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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1894.

[No. 11.]

The Man of Sorrows.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

HAIL! thou Head, so bruised and wounded
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Smitten with the mocking reed;
Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
Trickling faint and slow:
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now:
All the bloom of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead;
Thou, before whose presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigour and thy life
Fading in this bitter strife,
Death his stamp on thee hath set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there:
Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those wounds of love on thee,
Glorious Face, appear!

Yet, in this thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
From whose lips of love Divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows:
All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me thy heart incline,—
Let that dying head of thine
In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
With thee in thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on thy cross:—
Neath it will I die!
Thanks to thee with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death!
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,—
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that solemn hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay;
See, and set me free!



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near;
With thy saving cross appear!
Show thyself to me!

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

We have pleasure in presenting in this number of PLEASANT HOURS a copy of one of Mr. George Tinworth's wonderful reliefs of Bible subjects. Mr. Tinworth was a poor London lad, brought up in poverty, hunger and dirt, child of a drunken father, early apprenticed to the wheelwright trade. His mother was a godly woman, by whom he was brought up in the very atmosphere of the Bible. The Scriptures were read to him and by him from cover to cover, over and over, till they sank into his blood and became part of his very nature.

The instinct to carve, and mould, and draw could not be repressed. At last he found employment in the Doulton pottery works and began his wonderful career in moulding Biblical bas-reliefs. These have won for him great fame from the art critics. Some of these pieces are of great size. One panel is twenty-three feet long and nine feet high. The one given herewith shows the scenes at the foot of the cross, at the awful hour of the crucifixion, as the soldiers cast lots for His garments.

The appropriateness of the texts quoted in the above panel will be apparent to everyone. We repeat them, as some are hard to make out: "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." "And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar." "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, the wife of Cleophas," "For a sign which shall be spoken against," etc.

To the extreme right the Jews taunt him saying: "He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him now if he will have him: for he said I am



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

the Son of God." To the left John and the faithful Mary look up and hear the words of Jesus "Woman, behold thy Son!" In the centre the soldiers cast lots for his vesture, while one dips a sponge in vinegar to give it to him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1894.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

MARCH 25TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. Schools, however, which did not take this collection in September are urgently requested to take it up on Review Sunday, March 25th. If schools which have taken it in September can take another on March 25, the money is much needed. The Fund is considerably overdrawn and urgent requests for grants are coming in daily. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY T. DE WITT TALMADE, D.D.

There is a wild mob going through the streets of Jerusalem. Fishermen, vagabonds, grave officials, merchant princes, beggars mingle in that crowd. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the skulls of victims, a hill that was itself the

shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha, which means the place of a skull.

Three men were to be put to death: two for theft, one for treason, the latter having claimed to be the King of the Jews. They reached this hill. The three men are lifted to horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and making and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, darkness hovers and scowls and swoops down upon the scene; and the rocks, rent with terrific quaking, the choking wind and moaning cavern and dropping sky and shuddering earthquake declare in whisper, in gloom, in shriek: "This is the son of God."

I look into the faces of some of those

PERSONS WHO SURROUND THE CROSS,

and my attention is first attracted by the Roman soldiers. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier, and it was no idle thing. You know what revolutions dashed up against the walls of that Empire. You know to what conquests she devoted herself, flinging her war eagles against the proudest ensigns. But the noblest army has in it miserable sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behaviour puts out the gleam of their swords and covers their banners with obloquy. They were cowards, they were ruffians, they were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captive Christ.

In this group of enemies surrounding the cross, I also find the raving thief. He forgot his own pain in his complete antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar or pickpocket or highwayman; but our idea of his crime is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer. Oh, shame indescribable! Oh, ignominy insupportable!—Hissed at by a thief! In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness.

