large number of names were taken down on the spot, and the ladies propose to canvass the entire congregation, and hope to increase their already large subscription—the largest last year in the entire connexion—by a very large amount. We are persuaded that something like this could be done in every church and every school, if the effort were only made.

We believe that one reason for the great success of the missionary meetings at Elm street and Central Methodist Churches and elsewhere has been that the people were brought into active sympathy with the work by missionary prayer-meetings previously held, or by some secular means.

ONE CENT A DAY.

☉ One cent a day the Master asks
☉ From every true disciple's hands;
☉ One cent a day to tell his love
☉ And teach his word in foreign lands.

One cent a day to place afar
The gates of mercy high and broad,
One cent a day to spread afar
The knowledge of our risen Lord.

One cent a day may send a blaze
Of Gospel light o'er India's plains;
One cent a day may free a race
For ages bound by Error's chains.

One cent a day; from China's shore
We catch the cry and hear the plea;
One cent a day a few years more,
And struggling China shall be free.

One cent a day may wake the note
Of Zion's song in fair Japan:
One cent a day, O blessed Christ,
May tell of all thy love to man.

OUR PERIODICALS.

THE *Montreal Gazette* says:—We would again direct attention to PLEASANT HOURS, *Happy Days* and the *Sunbeam*, illustrated periodicals for children, published by the Rev. W. Briggs, Toronto. Of their kind they have no superiors, the matter both original and selected being entertaining, instructive and always marked by good sense and good taste.

The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for March, it further says, is rich in illustrated articles. "The Great North-west" and "A Holiday Excursion to the Rocky Mountains," by Henry E. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., are continued with no decrease in interest. "Norway and its People" deals with the scenery and inhabitants of a country that lies across the ocean in like latitudes to our own. Archdeacon Farrar's contribution on "The Four Gospels" (an abridgment of his work "The Messages of the Books") has reached St. Luke, whose "former treatise" is characterized with clearness, originality, scholarship and eloquence. The Rev. Dr. Withrow (the editor) reviews Tennyson's "Tiresias and other Poems" with judgment and taste. Altogether it is an excellent number. (The Rev. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, and C. W. Coates, Montreal.) Only \$2 a year, \$1 for six months.

THE NORTH-WEST.

REV. MR. HEWITT, missionary for many years to the North-west, in a lecture said the building of the Canada Pacific Railway was remarkable, in that it was no where all along the line marked by the graves of drunkenness. Speaking of the rebellion, he paid a high tribute to the Methodist and other Protestant Indians, saying that none of them had joined the rebels. A Christian missionary was really worth more than 150 Mounted Police. He said that unless a different mode of dealing with the Indians is adopted and conscientious agents were appointed, more serious trouble would surely arise. He held that the Methodists had saved the country millions of money and valuable life, yet no knowledge of the fact was ever vouchsafed by the Government. Reference was made to the behaviour of Jno. McDougall, through whom the forces obtained an unmolested passage to Edmonton from Calgary, he himself acting as the guide and interpreter. The claims of the Methodists had been unrecognized, however other denominations had had recognition, some of them, in land, etc., being handsomely treated.

We beg to call attention to Mr. Crosby's interesting letter on another page. How marvellous a change is this truly Christian celebration of the Christmas festival to the heathen orgies of comparatively recent times.—Ed.



PRAYER MACHINES.

In the northern part of India and in Thibet, in the vicinity of the Himalayan mountains, many of the people have their prayers written out for them and they offer these prayers in a very strange way.

You will frequently see flagstaves put up, with long, thin pieces of cloth, on which these prayers are written or printed, and as these little flags fly in the wind the people believe that the prayers ascend to heaven.

They also carry about with them little prayer machines, looking very much like babies' rattles, which they turn round as they go along the road talking with each other, and they think they are very religious.

On these wheels will be found the words "Om mani padmi hum." These are words from the Sanskrit language.

"Om," among the Hindus, is the mystic name of divinity, which begins all their prayers. It corresponds to our interjection Oh! only that it is uttered with a religious emphasis, due to its hidden, sacred meaning.

"Mani" means jewel; "padmi," the lotus; and "hum," amen. So the whole sentence is "Oh! the jewel of the lotus, Amen."

The people of Thibet attach also some mysterious meanings to each of the syllables, and they believe that their gods will be much pleased with the rolling prayers.

