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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1894.

[No. 12.]

THE FIRST EASTER.

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

EASTER EGGS.

In mythology we find many queer beliefs about eggs. The Persians believed in two deities, Light and Shade. Light produced twenty-four good spirits, all enclosed in one egg; this was invaded by evil spirits proceeding from the other deity, hence the birth of good and evil. The Hindus never ate eggs, because they believed them to be the source of all things. There is a tradition among the Mongolian races that a mystic bird laid an egg on the bosom of one of the deities. When this was hatched, he let it drop in the water; it broke, the upper part became the sky and the lower part the earth, the white forming the moon and the fragments of the shell becoming stars. The Jews used the eggs as a symbol of bondage and deliverance and it is still used at the Passover season as a symbol.

The Grecian philosophers tried to prevail upon the people to refrain from eating eggs; because eggs, they said, contained the elements of life, the shell representing the earth; the white, water; the yolk, fire; air was found in the shell, and the egg contained the germ of life, which it was a sin to destroy.

It is said that the peculiar shape of the dome of Mohammedan mosques is traced to the worship of eggs. Queer superstitions have been attached to eggs. It is said that nurses in Ireland and England used to instruct the children under their care, after eating an egg, to poke their spoons through the shell, "to keep the witches from mak-

ing a boat of it." In the Netherlands the ignorant people eat on Easter Day two eggs that have been laid on Good Friday; this is supposed to prevent chills and fever. In many countries the ignorant people believe that eggs laid on holy days have peculiar qualities, and they are carefully kept, and eaten with particular ceremonies to gain the efficacy of their peculiar qualities. In some parts of England the

people will not allow eggs to be carried out after sunset, nor brought into the house, because of their possibilities of bringing ill luck; while Scotch fishermen will not allow them on board their fishing-boats, because they are believed to bring contrary winds.

Our custom of colouring eggs for Easter Day had its birth among the pagans, who used to present each other with these

pression; and surely Easter should be one of the most treasured days of all days in the year, and no day is more fitting for expressing joy than this, which signifies the coming of Christ into his kingdom, and the giving of a new life to earth. Every tree, twig, and plant is throbbing with new life, a promise of beauty. Let us try, this Easter Day, to bring into it a new meaning. Let us give it a new expression of love.



THE FIRST EASTER.

coloured eggs to show their joy at the return of spring. Even in Africa and South America eggs have this significance, for they are presented to the idols to celebrate the coming of spring. The use of coloured eggs among Christians was to signify the shedding of the blood of Christ, the eggs being always coloured red. St. Augustine used the egg as a type of hope, a new life coming from an apparently dead thing. This idea took such a hold on the minds of men that even in the fourth century the use of eggs as an article of food was prohibited during Lent. This did not prevent the hens from laying, so the accumulated eggs were coloured and given to the children on Easter Day.

In Russia, Easter is to the people of the Greek Church what Christmas is to the Germans. It is a day for family gatherings and for the giving of gifts. Eggs are presented, with the words, "Christ is risen." The Empress of Russia presents to all who kiss her hand on this day a decorated egg of porcelain. In Poland pyramids of hard boiled eggs, surrounded by coils of sausage, are laid on the table; the host cuts one of the eggs in thin slices and gives a slice to each guest in turn. This ceremony is then repeated by each of the guests present. In Paris eggs are presented during Easter week, and they seem there to be very much what the Christmas-card was with us at one time—an exchange of greeting between neighbours. A very pretty idea for Easter morning is to hide coloured eggs in different parts of the house and have the children hunt for them. This is objected to by some on account of the possibility of great noise, and so the candy or china gifts in egg form are laid at the plate of each member of the family on Easter morning, as an expression of love and good will. A pretty gift for the little children at the hospital would be a tiny basket lined with moss and holding a couple of coloured or decorated eggs. We live in such a busy world, and are so apt to forget the opportunities for expressing our interest in each other, that we ought to hold closely to every day that gives us the opportunity for such ex-

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.

AMONG THE STARS.

ANY clear night, if the watcher has patience, he may see one or more "shooting-stars," or meteors. These are not stars at all, but often are more brilliant than any star, because they are so near us that their friction against the earth's atmosphere either causes them to glow at white-heat or to flame up like a torch. Even a very small meteor, one not much larger than a pin-head, might become distinctly visible in this way, and seen against a background of constellations, outline the North star.