But as Christ was on the cross, and looked down on the crowd of people, he saw some very warm friends there. And the

FIRST IN ALL THAT CROWD

was his mother. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, and by the upturned hands. That all means mother. Oh, you say, why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon. Do you not know when a child is in trouble it always makes a heroine of the mother. "Take her away," you say, "from the cross." You mean, drag her away. She will keep on looking. As long as her son breathes, she will stand there, looking. Oh, what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon. How gladly she would have sprung to his relief. It was her son—her son! How gladly she would have clambered up upon the cross and hung there, herself, if her son could have been relieved. How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close to him and soothed him. Oh, woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want to console you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother.

IF THE MOTHER OF JESUS

could have taken those bleeding feet in her lap, if she might have taken the dying head on her bosom, if she might have said to him, "It will soon be over, Jesus. It will soon be over, my son, and we will meet again, and it will all be well." But she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when, with her boy in her arms, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight towards Egypt. I suppose she thought of his boyhood and when he was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses he had done her, not forsaking her nor forgetting her, even in his last days, but turning to John and saying, "There is mother. Take her with you. She is old now. She cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would

have done if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She saw it all, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

But there was another marked personage in that group. That was the vagabond malefactor. He was a thief, or had been. No disguising that fact. All his crimes came upon him with relentless conviction. What was he to do? "Oh," he says, "what shall I do with my sins upon me?" And he looks round and sees Jesus, and sees compassion in his face, and he says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

WHAT DID JESUS DO?

Did he turn and say "You thief! I have seen all your crimes, and you have jeered and scoffed at me. Now die forever." Did he say that? Oh, no. Jesus could not say that. He says, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain, and they have been made as white as snow.

But there is another group looking upon the cross. I do not know their names. We are not fully informed, but we are simply told that there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through that crowd when they saw Jesus die! You know, the Bible says, if all the things that Jesus did were recorded, the world could not contain the books that would be written. That implies that what we have in the Bible are merely specimens of the Saviour's miracles. Where he did one act of kindness mentioned, he must have done a thousand we do not know about. I see those who have received kindnesses from him standing beneath the cross. One says, "Why, that is the Jesus who bound up my broken heart." And another standing beneath the cross says, "That is the Jesus who restored my daughter to life." Another looks up to Jesus and says, "Why, that is the Christ who gave me my eyesight." And another looks up and says, "This is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick. Oh, I cannot bear to see him die!" Every blow of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts. Every groan of Christ opened new fountains of sorrow. The assassins had better get on with that crucifixion quickly or it will never take place at all. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those leaders of the persecution and put them in the place to which they have assigned Christ. Be quick with those nails. Be quick with that gall. Be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and the wrath of those disciples a storm brewing that will burst upon the heads of those persecutors. No, no. The tragedy must plunge to the last act; and to atone for my sin and your sins and the sins of all who will accept the atonement, a mountain of physical agony must crush out the physical life of Christ, and an eternity of mental agony come down with its full weight upon the soul of Christ, until, his last capacity of suffering exhausted, he cries out, under the midnight heavens and over the convulsed earth, "It is finished!"

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I TREAT him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy-friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal, again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind: I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in

spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."
—Well-Spring.

Easter Hymn.

BY MINNIE A. GREINER.

ANGELS roll the rock away
From the grave's dark portal.
Lo! the risen Christ appears
Clothed in light immortal.

He has triumphed o'er his foes,
Burst his three-days' prison.
Angels shout the Easter hymn:
"Christ the Lord is risen."

He is risen, the Lamb of God
Slain on Calvary's mountain.
From his side deep pierced for sin
Flows a cleansing fountain.

Scattered are the clouds of sin,
Past the night of sadness;
In the east a brighter day
Dawns in peace and gladness.

Be not faithless but believe,
Yield to doubting never,
Christ is risen! he lives again
Lives and reigns forever.

He is risen! and so shall we
Rise to joys supernal:
Reign with him, our Saviour King,
In the land eternal.

