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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1898.

[No. 17.]

## In Bethany.

From out the city street,  
With weary, aching feet,  
Beyond the gates wide thrown  
And hot, brown walls of stone,  
Amid the wild-flowers set  
On slopes of Olivet,  
Across the hillside brown,  
By foot-path winding down,  
Through restful, airy shade,  
The drooping palm-trees made,  
He journeyed down to rest  
As love's divinest Guest  
In Bethany.

A home without a name  
Until the Wanderer came!  
What love was thine outspread  
Above his homeless head!  
What tender, thoughtful care,  
What busy serving there;  
Planning how he might eat,  
Cooling his way-worn feet,  
While one from care apart  
Gave him her  
royal heart,  
And thus her love  
confessed  
To love's divinest  
Guest  
In Bethany.

Oh, heart of mine,  
make way  
For Guest divine  
to-day!  
Come thou with  
presence sweet  
And make our life  
complete!  
As from the moun-  
tain side  
Come in, with us  
abide,  
And here thy rest  
shall be;  
And while we sup  
with thee,  
Let thy sweet ac-  
cents heard,  
Mould thought and  
will and word,  
And thus our love  
be told  
And Mary's love  
of old  
In Bethany.

## A WISE CHOICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The family of Bethany seem to have enjoyed the especial regard of the Lord Jesus. To their hospitable home he loved to retire from the dust and heat and confusion of Jerusalem, in order to enjoy its cool quiet, and sometimes, too, its protection from the plots and machinations of the city. Of this favoured family is recorded the blessed fact, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus."

It is a delightful walk, scarce two miles, from Jerusalem through the vale of Kedron, and up the soft slopes of Olivet to the little village of Bethany. As one climbs the hillside, wider and ever wider views greet the vision, and as one reaches the hilltop, beneath the eye lies like a map the city of Jerusalem. In its glory, at the time of Christ, the white temple of Herod glistened in the rising or the setting sun, and the smoke of the morning and evening sacrifices ascended in the still air. It was a view calculated to call up the deepest and tenderest feelings. Small wonder, then, that our Lord, foreseeing its approaching destruction by the Romans, exclaimed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

## THE HOUSEHOLD OF BETHANY.

The peaceful quiet of the village home is beautifully shown in our picture, the trellised vines furnishing a shelter from the noontide sun, the broad stone seats, the cool well, the fragrant flowers, and blending with the words of the Master, the "sussurrus and coo of the pigeons." Yet, into this quiet scene and into this loving family the spirit of carefulness and anxiety about the things of this world had crept—that spirit which is apt to grow into an engrossing worldliness, and to make the nature harsh and censorious. We read of Martha that she was "cumbered about much serving," overwhelmed with anxieties about the necessities of the body.

Thus, much serving was injurious to Martha, and less would have been more acceptable to Christ. Her mind, moreover, was tortured with over-solicitude. A due degree of carefulness for our temporal wants is very proper and neces-

But instead of sitting at his feet and gathering those precious pearls and treasuring in her heart his lofty teachings, Martha was anxiously engaged in some unnecessary domestic employment. Unnecessary, we say, for otherwise the gentle rebuke of our Lord would have been a harsh and cruel taunt instead of a mild and loving remonstrance, as it evidently was.

Moreover, it was over-anxiety of Martha which led to censoriousness of spirit, therefore with querulous tone she accused the meek and gentle Mary of having left her to serve alone. This was unkindly cruel, and gave evidence of bitterness of soul that ought not to have existed, far less to have been so obtrusively manifested in the presence of such an illustrious guest. But nothing will so blunt the finer feelings as the spirit of worldliness. When it takes possession of the soul all higher motives are ignored, and a spirit of thorough and absolute selfishness finds entrance.

many things. But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." The very attitude and gesture of Martha in the picture suggest the fault-finding tone of voice and reproachful words.

## MARY'S WISE CHOICE.

Let us proceed to observe the conduct and character of the loving Mary whose devotion to our Lord called forth the querulous complaint of Martha.