The whole solar system, astronomers say, is strewn with particles of matter known as star-dust, while larger bodies known as meteoroids chase one another about the sun at intervals of a few miles. Usually when these meteoroids encounter the earth's atmosphere they break into small fragments and fall harmlessly to the ground. It is thought that only six or seven hundred of these meteoric stones reach the surface of the earth unbroken in the course of a year, while the number of small particles which fall has been estimated at 2,000,000 a day. If the air did not act as a cushion, no casualty would be more common than being hit by a meteorite.

Meteorites are usually composed of iron, silicon, and oxygen, the three elements which are most common in the earth, and as no new elements have been found in these visitors from space, it is believed that the solar system, and perhaps the universe, are made out of the same material as the earth. The motion of falling meteors is very curious. One has been known to travel on a line almost parallel with the earth's surface, and from sixty to one hundred miles above it, all the way from Indian Territory to Central New York, where it is supposed to have fallen in fragments. Another passed from Michigan across New York State and on out to sea between New York city and New Haven. These meteors travel six or seven hundred miles an hour after they become visible. Meteors are most common about August 10 and December 7, when the earth annually encounters long droves of meteoroids as they journey around the sun. Once in thirty-three years the earth crosses the thin stream of Leonides which seems to come from the constellation Leo, and is so long that six or eight years are required for this flock of meteors, travelling twenty-six miles a second, to pass a given point. When the earth meets this great torchlight procession there is a display worth seeing. The next one will take place in November, 1899.

Where meteors come from is not known. Whether they are fragments of a bursted planet or collected star-dust can only be surmised. Once it was thought they kept up the sun's supply of heat by running into him, but that theory has been abandoned. What is certain is that the planets are becoming somewhat larger and heavier every year through the shower of meteors and star-dust that is constantly falling. Thus it happens that while it never rains pitch-forks, yet iron enough to make a pitchfork rains upon the earth every day.—*Harper's Young People.*

QUEER CHARACTERISTICS OF JOHN CHINAMAN.

As an inventor John has achieved some distinction, and has won for himself the name of the "Yankee of the East." Besides the mariner's compass, type, printing, paper, porcelain, silk, gunpowder and clocks are some of his alleged discoveries. He has kept the knowledge of these things to himself as much as possible, scorning to give to those so much inferior to him as he supposes other nations to be, the knowledge which he has made his own. John himself and his countrymen are "Celestials"; his emperor is the "Son of Heaven"; why should he stoop to benefit a people so much beneath him as the inhabitants of England or the United States! John's school books give amusing testimony to the abundance of his national pride and self-satisfaction. His geography allots nine-tenths of the globe to China, about a square inch to England, and no space at all to our own great country! This same self-conceit helps to account for the lack of progress noticeable in John and his countrymen. For centuries they held

themselves quite apart from other nations. At the same time, John's nation is, in its way, an educated nation. All public offices are open to the graduates of their colleges, without any distinction of class or creed. Brains and skill, rather than money, are the highways to honour and office.

John's language is said to be the hardest of all to learn. His alphabet has two hundred and fourteen letters, and such complications of tones and inflections that one word spoken in ten different ways means ten different things.

John, as a soldier, is so brave that he goes to a night attack with his lighted lantern. It may expose his whereabouts to the enemy, to be sure, but if the hostile soldiers are to be dreaded, much more the dark—in John's opinion.

John's religion? He has plenty—such as it is. Every trade has its patron divinity. The joss-houses have their idols by the dozen, and John smokes and chats as he prays. As he has only a single tongue, however, he must use some device to do either the chatting or the praying. So he prays by means of two sticks, half round, determining by the way they fall whether or not his prayer is granted. Or he prints his prayer on a strip of red paper and pins it on the wall near the door. At the proper time the priest sends it, with other accumulated prayers, up into the air on wings of fire.—*St. Nicholas.*

AN EASTER LILY.

A SEED fell into the ground; it died.
And from its grave there grew a lily.
Tall, fair and pure as an angel by the throne of God, the lily stood erect in a crystal vase.

And its golden tongue praised God.
The florist said, "It is the queen of my Easter offering."

The poet came to buy a flower for the woman he loved.
He saw the lily and he said, "She is as fair as that flower."

And on Easter Sabbath morning the lily rose and fell upon her breast.
In the great congregation, when the waves of glorious music touched the lily, it quivered and thrilled as the heart beneath it pulsed to the glad voices.

Out beneath the golden stars the poet stooped to kiss the lips he loved, and the lily broken and bruised, fell to the ground.

