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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1885.

No. 7.

THE EASTER KISS.

HERE is a beautiful story
Of pilgrims in the East,
Who gather, with the opening year,
To keep the Easter feast.

Stands in the holy city
A chapel fair to see,
Built where our dearest Lord was slain,
On cruel Calvary;

And in the open chapel,
Midway the marble floor,
Rises the rock where stood the cross
That Christ the Saviour bore.

All Easter-day the pilgrims
Move slowly on their knees,
With streaming eyes, across the floor,
The sacred rock to kiss.

The stone, once rough and broken,
Is now worn smooth and round,
Pressed by the lips of those who come
From earth's remotest bound.

SEALING THE SEPULCHRE.

WE see here the chief
priests sealing the
sepulchre, having roll-
ed a great stone to its
mouth to prevent the resurrection
of Jesus. How intent and eager
they seem. And notice the one
in the background who is giving
directions to the guard who come
with sword and spear to keep
watch at the tomb. But

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

The very precautions of the priests
to prevent the resurrection but
made its demonstration the more
glorious. Even the lie which they
put in the mouth of the soldiers
—"while we slept his disciples
came and stole him away"—re-
flects itself. For if they slept
how did they know that the dis-
ciples came? And would any
Roman soldier dare to sleep at
his post—much less a whole com-
pany of soldiers—when the penalty
was death? This crowning mir-
acle of our Lord's life is the best
attested of all. For forty days he
appeared over and over to his dis-
ciples, and once to five hundred
brethren at once, and proved him-
self the risen Christ, the Lord of
death and hell.

AN Irish judge had the habit of
begging pardon on every occasion.
One day as he was about to leave the
bench, the officer of the court reminded
him that he had not passed sentence
on a prisoner as he had intended.
"Dear me!" said his lordship, "I
beg his pardon—bring him up."

OLD LENTEN CUSTOMS.

A CROSS the days from Good
Friday back to Ash Wednes-
day falls the shadow of the
cross, and in the course of the
centuries how many interesting customs
have developed along the line of that

bare feet, they went before the bishop.
The Seven Penitential Psalms were
sung. Then came the bishop's part.
He laid his hands on the head of the
penitents. There was a sprinkling
with holy water. On their heads was
left a little gray ash-heap. Then came
the solemn announcement that they

priest sprinkles ashes on the heads of
his flock, crying out, "Dust thou art,
and unto dust thou shalt return!"
Those are very serious words, but if
any of those lambs have been out the
night before, keeping carnival, till
twelve o'clock, it may be doubted
whether they have any proper idea of
the significance of the little ash-
heap on their heads, and the mean-
ing of the words from Scripture.
The Mardi-Gras celebration of
New Orleans, when the city burst
into an ante-Lenten blaze, attracts
the attention of the whole country
by that sharp glare in the South-
west. People who do not keep
Lent will not be disturbed by the
dazzle huzzah of this Mardi-Gras
demonstration, and others will
reasonably wish for a quiet night
and a devout Wednesday-rising.
This Mardi-Gras is only "Fat
Tuesday" when translated, or the
"Shrove Tuesday," in other cir-
cles, when the people shrive or
confess their sins to the priest of
the Roman communion.

"Get you to the church and
shrive yourself," is a line in Beaumont
and Fletcher. After confession came a season of merriment.
The pancake of England
was a favourite dish. Pancake
Tuesday can scarcely be called a
Lenten shadow, and yet a refer-
ence has been made to the Tues-
day before Lent, and not inappro-
priate will be an allusion here to
the way in which Mother England
put a preface to the thin lean
season of Lent. Taylor, the
water-poet, refers to "Shrove
Tuesday, at whose entrance in the
morning all the whole kingdom is
in quiet, but by that time the
clock strikes eleven, which (by
the help of a knavish sexton) is
commonly before nine, there is a
bell rung called Pancake Bell, the
sound whereof makes thousands
of people distracted and forgetful
either of manners or humanity.
Then there is a thing called
wheat flour, flour which the
cooks do mingle with water, eggs,
spice, and other tragical, magical
enchancements, and then they put
it by little and little into a frying-
pan of boiling suet, where it makes



SEALING THE SEPULCHRE.

shadow. Ash Wednesday itself, the
tip of this shadow, has its peculiar
memories. *Dies cinerum*—day of
ashes—was a name given to this
gateway of Lent. That penitents in
the Church should show their contrition
by wearing sackcloth and ashes, is a
very old custom. Ash Wednesday
has had its peculiar discipline for
offenders. Robed in sackcloth, with

were cast out of the Church as Adam
out of Paradise. In harmony with
this proclamation, the disgraced pen-
itents were shown the door of the
church and left without. The Thurs-
day before Easter they were back
again, the priest and deacons presenting
them at the church-porch for reconcili-
ation. At Rome, that is an impressive
custom on Ash Wednesday when the

a confused dismal hissing (like the
Lernian snakes in the reeds of Acheron)
until at last, by the skill of the cook,
it is transformed into the form of a
flipjack, called a pancake, which
ominous incantation the ignorant peo-
ple do devour very greedily."
At Westminster School, the follow-
ing custom is said to have prevailed
down to the present times. At eleven

in the forenoon there is a small but significant procession of two from the college kitchen. The front man is a verger of the Abl, gowned and carrying a baton of silver. After him walks the cook, who appears in white apron, jacket, and cap. The cook bears an object of more interest to schoolboys than the dignified baton of the verger, it is a pancake. This small procession goes to the schoolroom door. "The Cook" is announced by the pancake-bearer. What a commotion in the school must follow the advent of this humble personage in white! He moves forward to the bar separating the so-called upper school from the lower one, and then flings the pancake out of his pan! Down among the upper schoolboys tumbles the cake, and what a scramble there is!

To pick it up unbroken—that soft mass of baked dough—will gain for any successful boy a handsome prize, while the lord of the pan will have two guineas. This memorable day, though, passes away. Pan and pancake go to their respective places. Merriment ceases. Shrove Tuesday lights fade out and die. The cities, the towns, the little hamlets, the dark, open country, are still. The wind goes wailing from chimney-top to chimney-top, from grove to grove. Perhaps clouds spread their sackcloth over the sky. The rains may drip, and nature, in sympathy with the day, weeps on Ash Wednesday morning. Lent has begun. The idea that dominates in Lent, is that of commemoration of the Saviour's isolation in the wilderness, and some measure of fasting has been practised in the Church. Back in the second century, we have evidence that there was fasting before Easter, but it was not so protracted as subsequently. For a long time fasting was voluntary. In the sixth century, a council decreed that those not practising the abstinence enjoined at stated times should be treated as transgressors. By degrees the screws were tightened. In the seventh century, a council scowled at any eater of flesh during Lent, and declared that offenders should go without it the rest of the year. In the eighth century, the neglecter of abstinence was in danger of excommunication. Still later, some unfortunate flesh-eaters were deprived of their teeth! The forceps, though, did not seem to do the work desired, and the screws were loosened again. Instead of bread, salt and water—the fast-day diet—any food save flesh, eggs, cheese and wine could be used. Then flesh alone was forbidden. The relaxing of the screws, though, was not acceptable to the Eastern Church, and there was a war of words about it between the East and the West. And as men who scorn to use the sword can yet handle effectively that sharp weapon of flesh between their teeth, the war doubtless was a lively one. The Eastern Church to-day exacts rigorous fasts. Even Sunday, which is a day of quiet joy, and while in Lent is not of it, is only conceded in part as a feast-day, if in Lent, to those of the Eastern communion. The Church of England, and its branches, refer to the individual conscience and judgment the question of fasting, and this is the attitude of Protestantism. If one go hungry, bearing in mind that sorrowful Master who, tempted in the wilderness, "afterward hungered," the motive should be respected. If one go hungry in the spirit and strive after that fuller

communion with Christ, satisfying the hunger, unto himself he is a law that should be respected also.—*Rev. Edward A. Rand.*

MYRRH BEARERS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THREE women crept, at break of day,
Agroped along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.
Each in her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store,
As never there had laid before:
Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow riven hearts,
Searched Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odours through and through.
'Twas all their love had leave to do!
Christ did not need their gifts, and yet
Did either Mary once regret
Her offering! Did Salome frot
Over those unused aloes! Nay!
They did not count as waste that day
What they had brought their Lord. The
way
Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
Thenceforth about the robes they wear
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmildful of their morning ease),
Through tragic darkness, dark and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise—all for sake of Him
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as those of old,
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh bearers still—at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God—
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed—
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

WHAT THE EASTER ANGELS SAW.