DON'TS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

MANY of our young readers sometimes have the grave responsibility of nursing some sick member of the family, and the care of the room as well. For these we print the following hints, which we know will be found useful if observed:

Don't light a sick-room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use sperm-candle, or tapers which burn in sperm-oil.

Don't allow offensive matters to remain. In cases of emergency, where these cannot at once be removed, wring a heavy cloth—for instance, like Turkish toweling—out of cold water, use it as a cover, placing over this ordinary paper. Such means prevent the escape of odour and infection.

Don't forget to have a few beans of coffee handy; for this serves as a deodorizer if burnt upon coals or paper. Bits of charcoal placed around are useful in absorbing gases and other impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a sick-room much over sixty degrees; seventy degrees are allowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow upon the patient. A open fire-place is an excellent means of ventilation. The current may be tested by burning a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is allowed all he desire. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before handing it to him.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessaries for the night, that the rest of the patient and family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't throw coal upon the fire. Place it in brown-paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise which is shocking to the sick and sensitive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick-chamber.

Don't be unmindful of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.—American Druggist.

The First Easter.

BY JESSIE W. H. AMES.

'Twas at the first gray peep of dawn,
Ere yet the sun in glory dight
Rose, clothed in splendour like a king,
To give once more the dark world light.

The dew lay glistening on the grass,
The wind was not yet waked from rest;
Silent and still the blue sea lay,
Silent the bird upon her nest.

Silent the whole fair garden slept,
Not yet awake from night's repose;
The still blue air was fresh and sweet
With mist that from the dewdrops rose.

But one poor woman waited there,
Weeping beside a tomb's dark door;
Deep were the sobs that shook her frame,
And eyes were dim, and heart was sore.

Unbraided flowed the golden hair
That once the Saviour's feet had pressed;
And deepest sable was the robe
That rested on her throbbing breast.

Once, twice, into the empty tomb
She looked, with tear-stained, anxious eyes,
Hoping to see him her soul loved
Out of its dim, damp darkness rise.

A bird, up in its lofty nest,
Sang—oh, how gay and full of glee!
A faint breeze swept across the land,
And woke the ripples on the sea.

A soft blush deepened in the sky,
The coming of the dawn was near,
And, one by one, on every side
The signs of life once more appear.

Into the garden's sacred walk
A man has come with footsteps slow;
Careless his soft eyes wander round,
Then rest upon this form of woe.

And she, the poor heart-broken one,
Hears the footfall, and lifts her head;
"Tis but the gardener" who comes
To tend this "city of the dead."

Beside the mourner's bended form
He stops; again she lifts her head;
As in low tones, "Why weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou, sad one?" he said.

"Oh, they have borne away my Lord!
Good sir, thus far give me thy aid—
If it is thou who bore him hence,
Tell me, I pray, where he is laid."

"I came with spices, rich and rare,
Long, long before the rise of dawn;
Within this tomb I saw him laid;
I sought him, and I found him gone."

The soft light deepened in his eye,
A happy smile passed o'er his face,
A wind that seemed to sigh with joy,
Made music in the sacred place.

A thrill of joy passed through her breast,
A veil seemed lifted from her eyes;
Fair as a lily kissed with dew
She saw her Lord before her rise.

Once more his voice, so heavenly sweet,
Did music to her ears afford;
"Mary!" She turned herself, and said:
"Rabboni, Master, risen Lord!"

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XI.—AN UNWILLING THIEF.

BLACKETT'S hatred and vengeance were no mean forces which Euclid could afford to forget or disregard. His enemy had him at an advantage, inasmuch as he could neither go in nor out of the house without passing the door of his room, where he might be lurking in ambush against him. Euclid was a peaceable, inoffensive old man, who had kept himself aloof from his neighbours in dread of falling into disturbances. It worried him to feel that he had made such a man his enemy, and at times he reflected on the possibility of moving; but Victoria's ill health and weakness seemed to make that impossible, even if he could find an equally cheap attic in the neighbourhood.