And creeping to her cellar, a beggar girl, cold, tired, hungry, with pain of body, mind and soul, saw the fair lily glistening in the moonlight; she picked it up, and looking into its depth, she saw a picture of her childhood's home.

Into her hardened eyes came tears, and each tear held a face: the mother face, the father face, the faces of loved ones long dead. And out of her heart she said to the lily:

"Oh! lily, thou art so fair, so pure. I knew you long ago in my country home; have you a message for a sinner like me?"
And the golden-tongued lily seemed to sing to her:

"Oh! weary one, the Christ of the lilies is your Christ. I sing to you of rest and peace at home."

And kissing the lily the beggar slept in rags upon the cellar floor and dreamed of home.

In the morning they found there a broken, faded lily.

In the morning they found there a dead girl with a smile upon her face.
Her dust fell into the earth.

And from the earth an angel joined the lily-bearing host of God.—*N. Y. Voice.*

REMARKABLE ANTS.

A COOK was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came twice a day in search of food—at about seven in the morning and four in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders?

The cook decided to make a circle around the pie with molasses and await the result. He did not have long to wait, for at 6.30 he noticed that off in the left corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies.

They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack the enemy. In front was a leader, who always kept a little ahead

of his troops. They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientific name is *formica rubra*.

About forty ants out of five hundred stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council, and then proceeded to examine the circle of molasses.

Certain portions seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall, at which the plastering was loose.

Here they broke rank and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the places in the molasses, which had been agreed upon as narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail-hole to the molasses, until at 11.30 o'clock, they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11.45 every ant was eating pie.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THERE is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which fall like dew upon the heart. Good-night! The little one lisps it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children; friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barks of life set sail and go onward into darkness; and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, but it is the vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, and are the same in meaning. "Good-bye" is only "God be with you." "Good-night" is really "God-night," or "God guard the night."

It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say "Good-night."—*Harper's Bazar.*

RUINED BY WHISKEY.

ONE of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities, published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialect, of interest only to scholars. The "L" guard referred to above wrote to a New York newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard No. —."

"For a month," writes a correspondent, "I watched the badges of the guards on that road as I made my daily trips back and forth. One morning I was rewarded by finding the learned man that I sought."

"How does it happen," I asked, showing him my card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?"

"He looked at me sadly, and his red face grew more flushed than usual. 'I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin,' he said. 'My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whiskey.'"

SAYING GOOD-BYE.

SINCE any good-bye may be for years or may be for ever, should we not always part from our friends tenderly, kindly, lovingly? We should never separate in any angry mood, with bitterness in our heart, with unforgiveness or misunderstanding we may never again have an opportunity to set right. We should never say good-bye carelessly or coldly. We should strive to make every good-bye sweet and kindly enough for a last good-bye should it prove to be the last, as it may be.—*J. R. Miller.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1894.

THE EASTERTIDE.

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

At different times the Saviour had said to the disciples that he should be delivered to the chief priests, and should be crucified, but that on the third day he should rise again. However they may have understood his reference to his own crucifixion, it is certain that they did not at all comprehend what he said about rising again. After he had actually arisen, and had appeared to the women, when the women declared that they had seen him the apostles did not believe them. Afterwards, however, they believed. Jesus appeared some time during the day to Simon Peter, and in the afternoon toward evening to two who were journeying to the village Emmaus. Then in the evening, when ten of the apostles and some others of the disciples were together in an upper room, Jesus suddenly stood among them and spoke to them. After that he was seen a number of times by the apostles, and finally they saw him ascend up to heaven.

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

Easter Morning.

BY MRS. E. L. SUPER.

SPARE not the flowers at Easter, the fairest to be found,
Temple and mission and cloister in mystic kinship bound!
Lo, their altars in redolent union spanning our Christian land,
Like a garland of wondrous beauty, touched by a heavenly hand!
Christ is risen from the dead!

Beautiful message they bring us, it thrills the world to-day;
Beautiful comfort they whisper—There is a Living Way!
At the cross sin and hate were triumphant, Calvary lost in night;
At the tomb divine love and compassion flooded the world with light!
Christ is risen from the dead!

Cross of our living Redeemer; mankind shall own its sway!
Conquering down through the ages, it rules the earth to-day!
Unbeliever, reviler, scoffer, would ye its secrets win?
It is love, love eternal, love peerless, bearing the curse of sin.
Christ is risen from the dead!