BY JOHN T. MERCHISTOUN.



AS the Easter angels flew to the rock-hewn grave on the eve before the resurrection, they passed over a broad and godly land whose name has come down to us as the Land of Fair-Seeming. You will not find this name on your school maps, and indeed some who are skilled in the olden tongues have told me that the real name of the land was Panthanasia, and that it meant the Land of All Death. Whether that be so or not, I know that the angels paused for a moment in their flight to look at the scene below, and that no one since has seen what the angels saw on the first eve of Easter.

It was a fair land which the angels looked down upon. The light had not yet faded away, and the twilight fell softly on pleasant meadows and quiet rivers, and now and then a stray sunbeam sparkled in the water of the fountains as it broke murmuring and splashing on the rocks below. It was not often that such a hush came upon this land, for this was the dwelling-place of the pagan gods, and they were wont to hold high revel by day and by night in its beautiful groves and in its fair palaces. But to day there had been no revelling and no joy. Suddenly, on the afternoon of the day before, an awful fear had fallen upon the gods; and to-day though none of them knew why, they were waiting with pain and terror for some great evil which they felt was coming upon them.

If you could have looked with the angels into the meeting place of the false gods, you would have seen a strange sight. All the pagan gods were there of whom you read in your books at school, and some of whom the Bible speaks. I do not dare to tell you all that you would have seen, for the false gods were also wicked gods, and when the people who lived there wished for an excuse to do evil, they said to themselves: "The gods whom we worship do these things, and why should we be better than they?" But you would also have seen many beautiful faces; for some of the gods who dwelt in the Land of Fair-Seeming hid their evil behind masks that looked well outside, and you would never have guessed what was hidden behind them, if you had not looked closely into them, and seen, looking out through them, the eyes of the same old Serpent who tempted Eve in the garden. Jupiter, who often came to the earth to deceive men and women, was there; and so also were Mercury, who tempted men to the love of gain; and Bacchus, who made them destroy their souls and their bodies with wine; and Minerva, who tempted the wise to be proud of their knowledge; and Venus, who made great promises to all, and who led them down to the gates of hell. And among these were gods who did not hide their coarseness and wickedness so cleverly: Baal, to whom human sacrifices were offered up; and Moloch, who delighted in the blood of little children; and Bast, the horrible cat-headed goddess of Egypt; and crowds of satyrs, half-goat, half-man, who mocked and jeered at all that was good and pure. And besides all these there were thousands whom no man could name; monstrous forms that looked like demons, whose malicious faces would have frozen the blood in your veins, and whose eyes, if you had but once looked at them, would have made you feel as if you had been changed into stone. All these were gathered together in one place, and their faces were all turned in one direction.

As the two angels, who were soaring above, paused in their flight, the one touched the other and pointed to the false gods below, and said: "Brother, the time of the overthrow of this evil is nigh." He called him, Brother; for you remember that the angels of the Bible are always men, or youths, perhaps, because so many of God's messages to this wicked world must be borne by strong soldiers, rather than by meek and gentle women.

And the other angel looked down and said: "Yea, brother, before the dawn."

As the angels spoke these words, a great and bitter cry went up from the false gods below; for they heard what the angels said, and knew that the time of their fall was near. For although they knew before that Jesus, the Son of God, had been taken by wicked men, and slain, they did not know what all that meant, and they had not looked for his resurrection. But now, when they saw the two angels speeding their way eastward, they felt that, in some way which they could not understand, the secret of their fate was hidden in the grave which the Roman soldiers were guarding at Jerusalem. And a great, shuddering silence fell upon them, as the darkness came down and the angels melted away into the distance.

But the angels did not slacken in their course, until, looking away before them, they could see three crosses standing out against the sky. Nor did they wait then, nor did they bend their course thither; but they flew, instead, to a rock-tomb, which was closed by a great stone, and before which the soldiers were keeping guard. But the soldiers were asleep, and did not waken; and the angels hovered unseen over the great stone.

"We are in time," said one; and the other smiled and said gently:

"God's messengers are always in time."

And just then a great wonder happened, for the Lord rose unseen of any mortal eye; but the angels bowed down before him, and the angel who had last spoken suddenly flew down and rolled away the stone; and all the earth round about was shaken as by an earthquake. And when the soldiers, startled out of their sleep by a sudden glare of light, looked up, they saw a terrible angel sitting on the stone, and straightway they became as dead men. But the eyes of the angel who sat upon the stone, and of the other who stood by his side, glowed like coals of fire, for they were looking far, far into the night, into the Land of Fair-Seeming. And they saw a great change pass over that land, but a greater change pass over the gods who dwelt in it. For all the beautiful masks fell away; and the face of each was seen in its ugliness, and the gods cursed each other, and fled howling away to the rocks and the caves. And no man, since that day, has seen the Land of Fair-Seeming, nor has looked in upon the revels of the false gods, with all their wickedness and uncleanness and cruelty. So it happens that a Christian child, in these European and American lands of ours, can go into the fields and woods without fear of meeting these cruel gods and the hateful satyre.

Years after, when two of our Lord's servants were carrying his message to a little town in Asia Minor, the people thought that two of their gods had come down to earth again, and they came before them with garlands and offerings. You can read how they found out their mistake in the Acts of the Apostles.

In Germany there is a lonely hill called the Venus Mountain, and the country people will tell you that heathen gods still dwell in it, and that sometimes they lure some careless huntsman into the mountain, to his infinite shame and ruin. This is only a peasant superstition, but it has a terrible truth for Christian folk who fall back into the wickedness which belongs to heathendom.

What I have told you is a parable; partly true, and partly a fable. But the truth which you may learn from it, and which every Easter-day should remind you of, is that it is through the resurrection of Jesus that we, in Europe and America at least, have been delivered from the fear of the false gods. So, besides being a reminder of the resurrection, which we expect for ourselves and for our loved ones, Easter should also be a memorial of the resurrection of the world itself from darkness into light.

GRACE seeing her aunt write a message on a postal-card, called for an envelope, saying, "I'm going to write a letter, too, Aunt Jane; but I don't want it to go bareheaded like yours."

EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. HANCOCK.

HAT day, in old Jerusalem, when Christ, our Lord, was slain, I wonder if the children hid, and wept in grief and pain:

Dear little ones, on whose fair brows His tender touch had been, Whose infant forms had nestled close His loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful little feet

When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in Joseph's garden sweet, And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dimpled cheeks grew white, When He who suffered babes to come was prisoned from the light.

But hark, ere the sleeping world on Easter dawn had stirred, Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked the earliest bird, Some little child whom Jesus loved in slumber may have smiled, By fanning of an angel's wing to happy dreams beguiled.

For, hastening down from heaven above while still the east was gray, The joyful Easter angels came to pause where Jesus lay; So shining strong, and beautiful they swept along the skies, But veiled their faces in the hour that saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce for tears can see, The angels of the Easter-time are sent our help to be; And doubtless he whose task it was to roll the stone away Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a presence sweet to-day.

With beaming looks and eager words the glad surprise he gave To those who sought their buried Lord, and found an empty grave; For truly Christ had conquered death, Himself the Prince of Life, And none of all His followers shall fail in any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter garlands twine, And bring your precious Easter-gifts to many a sacred shrine, And chant with voices fresh and clear—the seraphs singing too— In homage to the Mighty One who died and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to mounds all green and low, Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy flowers, in blithe processions go; And, better still, let offerings of pure young hearts be given On Easter-day to Him who reigns the king of earth and heaven.

AN EASTER MESSAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS LLEWELLYN (L. A. D.)

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was buried for our iniquities."—Isaiah liii. 5.

EASTER DAY seems to me the very gladdest of our Christian festivals. I think it is like passing out of the gloom and darkness of a dreary winter's night into the soft, clear brightness of a beautiful spring day, when bird and tree and flower are glad and gay together. Yes; but there is more than earthly sunshine to make our Easter-day so bright. You know Easter is kept in memory of the greatest day our world has known, and though nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since the first Easter-day, yet the wonderful story of what happened then is as fresh as ever.