Mary, in the meantime, was sitting at the Master's feet, drinking in the lessons of his love, imbibing his meek and gentle spirit—at his feet, the proper place of a disciple, teachable as a little child.

Did Christ comply with the request of Martha, "Bid her, therefore, that she help me"? Not so. He never drives from his presence those who find their chief enjoyment there. He never spurns from his feet those who in meekness sit there. On the contrary, he pronounces a commendation upon her and hands her name down to remotest ages surrounded with a halo of blessing.

Let us notice the expression of Jesus.

"ONE THING IS  
NEEDFUL."

That is, there is one thing which so greatly transcends in importance all other things that they dwindle into utter insignificance, and it alone is worth a thought. The same in every age and clime, that never grows old or loses its value. What is this blessing, precious above all price and peerless above all worth? It is the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the forgiveness of our sins, the impartation of the Holy Spirit; in a word, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Whoso hath this is rich above all wealth and needs no other blessing. Whoso lacks this, though he possess all wealth beside, is poor indeed.

It is needful in health to guide and direct the powers of body and mind. It is especially needful in sickness, when grief and pain distort the brow.

"When life flies apace and death comes in view,  
The word of his grace will help us right through."

When weary days and lonely nights are appointed to us, and tears are our portion, and friends have forsaken. It is needful in the hour of death when nothing else will avail aught.

How important, therefore,

## TO CHOOSE THE GOOD PART.

It must be a voluntary choice in spite of the allurements of pleasure or engrossments of business or distractions of ambition. And how important to do it now. The present is the only time offered. "Choose well, thy choice is brief, and yet endless."

It is emphatically the good part,—good in its author and origin, good in its effect and influence, elevating the char-



MARY AND MARTHA.

"MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER."

sary. Neither reason nor religion requires or promotes an improvident recklessness or thoughtless indifference. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

## MARTHA'S MISTAKE.

But the word careful here means over-anxiety—an anxiety which tortures and distracts the mind, which throws its dark shadows across the soul and makes it gloomy and fretful. In the case of Martha this anxiety exceedingly depressed the soul till she was troubled in spirit, perplexed and worried by her domestic duties. She had not that sweet, unruffled calm, the peace which Christ alone can give.

Hence, we find that this over-anxiety deprived Martha of many precious blessings. Here beneath her roof was the Son of God, the heavenly teacher who spake as no man ever spake, from whose lips fell the pearls of divine wisdom, sublimer lore than any of the school of Gamaliel or of the rabbis of Jerusalem.

In this respect Martha is but a type of over-anxious persons everywhere. Frequently this fault becomes a chronic habit of the soul, and fretful and peevish tempers and unlovely and fault-finding dispositions are the result.

Moreover, this spirit led Martha to

## REPROACH HER HEAVENLY GUEST

and treat him with seeming disrespect. "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." No doubt she loved her Lord, it may be, loved him intensely; yet this worldly spirit so warped and biased her nature that she here conveys the tacit reproach that while she was so careful about his comfort, Christ cared not for her. She forgot his exalted dignity, his heavenly mission; she forgot or ignored the fact that his meat and drink was to do his Father's will, and not personal gratification.

This conduct we find extorted from the loving lips of Jesus the tender reproach made doubly poignant for its very gentleness. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about

acter, transforming the nature, transfiguring the life, blessing the individual and the world.

And it shall not be taken away. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, friends may die, the laurels of honour may wither, life itself will wear away. But this treasure is enduring as the mind. Thieves cannot break through nor steal.

"Wisdom divine, who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise."

God will not take it away, for his gifts are without repentance. Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end. Satan cannot take it away. While we put our trust in God, no devil can pluck it out of his hand.

Now, having these two examples before us, which shall we imitate? What shall our choice be? Why be anxious concerning the things of this life? Why be cumbered and troubled about many things? Why be anxious and careful concerning the body more than about the immortal spirit? Concerning the wealth which so soon shall pass away? If we choose wisely we shall have part with Christ on earth, and then shall have part with him forever. We shall there learn fuller lessons of his wisdom, have richer revelations of his love, than we can here conceive. Let the language of our hearts be,

"Keep me from the world unspotted,  
From all sin and folly free,  
Wholly to thyself devoted,  
Let me live and die for thee.