Love of our risen Redeemer! O arm divine above,
Reaching us life everlasting, the crowning gift of love;
How our weakness and failures do touch thee, infinite pity thine;
For thy strength like a mantle doth fold us close to the heart divine.
Christ is risen from the dead!

Fellowship sweet of believers, on common ground we meet;
Common our needs, our temptations, our crosses, we fall at the Master's feet,
And alike all our hearts lose their burdens; his peace overshadows all strife;
We are one, all his sheepfold, this morning, one in the Risen Life.
Christ is risen from the dead!

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XII.—VICTORIA'S COFFIN.

BUT Blackett was nowhere to be found. He had taken his glazier's tools, and a sheet or two of glass on his back, and gone away into the country to seek for stray jobs in the shape of broken panes. There was no trace of the lost money in his room; and though Roger, in his fright, had owned to having stolen it, and added that he had given the whole of it to his father, there was no evidence to prove the truth of his assertion. Roger's terrified statements were full of contradictions and falsehoods. He was ready to assert or deny anything, and he was remanded until his father could be found and summoned; whilst Euclid and Victoria were bidden to hold themselves in readiness to appear whenever their evidence should be wanted.

For the next few days, Euclid, a broken-spirited, hopeless old man, dragged his heavy feet over his old rounds, crying, "Cre-she! Cre-she!" mournfully, as if by some cruel magic a spell had been cast over him, and he was doomed to tread the dreary street, with bowed-down head and dragging limbs, uttering no other word but "Cre-she!" His eyes discerned nothing save Victoria being carried before him in a parish coffin. He did not even see Blackett, on the evening of his return from his expedition after work, lying in wait to watch him come home, and jeering after him as he shambled along the passage and up the stairs.

It had been a hard day's work for Euclid, and he was long behind his time. Bess and Victoria had been looking out for him anxiously the last hour or more; and they made much of him, as if they could not do enough to comfort him. But he sat silent and downcast, and only shook his shaggy gray head dependently when Victoria gave him a cup of tea.

"Daddy!" she said, "what's ailin' you?"
"You know Victoria!" he answered sadly and reproachfully. "God hasn't helped my poor old legs to keep you and me off the parish. Your poor mother when she lay a dyin', with you on her poor arm, she said as she were sure he'd do as much as that; and he hasn't."

"Have you been to ask help of the parish?" inquired Bess, with eyes round with wonder and alarm.

"No, no, child! not yet!" he replied, a

tinge of brownish red creeping over his grim yet pale face. "It's not come to that as yet. But, as I come down the street here in the dusk, there walked alongside of me a parish funeral,—not a real funeral, only the shadow of one, as you may say; and I knowed it were Victoria's. It were Victoria's!" he repeated, his voice breaking down into a sob.

"Father!" cried Victoria, "daddy! how do you know as I shall want a funeral or a coffin?"

Euclid lifted up his head, and checked his sobs, gazing at the only child left to him, with his dim old eyes half blinded with tears.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "as we've been almost making believe as if I must want a coffin o' my own very soon. Maybe God hasn't let us keep that money, because he doesn't mean me to die just yet. I've been thinkin' hard ever since it was stole; and that's what's come into my head, father. Perhaps God knows I sha'n't want a coffin o' my own yet; and there was some harm, maybe, in our settin' our minds on it."

"Not want a coffin!" repeated Euclid incredulously.

"No," she said, with a faint smile. "I think the thought of it has helped to make me ill. I could go to the p'leece-court after the money was stole, and I'm none the worse for it; and the p'leece has been here to bid us go again to-morrow, and I feel quite sharp and stirred-up like. And I've slept sounder since the money's been gone away from under my head. It was always sayin' quietly in my ear, 'I'm a-goin' to buy a coffin for you!' And then I'd dream of my funeral, and you being left all alone, father. No, God doesn't mean me to want a coffin yet, I think."

Old Euclid sat motionless and speechless, his bowed head lifted up, and his hands firmly grasping his knees, as he gazed fixedly at his daughter. She was very pale, very thin, a small, delicate, weakly creature; but her eyes were brighter, and her face happier, than he had seen them since she was a little, untroubled child, not old enough to understand his difficulties and toil. The tears started to her eyes for a moment as she met his gaze; but she laughed and nodded to him as she wiped them away. If God meant to leave him Victoria, how could he fret about her coffin?

