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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

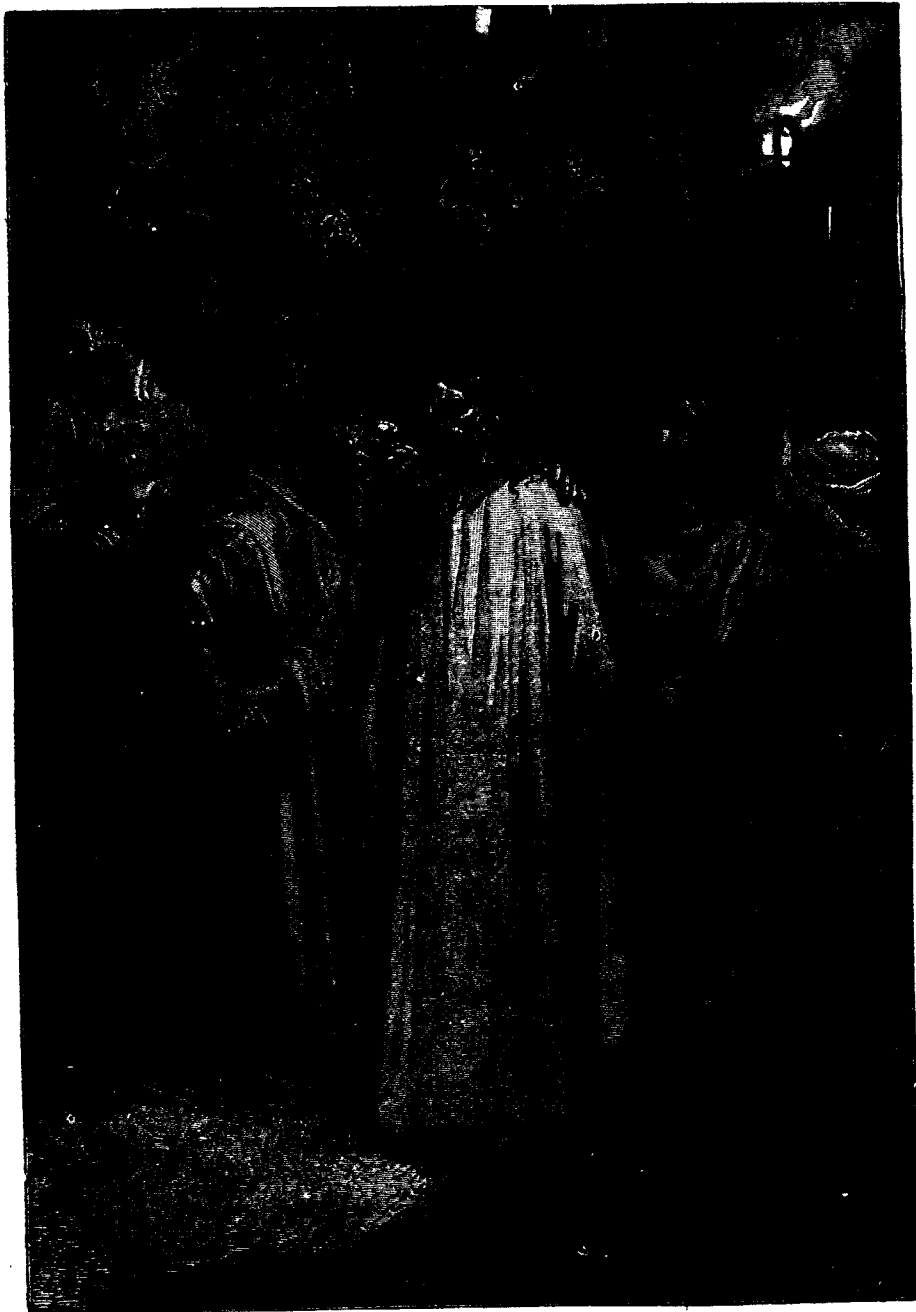
ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1889.

[No. 8.]

## CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

AND while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me. But all this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.—*St. Matthew xxvi. 47-56.*



CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.

## HOW THE OYSTER BUILDS HIS SHELL.

THE body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all; yet what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When the oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never on his flat shell; and, being once fixed, he begins to grow, but he grows in summer. Inspect an oyster-shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth so does the marking of an oyster tell us how many years he has passed

in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea. Suppose an oyster was born June 15, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In the next summer he would more than double his size. In the next he would add to this house. In the next two years he would again go on building till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in the following year, when he would be five and a-half years old.

The way in which an oyster builds his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard or fringe of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but his feeling

organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of this fringe begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till they at last form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile: then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is at least as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing in their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on a finger from an oyster-shell is often very troublesome.—*Frank Buckland.*

## "AND UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST."

WE are told that during the fierce cannonading of Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman, designated as "No. 1," whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, perched upon the man's shoulder, could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place on his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released it, it resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape nor where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon the gunner as a protector. Was it something like this the Psalmist was thinking of when he wrote the ninety-first Psalm?

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down-stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.

## A Time of Gladness.

THERE never was such gladness  
As comes with Easter-tide,  
For everything seems living  
That in the autumn died;  
And we who feel within us  
Death either far or near,  
Can look along the future,  
Forgetting pain and fear,  
For Christ, with joy of Easter Day,  
Bids care and sorrow pass away.

Oh, merry is the singing  
Of bird-songs new and old,  
And merry is the playing  
Of lambs about the fold;  
And merry is the rushing  
Of free sun-lighted rills,  
And merry are the breezes  
That sweep across the hills;  
And everything is full of mirth  
When Easter blessing wakes the earth.

It is the resurrection  
That follows after death,  
Which moves the life below the sod,  
And stirs Spring's balmy breath;  
And flowers arise in thousands  
To answer to its call,  
For everything is happy  
That God is over all;  
And Easter is his gift to men,  
To teach them they shall live again.

'Mid primroses and violets,  
The while they take their way,  
They read the Father's promise,  
And trust the coming day;  
For shadows are but passing,  
And transient is the night,  
And the day that lasts forever  
Is gloriously bright;  
And death no heart shall enter in  
When that glad Easter shall begin.

Accept our thanks, Lord Jesus,  
For all thy mighty love,  
And for thy great salvation,  
And for our home above;  
Oh, teach us how to serve thee,  
And evermore to be  
As faithful, loving servants,  
Devoted unto thee;  
Living, because our Lord has died,  
In the full joy of Easter-tide.

## LISBETH'S EASTER JOY.

BY M. M.

"WHY dost thou weep, Lisbeth, my liebchen!"

The voice was very sweet and tender, and the hand that smoothed the child's fair hair was a loving, caressing hand, though hard with toil.

"Tell thy mother, who loves thee well, why thou dost weep so to break thy heart? Thou art my brave, strong child in these dark days. Why dost thou give way now?"

"Ah! liebes mutter, I know not. Only my heart pains me when I think of the little home in dear fatherland, and this great strange country, and the father so sick and the hard work thou hast to do, and I cannot help thee."