We have just been specially remembering a very sad event in the life of that precious Saviour whose birth into our world we were celebrating with

thankful hearts at Christmas. Ah, what a wonderfully loving life his was! Not a very long one, though to some of you who are only nine or ten years old, thirty-three years may seem a very long time. But how much of sorrow and suffering there was in it! And why? You know, don't you, why it all was? Our text tells us. Shall we read the whole of it? It is one verse out of many lovely ones in the same chapter—verses which are full of hope and encouragement and glad thanksgiving for you, as you sadly think of all the wrong things in the past, and wonder how you may come to God and be forgiven. You may come through this Jesus, of whom the whole chapter is full. It is just for his sake that God will receive you, and send into your hearts the sweet sense of his favour and forgiveness. I cannot tell you with what pleased readiness the great Father's ear catches the faintest whisper of his dear Son's name from the lips of any who are really wanting his help. But now let us read the whole verse, and see what it teaches us.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Surely this is good news! You could not have thought of anything so good if God had not written it down in his own book. Here is one who has stood in your place, and borne the penalty of your sin. Think of it! And that one is God's dear and only Son. Yes, he has suffered instead of you; for the next verse tells us that we have all "gone astray" like poor wandering sheep. Instead of following in the steps of our God Shepherd, we have gone on in our own wrong way. Do you not feel that this has been often true of you? And so because we cannot save ourselves, or make an atonement for sin, "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

There is a sense in which these words are true of everybody. It is quite true that Christ died for all—but everybody is not saved. Perhaps some of you are not, as you read these lines. These precious words cannot be a glad message to you until you take the Lord Jesus to be your own Saviour. Will you not do it now? God has laid your iniquity upon him. Remember the precious Saviour was "wounded" and "bruised" and "chastened" for you during those terrible hours in the garden of Gethsemane, when "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Ah, you can never tell how much he suffered there! but it was almost more than even he—the divine Saviour—could bear. Well may you love him with your whole heart's love for what he has done for you. Picture him climbing slowly and sadly the slopes of Mount Olivet, and submitting to all the shame of a death on the cross in order that he might save you. And now, if you are truly sorry for the wrong things in your hearts and lives, which have so often wounded the Saviour afresh, God says you may each of you put the little words "my" and "I" into the verse. Let us do it now: "He was bruised for my iniquities, the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed." Yes, even I, a poor little sinful child—"with his stripes I am healed." O, if you can say this, you will indeed have a glad Easter-tide!

You can bring no thank-offering this Easter to the Lord Jesus so acceptable as yourselves; and then you may bring all sorts of loving deeds done to everybody you can, as grateful thank-offerings to the love which has saved you. I heard some pretty words the other day which I think I must tell you, and I should like all of you who have already given yourselves to Jesus to remember them every day:

"Loving deeds, for Jesus' sake, Now our best thank-offering make."

God bless you all, dear little ones, and give to each a joyous Easter-tide!

"MARY!"

BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

H, the sun rose bright, and the birds sweetly sang That first glad Easter day. When the women came, with their last, sad gifts, To the place where their Master lay; But their hearts were as hushed as the silent tomb, The soft light, to them, was but deeper gloom.

Oh, the little birds caroled their blithest songs When Mary, in sad surprise, Cried, "Sir, if you've borne Him hence away, Tell me, now, where my Master lies." And they wondered, those birds, that she should not rejoice, That she needed to hear her Master's voice.

But the scales fell swift from her tear-bound eyes, And her ears caught the anthem sweet, When her Lord struck softly that loved, lost chord Which brought her, in joy, to His feet; Then her doubts were all merged in the heart's glad creed, As she sang, with the birds, "He is risen indeed."

Oh, the sun shines bright and the birds gaily sing On this glad Easter day: For the anthem swell of that wondrous hymn, It abides in the world always. E'en the green earth tells of an empty tomb, Of a victor crowned in its deepest gloom.

But we stand without, blind, as Mary stood, And our doubts dull our ears to the voice; Oh, speak to us now one low, sweet word, Let our hearts, with the birds, rejoice! Make it more, on our lips, than an idle creed— This glad Easter song: "He is risen indeed!"

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

THE annoyance and insult to which railway travellers and others are frequently subjected, shows that the acquirement has not mended their manners. The very presence of heavy smokers in a crowded and heated assembly, with nature at work to expel the nicotine from their insulted bodies, makes the whole company suffer from the loathsome nuisance. Smokers are—most of them—selfish and disagreeable: they have but little regard for the comfort of others. They have only to remember their own unpleasant feelings when learning to smoke to be convinced how disgusting the weed is to those who do not use it; yet the average smoker will puff his abominable fumes under your very nose, with an air of indifference as sublime as if he were diffusing the aroma of roses.

The unseemly pipe and cigar, the sucking and puffing, the selfish insolence of the smoker in forcing the poisonous smoke, after having been in his dirty mouth and diseased lungs,

into the clothes, food and drink, into the apartments, faces, mouths and lungs of clean persons, ladies and children especially, may be fashionable, but, to say the least, it is not in harmony with the golden rule thus to insult society. Why are these sickening presentations viewed with so little manifestation of disgust, even by the refined? Mostly because we are used to them—they are popular and fashionable.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

How sensible men can feel comfortable, while seeing those with whom they are conversing avert their faces—turn from their disgusting breath, we do not know. Can it be that those who use the filthy weed think that they are making themselves a nuisance for the glory of God? Such people must know that they are slaves to a foolish, debasing lust, which has greater influence over them than their respect for their neighbours' comfort or regard for the claims of God.

Wherever we go we are reminded that smoking is the foe of good fellowship. In places of public amusement, how often does the announcement, "No smoking allowed!" meet the eye. On some railways they provide cars for the principal trains, into which the smokers may be turned as sheep into a pen, and such cars are labelled "For smokers." Thus everywhere the poor smoker goes about, Cain-like, with the brand of "a pest to society" written on his brow.

To those who make the objection, "But this is a free country, and have I not the right to smoke?" we answer Yes, Mr. Smoker, this is a free country, and other people have rights as well as you; and so you have not a right to annoy others unnecessarily. You may have a right to smoke, according to your definition. We do not believe you have a right to smoke, for we believe it is wrong to smoke, and no man has a right to do wrong.—Rev. A. Sims.

EASTER EGGS.

WHEN I was little, like most of you, my pets, it was always a great mystery to me why eggs were used so freely on Easter Sunday. When you break an egg at breakfast on Easter, you are doing just what Roman boys and girls did centuries ago, for they began the first meal of the day with eggs, and the egg was looked upon as a symbol of the resurrection and the future life. The giving of an egg is considered a mark of friendship, and the preparing of it is always a work of love. The Russian salutes a friend on Easter morning with, "Christ is risen," and offers him his Easter egg, and in some parts of Scotland it is said to be the custom for young people to go out early on Easter morning and search for wild fowls' eggs to be used at breakfast, and it is thought lucky to find them.

The confectioner's windows are full of fancy candy eggs, but far prettier are the ones made and decorated by skilful little fingers. Care should be taken, however, that the designs are tasteful and appropriate, and that no ridiculous groupings are painted on them.—Christian at Work.

EASTER TIDE.

"THE Lord is risen, indeed!"
Oh, verily most dear, most sweet,
That makes my faith and joy complete—
My soul's sufficing creed,
That all the past illumines,
Irradiates earth's glooms,
Sheds light on future tombs—
And kindles Adam's dust, and mine,
To immortality divine!

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
Then death is not an endless sleep;
Grim warders shall not always keep
My flesh with ruthless greed.
Since the dear Christ arose—
Conqueror of those last foes—
Which my true life oppose.
Lie where I may, low winds shall wave
Sweet Easter-flowers above my grave.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
I hear His resurrection song,
This sacred morning, roll along
The paths of mortal need.
He could not rise alone;
For me the hindering stone
And watch were overthrown.
Since He is risen I shall arise,
He lifts me to th' eternal skies.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
He lives that I may live through Him;
And this, 'mid doubts and dangers dim,
Is my sufficient creed.
Oh, happy Easter morn,
For all of woman born
Who put not Christ to scorn,
But lay their weakness in His tomb,
To vanish with its mortal gloom.

—William C. Richards.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1885.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

THIS is the glad salutation with which we welcome the glorious Easter-day. What blessed truths are wrapped up in this the Church's watchword, which is repeated all along the ages by the believing sons of men. He, the Lord of life, died once for us. He has thus transformed death. It is no longer, what before it seemed to be, the end of all life, the dark hopeless gulf into which our hopes, our labours, our loves descend, never more to return. Death is proved to be but an experience of life, away from life to life.

He died once. He liveth ever. He is the living Christ. Do we really believe this? Has this truth taken possession of our hearts, dispelled our fears, inspired our work? What room is there for unbelief and despondency? Can he ever fail us? Is he not more

than sufficient for our utmost need? Do we live in him? Oh that we were lifted out of the cold dead formalism in which we have been held; and that we felt the quickening power of the life of the living one. May he grant us all this Easter blessing. May we awake to a new hope and a new life, a life of unselfish devotion, a life of holiness and goodness, a life which death will only come to usher into its glad fruition and completeness.