He did not know it, nor did Victoria, but for some time past a rumour had pervaded the house that old Euclid, the water-cress-seller, was a miser,—a miser, also, of the old-fashioned type, who kept his money in hard cash, and in his own hands. Some of his neighbours said

he carried no wealth about with him in the old waistcoat which he always wore, summer and winter, under his linen blouse. Others guessed that every chink and crevice in the walls of his garret contained bank notes and coins, and that Victoria's constant ill health was nothing but a blind to account for her never leaving the treasure unguarded. Both Euclid and Victoria became the objects of unusual attention; and Victoria, especially, was surprised and embarrassed by the friendly visits of her neighbours during her father's absence in the day-time, who came to offer her any assistance she needed. But Victoria was now quite independent. Bess made the bed, and scrubbed the floor, and did the little shopping that had to be done; and the sick girl had never been so comfortable and cared for in her life.

No doubt, it was Bess herself who had innocently set these rumours afloat. No one can tell whether she had hinted at it in any confidential talk with Roger, or whether some prying neighbour, listening in the common entrance, had overheard her telling her mother of the wonderful sight she had beheld through the chink in old Euclid's door. Bess was too busy to hear anything of these whispered reports, and they were not likely to reach the ears of Euclid and Victoria. Neither of these ever spoke of their treasure in the presence of Bess, and Victoria always removed it from under her pillow before Bess made the bed. It had not grown at all since Mrs. Fell's funeral day; nay, once it had been broken into to pay the rent. Yet neither of them repented befriending Bess.

One consequence of Bess living up in the garret was, that it became a not unusual circumstance for Roger Blackett to mount up there, partly for her sake, and partly to seek a refuge from his father's cruel tyranny. Blackett knew it very well, but, with a crafty foresight that this might be useful some day, feigned an utter ignorance of this new intercourse. Roger seldom showed his face when Euclid was at home; but Victoria soon grew used to seeing him creep in timidly, with his terrified, downcast face, and crouch on the hearth before the handful of fire, showing her the bruises on his arms and shoulders and back, where his father had been flogging him. He was an idler, weaker boy than David Fell, with less energy to swim against the tide of evil that was ready to sweep him away in its current. But as yet he had never fallen into the hands of the police; and now he promised Victoria, as he had been wont to promise Mrs. Fell, that he would always be a good boy, and keep from being a thief.

To Victoria it was pleasant to have this fresh young life of Bess and Roger coming about her to divert the dreary solitude of her illness. She had had no companionship except that of an old man borne down by cares; and Euclid was amazed to find how cheerful she grew, and how much less the winter was trying her than he had feared. The change, though he did not grudge Bess her home, was not so welcome to him as to Victoria. The mere fact that he could never speak of his own aim in life before Bess, nor count over his board as he had been used to do, made him more anxious about it; and he could not get the thought of it out of his head while he was away all day crying his crosses in the distant streets.

"Victoria, my dear," he said one evening, when he was home before Bess, and had treated himself to a hasty and furtive glance at his treasure, "I'm castin' about in my mind if we couldn't find a safer place for it, now we've so many strange folks about us. If I only knew somebody as 'ud take good care on it for us."

"It's never from under my pillow, father," answered Victoria, with a smile. "It's as safe as safe can be. Don't you fidget, daddy."

"If I could only lock the door when we go out in the mornin'," sighed old Euclid.

"And leave me locked up all day!" said Victoria, laughing.

"Bess has been with us four weeks," he went on, "and we haven't put a penny to it. And Blackett gives me a curse every time he catches sight on me."

"Father," she said earnestly, "I'd ten times rather be buried in a parish coffin than turn Bess away into the streets."

"Ay! so would I, for myself, lass," he answered. "But it 'ud be hard work for me to follow thee in a parish coffin."

It was still as dark as midnight at four o'clock next morning, when Euclid and Bess, after giving Victoria a cup of tea, left her to sleep away the remainder of the night until daybreak. Her best and soundest sleep generally came to her after they were gone, and she was alone in the quiet garret past which no foot could tramp, and above which was the roof inhabited only by the sparrows.