His sleep was disturbed that night; but the waking thoughts that drove it away were happy ones. Had he thought himself an old worn-out man a few hours before? Why, there were years of work in him yet; and he would start afresh after to-morrow. If he could only lay by twopence a day—one shilling a week—for the next two years, that would more than return his lost treasure. But it should never lie under Victoria's pillow again, to sing that dismal song into her ear. He must find a banker for it; and it should grow without her knowledge. Then his heart softened towards Roger, poor lad! What could he do with such a father? One of his own boys had died about his age; and he thought with peaceful regret of him, blending the two lads together in his half-waking, half-dreamy thoughts.

Bess had to start off for the market alone the next morning, leaving Euclid to go to the police-court to appear against Roger. He and Victoria set out in good time, and had to wait a long while in the large entrance-court of it, whilst a squalid and rough crowd of men, women, and children gathered together. Victoria, in her long seclusion in her garret, had been kept very much apart from her neighbours; and the brutal faces, and rough, coarse manners of this crowd frightened her. She was glad when an officer summoned her and her father into the court.

They had been there before; yet still the place looked vast and imposing to them, though it was but a small and dimly lighted hall. There were about fifty spectators in it, standing in a small space at the back, looking on and listening in almost unbroken silence. Roger stood at the bar, opposite the magistrate, looking miserable and bewildered. Blackett, dressed decently, like a thoroughly respectable workman, glanced towards him, from time to time, with a glance that made him shiver. Euclid and Victoria gave their evidence again; and the policeman who had arrested Roger told what he had said in admission of the theft. There was no doubt of his guilt; but was his father an accomplice?

There might be a strong suspicion of it in every mind; but there was no proof. Blackett told the magistrate that Roger was a confirmed liar, as well as a confirmed thief. He had often beaten him for his bad conduct, and done his utmost to correct him. He himself had been so hard up for money on the day of the robbery, that he had been compelled to go out and seek work through the country. Not a shilling or a penny could be traced to him; and, if the lad swore he had given it all to him, it was only one out of a thousand lies. He would be glad to have him sent to prison, where he would be taken care of, and taught a trade.

"I've got somethin' more to say," exclaimed

Euclid, stepping briskly into the witness-box as soon as Blackett quitted it.

He stood in it as if it had been a kind of pulpit, and he a rugged, unkempt, grim old preacher. His ragged gray hair fell over his wrinkled forehead almost to the shaggy eyebrows, under which his dim and faded eyes gleamed again for a few minutes with his earnestness and resolution. He grasped the wood-work before him with both his hands, and turned his gaze alternately from the magistrate to Roger.

"Don't you send him to jail, my worship!" he exclaimed in a tone of fervent entreaty. "I forgive him free, and Victoria forgives him. It were the money for her coffin he stole; and it's come to her mind as God doesn't mean to let her die yet, and she'll not want a coffin as soon as I thought. I was afeard the parish 'ud have to bury her. The parish!" he cried in a shriller voice, which rang through the court. "I was afeard o' that, or I'd never ha' gone for the police,—never! He's only a young, little lad, my worship; and, if you send him to jail, he'll grow up a thief. His two brothers has been in jail, and they're both thieves for good now. I can't call 'em jail-birds; they're jail-chickens, my worship. O my worship! try summat else with Roger. Try what keepin' him out o' jail 'll do; for it's done no good to his brothers. It makes my heart sore to think as Victoria and me should ha' helped at makin' him a thief. Jail's no good for young lads; no good at all. I'm a old man, and I've seen enough of it. If you'll only let him go free, my good worship, I'll forgive him; and Victoria forgives him. Only let us never sit at home o' nights, and think as he's been sent to jail, and made a thief of, by her and me."

Euclid had spoken rapidly and eagerly, utterly disregarding the somewhat feeble efforts of the nearest policeman to silence him. All who were in the court listened, as men always listen to urgent, warm-hearted pleading. Victoria's sad and wan little face, turned towards Roger, pleaded for him as eloquently; and the boy, dropping his face into his hands, broke out into a loud cry as Euclid finished speaking. A gentleman, who was sitting on a seat behind the officials of the court, wrote a few words hurriedly on a slip of paper, and had it passed to the magistrate, who glanced at it, and turned to Euclid.

"At your request," he said, "I shall not pass sentence on this lad to-day, but remand him for another week. Some inquiries shall be made into Blackett's circumstances and means of helping to pay for the maintenance of his son, and also if any industrial school is open to take him. Blackett, if your two older sons are thieves, it speaks very badly for you; and I shall direct the police to keep an eye upon you and your movements. You may go now."