"Waiting like attentive Mary,  
Happy at the Saviour's feet,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till for all thy kingdom meet."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1898.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE  
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

MAY 1, 1898.

**OUR WORRIES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.**

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."—John 14, 1, 27.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Peter 5, 7.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Psalm 55, 22.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" we see a picture of Christian carrying a heavy burden upon his back. It is the burden of sin. While he is gazing upon the cross it falls from his shoulders. But many who, through faith in the crucified, have cast away the burden of sin still carry a burden of care, and worry, and anxiety.

In one of our recent Sunday-school lessons we had the beautiful teaching of our Lord, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and how "the birds without barn or house are fed." Christ asks his timorous disciples, "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

In the beautiful fourteenth chapter of John, among his last words to his disciples as he was being taken away from them, leaving them orphans, but not comfortless, in the world, our Lord says: "Let not your hearts be troubled," even in such a great sorrow as this. He has promised that in the Father's house he is preparing mansions for us, that even in this life he will not leave us comfortless, but will send the Divine Comforter. He exhorts us to cast our care and our burden on him.

I have read of a poor, bed-ridden, crippled, penniless pauper in England where sometimes the struggle for a living is very keen. She had literally every day to ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." Yet she was full of trust in God, and felt sure that it would come. And he never disappointed her. Her little store, like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, was always replenished. God seemed to take particular care of her, and put it into the hearts of his people to send her help. Sometimes the meal got very low in the barrel, as if to test her faith; but her faith never faltered, and the meal never gave out.

Let us learn to trust him, to trust him without anxiety, without being worried or perplexed. This does not mean that we are not to do our part, that a man may be idle and lazy. The Scripture says that if any man will not work, neither should he eat, and he that provides not for his own house hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. But it does mean that when we do our part that God will do the rest. The Psalmist says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

**STOOD BY HIS FLAG.**

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in camp.

"What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen. In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day.

The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, as I'm a sinner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group, as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks; I'll show you how to take religion out of him," said the first speaker, laughing.

He was a large man, the ringleader in mischief; the recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp; then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us," answered the ringleader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire, you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen, he was almost surrounded by the enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up for lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face,

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the enemy, he fought so. I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said in a husky voice,

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian soldier' in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave and again and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he is a Christian soldier if there ever was one. And,"

turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion. "Why, he didn't budge an inch. But what's that to standing our fire for weeks like a man and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him, he did!"

When the regiment marched away, the rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

**"COME UNTO ME."**

Many persons think that Jesus lives a great way off in a place called heaven, and believe that if we pray to him often and labour to do good he will bestow his Holy Spirit to comfort us and to awaken in us the hope that when our earthly labours cease we may dwell with him in heaven. Most persons, even if they do not say so, certainly think so. But Jesus plainly says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." By this he means that he will give joy to our souls and peace from all our evil thoughts and desires. Then all uneasiness that troubles and all discord that disturbs comes alone through sin. Jesus will take this all away from us, and in its place give us peace and life, but only on the condition that we come unto him.

What shall keep us from going to the blessed Saviour at once after we have heard his sweet words of invitation? Our unbelief is always in the way. Unbelief comes to us under many smooth-sounding names. One of them is called Ignorance; and it says, "I do not know in what way I must come to Jesus." Another time it comes under the name of Timidity; and it says, "I fear I shall not be accepted;" or Caution says, "If I do come to Jesus I may in the end again fall away."

Do not through any such temptations of Satan as these be led away from the dear Saviour, who gave his life that we might be brought from death unto life.

A little blind girl was once taken to an asylum for the blind for one year. Her mother went to visit her once during the time. Without speaking a word she entered the room where the girl was, and seated herself near her. She moved gently nearer and nearer; and at length she put her hand on the girl's head. The child took hold of it and cried out, "Oh, I know you! I know you, mother!"

Thus the Saviour stands unseen near every one of you, children, and leaves the blessings of his hand rest upon every one of your heads. Take hold of it and hold it fast. You will, then, with certainty, soon be enabled to say to him, "I know you."