They seem to value prayer more than many in this land who have the true gospel. We know they need the Saviour. Let us send those to them who will teach them that Jesus is "our Advocate with the Father."

TEMPERANCE.

THE deaths from sunstroke in western cities, particularly in St. Louis, became on some days appalling. The papers faithfully chronicled the fact that this fatality was largely confined to persons addicted to an intemperate use of alcoholic drinks, and beer-drinkers fared no better than others.—*Zion's Herald*.

For one really converted Christian as the fruit of missionary labour, the drinking practices of the English have made one thousand drunkards. This is a sad thought, but it is the solemn truth. If the English were driven out of India to-morrow, the chief trace of their having been there would be the number of drunkards left behind.—*Archdeacon Jeffries, after 31 years spent in India.*



THE DESERTER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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,
Voices falling
Through the pearl-embattled portals
From the Land of the Immortals
On our blessed Easter Day:
And for Angel,
And Archangel
This 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!

THE DESERTER.

THE streets of our large cities daily present some striking scenes from which lessons of life may over be learned. Just watch those two lads in that dirty alley. Dick is the captain of the lads. He is a good-natured fellow, and had he been well-trained would have been a valuable member of society. With his wooden sword he commands the other lads to obey. Tom escaped from his control. He deserted, but was caught, and with hands tied, was marched in triumph to the alley. A mock trial ensued, and Tom was ordered to be imprisoned in a corner for two minutes!

Tom is very merry whilst in custody; but there is a look in the face of both the captor and the caught which seems to say, "Might often overpowers right." Or we can imagine Dick to be saying:

Come along, sir, come away,
I will teach you how to play
Properly at hide and seek.
Nay, don't turn aside your cheek;
You know that I am captain here,
And now I've got you by the ear.

Life in some of the city alleys is of an extraordinary character. With daily examples of intemperance and all kinds of vice before their eyes, the wonder is, not that so many children are corrupted, but that any escape.

The noble army of teachers in our ragged and mission schools have done a blessed work amongst our city

Arabs. The fruit of their labours can only be known in the better world. Pray for them, and assist them with your gifts.

WHERE ARE YOUR SINS!

GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS

A YOUNG girl came to see her minister, being anxious about her soul.

"Are you saved?" he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying, and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully answered.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"O, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct, for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross—were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments in deep thought, and then, raising her eyes, a sweet smile played over her face as she said: "They must be in his grave."

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

The *Volkfreund* for August, 1854, states that out of nine hundred persons who died in Rotterdam the preceding year from cholera, only three were abstainers.—*Judge Pitman*.

I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera with which I am acquainted. Were I one of the authorities, I would placard every spirit-shop in town with large bills, containing the words—**CHOLERA SOLD HERE**—*Dr. A. M. Adams*.

I consider I shall do more in curing disease and preventing disease in one year by prescribing total abstinence, than I could do in the ordinary course of an extensive practice of one hundred years.—*Dr. Higginbottom*.

THE NIGHT CHARLIE RAN THE EXPRESS.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

HAT after five, one stormy winter evening. Half after five, and against the gray, ashy sky, the smoke rose from Engine Twenty in a black column each time that the fireman coaled up. That evening a passenger-car ran next to the tender, and at the forward door of this car a face was pressed against the glass. With this face went much comfort and much cost, all belonging to a stout, solidly-built man.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, suddenly. He was looking across the tender into the locomotive-cab. The fireman had swung back the heavy iron door of the furnace, and was shovelling coal down the throat of the dragon with its ravenous appetite for carbon. The glare of the flames filled the cab and flooded the tender with a sharp light, down through which the storm-flakes drifted a fleet of snowy sail across a sea of gold.

"That's pretty," said the watcher. While the snow and gold blended below, the smoke-stack above was belching out clouds of ebony. "And that, that is ugly," he murmured. "That's the way sometimes that things here end—in miserable smoke, black and ugly. But don't that fireman go it spry! He's worth noticing. Spry and on hand all the time. Bah! What a night!"

He shrugged his shoulders as he felt a cold draft from the outside atmosphere of mist and storm covering the level seamarshes the train was crossing. Soon there was a perceptible slowing of the train, the cars occasionally jolting as if in the effort to halt they were dislocating a limb or two.

"Rock-kee Brook!" bawled the brakeman, and at Rocky Brook the coat-and-comforter man stepped out upon the platform. The fireman, Charlie Some, alighted also, oil-can in hand.