There was an ominous scowl of hatred on Blackett's face as he crushed past Euclid and Victoria on their way out. Euclid caught sight of it; but he did not speak of it to Victoria, who was overjoyed to think of Roger escaping the doom that had threatened him, and very proud to think that her father had spoken up so well before the justice. It would be something to remember and talk of for many a long day.

But when Bess, coming home in the evening, heard the good news about Roger, she burst out into a passion of sobs and tears. It was not that Roger was saved, but that David was lost. "O mother! mother!" she cried again and again, "if they'd only done the same by him! And mother always said he'd ha' made a good man like father!"

(To be continued.)

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

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

Some ascribe the institution of the Easter festival to the apostles, but the more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate successors, about A.D. 68. The Council of Arles, in 314, and the Council of Nicea, in 325, decreed that the day for keeping this festival should be the 14th day of the March moon; but by the alteration of the calendar by Gregory XIII., in 1582, the first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st of March was fixed as Easter Day.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in December, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell; though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy-cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine. The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it's a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he. "My lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie. "But you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

HARD TIMES.

BY J. H. HANNAFORD.

It would be interesting to find a smoker, during any "hard times," who loses cigars, or tobacco, or intoxicants on that account. While a depression in business and a stringency in the money market are generally and legitimately caused by our extravagance and the withdrawal of the money from circulation, by schemers, speculators and defrauders. In this country there is an abundance of provisions for our whole population, when only the necessities of life are demanded, such as will afford nourishment, health and comfort to all. If, in addition to this, we could save the two billions of dollars annually spent, in this country alone, for tobacco and intoxicants, we should soon have an abundance for all, soon becoming the richest country, by far, in the world. And what do we get in return for this vast expenditure? A little low animal indulgence and much disease, loss of self-respect, and general degradation, with an increase of selfishness.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

HOW TO TEACH THE NAMES OF THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

THIS simple illustration will be remembered by a child of six years; besides making an interesting blackboard lesson it contains information valuable even to adults:

OLD TESTAMENT.

Pentateuch—5. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.

Historical—12. Joshua, Judges, Ruth I. and II., Samuel I. and II., Kings I. and II., Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther.

Poetical—5. Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.

Prophetical—17. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.

NEW TESTAMENT.

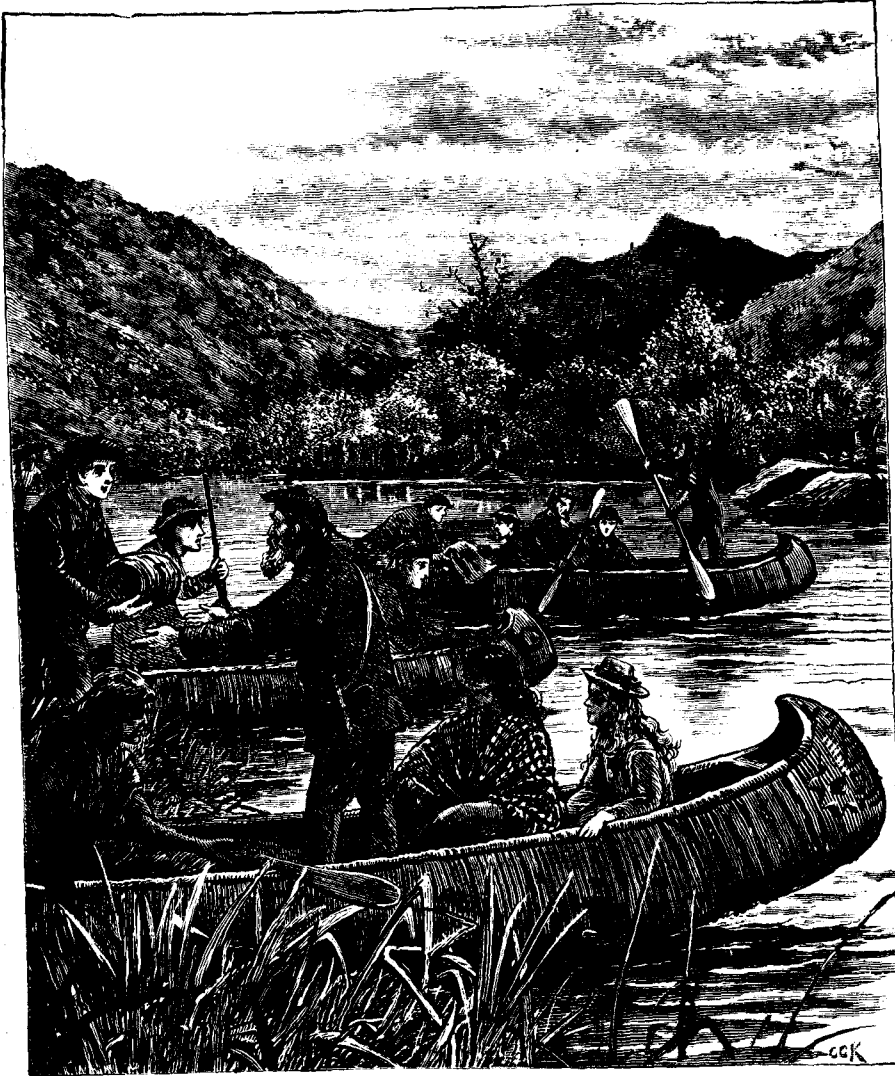
Historical—5. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts.