EASTER JOYS.

WHAT especially has afforded the world joy and peace? It was the resurrection of Christ from the dead. There was joy on his advent, and angels joined in the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest." There is real joy also after Jesus suffered the agonies of the cross to see him come forth victor over death and the grave. How sad were all his disciples and friends to see him suffer and die! How dark the world as the Son of man expired on the cross! What a solemn stillness brooded over the holy city as Joseph took him down, and laid him in his rock-hewn tomb! With what sadness all who loved him spent that night and the succeeding day. Grief had settled down on many hearts who had learned to love the Prince of Peace. But, oh, the joy when it is announced on the morning of the third day that "He is not here, he is risen." Though doubts were mingled with fears, yet how great the joy when the fact is fully declared. Then the darkness fades before the rising light. Then gloom departs like mist before the sun. Then sorrow flies from despondent hearts, and joy and peace begin their loud acclaim, "All hail, all hail." Oh, what a load is lifted from the despondent friend to know that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, and has conquered the powers of eternal darkness and woe.

It is joy even to-day. The Christian rejoices in such a Saviour. The Christian Church hails this day with anthems of praise, for it declares her victory over the great enemy of sin. It makes the demon of despair rage and quake at this strong potentate, who fears neither death nor the grave. With what joy we should celebrate this festival. How appropriate to consecrate one's self to his service as an offering of joy for his salvation.

DR. NELLES's admirable article "On Preaching," in the *Methodist Magazine*, has attracted much notice. It has been reprinted in full in the *Southern Methodist Quarterly Review*, and has been quoted in the *Chicago Current*. This Quarterly also reprints from the *Magazine* the Rev. S. B. Harrison's article on "Agnosticism at the Grave," the substance of which was previously reprinted in the *New York Christian Advocate*. The article on "Canadians on the Nile" has been reprinted in part in the *Chicago Christian Advocate*. The *New York Methodist Review* also highly commends the *Magazine*. Such recognition of a Canadian periodical by foreign journals is very gratifying.

RECEIVED from an anonymous donor 50 cents for Children's Hospital and 50 cents to send S. S. papers to poor schools.

"HE IS NOT HERE."

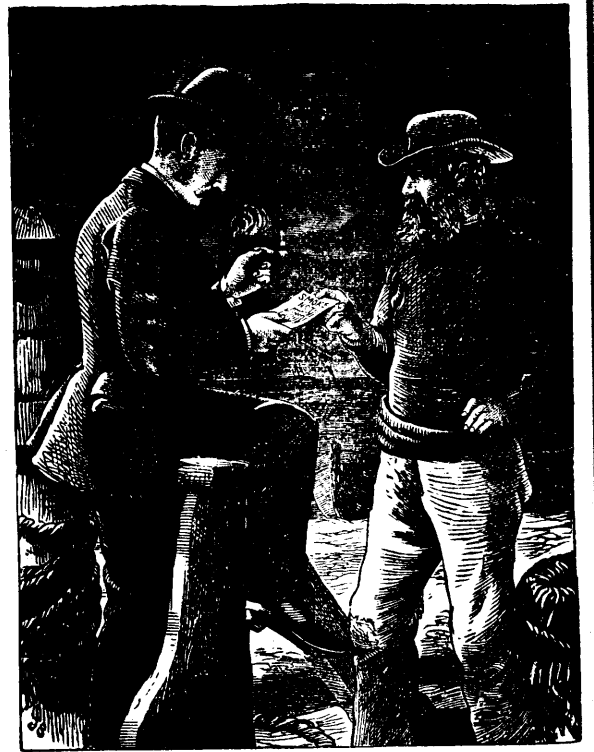
NOW unexpected was this announcement to the women who were still seeking to show regard for their dear Saviour. They could scarcely wait until day-break, but hurried on through the twilight to bear precious spices to the Saviour's tomb. They still expected the body of Christ where Joseph had laid him. Their mission was that of unfeigned love. What startling news when the angel said, "He is not here, he is risen." At first their minds were confused and could not be satisfied. They feared that he had been stolen from the grave, but still they felt that he had power over death and the grave. So he had. He came forth from his narrow prison. He arose the first fruits. He triumphed. He thus subdued his enemies. He put to confusion the Scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees. He was no longer the mean, contemptible Nazarine of former days. He now is the wonder of wonders. Nature seemed to be in close harmony with the spiritual. Jesus the spiritual sun shed his glory o'er a darkened world. He broke the power of reigning sin. "He is not here" indicated that he was somewhere. He was not overcome, neither disqualified for the greatest trials. He triumphed after all human vengeance had been expended.

Men of Invention and Industry. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. Pp. 382. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The world is always willing to hear whatever the author of those famous books, "Self-Help," "Character," "Thrift" and "Duty," has to say. He has given us here another volume of industrial biography full of inspiration to every reader. The men whose achievements are here recorded are some of the less known inventors or "captains of industry." Among them are Pheneas Pett, one of the pioneers in British ship-building; Francis Smith, who introduced the screw propeller; John Harrison, inventor of the marine chronometer; Frederick Koenig, inventor of steam printing; the Walters of the *Times*, and other benefactors of mankind. Of special interest is the chapter on students in humble life, rich in lessons of hope and courage to the young and to all who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"The *Canadian Methodist Magazine*" for March. Toronto: William Briggs; \$2 a year, \$1 for six months, single number 20 cents.

There are four well-illustrated articles in this number: "Wanderings in Spain," "How Tiles are Made," "The Cruise of the Challenger," and a Life Sketch of General Gordon, with portrait. Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical



'SMOKE NOT.'

Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, contributes an admirable paper on "Worry," and the Rev. W. S. Blackstock one, "Some Salient Aspects of American Methodism." Two capital stories are given—"Bible Braid," and "Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight." A chapter of Hymn Studies, and Life Sketch of the late Dr. Richey, and other articles, make up an excellent number. Back numbers can still be supplied.

SMOKE NOT.

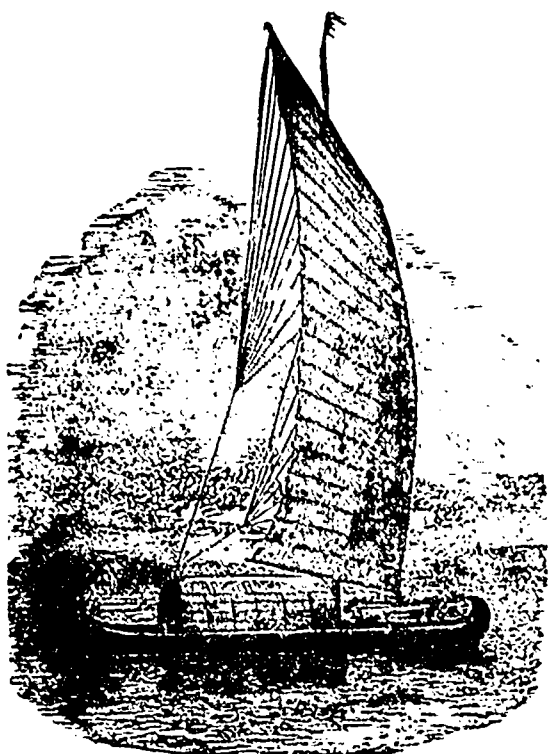
HAVE a pipe of tobacco, water-man?" said a young man at one of our seaports. "No, thank you, sir, I don't smoke."

"Don't smoke?"
"No, sir, haven't smoked a pipe this ten year. One of my customers, a Miss Johnson, gave me this tract, 'Smoke Not' Well, sir, that tract hit me upon every point: it was written so well that it described every feeling a great smoker has. Well, I finished my pipe, knocked out the ashes, stopped smoking, gave up a bad habit, and, without any offence, sir, it would be a good thing if you would read the tract and give up a bad and injurious habit."

It is much better still, boys, never to begin an evil habit like this.

THE DOG AND THE TELEPHONE.

AN intelligent dog was recently discovered wandering about the streets of an American city, by a gentleman who knew it. He at once asked its master by means of the telephone whether he had lost his dog. The reply came, "Yes; have you seen it?" To which the further instruction was sent, "Suppose you call him through the telephone." Accordingly, the dog was lifted up and the ear-piece placed at his ear. "Jack! Jack!" shouted its owner, whereupon Jack, recognizing the voice, began at once to yelp most vigorously, and licked the telephone in a friendly way, evidently thinking that its master was inside the machine.