"But thou dost help me, Lisbeth. Dost thou not care for the sick father, and little Elsa, and make ready the food, and keep the house tidy, and, more than all, lighten thy mother's heart with thy love?"

"Ah, mutterchen, it is so little I can do! And—" here fresh sobs shook the slight form of the child—"and then I fear so!"

"Fear? Why dost thou fear, child?"

"O, it is all so strange here in this land! And I sometimes think the dear Christ who loves the poor, and helps the little children to be good, is dead! Only last night I was so angry with Fritz when he said Elsa and I were paupers! And even when we told him to look into the baskets, and see only the cloths with which the clean clothes had

been covered, and the loaf of bread which we had bought and paid for in a silver piece, he still laughed, and cried, 'Little paupers!' And I was so angry that when I was saying my prayers I found my heart saying, 'Bad, wicked Fritz!' and I was frightened."

"But thou wast sorry to be angry, little daughter?"

"O yes, so sorry!"

"Then tell the dear Christ so. He will hear thee."

"But is he living here? He does not come to make my father well, and he lets my poor little mother work so hard and so long for a little money which goes away so quick, and yet we cannot get the food and medicine the dear father needs to make him well."

And again the child sobbed aloud.

"Ah, mein Lisbeth, thou must believe that the good Christ lives, and that he loves us, too. Thou art tired now, and must rest. Some of the good hot soup will warm and strengthen thee. There! weep no more, or thy mother's heart will grow heavy."

It was strange, indeed, that the brave, bright Lisbeth should give way thus, and the mother's heart was troubled. What if she, too, should have the fever! But the little German mother was a true believer in the present care and love of the Lord, who loves his poor children dearly, and she put away the fear from her heart as she whispered a prayer over the sleeping child.

It was not yet a year since the little family, rich in nothing but simple love and goodness, had come from the fatherland to the "new country." A cousin, who had emigrated two years before, had urged them to come, and had promised to find work without delay on their arrival. But the cousin died before they reached America, and when they landed they found themselves friendless and almost penniless.

So they stayed in the great city, and the months since then had told one story over and over again—the old, sad story of poverty and struggle, which was now bringing forth its fruit in the long sickness of the father.

It was not much wonder that Lisbeth questioned if the Christ were not dead! Such sin and misery as she was forced to see every day as she went in and out the poor tenement house where they lived. Little children quarrelled, and fought, and swore dreadful oaths, and tormented one another in many ways. Gentle Lisbeth and Elsa shrank from them, and so brought jeers and persecution upon themselves.

"Thinks theirselves too good to play with such as we," said a big, bold girl, as the sisters passed silently, hand in hand, through the alley one day.

That was the signal for all sorts of sly pranks and tricks thereafter. And Lisbeth had some reason for thinking the Christ who helps "little children to be good" must be dead!

One Sunday morning, not long after Lisbeth had wept out her griefs in her mother's arms, the two little sisters stole out for a walk. The sick father was just beginning to sit up, still very weak and faint. The mother was sitting by his side with the old German Bible and hymn book in her lap. Church-going was a thing of the past in this family, but the Bible-reading and singing of hymns was kept up, and the Lord heard and remembered.

It was a sweet, soft morning in April. The world was full of glorious sunshine, and birds were singing out the gladness of their little hearts. The quaint-looking little girls, with their innocent, wondering blue eyes, wide open to all the beauty of the day, made a part of the fair picture of the

lovely Easter day. It was not yet time for the service in the church, but the chimes were beginning to send out their sweet music, and the little German girls, drawn toward the sweet sounds, soon found themselves in front of a beautiful church. The doors stood open, and people were beginning to turn in that way. Two or three children from the street went in, and did not come back.

"O, Lisbeth," said Elsa, "do you think we may go in and see what it is like?" Lisbeth hesitated a little, but finally yielded, and the little girls went softly in and sat down in a far corner. It was beautiful to see the fine ladies and gentlemen come in, and O, how the little German girls gazed at the children, the bright, beautiful, care-free children, who came with parents and friends and fairly lighted up the sombre old church with their bright presence! By and by the music began. O, such glorious music! The organ peals rose, and swelled, and died away, carrying upward the very hearts of the music-loving children. Such sweetness and warmth and melody Lisbeth had never known before, and not knowing what she did she rose to her feet. "Hark! do you hear that, Elsa?" she whispered.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day!" Lisbeth burst into a passion of tears. "I knew he was dead! And he's been buried, and has just come to life to-day!"

The old sexton came to the weeping, radiant child, and said,

"Come, come, you had better run home. The seats are wanted, any way," and so Lisbeth and Elsa went forth, but the sudden joy born in Lisbeth's heart went with her.

A fair, young girl sitting near the children had seen the burst of tears, and the quick shining after the rain. She slipped out of her seat, and followed them to the door.

"Come back, little ones, and sit in my seat and hear the music."

The old sexton stared, but what Miss Lillie, the great doctor's daughter, chose to do could not be gainsaid, and so Lisbeth and Elsa heard all the lovely Easter music that morning, and went home with glad hearts.

But before they went the doctor's daughter asked them a few questions, and the very next day a carriage stopped at their door. How wonderful it all was! Just like a story, but sometimes stories come into real life, just as real life sometimes comes into stories.

Miss Lillie was a petted child, and the sudden fancy which she took to Lisbeth was "just one of her whims," her smiling mamma declared, but, whatever it was, it brought great help to the home of the immigrants, and ended by establishing them that very spring in a dear little cottage in the country, where, as the doctor's head man on his summer home farm, the father had steady work the year round.

Ended, did we say? O, no; a good thing never ends! Lisbeth will never forget how hope and help came to her and loved ones on Easter day, and Lillie—well her own heart grew larger and sweeter because she cared for others, and so the good did not come to an end for her, either.

"You are very old," said a merry little girl to a gray-haired man, "but I am very new." "Yes, you are very new. But do you know that a stain shows very easily on a new dress. So you must look out not to get the stains." Some of our little readers are quite new. But you are not so new that there are no stains on your soul. Bring these at once to Jesus, and have them washed away.

**Mary's Easter.**

BY METER E. B. THORNE.

He is dead, my blessed Master! —  
They have laid him in the tomb  
Oh, the grief, and pain, and anguish!  
Oh, the loneliness and gloom!  
In our grief, for consolation,  
He came with sweet ministry;  
For our burdens, help he brought us,  
For affliction, sympathy.

Never did he faint or fail us,  
And we hoped that he had come  
For our Israel's redemption,  
Hence to drive the hosts of Rome.  
Now, alas! O quenchless sorrow!  
He is sleeping with the dead;  
They with wicked hands have slain him,  
And our every hope is fled!

AT THE TOMB.

What! What ruthless hand and cruel  
Dared that solitude invade?  
See, the open tomb is empty!  
Where have they his body laid?  
He had promised us a kingdom  
Evermore to stand in pride;  
Now a resting-place in safety  
To his body is denied.

Sir, O where, where have ye laid him?  
Ye have taken him away!  
Let me strew these fragrant spices  
O'er his sleeping form, I pray!  
Hail! He speaks! What tones familiar  
On my ear fall soft and low!  
"Mary!" 'Tis his voice! O Master,  
Thou, my Lord, my God, I know!