Pauline Epistles—14. Romans I. and II., Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians I. and II., Thessalonians I. and II., Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews.

General Epistles—7. James I. and II., Peter I. II. and III., John, Jude.

Prophetical—1. Revelation.

First teach the children the names of the divisions and the number of books in each division; then learn the names of the books by groups of five. Call on some boy to recite the first five, then upon some girl for the second five, then upon the children in concert for the whole ten; or go around the whole class, each scholar naming one book in their order. In a course of twenty weeks, a few minutes at each opening service of the League, the children will readily turn to any book in the Bible the leader may call for.



CANOEING.

CANOEING.

THERE is, perhaps, no mode of locomotion so delightful as gliding over the water in a canoe. At first the position seems a little awkward and it is not easy to balance one's self without feeling some effort in doing so. But with a little experience, it is possible to move around freely in these narrow boats without danger of upsetting. Then you may paddle about through narrow creeks, between floating logs and among the water-lilies and tangled rushes, pushing them out of your way with the paddle, where, with any other kind of boat, it would be impossible to go.

For this wild, beautiful country of ours, the canoe is the next appropriate and useful of boats. Our numerous little rivers, studded with islands, their rocky banks towering high on either side, with drooping trees casting their shadows over the water's edge would often be impassable in a row-boat, but the little canoe carries you safely along without even interrupting the impressive silence, except with the paddle's gentle, "drip, drip" that seems to blend with the occasional cry of a bird, or the noise of the busy woodpecker echoing across the water. The party in our picture are being paddled by dusky-looking Indians, the first builders of the light birch canoe. The Indian himself will make his canoe, but he is not fond of the exercise of paddling, and when out hunting and fishing in their canoes it is always the squaw's work to do the paddling.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1739.] LESSON I. [April 1.

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

Gen. 32. 9-12; 24. 30. Mem. verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. 32. 26.

OUTLINE.

1. The Evening Prayer, v. 9-12.

2. The Midnight Wrestle, v. 24-26.
3. The Morning Victory, v. 27-30.

TIME—B.C. 1739.

This is on the supposition that Jacob's flight was in 1760, and his life in Haran but twenty-one years.

PLACE.

On the eastern side of the Jordan, near the brook Jabbok, which runs out from the mountains of Gilead and empties into the Jordan.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Many years have gone since our last lesson from Genesis. Some say twenty or twenty-one years; others think forty. The solitary outcast has reached his kinsmen beyond the Euphrates; has married Leah and Rachel, and become the father of a large family. His estate is great: God has prospered him beyond his furthest expectation; and now he is on his homeward way. Esau, his brother, has meanwhile married his kinswoman, Ishmael's daughter, and has founded the Edomite nation. He has been apprised of Jacob's approach, and, with four hundred followers, is advancing from Mount Seir. Jacob is in terror. So opens our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.