JAPANESE JUNK-LIFE.

"HE IS RISEN."

"THEY have taken Him away!"
Oh, loving hearts that pray
To know where they have laid the crucified,
Lift up your eyes and see!
The Lord is risen, and He
Is standing in His glory by thy side,

In lone Gethsemane,
On darkened Calvary,
Within the garden where His tomb was
made,
He could not fail to know
Their grief who loved Him so,
He knew the pain in which His children
prayed.

Oh, never far from thee
The loving Christ can be
When for thy sake from heaven to earth He
came.
Seek not among the dead;
He is not there. Instead,
He lives within each heart that loves His
name.

JAPANESE JUNK-LIFE

"ONE of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," said a recent traveller, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousands of which frequent every bay along the coast. The junks always belong to the members of one family; and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board. The smaller sail-boats are made like a narrow flat-boat; and the sail (they never have but one) extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction—that is, the mast runs up the middle of the sail when it is spread. In these little boats men are born and die without ever having an abiding-place on shore. Women and all wear little clothing except in rainy weather, when they put on layers of fringed straw mats, which give them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this water-tight straw fringe, and go to sleep all together like a lot of pigs. A child three years old can swim like a fish; and often children who will not learn of their own accord are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetually tumb-

ling overboard; but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little, go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what age these boys and girls learn to scull a boat. I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boat-men got drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid; nor will any boat-man save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boat-man's life keeps a chafing soul only so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor, whom the gods, by fate, seem to have selected

for the purpose."

MISSION SCENES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY ANNIE PARKINSON.

PRESUMING that the readers of PLEASANT HOURS are not tired of reading of our work among the Indian tribes of the North-West, and that a few lines from one who has been sharing their joys and sorrows for the last six years, will be acceptable, I will avail myself of the privilege extended to workers in this field by the editor, and pen you a few lines.

Now, dear reader, don't imagine I'm going to give in detail an account of work done during those years, but just a reminiscence or two as they present themselves to my mind.

My first impressions of Indians and their manner of life, were not of the most favourable character. Were I to relate some of my experiences during my residence among them I fear you would hardly credit them. But at this time I wish to entertain you by relating some of the more pleasing features of our work.

After some time had elapsed we got acquainted with the people and found that living among the Indians gave more pleasure and enjoyment than we anticipated even in our most sanguine moments. It became a delight to us to teach the little ones and instruct them in things secular and spiritual. Among the old we had, and have still, many friends. Some of them have gone home and now walk the streets of the Celestial City and join in the song of the redeemed. Old Dan (the prospective chief of the Oxford House band) was one of them. A truly Christian old man—living up to the light he had, and enjoying close communion and fellowship with God the Father and Jesus Christ our Saviour.

How well I remember the last time he preached at the mission—he was so feeble. He came up in his canoe. I went out and said: Dan, you had better have a cup of tea and something to eat before you go in to

service. He sat down and I brought him some cake and tea. But no, he couldn't eat then, and said he would come to the kitchen after the service was over. He tried to preach, but had to sit while addressing the congregation, and could speak only in a whisper. I never saw him after. He soon went home. "His body with his charge laid down, and ceased at once to work and live." He was not rich in this world's goods, but rich in faith. I dismiss him with a prayer that you and I may thus be found ready when the Master calls.

Now come stand with me by the bedside of a little boy, probably eight years of age. The night before he died I visited him. Taking his hand I said, "Donald, are you in much pain? With a moan he replied, "Yes, very much." "Would you like to get better?" "No, no, I don't want to very much." "Do you love Jesus?" "Yes, and I want to go home." "Who will you see there?" "My brother," he replied. "And who is your brother?" I asked, not knowing exactly what he meant. "Jesus," he replied, "and I want to go to Him." Poor little fellow! his sufferings were soon ended, for ere another sun had set the angel of death came and wafted his spirit home to God who gave it, and little Donald was with his Elder Brother.

One of my little pupils passed away to the better land during my stay at Oxford House. He was only a few days sick. I had not the privilege of visiting him, as it was winter, and he lived at some distance from the mission. His friends told me that for some time before his death he was very happy. He told them he saw angels, and would point up, while a most beautiful smile illuminated his countenance, and tell his mother to look at them. His death almost broke his mother's heart. But the Healer was there drawing her heart and affections out after Him who had taken her babe to Himself. She had apparently forgotten her God, and on the death of her little boy was almost in despair, crying out in her grief, "that she would never see him again," "that she could never go where he had gone!" Her sins as mountains rose hiding her loving Saviour from her view, but in her calmer moments she found Christ gracious still, and when last I saw her she was trying to live so as to join her little boy at last.

I might tell of others whose godly lives and happy deaths have cheered our hearts and encouraged us to greater exertions in the Master's service

I AM THE RESURRECTION.

WHEN Jesus stood by the grave of Lazarus he taught the great principle of the resurrection by precept and example. He said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and then as it were to prove his words beyond a doubt he said, "Lazarus, come forth." Lazarus arose, and he gave him to his weeping but now rejoicing sisters. Here Jesus taught a truth and verified it. He only showed the possibility of a greater miracle. He could look forward to his own death with the conscious assurance that he would conquer death and the grave. In this he showed the power he had over death, but in his own resurrection he more fully established it, that in him was life, the power of life, the possibility

of imparting new life to the dead. His resurrection from the dead proclaims him victor. Hence, what comfort and hope this affords the Christian. Death is disarmed, the grave has lost its terror, and the man passes beyond its power and influence into the everlasting abodes of heaven or hell. The resurrection of the dead applies to the righteous and unrighteous. Both come forth, but the one is a resurrection to the eternal life of peace and happiness, and the other a resurrection to eternal punishment and suffering. "Now, is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order, Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." It is by Christ's power that the unrighteous comes forth from the grave, and having no claim higher than this is assigned a place among the sufferings of hell. With what serious thought, then, we should dwell upon the great subject in hand. How the present controls the future! How we now seal the condition of the future. Christ stands before us as the power of a resurrection to eternal life. By accepting him now we make certain of the future condition of body and soul. These shall be united, and be the recipients of everlasting peace. These shall be one in the great world of uncreated light and love, if we are one with Christ. Hence, it should concern every child of grace, and every follower of Satan. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

DON'T BEGIN IT, BOYS.

THERE is a young lad in this city who has a good place, and attends faithfully to his duties. He had one bad habit, and that was chewing tobacco, in which he indulged more freely than men who had chewed for fifty years. Last Saturday a gentleman offered the boy \$5 if he quit chewing for a year. Another followed suit, and a third, all signing their names to a paper agreeing to give the same sum. The boy said he would win the money, washed his mouth, and began it right away. Sunday he felt badly, and Monday he was worse. Tuesday he shook and trembled like a man with the *delirium tremens*, and yesterday he was confined to his bed, from which he has got up, and it will take some time before the effects of the poison in his system can be worked out.

A GOOD RULE.

A MAN who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and after this I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this that I owe my prosperity."

WHISPERS.

BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

LISTEN, my darlings, listen!
Hold your ear to the dark, cold earth!
Do you hear the buds and blossoms
Far below, in their wild, sweet mirth!
Buttercups, dandelions, daisies,
And dear little grasses too,
They are singing a merry roundelay
The long, weary winter day through;
And this is the song's sweet burden
As it falls on my heart to-day,—
"Still there's spring for us here, O children
dear!
We'll bring it to you, in May."

Listen, my darlings, listen!
Hear the stately elm talk to the wind!
Did you think it had left all memory
Of summer's wrath far behind!
When the fierce wild tempest gathers,
Has it never a word to say
Of the secret sweet it is holding close
Till its grand coronation day!
Ah, it shouts in the angry tempest,
And it whispers soft to the moon,—
"There's a warm life throbbing within my
veins,
You shall see its rich blossom, in June."

Listen, my darlings, listen!
'Tis the gladsome brook calling you now.
Ah, its warm heart was not frozen
When the ice-bands clasped its brow!
The song it now sings, it is sweeter
Than any the summer knew,
For it whispers of hope in its faint, clear
lay,
And it tells of a victory, too.
"Oh, the snow and the ice cannot hold me,
I am flowing on, to the sea;
I've my work to do and my song to sing,
In the winter's cold, in the glad warm spring,
Then rest—and eternity."