Now the stone-barred tomb is risen!  
Now the prison doors stand wide!  
Death forevermore is vanquished,  
Risen is the Lord who died!  
He is risen! He is risen!  
Spread the good news far and near!  
Now we know he is our Saviour,  
We will trust him without fear.

**MISSIONARY WORK OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.**

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

The first Methodist Missionary Society in Canada was organized in 1824. At that time two or three men were trying to reach scattered bands of Indians in Ontario. The income of the Society for the first year was between \$200 and \$300.

There are now about 555 persons engaged in the work of the Society as missionaries, teachers, native agents, and interpreters; and the income of the Society for 1887-8 was \$219,480. The field of operation now includes the whole of the Dominion, Newfoundland, and Bermuda; with a successful Foreign Mission in Japan. The work is divided into the following departments:—

1. *Domestic Missions.*—These are among English-speaking people, chiefly in the newer settlements of the old Provinces, and in the North-West, British Columbia, and Newfoundland.

2. *Indian Missions.*—These are, with one exception, in the Province of Ontario, the North-West, and British Columbia. They are 47 in number, with 34 missionaries, 17 native assistants, 27 teachers, and 13 interpreters; total, 91. The membership is 4,437. About 12,000 Indians are under our care.

3. *French Missions.*—These are nearly all in the Province of Quebec, among people speaking the French tongue. The work is peculiarly trying and difficult, but not without many encouraging signs. Missions, 8; missionaries, 8; teachers, 4; total, 12. The present membership is 243. Now is the time of seed sowing. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

4. *Chinese Mission.*—In the spring of 1885, a mission was begun among the Chinese of Victoria,

B.C. There are now three schools for men, where the attendance ranges from forty to one hundred. The religious services are crowded, and already twenty-five adults have been baptized; while others are under instruction with a view to the same solemn ordinance.

5. *Japan Mission.*—This mission was begun in 1873, and has been successful from the very beginning. In that important empire we have now ten mission stations, twenty-four missionaries—of whom sixteen are natives, eleven native assistants, and a membership of 1,283. One of the most important agencies in this mission is the College, in Tokyo, which was opened near the end of 1884, and is now crowded to its utmost capacity with a very promising class of students.

SPECIAL OBJECTS.

In addition to the ordinary mission work of the Church, there are certain special objects, the support of which has not been assumed by the General Board, but which are commended to the liberal aid of those to whom the Lord has given the silver and the gold.

1. *Crosby Girls' Home.*—This is an institution at Port Simpson, B.C., into which are received a certain number of Indian girls, who are trained in habits of neatness, industry, and thrift, under careful Christian oversight. A grant in aid is made annually by the Woman's Missionary Society; but when enlarged accommodation is needed—and this will be soon—special donations will be very acceptable.

2. *The Mission Yacht "Glad Tidings."*—This staunch little craft is doing grand work on the Pacific Coast. The cost was over \$7,000, which has nearly all been met from private contributions, except \$500 granted by the General Board. But as the cost of running the little steamer exceeds what she can earn when not engaged in mission work, voluntary contributions for maintenance will still be in order.

3. *The McDougall Orphanage.*—This institution is located at Morley, N.W.T. Indian youth of both sexes—chiefly orphans—are received, and, besides school instruction, are taught various useful employments. A grant in aid of this deserving work is made by the Woman's Missionary Society. The Dominion Government has made a grant of land as a site for an Industrial Farm. Donations of money, clothing (or materials for the same), will always be welcome.

4. *French Methodist Institute.*—A building to accommodate one hundred resident pupils is now in course of erection at Montreal, at a cost, when completed, of \$35,000. This enterprise must be carried through without trenching upon the regular income of the Society; and special donations, of large or small amounts, are earnestly solicited for this special object.

Contributions in aid of any of the foregoing objects may be sent direct to the Mission Rooms, in Toronto. Friends wishing to send clothes, or material for the same, to any of the missions, if they apply at the Mission Rooms, the address of some missionary, to whom the articles will be useful, will be sent them.

INCOME FOR 1887-8.

Subscriptions and Collections .....	\$165,368 14
Juvenile Offerings .....	27,915 83
Legacies .....	14,802 38
Indian Department .....	8,875 58
Miscellaneous .....	2,018 07
<b>Total Income .....</b>	<b>\$219,480 00</b>
Net Increase .....	17,605 66

It will be seen that the amount contributed by the Juvenile Offerings of the Sunday-schools is very

nearly equal to one-sixth of the entire amount of subscriptions and collections. The income from this source has very nearly doubled in the last six years. A very noble record for our schools!

**Bright Easter Skies.**

BRIGHT Easter skies! fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen, we too shall rise!  
Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,  
Nor Roman soldiers brave and bold,  
Nor Satan's marshaled hosts could keep  
The pierced hands in deathly sleep.  
Just as the Easter day-beam dawns,  
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

Green Easter fields! fair Easter fields!  
Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered, yields.  
In church-yards wide the seed we sow;  
Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow;  
One Easter Day Death's reign shall cease,  
And golden sheaves be reaped in peace;  
Hail the blest morn by whose glad light  
Angels shall reap the harvest white!

Sweet Easter flowers! white Easter flowers!  
From heaven descend life-giving showers.  
Each plant that bloomed at Eden's birth  
Shall blow again o'er ransomed earth.  
Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,  
And strew the path of Jesus' feet;  
Throw the fragrant palms before our King,  
And wreath the crown we to him bring.

O Christian men! O Christian child!  
Our victor Lord shall come again!  
Wake we our hearts at his command,  
That we may stand at his right hand;  
With warmest hopes, to Easter skies  
Stretch we our arms and fix our eyes,  
Till in the clouds his sign we see,  
And hear the sounding jubilee.

**THOUGHTFUL CHILDREN.**

SOMEBODY has written a beautiful little poem on "The Little Cavalier:"

"He walks beside his mother,  
And looks up in her face;  
He wears a glow of boyish pride,  
With such a royal grace;  
He proudly waits upon her,  
Would shield her without fear,  
The boy who loves his mother well—  
Her little cavalier!"

No boy can be his mother's cavalier unless he is a thoughtful boy. A thoughtless boy doesn't remember to wait upon his mother—his mother waits upon him. Some boys whom we have seen love their mothers very dearly, but they will go off to play and leave the coal-scuttle empty, or the wood-box unfilled, or something else to be done, when they know there is nobody but mother to do it. A noble, manly boy delights to wait upon his mother, and, to save her strength, is always watching to do something for her.

There is no home, no matter how much hired help there is in it, but that there are a great many things the children can do for the comfort of the loved ones there. Anything done for love's sake, and by loving hands, is so much better appreciated and enjoyed than anything done by hired hands. The thoughtful kindness and consideration of our children fill our hearts with happiness, and thoughtful children are always happy ones. The consciousness of bringing happiness to others makes us happy ourselves.

A LITTLE girl, having been reproached with disobedience and breaking the commandments of God, sighed and said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, those commandments break awfully easy!" And it is easy for us to sin. If we want to resist sin, we must ask the strong God to help us to overcome evil with good.