If Euclid and Bess could have looked through the panels of Blackett's door as they passed it, they would have seen that he was up, and listening; and that Roger was cowering behind him, with a scared and haggard expression on his wretched face. In about a quarter of an hour after their departure, Roger was being

pushed on by his father, with smothered threats and curses in his ears, up the dark staircases, and past the doors of the rooms, whose inmates would be all astir in another hour or less. Roger crept slowly and reluctantly up the last steep flight, and lingered a moment at Euclid's door, while Blackett stood half-way below him, a black figure in the deep gloom, beckoning to him with a threatening gesture to go onwards.

Roger pushed the latchless door gently, and found that it was not fastened within, but yielded at once to his touch. The small fire of coals and wood, lit by Bess, had smouldered down, and showed only a line of red between two lowest bars; yet the faint light it gave fell upon the pale face of Victoria already sleeping a quiet and restful slumber. He looked from that pale, sleeping face, back to the tall, black figure in the darkness, with its uplifted and clinched fist menacing him, and he strode noiselessly into the room. Still he paused for some minutes, dreading to go on, though not daring to go back. Victoria was kind and good to him; but his father was threatening to kill him if he did not execute his commands. Why had he ever learned that old Euclid was a miser, and had heaps of money? and, oh! how could it be that he had ever betrayed to his father the secret he had found out,—that Victoria guarded some precious bundle under her pillow? If he must be a thief, he would a thousand times rather steal from any one than her.

A very slight, but to Roger a very terrible, sound upon the staircase, filled him with a sudden courage. He stretched himself on the floor, and crawled forward to Victoria's side. Very warily and softly his fingers stole up, and under her pillow, where the precious bundle lay. He drew it so slowly and gently towards him, that though Victoria moved a little restlessly, and put her hand up sleepily as if to guard it, she did not wake. In a few moments it lay in his grasp, and he was crawling back across the floor to the dark staircase. The door creaked a little on its rusty hinges as he closed it after him; and he heard Victoria's voice calling out drowsily, "Good-bye, father."

It was after midday before Victoria got up; for she was neither so hungry nor so cold in bed, and it saved firing to lie still as long as she could bear it. She had asked Roger the day before to come up for some pence to buy chips and coal, and he had promised readily to do it; but he did not come. She had just chips enough to kindle the fire, and sufficient coal to keep it alight till Bess or her father should come home. But she could not help wondering what cruelty of his father's was keeping him away, as she watched the tiny tongues of flame, which had to be carefully cherished lest they should die out altogether before the coal was lit. She felt hopeful and happy. The late February days were come, and the sky was clearer; the dense fogs were almost gone for another spell of summer weather; and the clouds that still hung gray above the streets had gleams of blue breaking through them. The deepest misery of the year was over. The days were longer, and would soon be warmer. There was no dreary midwinter to tide over. Victoria, watching her small fire, not quite kindled yet, sang feebly to herself in a piping, tremulous voice; and her wan face wore a brighter smile than it had done for months.

"Why, there's father comin' up the stairs!" she exclaimed. "He's more than an hour early."

It was Euclid, who came in with an empty basket and a pleased face. He had had uncommon good luck, he said, as he sat down before the fire, and stretched his wrinkled old hands over the flame and smoke. He had been reckoning up as he came along home, and he could spare sevenpence-halfpenny to add to the hoard, and so make it level money. Euclid was always uneasy in his mind when his deposit was not level money. Now Bess was away, and sure to be away for another hour or more, he could count the money over, and feast his eyes upon it,—the only pleasure he had in the world.

"It does my old heart good, Victoria, my dear," he said, turning up the old soap box on end. "It's as if it made up for all the pipes I never smoke, and the victuals I never eat, and the sights as I never see. Make the door fast, my dear, and you and me'll have a treat."