**THE AGASSIZ SOCIETY.**

"Will Moore says every boy should belong to 'The Agassiz,' but I don't think it does a boy any good, do you, Murray? I don't know why they call it 'The Agassiz.'"

"Well, Ned, that is one reason you should belong, and I think every town should have an Agassiz class. I, for one, think a great deal of that wonderful man, who did so much for science," said Murray Boyer, a bright boy about fifteen years of age.

"Was it a man they named 'The Agassiz' after?" asked Ned.

"Yes; a man who spent much time in the study of natural objects. We call all these societies after him. The object of these classes is to study and obtain knowledge about the every-day object we see around us."

"Do you really learn anything, Murray?"

"Yes, indeed! The other evening we learned something about the burrowing owl, prairie dog, and rattlesnake. Now, Ned, tell me the truth. Do you know anything about these queer specimens of animal life?"

"No, I do not. But why take these three together?"

"That is what we learned, and I will tell you what I found out that night. Though not one is related to any of the others—beast, bird, and reptile—yet all live in the same underground home, something like a woodchuck's hole. Trappers and Indians who have watched their customs say that the owls keep house for the dogs, while the rattlesnake is a sort of a gentleman boarder, occasionally making a meal of one of the children if he gets hungry before dinner is ready."

The prairie dog, as we frequently hear it called, is not a dog, but belongs to the marmots. The marmots come under the division of animals called mammals, which is one of the four divisions of the vertebrate family. The

term vertebrate is applied to all animals which have a back-bone, or a succession of small bones called vertebrae.

The marmots are found in large numbers along the Missouri River and its tributaries. They will gather together where the soil is such that they can easily burrow; for the marmot is a burrowing animal. They so tunnel the ground where they live that it looks like a honeycomb. An odd thing about these dog towns is the streets, which the little marmot leaves by not burrowing all the ground in his little village. One dog generally acts as a leader, and when the other dogs come out he gives the signal of danger, and back go the little marmots to their homes under the ground."

Though the burrows made by the marmots are inhabited by the burrowing owl and rattlesnake, it is not to be supposed that this queer family enjoys each other's society. Almost all students of natural history say that the marmot has no choice in the matter, and that their dominions are invaded by these strange visitors because they do not like the trouble of burrowing. The owl and the marmot could live quite harmoniously together, but neither care for Mr. Rattlesnake.

If the burrowing owl alights in a country where the marmots have not been, he burrows with his claws and bill. Mr. Owl belongs to the bird family, which is another division of the vertebrates. The burrowing owl is not a nocturnal bird, but goes out in the bright sunshine. Its cry is a short bark, very much like the marmot's.

In this strange family we have still another division of the vertebrates, called the reptiles. To this family belongs the poisonous rattlesnakes. He belongs to the viperine snakes, which is called the crotalidae. The rattlesnake is a native of North America, and takes its name from the peculiar way in which the tail terminates. It is furnished at the end with a number of loose joints, which rattle when the snake is annoyed or angry. It is supposed that these joints show the age of the snake."

"Well, Murray, I do think you learn something at 'The Agassiz,' and I think I will join your society."—S. S. Herald.

**A BOY IN A MISSIONARY COLLECTION.**

A great many years ago, in a little town in Scotland, there was a missionary meeting held. Some very interesting idols were exhibited, and a description was given of the customs of the heathen land from which the missionary came, and there were a great many strange dresses which he tried on in turns.

There was a little boy way up in one corner of the gallery, whose soul was intensely working within him as he listened to all this description of what the heathen suffered, and what the heathen wore and of all the opportunities which God had given to the missionaries to turn many of them from their dead idols to serve the living God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. And as he looked and listened, his little heart beat high within him. He said within himself, "If I live I will be a missionary. I will go to the heathen myself, and I will try to do something for them to win them to Christ."