**Easter Greeting.**

"He is risen," sang the breezes,  
O'er the mountains of Judea,  
"He is risen!" breathed the blossoms,  
In the valleys of Chaldea.

Called the birds from all the tree tops,  
Laughed the brooks on Sharon's plain,  
And the stars, in azure meadows,  
Echoed still the glad refrain,

"He is risen." O ye children,  
Have you caught the message sweet?  
Have you brought your Easter offerings,  
Laid them at the Saviour's feet?

Purer than the whitest lilies,  
Fragrant as the roses are,  
Gayer than the rippling waters,  
Fair as heaven's brightest star,

Are the young hearts of the children,  
Whom the Master calls to him,  
Ere their day with clouds is darkened,  
Ere its morning has grown dim.

"He is risen," blessed tidings!  
Children, come from far and near,  
Let us hail the joyous Easter,  
Brightest day of all the year.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1889.

**THE DEADLIEST SIN.**

REV. CANON WILBERFORCE, addressing a meeting at Eastleigh, said the creed of the temperance movement was deep enough for a philosopher to pore over, and yet simple enough for a child to understand. First of all, they contended that drunkenness was ruinous; secondly, that what was commonly called moderate drinking was extremely dangerous. What he looked upon as the deadliest sin of the nineteenth century was the cold and callous indifference of professing Christian people to the sorrows of their brethren, the miserable don't-careism which had come over the hearts of the people who went to church and chapel every Sunday of their lives, and professed faith in him who was born in Bethlehem, agonised in Gethsemane, and crucified on Calvary. These people did not stretch out a little finger in the way of self-denial to assist their weaker and suffering brethren. "As the Father sent me, even so send I you." They might depend upon it, that until the dynamite of a new conviction was put under the chairs of those at their prayer-meetings, and in their pulpits, they would never rise out of the sad stupor

which they were now in. No movement whatever had made such progress as the temperance movement had during the last fifty years. It had become a factor in the nation, and would never be ignored again.

**THE CHILDREN'S DEVOTIONS.**

THE *Living Church* guarantees the following: "A little maid of three made a great point of being allowed to come to morning prayers, and her nurse was told to have her breakfast ready for her in time to enable her to finish it before that hour arrived. By some mischance she was not through one morning at the usual time, and it was decided to have prayers without waiting for her. The worshippers were just rising from their knees when the child came to the open door. An expression of keen disappointment and reproach, not untouched with resentment, filled the baby face as she realized her loss, and without a word she walked to the nearest chair and knelt down and repeated out loud her private prayers, being the only form she had at her small

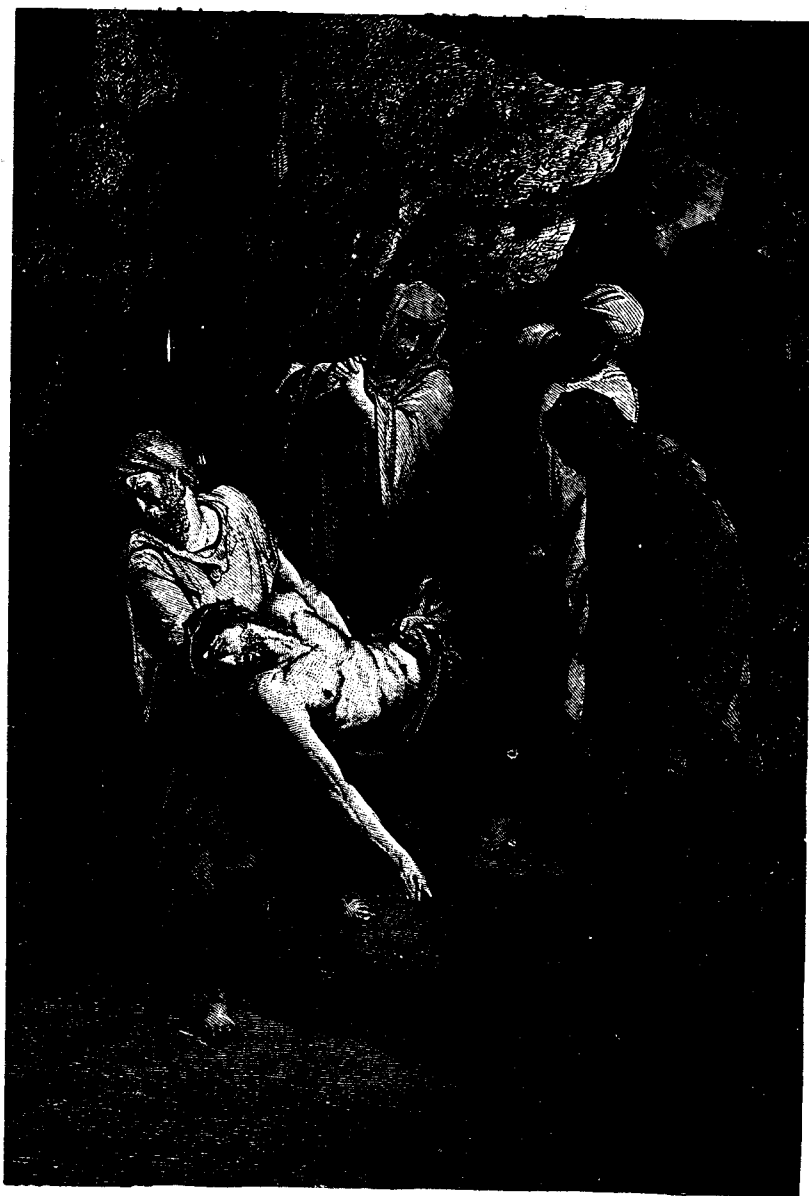
command. April weather prevailed over the frowns of the abashed and silent family circle.

"Here is another which we can vouch for: I have an infant class in Sunday-school, and the parents of one of my little ones have a great deal of trouble to get him to stay in the class after church. He insists that one of them shall stay with him. No amount of persuasion will induce him to stay alone, and the consequence is he is usually taken home and punished. This was the case last Sunday, and when bed-time came his mother told him to ask God to make him a better boy, and make him willing to stay in Sunday-school. So he said his prayer: 'O, God, please make me a better boy, and make me willing to stay in Sunday-school, and please make my mamma willing to stay with me.'"

**A SECRET CHRISTIAN.**

A BENGALI woman, who was a pupil of mine, informed me that her husband called on a friend who was supposed to be an orthodox Hindu. The visitor was told by his servant that his master saw no one at that hour of the day. No reason was given except this, that his master shut himself up in his room every day for an hour, and strictly ordered the servants not to disturb him.

This excited the visitor's curiosity, and depending on their long established friendship, he gently pushed open the door, and what did he see? The Bible left open on the floor as if it had just been read, and the man on his knees engaged in earnest prayer. He was praying in an audible whisper so



LAID IN THE SEPULCHRE.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—JOHN XV. 13.

that the visitor could hear that his petitions were offered in the name of the Lord Jesus. He stood amazed until his friend had finished, and then exclaimed: "What does this mean? While you are regular in the observance of religious duties and pass for a good Hindu, you are really a Christian." "Hush, hush," was the reply, "now that you have seen it I cannot deny the fact to you, but I entreat you not to let it go further, for it will break my mother's heart."