"God of my father," etc.—Here is an appeal to the faithfulness of God to the covenants he had made. "Saidst unto me, Return"—See Gen. 31. 3, 31. "All the truth"—All the faithfulness. "With my staff"—That is, with nothing else. A fugitive, who did not dare to ride horse or camel. "Two hands"—A very great company, which he had just parted in two. (See ver. 7., "Jacob was left alone"—He was the last to cross. All that human skill could do to care for his property and loved ones he had now done. "A man"—A heavenly visitant in the form of a man. "The hollow of his thigh"—"The socket of the hip joint. The hollow place into which the neck-bone of the thigh is inserted." "The day breaketh"—The rising sun breaks up the darkness. "Except thou bless me"—Jacob had found out who his opponent was. "No more Jacob, but Israel"—No more Supplanter (or Trickster), but Prince-with-God. This change of name was indicative of a change of nature. Christian baptism stands, as a rite, for exactly what was typified by this change of name. Each is the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." "Peniel"—This is elsewhere spelled "Penuel," which means the same thing, "The-face-of-God."

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To plead God's promises in prayer.
2. To be persistent in prayer.
3. To expect an answer to believing prayer.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Jacob pray to God on his return from Mesopotamia? "For deliverance from Esau." 2. Where did he send his family and goods? "Over the brook Jabbok." 3. What took place there in the night? "An angel wrestled with him." 4. What did he say to the angel? Golden Text: "I will not," etc. 5. What new name did he receive from the angel? "Israel, the Prince of God." 6. What did the new name show? "His power with God and man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the Gospel history?

The account contained in the New Testament of the coming of Jesus Christ into the world, of his teaching, his manner of life, his miracles, his death, his resurrection, and his ascension.

Burst into Bloom.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

FAIR morn of the ages, the sealed tomb is broken;
Proclaim it, melodious chimes:
The sweet word "Rabboni" in wonder is spoken,
The hope of all peoples and times.

The chorus cherubic bends rapturously o'er him,
The gates are uplifted above;
The nations are waking to hail and adore him,
And share the long reign of his love.

Now to their bright altars are gladdened hands bringing
Fair buds from the life-glowing seed,
And palm-lands and pine-land are joyously singing,
"The Saviour is risen indeed."

Sing, children of light, sing that wonderful hour,
And perish ye oracles vain;
No prophet like Jesus o'er death had the power
To rise in life's beauty again.

Burst, burst into bloom, then, ye gardens of roses;
Sing, voices of spring, in the light;
Full of joy is the hope that in Jesus reposes,
And with immortality bright.

BAND OF MERCY BOYS.

A SHORT time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty-second Street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I suppose he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot on the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"
"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:
"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

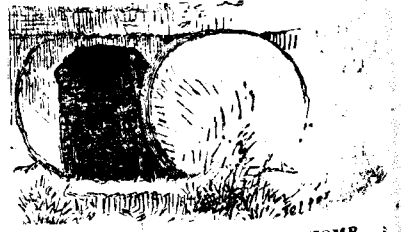
He smiled as he said, "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."
The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I assure you.

WHY CHINA HAS NO TELEGRAPH POLES.

THERE are no telegraph poles in China. Not because there are no telegraph lines, nor yet because there is not wood suitable for use as poles. Strangely enough, the reason is purely religious. The Chinese worship their dead fathers and grandfathers, and regard the resting-places of their remains as so sacred that they deem it a sacrilege to allow a shadow to be cast upon their graves. When the linemen of the first Chinese telegraph companies began operations, they were greatly embarrassed in their undertaking by crowds of inhabi-

tants, who followed them about, and with the most frightful blasphemies cut down the poles as fast as they were erected. For some time no explanation could be obtained, but at last the working parties discovered that in the more thickly settled districts of the Celestial Empire graves were everywhere to be found, and scarcely a pole could be erected anywhere but that at some time of the day it cast its shadow on a grave. The difficulty was insuperable, and the Chinese government, anxious as it was to render assistance, stood powerless. So all wires went underground, and it is said the system proved perfectly efficient.

THE STONE AT THE TOMB.



THE STONE AT THE DOOR OF THE TOMB.

WE have reached Easter Sunday, and our attention is again directed to the glorious climax of the central tragedy of history. On the evening of his death (Friday) our Lord's body was buried by Joseph of Arimathea in his new rock-hewn tomb. The next day (the Hebrew Sabbath, our Sunday) by Pilate's authority, the stone door of the sepulchre was sealed, and a guard of soldiers placed around it. It had been conjectured that this doorway was not the outer entrance, but the passageway between the outer and inner chambers of the tomb. A circular stone, in a groove, was rolled across this doorway, to close it, and must be rolled back before anybody could enter. The small cut annexed shows the nature of this stone, which is exactly like one we saw at the Tomb of the Kings near Jerusalem, in April, 1892.

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