Listen, my darlings, listen!
All nature has joined in a psalm.
May it fall on your hearts with its rhyth-
mical beat,
And hush your sweet lives into calm:—
"Stern winter may come with his cold and
blight,
But his reign cannot last for aye;
Our earth is warm to its great heart's
core,
Spring shall conquer forevermore,
And the night must end in the day.
Oh, the brook will flow, and the daisy
grow,
The song can never cease,
Summer's life all lies hidden in winter's snow,
While, depth upon depth, in the waves below,
'Neath the storm, throbs the pulse of
peace.
June's warmth is aye with us, beneath and
above,
For the heart of this world is a heart of love."

EASTER LILIES.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

RATHER," called a soft
young voice down the stair-
way, and the wealthy
banker, John Barrett,
paused in the act of draw-
ing on his warm, fur-lined
gloves, and turning his
head, gazed at the pretty
speaker standing at the
head of the stairs with a look of pride.
She returned his look with one half
teasing, half coaxing, and repeated the
word in a lower tone.
"Well, Agnes, what is it?" said he
rather soberly.
"I want you to bring me some
Easter lilies when you come home, for
the school to-morrow. It is all done
but some lilies, and there are none in
Plympton, not a single one, and we
want our school to look nice, don't we,
papa Bruin!" And as she pronounced
the not inappropriate nickname, she
ended with a laugh like the peal of
sweetly-chiming bells.
He smiled, shook his slightly bald
grey head at his pretty daughter, and
with a half-spoken assent opened the
door and strode down the steps to the

corner where he met his car. It was
nearly full, but there was room for
him, and he crowded in beside a pale,
care-worn looking woman, whose next
neighbour was a young girl whose very
plain and unfashionable attire could
not hide her wonderful beauty.

John Barrett glanced over the car
with the assured glance of a man with
a full pocket-book, noticed the pretty
and (it seemed to him) half-familiar
face of the young girl, and then opened
his newspaper.

But his reading was interrupted by
a low, half-whispered question from
the young girl just mentioned to the
woman who sat next. Low as it was,
his ear, trained to unusual keenness,
caught the words.

"Mamma," said the speaker, "can-
not we manage to get just one? Papa
likes Easter lilies so much; you know
his mother used to have them in her
garden, and Easter comes on his birth-
day, too, this year. Can't we manage
it some way?"

"No, Lily, we really cannot; Will
and John and Rob all must have shoes,
and papa's sickness, you know."

The words were not loud, but the
banker heard them.

"Well," said the young lady deci-
sively, "I only wish papa's brother,
the rich banker, would die, and leave
all his money to papa."

"Lilian Barrett," said her mother
severely, "hush! never say that again.
He has a wife and daughter," and she
whispered a few words in the girl's
ear.

The young lady repressed a rebel-
lious quiver of her pretty lips, and sat
silent, but the tiny fist in the shabby
glove clinched itself on her well-worn
shawl.

The banker stared at her over the
top of his paper. So this shabby young
female was his niece. Yes, the brown
eyes were like Will's, certainly—Will,
his brother, with whom he had quar-
relled years ago. It must be his wife
and daughter. "So she wished me
dead, the minx!" thought he. "Wonder
if she knew me? She could not!
So Will is sick. If he had not been
so obstinate, he'd have done better."

So he sat musing until the car
stopped at one of the dingiest streets
on the outskirts of the city, and his
two neighbours left the car.

"So that is where they live!" mut-
tered he to himself. "Wonder how
Will with his fastidious, refined tastes
likes it?" and a grim smile played
round his stern mouth.

But thought went on: "What ails
Will, I wonder? He always was a
delicate chap. Mother!"

He stopped short in his musing with
a start. How well he remembered
his mother's pale, refined face, so like
Will's, by the way; and the day she
died she had put his little curly-haired
brother's hand into his own and said,
"Take care of my baby, John." Had
he fulfilled the promise he made her
then? Had he taken care of Will?
And he reviewed the miserable day of
their quarrel—the look that came on
the young fellow's handsome, boyish
face, as, forgetting all restraint, he had
lifted his hand and struck the young
man where he stood. That ended it;
from that day to this they had never
spoken, seldom met. He had seen
Will's marriage in the papers—that
was all he knew.

The car stopped, and the conductor
touched him on the shoulder. He
hastily rose, and quitting the car went

up the marble steps of the bank. But
amid the routine of business the words,
"Take care of my baby, John," ming-
led with, "I wish my father's rich
brother, the banker, would die," kept
ever repeating themselves in his head.
And sometimes a half-forgotten verse
about the blood of one's brother call-
ing to an awful Power from the ground
came into his memory.

Altogether it was a most uncomfort-
able day, and when he stepped into a
florist's on his way home, in the early
afternoon, his thoughts ran in the same
channels most persistently.

When the order was given he still
lingered.

"Anything more, sir?" said the
polite florist.

"Yes," slowly said the banker,
"you may give me half a dozen more
Easter lilies, and send them to—no,
I'll take them myself; send the rest
directly to my house," and with the
waxen blooms closely wrapped up, he
started rapidly up the street.

The perfume of the flowers reminded
him of the lilies that grew in the old-
fashioned garden of the farm-house
where his boyhood had been spent.
"I had better throw them away," said
he, somewhat angrily. "I won't go
there."

He had by this time reached the
street where the two women had
alighted in the morning. On its
corner was a large grocery store, whose
proprietor came forward rubbing his
hands as he entered.

"What can I do for you this after-
noon?" said he respectfully, for the
rich attire and haughty air of his sup-
posed customer evidently impressed
him.

"Have you—do you know a family
named Barrett on this street?" said
the banker, with a little embarrass-
ment.

"Willard Barrett?" said the grocer,
and in response to a nod, he went on:
"Yes, sir, he's a good man, but un-
fortunate—sick—consumptive-like.
His wife's an awful smart woman; she
sews and the boys run errands, and
Miss Lily, the daughter—she's a clip-
per. She gives music lessons, and
copies papers, and teaches fancy-work.
If he owes you, sir, don't bother him.
In my opinion he's not long to live."

"Will you give me his number?"
said John Barrett with a sternness
assumed to hide a sudden weakness of
his eyes.

"Well, 'tis third door opposite,"
said the grocer, shortly, and as the
banker left the store the worthy man
sent a wrathful glance after his retreat-
ing form.

But John Barrett, led by an irresist-
ible impulse, already stood at the door
of the shabby house which stood half
ajar. Led by the memory of those
few words, "Take care of my baby,
John," he mounted the miserable stair,
and opened the door of the poor, dis-
mal room. He half saw the wonder-
ing face of his brother's wife, who rose,
still holding her coarse sewing, as he
entered, heard the low cry of the lovely
girl copying at the low table by the
one window, as she saw the lilies in
his hand, but all his thoughts and
glances were riveted on the hard,
scantily-covered bed, where lay a pale-
faced, hollow-eyed man, with Will's
brown curls and sensitive mouth.

This man, after one long look at the
intruder's face, cried out, "John, O
John!" and half rose on his couch,
while the banker, with a stifled sob,

sprang forward, and dropping the lilies
he held in the half-outstretched hand
of the invalid with the husky words,
"An Easter peace-offering, Will," he
fell on his knees beside the bed and
hid his face in the ragged quilt that
covered the wasted form of his brother.

EASTER HYMN.

BY KATE SUMNER BURR.

WHILE in the temple choir above
The harps of gold are ringing,
Our overflowing hearts of love
A song of praise are singing;
Nor hearts alone; each tuneful voice
Repeats the wondrous story:
All nature seemeth to rejoice,
And give to God the glory.

How blest are we who thus may share
The harmonies of heaven;
Each Christian heart a temple fair
To holy service given.
How blest are we upon whose sight
The Easter morning brightens;
How blest are we whose mental night
The Gospel ray enlightens!

TO THE YOUNG FOLK.

MY dear Young Friends,—I
thought I would write a
letter to you this month,
and may do so from time to
time. I know how much young peo-
ple can do if they are willing, and I
am sure a great many of you would
be willing to do good, if you only
knew how to go about it. There are
a great many people, both young and
old, who never hear anything about
the heathen, or about the missionaries
who are sent to tell them of Je-us and
his great love to them, because they
very seldom, if ever, have an oppor-
tunity of hearing a returned mission-
ary, and because there is little or
nothing about them in the papers they
read.

To make up for this less we publish
a missionary paper every month; and
it is only by taking such a paper as
this that they can learn of the condi-
tion and needs of these people. Now,
what you could do is to persuade your
friends and acquaintances to send for
our paper, *The Missionary Outlook*, so
that all may have a copy in their own
homes. The price of a single copy is
only forty cents a year; but if you can
get eight or more persons to take it,
it will only cost each of them twenty-
five cents a year. We would then
send them all in one parcel to your
address, and I am sure it would make
you very happy to give each one his
or her paper after you have opened
your package. If you secure any
orders, send the money and your own
address to the Methodist Mission
Rooms, Toronto, and the papers will
be sent regularly. If you cannot get
as many as eight subscribers, take as
many as you can at the forty cent rate.
There are going to be some very nice
pictures and a good deal of interesting
reading, and I am sure all will be
pleased with the paper when they
receive it, especially as it is so cheap.