**THE METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA.**

On the third of February, 1791 ninety-eight years ago, was a memorable day to the Methodists of Canada, for it was on that day that their first church was built in Canada, near Hay Bay, Prince Edward County. The subscribers to the scheme resided in the vicinity of Meyer's Creek (now Belleville), many descendants of whom are yet living. See what strides that Church has made in less than a century. There are now ten Conferences, with over two thousand ministers in active service, and nearly one million members and adherents. Such progress is the wonder of the age.

INVITED guests need not bring provisions with them. Yet something we would have before we come to make us acceptable; but that, be it what it will, is only had from Christ, nor can we have it from him unless we come without it. And he gives without stint to those who love him. True beggars only bring want and prayers.



SACRED HEAD.

**O Sacred Head!**

O SACRED Head! now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown;  
O Sacred Head! what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

**EASTER EGGS.**

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.

In Italy the eggs are gilt or coloured before being placed on the table in large ornamental dishes, prettily festooned with flowers. The table remains arranged in this way, and every visitor is invited to take one of these eggs, which he will not refuse, unless he wishes to give offence to his host or hostess. The merry-makers of Naples present each other with stained eggs, arranged in baskets or on trays; the well-to-do classes taking care that such eggs come from the confectioner or toy shop.

In Germany, though the egg-giving custom is very popular, they have in many parts of the country Easter hares, hens, and lambs—little sugar things lying on green banks; and many of the people make little nests of moss in out-of-way places, and the eager children are sent to seek "the egg the hare has laid"—such eggs being generally of sugar, or toy-eggs that open, and in which little presents are hidden.

**EASTER LILIES.**

THE air is fragrant with the breath of the Easter lilies; earth is forgetting her winter and throbbing with re-wakening life, preparing to clothe herself with greenness and bloom. The fields that awhile ago were brown and bare, giving no hint of beauty or grace, are blossoming into loveliness, and soon all nature will be arrayed like a queen in royal splendour. How eloquently this springtime transition speaks to us of the resurrection of the body. Three days ago we stood before the sepulchre, amid the solemn stillness, with hearts filled with grief, for our crucified Lord was laid there; but this bright, beautiful Easter morning we come to an empty tomb. Our Lord is risen. He lives again, and triumphantly we sing—

"O death, where is thy sting?  
O grave, where is thy victory?"

We cannot but weep when we bury our loved ones. Our homes and hearts are desolate and full of grief, but, thanks be to God, it is a sorrow not without hope, for our Lord has risen, and they who have gone from us have gone to him, and though we listen in vain for a voice that is hushed, and sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, there is also a sense of triumph, of subdued exultation that arises above our lamentation, pointing upward from the tomb to a joyful reunion above.

"O blessed Easter promise  
Adown the lonely years;  
What comfort it hath brought us,  
What solace for our tears."

If there had been no Gethsemane, nor any Calvary, there would have been no glorious resurrection, no "life everlasting," no glad hope of being forever with the Lord; but the cross has brought us our victory. O cross of Calvary! We see thee in the light of this Easter morning, not hung with gloom, but shining with victory. We twine thee

with lilies that lift their gleaming censers heavenward, and whose sweet perfume rises like incense. O shining Easter lilies! you are but feeble emblems, yet you tell in all your purity the wonderful story of sins forgiven, made white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Shout, shout for joy! all ended is the strife—  
I am the resurrection and the life."

**The Legacy of Jesus.**

THE rabble shouts had long since ceased,  
The deed was well-nigh done;  
A sinful world, there to redeem,  
Did Mary give her Son.

From wav'ring Pilate's unjust court  
His footsteps did she trace,  
That he, through all his agony,  
Might meet a mother's face.

By every brutal, scourging stroke  
Her quiv'ring heart was pained,  
Till, sinking 'neath the saving Cross,  
Steep Calvary's height was gained.

Then, with his own "Beloved One  
Close 'neath the dripping wood,  
Her bleeding heart e'en nailed thereto,  
Courageously she stood.

The tears of bitter, anguished woe  
Bedewed the Sacred Feet;  
Yet did the loving eyes upturn,  
His dying glance to meet.

With smiles of sweet forgiveness  
The gasping lips were wreathed,  
As lovingly, to Mary, He  
A Legacy bequeathed.

"Woman! behold thy Son!" He said,  
In accents sweetly mild,  
And in St. John, she, erring man,  
Accepted as her 'child.

What strange, what wond'rous, mystic love  
The Saviour's heart hath shown,  
To give to wretched mortals here  
His Mother as their own!

**STANLEY AND THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.**

PROBABLY no man has ever excelled Stanley in his wise treatment of the Africans. He seems to have a natural instinct of the best way to manage these people, who combine great childishness with natural ferocity. Stanley is firm, but kind, considerate, and generous. The natives know that he is strong, and they have faith in his honesty and truth. He has managed the savages with wonderful skill. The slave-traders hate and fear him, and many people have thought that if he were ever surprised and cut off in Africa it would be by the malice of these bad men, who fear for their trade. Stanley, like Livingstone, saw enough of the horrors of the slave-trade to be in deadly earnest to do all that lay in his power to stop it. Tippoo Tib, the Arab trader, has long been a slave-dealer, though he has pretended to give up that horrible traffic since he has been associated with Stanley. Very likely, if he ever got a chance to go into the slave-trade again, without being found out, he would do it. And, if Stanley stood in his way, some men think Tippoo Tib would not hesitate even to kill Stanley, and so be rid of him. Tippoo Tib is now a very great man in Central Africa. He is enormously rich, and he can raise a force of many thousands of men whenever he has occasion to call for them.

It is singular that it should now be thought necessary to send a search expedition for Stanley, after all that he has done in that direction himself. But Leopold, King of the Belgians, and others, devoted friends of Stanley, propose to do this very thing, unless news of the White Pasha's safety comes to us.—*St. Nicholas.*

## Easter Lilies.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

EASTER lilies, spotless, white,  
Fashioned fair of snow and light,  
Out of the chill and darkness born  
On this resurrection morn.

What persuasion, strong and sweet,  
Led you thus this day to greet?  
What within your sealed tomb  
Wrought this miracle of bloom?

Not as when the violets wake,  
Or the passionate roses break  
Into blossom—fortunate flowers,  
Nursed in dew and sun and showers.

Not as when so warmly wooed  
By the sky's most generous mood,  
Sister lilies late unfold  
On the fields their cloth of gold.

Not as when, in hues that burn  
From rich autumn's emptied urn,  
Courtiers robed in king's array  
Crowd to greet each royal day.

All in gold and purple clad,  
Roadside, field, and wood grow glad,  
As if summer came once more  
Bringing some forgotten store.

Let me, O ye lilies fair,  
Learn your lesson: Take no care,  
All will come in God's good time,  
Summer's warmth and winter's rime.