"Beg pardon!" said Charlie, running against an old Rocky Brook acquaintance, Nathan Withers.

"Humph!" ejaculated the coat-and-comforter man. "He can make an apology. I like to see an employe gentlemanly, and anybody in fact."

"No harm," said Nathan. "Fearful night, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes, and it will be worse. Chilly, cold, too."

Nathan followed the fireman as he moistened the tired, dry joints of the machinery with a bath of oil.

"Say, Charlie, it's a bad night, and take a nip of this. 'Twill put you in good condition."

Charlie stepped back as if Nathan had presented a pistol rather than a flask.

"I thank you, Nathan, but that won't do. It's against the rules of the road for me to touch it. They must have clear heads, you know, whoever may run these trains."

Nathan slipped back into the shadows clustering about the station. Charlie had gone to the head of the engine, oiling and talking with Nathan, and then returned to the neighbourhood of the coat-and-comforter man, who overheard some of his conversation, and said to himself,

"That young fellow is decided, and can meet the necessities of the occasion. He must be promoted." Then he returned to the cars, Charlie stepping up into the cab.

The next day, Charlie rushed into the presence of his grandmother, with whom he and his sister lived, saying,

"Congratulate me! I saw our superintendent to-day, or he came to me. You see, last night he was on the train. He sent for me."

"For what?"

"You'll see. Said he, 'I want an extra hand to-night, to take Freight Seven down to Hartley, and there you'll find an express. Bring her through to Bentley. I saw that you refused some liquor last night. I want steady men.' So, grandma, I'm to be the engineer that will take the express through from Hartley to Bentley, twenty miles beyond Roaring Brook, and he says I may have an engine all the time. Whew! Don't I wish I was a steam-whistle that I might give vent to my feelings! Sallie, wave at me when I go by!"

"But banners for such triumphal occasions are scarce in this country," said Sallie, the sister living with the old lady.

"Take this," and Charlie went to his drawer for a handkerchief.

"But Charlie," said grandma, "while I am glad to have you an engineer, is not that a risky train?"

"Why, grandma, I know the road as well as the orchard-path back of the house, and then I have run trains for short distances."

"Well, Charlie," and grandma, rising up, looked seriously at him, "keep a sharp lookout, and while you are looking out I will be looking up."

The old lady here solemnly, trustingly raised her eyes to heaven.

Charlie was taken in Freight Seven to Hartley, and there he found Engine Nine waiting for a place in the expected express.

Bill Stover was Charlie's fireman. He was a stubby, round-shouldered chap, carrying a black mop of hair on his head and another on his chin.

"Bill, do you think you and I can put this train through in good shape?" asked Char' (slightly emphasizing the second pronoun), when Engine Nine had been shackled onto the express train.

"We will try it. We are harnessed to the train all right now. First signal has been given and the second will follow soon."

"There it is, the second signal! Forward, Engine Nine! Do your best to-night," said Charlie. As if intelligent, and not a bundle of machinery, the engine began to respond. The steam went fuming, shoving into the cylinders, the pistons began to play in and out like muscular arms, the big, revolving wheels turned slowly, and the express was off.

"Choo-choo! Choo-choo!" coughed the engine, the dragon within relieving himself of several mouthfuls of black smoke, and spitefully spitting out a quantity of steam also.

"Hurrah!" said the young engineer to himself. He was as proud of Engine Nine as a mother is of her first baby. He looked with satisfaction upon the shining lever and throttle, viewed admiringly the polished steam-gauge, and when Bill Stover opened the furnace-door and revealed the roaring, raging volcano there, Charlie paid him this first-class compliment:

"Bill, I could not have built that fire better myself."

Away sped the express.

"Bill, she is good as a bird!" said Charlie, complacently eying Engine

Nine, this wingless griffin skimming the land.

"She is a buffalo!" he exclaimed again, as the creature of iron and steel went rushing along, its eye of fire glaring, its throat shaking off a shaggy mass of smoke. Screaming at the cross-roads and defying the night, tearing through forests, rattling and rumbling across the open fields, rearing past the rocky cuts, away went the express.

"I'll give an extra whistle when we get to Rocky Brook," said Charlie.

"She won't be bird or buffalo then, but fish, boss," replied Bill.

"How so?"

"There may be so much water on the marsh that we must swim."

"I guess we are all right."