By-and-bye, when the meeting was about to close, it was intimated that there would be a collection. The little fellow felt in his pockets, but he had not anything. He had not a single penny. He felt very sorry, very much ashamed of himself, and he did not like to go down and pass the plate at the door putting nothing in, so he waited up in the corner of the gallery until all the people had gone and the two men that were standing at the door should have had time to carry away the full plates into the little room behind, to count up the collection; then with stealthy step he began to descend the stairs.

But the quick ears of one of the men heard a step coming, and true to his duty the man remained, and when the little boy came he held out the plate to him. This was something he had not expected, and his little face flushed all over; but with a quick thought he said to the good man, "Hold it a little lower, sir." The man held it a little lower. "Lower still, sir." He put it down lower yet. "Please lay it on the floor, sir." The good man, not knowing what he meant, put the plate on the ground, and the little fellow stepped in to it, and said, "I have no money, but I will give myself; in God's name I intend being a missionary." That was the biggest contribution had that night.



**The Resurrection.**

BY MRS. M. P. CHICK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**BIRDS OF TRUST.**

BY E. A. HAND.

"There, grandmother, see those gulls in the water!"

There were standing beside the old kitchen window in the May home, where Grandmother May found a home with Charlie May's parents. Charlie was going to sea in the ship Albatross that expected to sail in the afternoon of that very day. From the kitchen window of the May home one could see the river that swept out to sea twice a day, and then came back, bringing the vessels that had been waiting for the inflowing tide. The conversation between grandmother and Charlie had not been very cheerful, as might naturally have been expected. Charlie would have welcomed the sight of anything from the window—a pigeon on the shed roof or a hen down in the yard. Those gulls off on the river, drifting a while and then rising upon strong, steady wing, soon to drop again into the water, were cordially welcomed as a very interesting part of the view.

"Don't you like to see gulls, grandmother?"

"Yes; I call 'em birds of trust."

"Birds of trust?"

"Well, they don't do nothin' for a livin', you know; jest fly round and peck at the fishes when they have a chance. I see 'em in the winter, you know, when the days are real cold and frosty. A master-big flock will come a-flyin' over the water, and they drop into it and ride there jest as calm and contented! I s'pose you might say they do suthin'—"

"Why, yes, of course."

"You might say they fish for a livin', but they don't do no worryin' about it. When I see the birds of erry kind whatsoever I think of the Saviour's words, 'Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'"

"Yes, yes, grandmother."

Charlie was much pleased to have found something that would divert the thoughts of his grandparent and make her a bit cheerful. It was only for a minute or two. She broke all down as she exclaimed:

"You—y—Charlie—are goin'—to sea—and we shall all miss—you—and you—must—trust—your heavenly Father."

That afternoon the Albatross lifted its wings and bore away to sea Charlie May, who, by the time the night shut down, concluded that he was about as miser-

able a being as ever went to sea from that port.

Grandmother's words continued to ring in his ears. "You must trust your heavenly Father."

He was not a praying boy. He intended to begin a life of prayer some time and trust that heavenly Father who carries the sea in the hollow of his hand. But there is nothing easier to postpone than good intentions. Day after day went by and Charlie's life was prayerless. His conscience, though, was not at ease.

The Albatross was gliding one day not very far from land. Rigged in his sailor suit, a sailor cap on his head, his feet bare, Charlie had climbed up into the rigging to discharge a little duty entrusted to him by Captain Johnson, and, having attended to it, halted on his journey back to the deck.

What were coming?  
Birds?

"Why, why," he said; "look at them! They seem to think I am a friend. This is interesting."

It was interesting, and it set Charlie to thinking.

Down the rigging he went, saying to himself, "Grandmother's birds of trust, and I haven't prayed yet!"

"Why don't you do it now?" laid a voice.

"Now?" thought Charlie. "Oh, I am not ready."

"Is not God ready? Which is of the greater importance, your readiness to go to God, or God's readiness to receive you?"

"Oh, God's readiness, of course."

"Very well; you have been thinking of this matter a long, long time, saying



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

you ought to do it, and meaning to do it, and not fully happy because delaying to do it. You do it now."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere that you have a chance."

"The birds are gone and I might do it here, but I am too near the deck. I—I—had rather do it down in the fore-castle. Some of the sailors, though, are probably there. I want to be all alone."