Victoria fastened the door with a forked stick, brought from the market, laughing a low, quiet laugh, in which Euclid joined hoarsely, yet heartily. It was as great a treat to him to hear her laugh as to count up his money.

"I've heard a learned man—a great scholar he was," said Euclid, "as had read a heap o' books—talk o' bein' as rich as creases; but whatever he could ha' meant by it, I could never make out yet. I've puzzled over it many and many a hour. If he'd said as cold as creases, or yet as green as creases, I could ha' understood. But as rich as creases, Victoria, my dear!"

"Don't ask me, father," she answered, "I'm no scholar. We've lived on creases; but we've never got rich on 'em."

"Ay, we've lived and died on 'em," said Euclid contemptively. "If we could have all the money as ever we spent, all that's gone in rent, and victuals and clothin' and eeterer, we might, maybe, ha' grown rich by creases; but then where should we ha' been?"

Victoria had lifted up her pillow as he spoke, half to himself and half to her. She stood for an instant gazing down in bewilderment. The old cotton handkerchief, once white with a red border round it, but grown yellow and dingy with age, and with much knotting and unknotting,—the familiar little bundle that had been her father's purse ever since she could remember,—did not lie in its accustomed place. She pushed aside the parcel of rags which served Bess as a pillow; but it was not there. She shook the clothes with a trembling hand, and then sank down on the bedstead, sick and faint with alarm.

"Father!" she breathed in a low, gasping voice, "it's gone!"

For a moment old Euclid gazed at her in a dreamy manner, muttering, "As rich as creases!" as though he did not hear her speak.

"Father!" she cried again, in a louder tone, "our money's gone!"

"Gone!" he repeated.

"It's not here!" she answered. "It's been stolen! stolen! I remember now. There was a click of the door, after I'd fallen asleep, and I called out, 'Good-bye, father!' and it was a thief! O father, father! what shall we do?"

Euclid had started to his feet, and stood trembling and shivering with the shock of terror. Gone! Stolen! The little hoard of money he had scraped together with so many hardships and cares, so much labour and self-denial! The money he might want before the bleak winds of March were gone, to bury his last child in her own coffin. Was it possible that God would allow a thief to steal in, and rob him of such a sacred treasure? Euclid's heart answered, Yes, it was possible; it had come to pass, this overwhelming disaster, and his very soul seemed to die within him.

He sat down again in his broken old chair; for he felt too feeble to hold himself up, and he hid his withered, ashy-pale face in his hands. All the misery and privation and pinching poverty of his sixty years of life seemed to rush back upon him, and roll like a full tide over his crushed spirit. After all his toil and suffering, he would be forced to go upon the parish, if not to-day or this week, well, in a few weeks, or in a few months at the farthest. He might as well give up at once; for he could never save so much money again. And Victoria! Now, if she should fall ill, even a little worse, she must be taken away from him, and go into the workhouse hospital, to die there, among strange, bad women, uncared-for, weeping her last bitter tears on a parish pillow; whilst he, parted from her, was perhaps laying his old gray head on another parish pillow, and turning his face to the wall to hide his bitter tears.

"I must stir up," he said at last, rising stiffly and slowly from his chair, as if he felt himself to be a very old, infirm man; "I must fetch the police, Victoria."

It was not long before a policeman mounted up to Euclid's garret, and heard the whole story of the loss. Nor was it very long, after inquiring who visited them the ofttest, and after seeking a little information among the neighbours, who very eagerly supplied it, before he fixed upon Roger and his father, who bore the worst character in the house. Before an hour had passed, Roger was lodged in the nearest police-station, and Blackett was being sought for in all his usual places of resort.

(To be continued.)