That was not so certain. Rocky Brook was a dainty, picturesque affair in summer, clear, sparkling, a strip of crystal mirror framed in drooping ferns and murmuring maples. When the long columns of the autumn rain went charging across the fields, it was not only a rocky but a roaring brook. When a winter thaw set in, it seemed to melt away the icy fetters of a mischievous water sprite in the brook, who went out to play some very mad pranks wherever it might find banks confining it or a bridge spanning it. The brook crossed by a bridge was always supposed to run under the railroad track but it had been known to express its contempt for this bridge, and boldly swept aside bridge, track, and any thing else in its way. At the time of our story, there had been a heavy rain cooling off into snow, and now by seven o'clock on the evening of this day, it was raining again. For hours the water-sprite had been roaming up and down Rocky Brook, bent on mischief.

Toward morning Sallie Some was wakeful.

"I wonder what time it is," she thought. "Let me find out. I wonder, too, how Brother Charlie is getting along with his train."

She went into the kitchen and scratched a match in the face and eyes of the dignified old time-piece behind the door.

"Almost half after five, and soon it will be time for that express train the smart young engineer is running. The booby, to think he could see anything I might wave before six! I'll go to the door and listen for any sound of the train."

Standing at the door under a leafless woodbine, holding her hand up to her ear, she listened intently.

"What is that! Is it the train coming? No!"

She turned as if listening to sounds from an opposite quarter.

"Horrors!" she exclaimed.

The next moment she had seized a lantern hanging on a nail in the entry. Lighting it, she then put herself in a water-proof, hastily drawing its cape over her head and locking like a nun about to leave her cell for early morning prayers.

Rocky Brook was at the left of the station; the train would come down the track shooting from the right. The suspicious noise that Sallie heard came from the left. She flew along the path from the house to the station, glided rapidly across the platform, and then rushed down the track to the brook. Swinging her lantern before her, she looked down—not upon a safe, passable bridge, but a torrent! The bridge was gone! Only a swollen

mass of water there, bits of white foam glistening on the surface like teeth that a water monster was showing.

"In a few minutes," thought Sallie, "the train will be here, and may God give me strength!"

She turned and flew up the track.

"Hark! Is that the express nearing the curve? There's a whistle! It must be at the Back Road Crossing. Quick! O! O—quick!"

The poor girl's heart bounded with fear. Rapid as was the flight of her feet, her heart seemed to be going still faster. The heavy ledge around which curved the track was only a hundred feet away, and nearing the ledge was that express train whistling at Birch Lane Crossing next.

"Quick, quick! There it is whistling again! May God help me!"

At that moment she stumbled, and headlong she went, the lantern breaking at her feet and the light going out! How she trembled! It seemed as if the stormy heavens were falling and covering her with their dense clouds, burying her in a hopeless grave. And there was the express train thundering on toward Rocky Brook. It must not be. She sprang to her feet. Where was her handkerchief? She could not find it, but there was Charlie's. She pulled it out, dipped it in the little pool of kerosene at her feet, and then, throwing out her water-proof on either side, she made a screen against the wind and rain.

"How glad I am that I took that card of matches with me when I went to find out the time at home. I'll light one," she was saying.

She ignited the handkerchief, threw the half-burnt match into the kerosene on the ground—a fruitless attempt—and then started up the track again, wildly waving her burning signal! Did she feel the smart of her singed fingers? She was only noticing a sharp glimmer of light around the curve, then a ball of fire, and finally it sharpened to an awful dazzle coming straight down the track!

"O stop! stop!" screamed Sallie.

"Stop, Charlie! I'm waving your handkerchief as you told me! The bridge is swept away!"

The next moment she was conscious that something great, bewildering, terrible, had crashed past her, and now unconscious she fell beside the track.

Had Charlie seen the light? Thanks to the clear sight his good habits gave him, he saw the signal from the cab-window.

"A comet with a tail," Bill was saying.

"Danger, danger! Whistle 'down brakes!'" Charlie was shouting.

The sharp, clear shriek of the danger-signal cut the morning mist, and soon the heavy wheels began to turn less swiftly. The train rumbled on till the cow-catcher hung over the torrent and then stopped.

Charlie breathed as if some one had taken Mount Washington off his shoulders.

"Danger, you say!" he said to the conductor, hurrying forward. "Danger enough! Look at Rocky Brook!"

Above the berths and seats in the cars, a hundred sleepy heads were now bobbing up like seals above the water. Two hundred feet came hurrying from the train. What exclamations of congratulation when the passengers realized what an escape they had had! And Sallie, where was she?