"Go higher and you will be alone."

"I—I—I'll try."

"Say, 'I will do it.' God takes people anywhere. The water might seem to be a poor place to pray in, but people struggling in the water are very glad to look up to God and trust him there. Climb up! Go higher! Pray up there!"

Captain Johnson wondered why Charlie May stayed so long up in the rigging.

"Why, if that chap isn't up—up—on the main topgallant yard!"

Yes, all alone, looking as if he were up near the blue sky, a sailor boy was praying on the main topgallant yard. It seemed to him as if he were doing it very poorly, but it was an honest effort by a sailor boy to let God take him, to trust him, all in the name of the dear Saviour who died for him. An honest effort like that does not God bless?

Charlie May always thought of it as the hour when up in the air he gave soul and body to his heavenly Father. He did not take back the gift. Such a gift must be made for eternity.

When Charlie reached the deck again he heard the captain say to the first mate:

"Something is coming! Don't know what, but it is a change in the weather. Make everything snug."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

That night the Albatross was towing in a rough sea. Down in his berth Charlie heard the voice of the storm, but he felt that he was one of grandmother's birds of trust. Out in the ocean God was taking care of him.

**You Follows in the City.**

You fellows in the city, don't you sometimes wish that you could sit out on the kitchen porch just like you used to do, and look across the meadows at the distant spires of town, while behind the black west woodland the red sun filtered down, while the evening winds were snapping the blossoms from the trees, and the old dog looked up at you with his paws upon your knees? There's no spot that you love better beneath the azure dome, than the kingdom of your boyhood—the old farm home.

**"SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."**

BY MARY S. DANIELS.

John and Gladys were on the piazza Monday afternoon. Gladys had a box of bright-coloured glass beads, from which she was making a necklace for sweet Alice, her doll. There were to be a ruby, an emerald, a topaz, and an amethyst necklace. The unfinished strings were laid carefully on the little work-table beside her, as she selected the beads of each colour.

John was playing cars. He had a train made up of his old box cart for

say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven."

Gladys had a quick temper which gave her a great deal of trouble, but she was earnestly trying to be good, and resolved to obey this lesson.

John looked grateful as well as content. He knew Gladys had reason to be vexed with him; and he had expected she would take her doll's carriage out of his train at the very least.

But Gladys was saying to herself, "Seventy times seven. That's four hundred and ninety. I'll forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that—" She shut her lips tight. Somehow she felt as if a little discipline might be better for heedless John than so much forgiveness.

Gladys was a very wide-awake little girl, always seeking questions and trying to understand things. So she knew something about keeping accounts from seeing mamma's housekeeping books.

"I'll have to keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven."

So before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book: "List of the times I forgive John," and under this: "Monday. For spilling my beads."

But just then she remembered that that very day she upset a block tower that John had built to show papa when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her.

"I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," said Gladys, who had a very strong sense of justice.

So after thinking a minute or two she wrote slowly on the opposite page: "The times John forgives me: Monday. For knocking down his tower."

And of course this made her and John longer. The next day the list on her page was longer. Then for two or three days they were even again.

Saturday was one of those days when everybody seems to go wrong; and when Gladys conscientiously made up her account of course this made them even.

And of course this made them even. had forgiven her four times more than she had forgiven him.

On Sunday there was nothing to put down on either side. Monday ended a week, and Gladys "added up."

Her list seemed long; but, alas; after the times John had forgiven her, there was nothing left to count toward the "seventy times seven."

She had a long "think." It had not come out quite as she had expected. Besides, she wanted to be perfectly fair; and she could not help feeling that some account should be taken of the times that others besides John had been patient with her. She had been thoughtless and provoking again and again, when mamma had been very gentle with her. Then there was the day when she had annoyed the cook so; and cook had borne it all, and never told mamma how "trying" she had been. Why, only that morning she had teased poor pussy fully a quarter of an hour; and even puss had not scratched her, as she deserved. Gladys was beginning to feel very humble.

"I guess if I forgive all I can, without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times that ought to count," she whispered. "Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive always, as I wish to be forgiven."—Sunday-school Times.