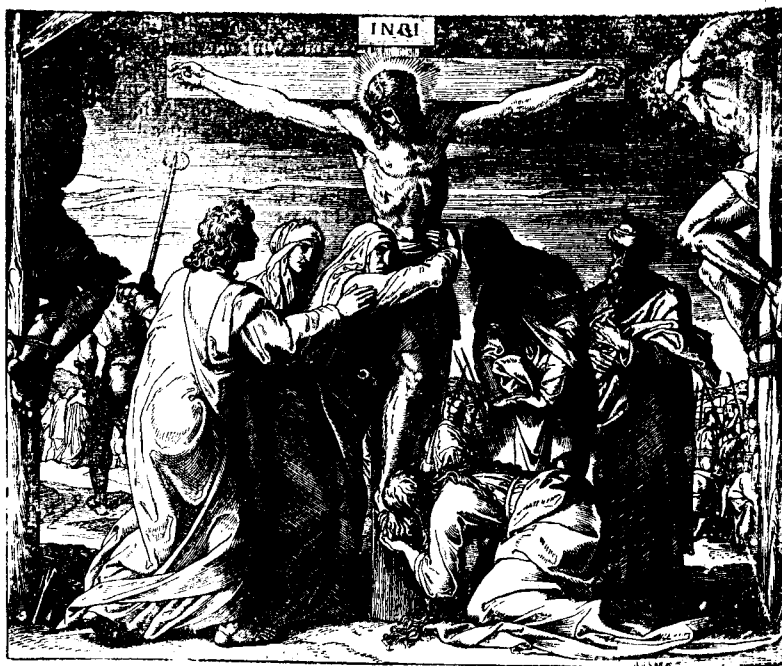
THE LEAGUE AS A TRAINING SCHOOL.

WE have believed from the first that the Epworth League would be a fine training school for young converts, and for all our people. Facts are proving this supposition to be true. From many sections we hear of young Leaguers who are entering upon more extensive methods of religious activity. The St. Louis Advocate tells of six young men who are going out from the Leagues in that city as preachers of the Gospel. Two young ladies will take a course to prepare themselves for missionary work. The League at Fort Worth has three members who will apply for license to preach in a few weeks. One young lady, formerly a member, is already employed as a teacher in one of the schools, under the care of the Woman's Board of Missions.

These are encouraging facts, and ought to remove the last vestige of doubt from the minds of any, as to the utility and wisdom of the Epworth League in our Church. Hold this new movement true to God, as it has evidently started, and we are just entering the golden era of the Church.



SIMON BEARING THE CROSS OF JESUS.



THE FIRST GOOD FRIDAY.

Finding a Place.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

You are looking about,
I have never a doubt,
For a foothold upon this fair earth,
Oh! laddie, so trim,
With the well-rounded limb,
And pride in the place of your birth.

Surveying life's steep,
Your young pulses leap,
And your heart gives a rapturous bound;
You would fain turn your hand,
To some work in the land,
If your place in the world can be found.

That is easy enough;
The way may seem rough
At first, and your heart sometimes fail;
But, with resolute mind,
Your place you may find,
And speed on with a favouring gale.

Make not a false dash,
By being too rash,
But let your good sense have fair play;
"Be brave, honest, and true."
Be your watchword straight through,
Though meagre at first seem your pay.

Above all, don't shift,
And aimlessly drift
With the tide as it comes in and goes;
If you do, oh! my lad,
Your life will be sad;
Small joys with a great many woes.

As I look at your face,
Your limbs supply grace,
Your hands that have laid by their toys,
At your nimble young feet,
In pathway and street,
My prayer is, God bless all the boys!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW,

MARCH 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.—Matt. 22. 32.

I. THE LESSON FRAMEWORK.

The Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly committed to memory. No intelligent and profitable review is possible without these.

1. T. F. A. - - - So God created man—
2. A. S. and G. G. For as in Adam all—
3. C. and A. - - - By faith Abel offered—
4. G. C. with N. - I do set my bow—
5. B. of the H. N. I will bless thee, and—
6. G. C. with A. - He believed in the Lord—
7. G. J. on S. - - Shall not the Judge of—
8. T. of A. F. - - By faith Abraham—
9. S. the B. - - - The life is more than—
10. J. at B. - - - Behold, I am with thee—
11. W. a M. - - - Wine is a mocker.