"Who saved us!" was the question raised.

"Somebody back there," said Charlie, and when the mysterious "somebody" was hunted up by him and others, they found Sallie lying by the track unconscious, the red roses in her cheeks all turned to white ones. She was carried to her home, revived, and the doctor soon pronounced her out of danger.

Some one laid a hand on Charlie as he was hurrying about. It was Nathan Withers.

"I say, Charlie," he cried, "I think Rocky Brook had better be filled up. Here's my contribution to the fillin'."

Into the brook he pitched his flask and never bought another.—*Our Youth.*

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY DR. TALMAGE.

ONE night lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream. I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said, "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in Heaven. And I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great

city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing:—"Home, home, home, home!"

CRUCIFIXION.

BY AMELIA E. PARK.

SAINTE PETER, in his Roman cell,
Sat musing through the lonely night,
A vision held him in its spell,
Until the dawn's first pallid light.
Then Some One touched his folded hands
And said: "Oh! haste, thou blameless
man!
The door a moment open stands,
And none are near thy flight to scan!"

Then Peter, with unsandaled feet
And robe unguarded, rose and fled;
And life and liberty were sweet,
As through the misty dawn he sped.
He had forgot his heavy debt,
Forgot that all but Christ was dead,
Till in the open road he met
The Saviour, carrying his Cross.

That piteous sight his footsteps stayed;
His heart was faint with sorrow and pain
"O Master! Is it thou?" he said,
"Surely thou need not die again!"
"Yes, Peter! If thou wilt not stay,
And bear the Cross and shame for me,
I for the flock must die to-day,
Be crucified again for thee."

Then Peter kissed the pierced feet,
His heart with love and sorrow burned;
And full of strength and comfort sweet,
Back to his prison cell he turned.
Twas light, and soldiers faded the place,
But Peter now could count life's loss,
For he had seen the Master's face,
And joyfully could bear the Cross.

Dear Christ, if thou wouldst have me take
Some lone, sad path of Calvary,
I pray thee, for thy own dear sake,
That I may neither faint nor flee.
Show me thy face with the command,
And I can bear the grief or pain;
Mine would not be the faithless land,
To pierce thy wounds' heart again

SLIPPERY PLACES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Maine Farmer* writes: "At the close of a bright cold afternoon I was going to my home from a neighbouring friend's, and by the way was crossing the street, when I saw a boy coming up on the other side slip into the snow. He was up in a half minute, and I saw he had no overcoat, no mittens, a cap without a visor and tattered clothes, but I soon found he had a noble heart beating beneath his ragged jacket. On getting up he shook the snow from his little hands, which were red with cold, curled them up under his arms and waited until I reached the other side, then said, 'Take care! It is slippery there.' The poor little boy was a young philanthropist without knowing it.

"I have often recalled the boy's kindly caution. Let me tell you a few of the times when I think of it. When I see a young man whose expenses exceed his income, I think, 'Take care! It is slippery there.' When I see one loitering around billiard-saloons and gambling-rooms, I think he is on a slippery place. When I meet one whose breath is tainted with strong drink, I want to say to him, 'Take care! It is very slippery there.' When I see a school girl who spends more time in the skating-rink than on her lessons, I fear she is on slippery ground. When I see a sweet girl talking at the street-corners or flirting with an immoral man whose breath is a taint upon her purity, I wish I could engrave on her heart, 'Take care! It is very slippery there.'"

EASTER ANTHEM.

HE ROSE! HE ROSE!

CHARLES WHEAT.

JOHN J. HOEN.

1. { Chorus: The Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;

CHORUS.
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply. He rose! he rose! He rose! he rose! in triumph

swell In triumph swell The vic-tor-song The vic-tor-song o'er death and
 hell; o'er death and hell; He rose! he rose! He rose! he rose! and we shall

rise To share with him im-mortal bliss beyond the skies.
 and we shall rise

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won.
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Follow our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

EASTER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WINTER was loath and late to go,
 He lingered while he might,
 In hollow ways are drifts of snow,
 Not reached or melted quite.
 The icy bergs sail down the coast
 And chill the airs of spring,
 But still, above the nipping frost,
 We hear the robins sing.