This is one way in which you can
work for Jesus, for when people know
more about these things they will be
sorry for those who have never heard
of the Saviour, which will cause them
to pray for them, and to give their
money to help to send them the
Gospel; and perhaps some, through
these means, may even become mis-
sionaries themselves.—*The Editor of
the Outlook.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

WAS the day when God's anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the guilty cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentle hate and Jewish malice,
Lift the royal victim high,—
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the prophet once uplifted,—
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied:
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus;
While exalted there we view Thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer, victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May the sacred symbol be.
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to Thee.

Still to Thee, whose love unbounded,
Sorrows deep for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore,
Glory to Thy cross for ever!
Star that points our high endeavour,
Whither Thou hast gone before.
—Frederic Henry Hedge.

HABIT.

BOYS and girls, you can obey
the text, "Learn to do well
to-day and to-morrow, and the
next day. It is the same as
learning to skate. You fall, and rise
again. You fall but try again. After
a little you can stand, and then can
push out out one foot, and by-and-bye
the other, until at last away you go,
gliding over the ice like the wind.

Learning to do well is like learning
to swim. You wade into the water,
but not very far, for fear you will
drown. You try to swim, but sink.
You try again and do a little better.
You swallow a good deal of water; it
gets into your ears and eyes and nose,
but you keep on splashing, and finally
can swim. So you must keep on doing
well until you learn how, and it has
become a habit. A habit is something
which we have. That is what the
word means. It often becomes some-
thing which has us.

A habit is formed in the same way
that paths on roads are. You often
see people "cutting across lots." Where
they do this a narrow strip of
grass about a foot or fourteen inches
wide will soon be trodden to death,
and a narrow strip of ground, about
the same width beneath it, will be
trodden hard, and that is a path. It
is made by being walked over again,
and again, and again. You can soon
get into the habit of doing a thing if
you will do it over and over many
times. The more you do it the easier
it will become, just as a path grows
wider and plainer the more it is trav-
elled. It is hard to keep people from
going across lots after a path is once
made; and so it is hard to stop doing
what we have fallen into the habit of
doing. It will not be easy for you to
"do well" after you have once learned
to do wrong. Bad habits are like ruts
made by carriage wheels in country
roads; they hold people fast. I once
read of an old man who had crooked
fingers. When a boy his hand was as

limber as yours. He could open it
easily, but for fifty years he drove a
stage and his fingers got so in the
habit of shutting down on the lines
and whip, that they finally shut. The
old man can never open his hand
again.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into
the habit of swearing, refuse to swear
at all. If you do not wish to become
the slaves of tobacco, let cigarettes
alone. If you do not wish to die
drunkards, never begin to tinkle. If
you do these things even a few times,
they may become habits and hold you
fast. You would then smoke and
swear and drink almost without know-
ing it, or knowing why. "Learn to
do well," but "Abhor that which is
evil."

WONDERFUL ANSWERS
TO PRAYER.

TWENTY-six years since on
the 14th day of February,
1859, in answer to prayer
I was savingly converted to God. A
wonderful transformation in my life
took place. I could tell the readers of
PLEASANT HOURS of many wonderful
answers to prayer in the intervening
years, but what I wish to say now is
what has occurred during the last two
or three years.

Nearly three years ago I was a
comparative stranger in this country,
and, being out of employment, I was
compelled to take work in a factory
that I had never in my life touched
before; it was some miles from Toronto,
and I felt the separation from my
family very much.

One day in ascending on the elevator
I had the narrowest escape from
instant death—about two seconds and
I should have lost my life. After I
got back to my work I was so im-
pressed with the goodness of my
Heavenly Father's providential care
and mercy that I began to pray as I
had not prayed for some years before
—not only for myself, but for the
salvation of my own children and the
children of God's people in every place.
Day and night for some weeks I cried
to God that my children might be
saved.

*Answers from the good Lord of
Heaven.*—One night in less than one
year from this time my eldest daughter
came home and said she had been to a
prayer-meeting—was invited to the
penitent form to seek salvation—she
went forward and obtained it. During
the last 12 or 15 months she has by
the grace of God been instrumental in
leading hundreds of precious souls to
the Saviour.

Then, about the same time, another
daughter, whose heart, like Lydia's,
was gently opened, got salvation,
and is now faithfully working in two
Sabbath-schools every Sunday, teaching
and training the young for God. And
yet another whose heart the Lord has
touched got saved, and is girding on
the armour and getting ready for the
conflict. "Oh wondrous power of
faithful prayer."

And so in response to these "Wonder-
ful Answers to Prayer" I have laid four
more of my children on the altar,
praying that early in life they may
become God's children and faithful
workers and successful labourers in
the Lord's vineyard.

Let them go, my Lord, singing,
teaching, or preaching for Christ, so

that they may extend the Redeemer's
kingdom and win souls to God.

And so I think of the "Great Day"
when I shall stand before the "Great
White Throne" and shall say "Here
am I and the children thou hast given
me," and all the hundreds or thousands
of other precious souls won by thy
grace and through their instrumen-
tality to thee.

THE CROOKED TREE.

SUCH a cross old woman as
Mrs. Barnes is! I never
would send her jelly or any-
thing else again," said Molly
Clapp, setting her basket down hard
on the table. "She never even said
'Thank you!' but 'Set the cup on the
table, child, and don't knock over the
bottles. Why don't your mother come
herself instead of sending you? I'll
be dead one of these days, and then
she'll wish she had been a little more
neighbourly.' I never want to go
there again, and I shouldn't think you
would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and
see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry-
tree!" called Tom through the window;
and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as
Molly flew out over the green to the
next yard.

Her mother watched with a good
deal of interest the efforts of two stout
men as, with strong ropes, they strove
to pull the crooked tree this way and
that. But it was of no use.

"'Tis as crooked as the letter S, and
has been for twenty years. You're
just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws,"
said Joe, as he dropped the rope and
wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun
twenty years too late on tobacco and
rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and
it's as hard to break off with them as
to make this old tree straight. But I
signed the pledge last night, and with
God's help I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to
keep it, Joe," responded his master.
"Our religion gives every man a
chance to reform. No one need despair
so long as we have such promises of
grace to help."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the
man, humbly; "but I shall tell the
boys to try and not grow crooked at
the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly, as she stood
by the window again at her mother's
side, "I know now what is the matter
with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't
try to be pleasant and kind now; for
she's like the old tree—it's twenty
years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help,
to try to do better; but my little girl
must begin now to keep back harsh
words and unkind thoughts. Then
she will never have to say, as Joe said
about the tree, 'It is twenty years
too late.'"—*Child's World.*

A CONFIRMED old bachelor was out
at a social gathering the other evening,
where he was so unfortunate as to
become seated behind a party of
vivacious young ladies. Conversation
turned upon athletic subjects, when
one pert young miss inquired: "Mr.
Brown, what is your favourite exer-
cise?" "Oh! I have no preference;
but just at present I should prefer
dumb belles," was his rather curt
reply.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

THE other day we stood by a
cooper who was playing a
merry tune with his adz round
a cask.

"Ah!" said he, "mine is a hard
lot—driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith
on a hot summer day, as he wiped the
perspiration from his brow, while the
red iron glowed on the anvil; "this
is life with a vengeance, melting and
frying one's self over a hot fire."

"O that I were a carpenter!" ejacu-
lated the shoemaker as he bent over
his lapstone. "Here I am, day after
day, wearing my soul away making
soles for others—cooped up in this
little seven-by-nine room. Hi-ho-hum!"

"I'm sick of this outdoor work!"
exclaimed the bricklayer—"broiling
under the sweltering sun or exposed
to the inclemency of the weather. I
wish I were a tailor!"

"This is too bad!" petulantly cried
the tailor—"to be compelled to sit
perched up here, plying the needle all
the time. Would that mine were a
more active life!"

"Last day of grace; banks won't
discount; customers won't pay; what
shall I do?" grumbles the merchant.
"I had rather be a truck, a dog, or
anything else."