II. SOME LESSON DETAILS.

1. What was God's work on the sixth day? Over what was man given dominion? What was he given for food? Why was the seventh day sanctified?
2. Who was the first liar? Who was the first sinner? What was the first sin? What penalty was pronounced on the sinners? What was the penalty on the tempter?
3. Who made the first recorded offering to the Lord, and of what? What was the first acceptable offering? What act of violence sprang from these offerings? What was Cain's punishment?
4. What was God's covenant with Noah? What was the token of that covenant? How long was the covenant to last? Who were included with Noah in the covenant?
5. What was God's first promise to Abram? Who went with Abram to Canaan? Where did Abram first erect an altar? Where did he build a second altar? Which way did he then journey?
6. What was Abram's age when his name was changed? What promise was then made to him as to posterity? What as to possessions? How long was the covenant with Abraham to last?
7. For whom did Abraham pray? How many pleas did he make for Sodom? What was the first plea? What was the last plea? What answer was given to each plea?
8. What command was given in order to test Abraham? Who went with Abraham to Moriah? What question did Isaac ask? Who prevented the sacrifice of Isaac? What substitute took his place?
9. What two boys are named in this lesson? What was the occupation of each? With whom was each a favourite? What

bargain did Jacob make with Esau? How did Esau regard his birthright?

10. What night vision did Jacob have? What promise was made to him? What memorial did he set up? What vow did he make?

11. What is always a deceiver of man? What man is called foolish? Who is sure of poverty? What man is hard to find! Whose children are blessed?

III. SOME MEMORY TESTS.

What lesson tells of the first sin and of the first promise of a Saviour? (Answer with Title). What lesson tells of the first covenant and the first sign? What one of the first man and the first Sabbath? What one of the first altar in Canaan and the first promise of the Hebrew nation? What one of a crafty buyer and a foolish sale? What one of the first sacrifice and the first murder? What one of a vision of angels and a solemn vow! What one of the changed name of an old man? What one of a great trial and a great deliverance? What one of two fools and the fruits of their folly? What one of six prayers, all granted?

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 29.] **LESSON XII.** [March 25.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

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

GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Visitors, v. 1, 2.
2. The Stone, v. 3, 4.
3. The Angel, v. 5-8.

TIME.

A. D. 29.—The Sunday after the Passover.

PLACE.—Near Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

"The Sabbath" here referred to is Saturday, the seventh day. "Had bought"—On the evening before the Sabbath, but too late to use on that day "Anoint him"—They may not have known that the body had been already anointed (John 19. 39, 40), or the work that they proposed to do might not have been completely done. "The first day"—Sunday morning, about a day and a half after the body had been placed in the tomb. "Who shall roll"—This was said before they reached the sepulchre. "Entering"—It was a cave hollowed in the rock. "A young man"—An angel (Matt. 28. 2, 5). "And Peter"—Specially named, perhaps, because he had specially sinned. "Into Galilee"—Where took place the meeting named in 1 Cor. 15. 6. "Neither said they"—That is, they did not stop on their way to tell anyone, but went straight to the disciples.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught about—

1. The ministry of angels?
2. The resurrection of Jesus?
3. The duty of testifying for Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was the body of Jesus in the tomb? "From Friday until Sunday." 2.

What then took place? "He rose from the dead." 3. Who first knew of the resurrection? "Mary Magdalene, and o'her women." 4. Who told them of the resurrection? "An angel at the sepulchre." 5. Where did the angel say that they would meet Jesus? "In Galilee." 6. Repeat the Golden Text. "But now is Christ risen from the dead."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection from the dead.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How is Christ a King?

Christ is the Lord of every believer. As the supreme and only Head over all things to his church, he rules and defends his people, brings to fulfilment the Father's purpose, and is subduing all things unto himself.

What is the Gospel?

The good news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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