What is their song? "Believe, believe,
 Though cold and dark the day,
 Though patient earth may wait and grieve,
 And all sweet things delay,
 Lift up your hearts and sorrow not,
 But bravely trust and sing;
 God never failed yet, or forgot,
 And he will send the spring."

Ah! sad heart, waiting like the earth,
 Through long and weary strife,
 Doubtful if any fresh, new birth,
 Shall touch thy death to life,
 "The Lord is risen," be this thy song,
 And he will surely bring,
 After long pain and patience long,
 Into thy heart its spring.

If we hide our talent in the earth,
 we shall lose our treasure in heaven.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 27.] LESSON IV. [April 25,

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 5. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye must be born again. John 3. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Man's Great Need, v. 1-12.
- 2. God's Great Gift, v. 13-18.

TIME.—Same year as Lesson III., but later, probably a little after the first Pass-over in Christ's ministry.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A ruler of the Jews*—A member of the Jewish senate or Sanhedrin. *Rabbi*—Teacher, Master, a title of respect. *Verily, verily*—An expression of the very highest affirmation. *Be born again*—Become a new creature in all essential things: not now flesh and blood, but pure and innocent, like a new born babe. *Born of water and of the Spirit*—That is, purified as by water, and renewed by spiritual power. *Marvel not*—Do not wonder. *Listeth*—Where it pleaseth. *Master of Israel*—Teacher of high position in Israel. *The Son of man*—The

way in which Jesus spoke of himself most frequently. *Which is in heaven*—He was then talking with Nicodemus: his body was on earth, but his spirit was in heaven. *Lifted up the serpent*—Placed the serpent on a pole. *Even so*—In a similar manner. *Must the Son of man be lifted up*—Jesus must be raised upon the tree of the cross.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
- 1. The measure of God's love to man!
 - 2. The result of that love!
 - 3. The safety of the believer!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. Where did Jesus go after his first miracle? To Jerusalem.
- 2. Who came to see Jesus at Jerusalem by night? Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.
- 3. What did Jesus tell Nicodemus in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Ye must," etc.
- 4. What is it to be born again? To have a new heart.
- 5. How may we have new hearts? By believing on Jesus Christ.
- 6. How did God show his love for men? By giving his Son as their Saviour.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

- 20. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's inspiration? That he put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write.

A. D. 28.] LESSON V. [May 2,

JESUS AT THE WELL.

John 4. 5-26. Commit to mem. vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. John 4. 24.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Well, v. 5-9.
- 2. The Water of Life, v. 10-18.
- 3. The Worship of God, v. 19-26.

TIME.—Probably early in the year A. D. 28. PLACE.—In Samaria, near Sychar. In sight, Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The parcel of ground*—The piece of ground, or simply the land that Jacob gave. *Jacob's well*—Perhaps a well dug by Jacob. It still exists, though dry. *About the sixth hour*—Twelve o'clock. The time for the midday meal. *Have no dealings*—A Jew would not in any way communicate with a Samaritan, would not pass through his country, if possible to avoid it, nor aid him, nor recognize him. *Thou hast nothing to draw with*—There was no curb or sweep, as with us, and no way of drawing water, but each one brought his own means for drawing. *Our father Jacob*—The Samaritans loved to claim descent from Jacob, though they were a mixed people, of Israelitish and Chaldean blood. *Shall never thirst*—A true Christian is absolutely satisfied with what the Spirit gives. *A prophet*—One who received revelation from God, and so knew her life. *Ye say*—That is the Jews say. *Salvation is of the Jews*—The Messiah was to come from the trib. of Judah, as announced by prophecy.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where are we taught in this lesson—
- 1. The teacher's opportunity!
 - 2. The cry of the thirsty soul!
 - 3. The true worship of God!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. Where did Jesus stop on his journey from Judea to Galilee? At Jacob's well.
- 2. Whom did he meet at the well? A woman of Samaria.
- 3. Of what did Jesus talk with her? Of the water of life.
- 4. What did he promise those who should drink this water that he would give them? Everlasting life.
- 5. What did he say of God and how to worship him? "God is a Spirit," etc.
- 6. Who did Jesus tell the woman of Samaria that he was? The Saviour of the world.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The way of salvation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

- 21. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit inspired the Old Testament Scriptures? Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his Apostles. [Matt. xxii. 43; 2 Pet. . 21; Acts iv. 25, xxvii. 25; Rom. iii. 2; 2 Tim. iii. 16; Heb. x. 15-17; 1 Pet. i. 11.]

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being.

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