If skies frown or smile above,  
Still may blossom trust and love,  
Hope and patience—flowers divine—  
Why should any choice be mine?

How or in what clime they grow,  
Fostering sunshine, chilling snow,  
Dearth or dew, if all forecast  
Bud and blade and bloom at last?

What care I in this glad light  
For the wintry chill and blight,  
If I may with offering sweet,  
Kiss my risen Saviour's feet?

## PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER VII.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

At a convenient time the next day, Nat accompanied Tom to the house of old Crocker, the owner of the donkey and donkey-cart, with whom they made a very good bargain. The old man was pleased with the manner in which Tom handled the donkey's ear and scratched his long nose; and the donkey himself seemed to accept him willingly as his master. Crocker said he would sooner let Tom have him for a shilling a-day, than most boys for eighteenpence. It was agreed that he should pay that sum each day in advance, and keep the donkey in food.

When the bargain was struck, Tom was obliged to change his beautiful sovereign, which he did with a thrill of regret; but there was no help for it. He forgot his regret the next morning, however, when at five o'clock he and Phil, with Nat as a friend and adviser, drove to Shude Hill market, to stock his donkey-cart.

It was not a very handsome cart; in truth, it was little more than a few rough boards, hanging loosely together upon an old axle-tree and wheels. But both Tom and Phil were intensely proud of it; and after they had purchased some herrings and potatoes, for, as Nat observed, folks could not eat herrings without potatoes or bread, and after they had driven to a woodyard, and closed a hard bargain

for a stock of chips, they started back again triumphantly, in the early sunshine, to Pilgrim Street.

From Pilgrim Street, though it was something out of their way, they were to set off on their first day's round, and Alice was to make the very first purchase from Tom; for it was a known fact amongst all the neighbours, that Alice's handsel was lucky; and if the dwellers in Pilgrim Street could only persuade her to lay out a penny with them before they started out with their goods, they were sure to be lucky all day. Alice and all the rest, including Kitty—for it was not yet six o'clock, and the mill did not open till then—were watching for their appearance at the bottom of the street; and every one gathered about the donkey-cart, while Alice made her selection of the chips and potatoes she required.

At last they fairly started off; Nat, with Suey in his arms, waving his old cap, and all the lot cheering after them as long as they were in sight. Then Tom saw that business was about to begin, and he was gravely happy as he trudged up Market Street at the donkey's head, while little Phil sat proudly in front of the cart. They passed Banner on the way, and he gave them as benignant a smile and nod as could be expected from a policeman in a stiff stock; and Tom wished that Will Handforth, and others of his old comrades, could have seen it. But a wide gulf seemed to lie between himself and these old companions already. He had taken a great stride towards decent respectability and honesty, and he trembled at the thought of falling back. If he met any of his former friends he would show them pretty plainly he meant to have nothing to do with them.

"Tom," said Phil, leaning forward, and touching him with a green branch given to him by a market-woman, "Tom, last night I dreamt God called me, like little Samuel."

Tom had had no dream like that, as he fell asleep in his solitary hole—for the cellar still remained unoccupied by any regular tenant—but his thoughts had been again of the dreadful God who never ceased to watch him for a single moment. But now, as he looked back at Phil, he was amazed to see how bright his face was, and what a light shone in his blue eyes. It was a clear, fair face now, for Alice took care to wash it well, and Phil looked very beautiful in Tom's eyes.

"Why, Phil, old fellow," said Tom, "that was nice, wasn't it?"

"Aye!" cried Phil, with a glad smile, "and I dreamt I tried to look up into God's face, but I couldn't, it was so bright, like the sun. Just try to look at the sun, Tom, and see how thy eyes'll wink."

The sun was shining the more brightly because the smoke from the factories had not yet clouded the atmosphere, and though Tom's eyes were strong, the lids closed as the light poured down upon them.

"That's not nice," he said; "it dazes me."

"And I was dazed," continued Phil; "and I thought God told me I should see his face some day, if I waited, and was a good boy. He said he'd make my eyes strong enough; and I thought I was going to ask him to let thee see his face, and then I woke up."

Tom walked on silently, for they were getting near to Ardwick and Longsight, and it was time to give himself wholly to business. The servants were beginning to light their fires, and he sold a few bundles of chips, and some of the herrings to be cooked for breakfast.

As the morning wore on, Tom and little Phil marched slowly through the streets, crying, in their shrillest tones, "Herring! Fresh herring! Fine

herring!" until they grew quite brave. But they were very fortunate in selling them; so much so that Tom treated himself and Phil to a small meat-pie, hot from the oven, about noon; and they ate it leisurely under the side-arch of a railway bridge, while the donkey feasted upon a few handfuls of hay and a turnip. Before six in the evening they had disposed of all their stock, and were wending their way slowly back again to Pilgrim Street, weary, but happy, the bag which Alice had made for their money being heavy with copper coins.

There was something mysterious about the manner of Nat and Alice, as they greeted their return; but Tom was too much elated, and too much engrossed in his own affairs, to perceive it. He emptied the money-bag carefully upon the table, and kneeling down beside it, he counted the pence into little heaps, each worth a shilling. It took both him and Nat a long time to do it; while Alice and Phil looked on eagerly, anxious to hear what was the result of the day's work. At last it was discovered, after every expense was paid, including the meat-pie, there remained a clear profit of one shilling and one penny, which Nat put on one side by themselves, with an air of delight.

"It'll be two shillings to-morrow, Tom," he said, "mark my words, thee'll have two shillings clear to-morrow. Not such a poor do, is it my lad? Thee'll make thy fortune some day, Tom. And now we've some good news to tell—haven't we, Alice? Something about thee, and Phil, and Polly, and all of us."

Tom's heart beat quickly. For a moment it flashed across his mind that, perhaps, his father had been liberated from prison with a ticket-of-leave, and his heart sank within him, and his brown face paled. But surely Nat would not look so joyful about that, nor would Alice fold her hands together, and purse up her lips as if she could hardly keep from speaking it all out at once, and smile with such a beaming face.

"Thee couldn't give a guess, I suppose?" asked Nat.

"No," said Tom, faintly.

"It'll be the real making of little Phil," Nat went on, laying his hand fondly on the child's curly head; "there'll be no more clemming for him, poor little lad; but good clothes and good victuals, and a good bed, and good learning. They'll make a scholar of him, Tom; and Alice says a grandly good one. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' We'll read that psalm to-night, Alice."

"Yes, father," said Alice.

"Not but what we might read it every night of our lives," continued Nat, thoughtfully; "but it 'ud maybe get all the same to us. Tom, thee minds the night we had the tea-drinking—how I told the Lord that Joey and Phil wanted some new clogs! I knew he could send them, and would, somehow or other, by giving me an extra job or two, or someway. And here they are, Tom. Joey's got his on, and ran out with the little ones to show the neighbours; and Alice has got Phil's. Where are they, my love?"

They were in her pocket, which was constructed to carry many things that were safer out of the little ones' reach; and she speedily drew them out, a good pair of strong clogs, new from the makers, such as had never been on Phil's feet before.