"Happy fellows!" groans the law-
yer, as he scratches his head over some
dry, musty records; "happy fellows!
I had rather hammer stones all day
than puzzle my head over these tedious,
vexatious questions."—*Selected.*

"MOTHER'S TURN."

IT is mother's turn to be taken
care of now," said a winsome
young girl, whose bright eyes,
fresh colour, and eager looks
told of light-hearted happiness. Just
out of school she had the air of culture
which is an added attraction to a blithe
young face. It was mother's turn
now. Did she know how my heart
went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers in the love of
their daughters entirely overlook the
idea that they themselves need recrea-
tion. They do without all the easy,
pretty and charming things and say
nothing about it; and the daughters
do not think there is any self-denial
involved. Jenny gets the new dress
and the mother wears the old one
turned upside down and wrong-side
out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip,
and mother stays at home and keeps
house. Emily is tired of study and
must lie down in the afternoon; but
mother, though her back aches, has no
time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your
mothers. Coax them to let you relieve
them of some of the harder duties
which for years they have patiently
borne.—*Intelligencer.*

THREE Western country people—an
old man and two daughters—happen-
ing to be in the city, entered a store
in idle curiosity. The first object to
attract their attention was the elevator
silently moving up and down with its
cargoes of passengers. "What's that,
pa! that thing going up and down,
with sofas in it!" asked one of the
daughters. The old man gave the
elevator a long, calm, deliberate stare,
and exclaimed with awe-struck voice;
"It's a telephone! The first I ever
see!"

TRUE EASTER.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast;
Does she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen
indeed!"

Long past is the Lenten morning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light.
Set every song to gladness;
Why should the Bride have sadness?
Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen in-
deed!"

He suffered once and forever
The cross, the smiting, and pain,
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen! Yea, He hath risen
indeed!"

Always so ready to ease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the living Jesus
May walk with us day by day.
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,
"The Christ is risen! The Christ is risen
indeed!"

—Lillie E. Barr.

THE DRUNKARD'S FLUSHED
FACE.

EVERY one is familiar with the flushed face of the drunkard. It is a fixed characteristic. Even the moderate drinker has it more or less, though it may seem to himself, and to many others, a look of health. So, too, the face may be flushed for a time by a single glass of wine. Now, every internal surface of the body is, without exception, equally flushed. Science at length explains this. It is due to the paralyzing effect of the alcohol on the nerves that regulate the contraction of the arteries—for the arteries are not mere tubes, but contract and dilate, like the heart, and this dilation and contraction depend on the nerves that accompany the arteries in all, even their minutest, ramifications. When thus dilated unduly, the capillaries become engorged, and the heart beats with increased rapidity, because of the lessened resistance of the arteries. In the case of the habitual drinker, this engorgement becomes permanent. Let it now be remembered that it is not confined to the surface of the body, but extends to every organ and every tissue.

Hence, we have in the habitual drinker, even though he may never be drunk, a congested stomach, giving rise to the worst forms of confirmed indigestion; a congested liver, causing it first to distend and thicken, and then to harden, thereby obstructing the flow of the blood through it and resulting in fatal dropsy; congested lungs, with pleurisy, and the most intractable form of consumption complaints, including even Bright's disease; congested brain and nervous centres, causing various neuralgias, insomnia, loss of memory, madness and delirium tremens. The drunkard is diseased through and through—whatever look of health he may have. Any superadded ailment is likely to prove fatal, for it nowhere finds vital resistance, and medicine is largely powerless to arouse the eliminating organs to expel its poison from the system. A slight cold may thus end in death, and a drunkard is particularly exposed to taking cold.

For, in the first place, alcohol always

lowers the temperature to a dangerous point, so that one may be chilled without any special exposure; and, in the second place, a man who drinks to intoxication is apt to be specially exposed. The friends of a drunkard should remember that it is of prime importance to get him as soon as possible into a decidedly warm room, both to save him from a dangerous chill and to facilitate the elimination of the poison. —*Youth's Companion.*

A DYING BOY'S GIFT.

WE have just received a contribution toward the fund for the payment of the *Glad Tidings*, Mr. Crosby's boat, which bears with it a story of peculiar interest. It was the savings of a little boy, Tommy Lear, who died in Toronto a short time ago, and who, shortly before he passed away, asked his father to give his money (75 cents) to the Missionary Society for the boat. He had always, since Mr. Crosby was here a few years ago, been very much interested in the boat, and when he died bequeathed this amount, saved out of the pocket money given him from time to time, to the fund. In handing it to the Secretary his father kindly doubled it in memory of his little son.—*Outlook*

NO CHANCE TO RECTIFY
MISTAKES.

WHEN I was a young man there lived in our neighbourhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it. He told him he gave too much, and said it was to his disadvantage. Now mark the answer of this excellent man:

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes."

The old farmer's mistakes were of the sort he did not want to rectify.—*Ex-Governor Seymour.*

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 60] LESSON II. [April 12.

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 27-44. Commit to memory vs. 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. Psa. 107. 28.

OUTLINE.

- 1 The Night of Danger, v. 27-32.
- 2 The Needed Meal, v. 33-38.
- 3 The Narrow Escape, v. 39-44.

TIME.—November, A.D. 60.

PLACE.—The island of Melita, now Malta, south of Sicily.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Fourteenth night*—After departing from Fair Havens, ver. 8. *Country*—Land. *Twenty fathoms*—One hundred and twenty feet. "We are enabled by recent investigations to identify the locality of a shipwreck which occurred eighteen centuries ago."—*Smith.* *Shipmen*—Sailors who had formed a plot to leave the ship. *Nothing*—No regular meal. *Knew not the land*—Even a native Maltese would probably not have recognized the spot. *Rudder-bands*—The ancient rudders were paddles, one on each

side of the stern, bound when the ship drifted, and loosed now they were needed to steer with. *Two seas met*—Laterally, a *treascaed place*. The promontory probably jutted out under the surface of the water, and the ship stranded on this some distance from the land.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The need of coolness in danger?
2. The duty of thanksgiving for present blessings?
3. Safety in relying upon God's promises?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the shipmen try to do? Escape in a boat. 2. What did Paul ask the men to do? "To take some meat." 3. What did Paul do when he had taken the bread? He gave thanks to God. 4. What was finally done to escape death? "They ran the ship aground." 5. What was the result? "They escaped all safe to land."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

2. What does this new commandment mean?

That we should show special love to all the disciples of Christ, by whatever name they are called.

Ro. i. 24; 1 John iv. 11; 1 John iii. 16. [Ro. iii. 10; Gal. vi. 10; Heb. xiii. 1; 2 Peter i. 7.]

A.D. 60, 61.] LESSON III. [April 13.

PAUL GOING TO ROME.

Acts 28. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 5-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He thanked God and took courage. Acts 28. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. At Melita, v. 1-10.
2. Toward Rome, v. 11-15.

TIME.—The winter of A.D. 60 and spring of A.D. 61.

PLACES.—1. Melita, now Malta, an island south of Sicily. 2. Syracuse, a city in Sicily. 3. Rhegium, in Italy, opposite to Sicily. 4. Puteoli, a seaport of Rome, on the Bay of Naples. 5. Appian Forum, "The market of Appian," and the Three Taverns, two small villages on the road to Rome. 7. Rome, the capital of the Roman Empire.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Barbarous*—From a Roman point of view, because they were neither Greeks nor Romans, but of Punic origin. *A viper*—Revived by the heat, it came out of the brushwood and fastened on Paul's hand. *Beast hang*—Fastened with its mouth in the wound. *Sign*—Figurehead of the ship, sometimes carved, sometimes painted. *Cistor and Pollux*—The deified twin brothers of Helen who caused the fall of Troy. *A compass*—A curve in the ship's course. *Seven days*—Permission to tarry at Puteoli testifies how much Paul enjoyed the love and confidence of the centurion.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The folly of superstitious fear?
2. The folly of superstitious reverence?
3. The duty of hospitality?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the island to which Paul and his companions escaped? Melita, now called Malta. 2. How did the people receive them? Kindly. 3. What happened to Paul when putting sticks on the fire? A viper fastened on his hand. 4. What did Paul do to the sick people on the island? He healed them. 5. What happened to Paul and his companions when nearing Rome? The brethren came to meet them.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

3. What more has our Lord taught us concerning the moral law? In the Sermon on the Mount, He plainly declares that it must be observed to the end of time.

Matt. v. 17, 18. [Rom. viii. 4, xiii. 10, Gal. v. 14.]

PAPA. "Yes Harry, it is supposed the moon is inhabited, and is largely populated." Harry: "Mustn't the people be dreadfully crowded, specially when it's new moon?"

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