"That's not all," said Nat, laying his hand impressively upon Tom's shoulder. "And now I'll tell thee all about it. I was gone out with my bills, and Alice was all alone here with the children, when Joey runs in to say Mr. Banner was at the end of the street, with a lady, in a grand carriage—a grand carriage, Alice!"

"Yes, father," said Alice; "very grand—with two horses."

"Two horses," repeated Nat; "very good. So the lady gets out of the grand carriage, Tom, and Mr. Banner, he walks before her straight up to our house. Alice, the house was clean and tidy, I hope, my dear?"

"Pretty well, father," answered Alice.  
"Just so," continued Nat. "So she came in, and sat down on Alice's rocking-chair——"

"In a blue silk dress and silk mantle," interrupted Alice; "and a white bonnet, with a blue feather in it."

"Exactly," resumed Nat; "I can see her as plain as in a picture. And, says she, 'I am Mr. Hope's sister.' And who is her husband, dost thou think? Kitty's master! Aye, Kitty's mill is his. And who should she be but the very lady who gave Phil the sixpence! And she sends her footman, Tom—wasn't it her footman, Alice?—to buy these clogs for Joey and Phil. And she promised to pay for Polly's schooling and Joey's."

Nat came to a full pause, and looked steadily into Tom's astonished face, and then burst out into a long and happy laugh, which no one could resist, until all of them laughed together—little Phil the loudest and longest, as he drew the clogs on to his hands, Alice saying that his feet would want washing before he tried on his new possessions.

"But that isn't all," cried Nat, when the laughter had subsided. "Bless you, Tom, that's not half of Phil's fortune. Why thee knows a fine big house on Ardwick Green, side by side with the gentle-folks' houses, where there's a school for boys and girls? They take them in, and feed them and lodge them, and learn them all sorts of things, and put them out into a way of getting their own living when they've done with them. Well, listen, Tom! She is going to get them to take little Phil. There's for thee!"

Nat gave Tom a slight push, and fell back a step or so, ready for another burst of laughter. But, for some reason or other, it did not come. Tom's eyes and mouth were wide open—but more with surprise than delight. If little Phil were separated from him, he would feel very lonely indeed—especially now as there was such a gulf between him and his old comrades. He had been reckoning upon always having him to ride in his donkey-cart, and sit under railway arches to share his dinner. But he could not help seeing what a capital thing it would be for his bright little Phil. As Nat said, there would be no more starving, no more shivering in wintry weather, no fluttering rags and naked feet; but a good, comfortable home, and good teaching secured to him, and no risk about whether the donkey-cart was lucky or not. Yes; it would be a good thing for Phil, doubtless; but Tom's heart felt heavy at the prospect of parting with him, until he remembered how much more money he could earn if the cost of Phil's living was taken off his shoulders. That thought cheered his spirits a little; and although he did not encourage Nat in a hearty laugh as before, his face relaxed into a smile, and he said it was a rare good fortune for little Phil.

(To be continued.)

Two little girls were playing church. One said: "Now we are to have prayer. You kneel down and be a 'real Christian;' I'll just sit down and put my hand up to my face. I'm going to be one of those stylish Christians."

At the supper-table a family were speaking about different fruits, when little Ruth said, "I like all kinds of fruit but hash!"

An Easter Carol.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

ALL hail to the morning!  
The clouds flee away,  
Our mourning is ended,  
Joy cometh to-day;

By the cross and the grave-side our sad watch is done,  
For the Saviour is risen, his victory won.

O earth, give him greeting,  
And hail him as King!  
O friends, in your gladness,  
Sweet offerings bring;

The dawn of his Easter all sorrow uplifts,  
Then lay on his alter the fairest of gifts.

O Christ of the manger!  
O Christ of the Cross!  
Whose love bought so dearly  
Our gain by thy loss.

Thou hast wrested from Death his proud sceptre and crown,  
He has laid at thy feet his brief victory down.

O flowers, bloom in beauty!  
And sing, young and old!  
Though the joy of the Easter  
Can never be told.

But sing and rejoice with your banners unfurled,  
For the Christ that was slain is the Life of the world!

STANLEY'S FAITH.

"ONE faith against the whole world's unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet only echoes the doctrines of the great Teacher. Have a right purpose in life, and faith in that purpose. Purpose and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great explorer vividly illustrates this truth.

In the heart of Africa, years ago, two white men met. One was old, gray-haired, and ill; the other young and enthusiastic.

The elder man was one whose fame as an African explorer was world-wide, but for years the civilized world had lost sight of him. Scientific associations were asking vainly, "What has become of Dr. Livingstone?"

As a correspondent of the New York Herald, the younger man had distinguished himself for indomitable perseverance, rapid decision, and sterling common sense, and in 1870 he was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its proprietor, to find Livingstone. His story is well-known. "Draw a thousand pounds now," said Mr. Bennett, "and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and so on, but find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M. Stanley started from Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, and for eleven months he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to countless dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances, and gone back, but this Stanley never thought of doing.

He had faith in God, in himself, and his purpose. In his journal he wrote, and the words glow with an energy that is sublime, and deserve a place in the memory of every young man:

"No living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him, and write it larger, FIND HIM! FIND HIM!"

Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of faith in God, Stanley pressed on, heedless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganyika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveller, who for years had lost tidings of his native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley Dr. Livingstone might have died of starvation, and the world remained ignorant of his fate.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SCOTT ACT IN PORT HOPE.

THE usual large congregation was present at the Methodist church, Port Hope, last Sunday night. The pastor, J. B. Clarkson, took for his text, Ephesians v. 18: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." The sermon was a grand effort, and especially appropriate in view of the coming vote on the Scott Act. The rev. gentleman stated that he had gone to the records of the Police Court and had carefully searched the books; he found for the offences of drunk and disorderly in 1885, 109 cases; in 1886, (the Scott Act coming into force in May of that year), 29 cases; in 1887, 28 cases; in 1888, only 14 cases of drunk and disorderly. The Police Magistrate, Mr. R. H. Holland, informed him that there had been a falling off of crime of all kinds since the Scott Act came into force of fully 75 per cent. The Scott Act is not all that can be desired as a temperance measure, still it is positively the best we have and should not be thrown over. In spite of the adverse circumstances under which it is operated, if it does such wonders as the Police Court records show it should be sustained. There is a law against theft, but because it does not stop stealing do you repeal that law? If in after years a father goes wandering about the town at midnight looking for a drunken son, would the son be reproaching the father if he should say: "Father, you might by your vote have removed the temptation of liquor from me." Great interest was manifested throughout the whole discourse and some of the illustrations used were most telling.—*Port Hope Guide.*

Easter Lilies.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WINTER is past, and the lilies blow,  
Beautiful Easter lilies!  
White as the flakes of last year's snow,  
Beautiful Easter lilies!  
White as the wings of a wandering dove,  
White as the sailing clouds above,  
Pure on your petals the sunbeams glow,  
Beautiful Easter lilies!

Oh, were our hearts but purged of sin!  
Beautiful Easter lilies!  
Grace like yours might our spirits win!  
Beautiful Easter lilies!  
Christ arisen, from heaven above,  
Be the light of thy holy love:  
Shed on our souls like sunshine in  
Beautiful Easter lilies!

STICK TO IT.

BEFORE God and man, do what is right, and stick to it. Have ever before you the "three nots:" touch not, taste not, handle not; they will keep you from entanglement in the venomous coils of the black knot of intemperance, which has strangled so many in its deadly embrace. Remember this, and stick to it. Abstain from every appearance of evil. Ask God to help you, and do you co-operate with him in maintaining this heavenly appearance, and stick to it. Resolve, with God's help, to be honest, upright, pure in conversation, and conscientious in all dealings with your fellow-man, and stick to it. Remember acts of love and kindness are eternal; all you do for God's glory is your treasure laid up in heaven. Labour for God's glory, and stick to it. God watches each individual soul as a shepherd watches his sheep. Man observes the act; God knows the motive. Judgment is with God. See to it that each motive is honourable in God's sight, and able to bear his searching scrutiny with reverence, and stick to it.



**The Quiet, Hoping Heart.**

WHAT'ER my God ordains is right,  
His will is ever just;  
How'er he orders now my cause  
I will be still and trust,  
He is my God  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
He never will deceive;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to him I cleave,  
And take content  
What he hath sent;  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
He taketh thought for me;  
The cup that my physician gives  
No poisoned draught can be,  
But medicine due;  
For God is true,  
And on that changeless truth I build,  
And all my heart with hope is filled.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
Though I the cup must drink,  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day,  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
My light, my life is he,  
Who cannot will me ought but good,  
I trust him utterly;  
For well I know  
In joy or woe,  
We once shall see as sunlight clear  
How faithful was our guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
Here will I take my stand;  
Through sorrow, need, or death make earth  
For me a desert land.  
My Father's care  
Is round me there,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to him I leave it all.

### LESSON NOTES. SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] LESSON III. [April 21.  
THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Mark 12. 28-34. Memory verses 30, 31.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom.  
13. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Law, v. 28-31.
2. The Scribe, v. 32-34.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*One of the scribes*—Originally transcribers of the law, they afterward became expositors of the law and its traditions. Their teachings were not original evolutions of the truth, but simply repetitions of past traditions. *The first commandment*.—This means the most important of the commandments. *Soul, mind, strength*—That is, with all the powers with which God has endowed man. *Thy neighbour*—Any one with whom life brings a person into relations. *The kingdom of God*—Here means, thou art not far from a correct understanding of the great principles of righteousness and from participation in their benefits. *Durst*—Dared.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where is there in this lesson which shows—  
1. What true religion is?  
2. What true religion requires?  
3. What true religion produces?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who next came to Jesus? A scribe questioning him. 2. About what did he

question Jesus? About the greatest commandment. 3. What did Jesus tell him was the first commandment? To love God supremely. 4. In what relation to this did Jesus place love to man? As like unto it. 5. How was this same truth afterward taught by Paul? "Love is the fulfilling," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

18. How does the Lord teach us by his Spirit?

All the Scriptures were written under the Holy Spirit's inspiration; and he who inspired them will show their meaning to such as humbly ask him.

A.D. 30] LESSON IV. [April 28  
DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD.

Mark 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 1, 2.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

But I say unto you, That in this place is one greater than the temple. Matt. 12. 6.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Prophecy, v. 1, 2.
2. Warning, v. 3-8.
3. Advice, v. 9-13.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Mount of Olives.

EXPLANATIONS.—*What manner of stones*.—The immense size was what fastened the attention of the disciples. Some of them were twenty-four feet in length by six in thickness. *Thrown down*—Or, loosened down by gradual demolition. *Rumors of wars*—Or, threats of war; there were three such—one by Claudius, one by Caligula, and one by Nero. *Earthquakes*—Between this prophecy and the year 70 A.D., there were earthquakes in Crete, in Rome, in Laodicea, etc. *Famines*—There were four famines during the reign of Claudius, attended with great suffering, and terrible natural calamities. *Take no thought beforehand*—That is, be not anxious, or do not give way to worrying care.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

What is there in this lesson which teaches—

1. That God's word is sure of fulfilment?
2. That God's service requires courage?
3. That God's true servants are sure of reward?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What prophecy did Jesus make in this lesson? The destruction of the city. 2. What question did four disciples ask? When it should be. 3. What did Jesus say must first come? Wars, sorrows, earthquakes, famines. 4. How widely did he say the Gospel must first be published? Among all nations. 5. What previous utterance of Jesus is proven by these prophecies? "But I say unto you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The end of the world.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

19. How did Jesus Christ show that he was a teacher sent from God?

By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God.

**ON GUARD.**

"SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature," and this instinct that prompts us to be on the watch and to protect ourselves from our foes is not only conspicuous among human beings, but prominent also throughout the lower orders of creation.

In Egypt a traveller noticed a flock of birds similar to the ibis. All were feeding but one, which kept watch and was on the alert to warn of the approach of danger. When the rest had had their fill the sentinel took his turn, another bird occupying his place and doing guard duty. When these strange birds went off to warmer or cooler regions there was always one of the flock left to keep watch until their return. In California the same instinct was observed among a

herd of ostriches. Whenever there was a group feeding there was always one or more on guard, and no bribe of any sort could induce them to leave their post.

David says, "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top:" and even so small a bird teaches us to be vigilant and self-sacrificing.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his *Homes Without Hands*—a most interesting volume—gives the following account of the red-billed weaver bird: "Whenever the buffalo exists there the weaver bird may be seen, flitting about the animal as unconcerned as if it were carved out of wood, perching on its head and pecking among its hair, settling on the massive horns and leaping at passing flies, while ever and anon it makes a dash along the back, digs away at the thick hide, and presently sits quietly on the buffalo eating something that it has just secured.

"The buffalo has good reason to encourage the presence of its feathered allies, for not only do they free it from the troublesome insects, but they are always vigilant, and serve to detect danger. As soon as the bird perceives, anything that is suspicious it ceases from feeding and looks anxiously about. Should its suspicions prove correct the bird flies in the air with the peculiar whirring sound that is indicative of danger, and which is known to the buffalo as well as to itself. As soon as the signal is thus given the buffalo dashes away into the thickest under-wood, accompanied by its faithful friends."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," and those who form a habit of watchfulness and are often on guard, can detect the danger afar off and save themselves and their friends from impending destruction.

"For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be;  
Forever standing on my guard  
And looking up to thee."

**THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.**

In the fourth century, the Emperor Constantine had one of his armies commanded by a General named Pæhmnius. In marching through a distant part of the empire, this army on one occasion was nearly starved for want of food. Approaching a town inhabited by Christians, the General sent one of his officers to ask provisions for his army. The Christian people of that town immediately supplied their wants.

Wondering at their free and noble charity, the General inquired what kind of people they were, to be so generous. He was told that they were Christians, and that their religion taught them to hurt no one, but to try to do good to all.

This had such an effect on Pæhmnius that he never rested till he became a Christian. Then he resigned his position in the army, and became a minister in the Church of Christ, and spent the rest of his days in preaching peace, instead of making war.

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