**A REFRACTORY DIAMOND.**

ONE OF REV. W. L. WATKINSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

We read the other day of an awkward diamond. The diamond usually yields to the efforts of a grinding tool, which makes several thousand revolutions in a minute. However, a large jeweller in New York had to confess himself beaten some time ago by a diamond which had been submitted for a hundred days to a grinding-wheel making twenty-eight thousand revolutions per minute. The diamond came out of this ordeal in precisely the same condition as before it was touched. The total distance represented by the revolutions of the grinding-wheel was equivalent to three times the circumference of the globe, and in this instance the ordinary weight of two pounds was replaced by one of forty pounds. The only effect of the combat was to put the lapidary on the sick-bed from exhaustion. After this experiment the jeweller gave up the task as hopeless, and sent the diamond as a curiosity to the Scientific Institute of New York.

Reading about this awkward gem made us think of the refractoriness of men under the purifying and shaping hand of God. How strangely and wickedly do we often resist his wise and patient treatment.

the freight, his new express waggon as the passenger coach, and the doll's carriage for a parlour car. He himself was the engine, and he was steaming and tooting with all his might.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came rattling around the corner of the piazza, dangerously near her table. "This station is on a branch road, and the train don't run to it."

"Choo! Choo!" said the engine, switching off.

"Take care, John," said Gladys again, a few minutes later, as the train came still nearer. "I am afraid you'll upset the table and spill my beads."

"Choo! Choo! Ding-a-ling!"

Away went the train. But the engineer must have been very forgetful, for presently the train came driving around at full speed, and before it could be stopped the table was overturned and its contents were rolling in all directions.

"O John," said Gladys, her face scarlet with vexation, "what did I tell you?"

Then she stopped suddenly, as if she had just remembered something. John looked at the scattered beads in dismay.

"I'm awfully sorry, Glad," he began. "Indeed, I didn't mean to spoil your pretty things! I'll help you pick them up and string them again."

John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful.

"Never mind, John," said Gladys, quietly; "I'll forgive you."

She had been thinking hard for a minute of the lesson the minister read in church Sunday:

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I

## Bethany.

Who that hath knelt beside a grave,  
Helpless her one ewe lamb to save,  
Has not recalled that hallowed cave  
Where "Jesus wept"?

See how he loved him! spake the  
crowd,  
As, with exceeding sorrow bowed,  
The Friend and Brother groaned aloud,  
And Jesus wept."

Dear to the sisters were those tears,  
As lulling raindrops to the ears  
Of pilgrims whom the desert sears,  
That "Jesus wept"

For, in them, God in Christ came near;  
The mystery of death grew clear,  
And hope broke through the clouds of fear,  
As "Jesus wept."

Their eyes were opened to behold  
The Father in the Son unfold;  
The tale of Calvary was told  
When "Jesus wept"

Then, on their hearts, with sorrow rife,  
Fell a strange peace that hushed all  
strife,  
The Resurrection and the Life  
Beside them wept!

Revealing Love beyond degree,  
High as the heaven, broad as the sea,  
And changeless as eternity,  
In him who wept.

When we, bereaved of loved ones, cry,  
"Where is the Christ of Bethany?"  
E'en while we speak we know him nigh,  
The Christ who wept!

Is Death then Victor? Nay! for he,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Hath promised we shall conquerors be  
Through him who wept.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

## LESSON V.—MAY 1.

## THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Matt. 21. 6-16 Memory verses, 9-11.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed  
is he that cometh in the name of the  
Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Son of David, v. 6-11.
  2. The House of God, v. 12-16.
- Time.—Sunday morning, April 2, and  
Monday, April 3, A.D. 30.  
Place.—The Mount of Olives and the  
temple in Jerusalem.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The triumphal entry.—Matt. 21. 1-9.  
Tu. The triumphal entry.—Matt. 21. 10-16.  
W. Sorrow over Jerusalem.—Luke 19.  
41-48.  
Th. To save the world.—John 12. 42-50.  
F. Head over all.—Eph. 1. 15-23.  
S. Christ is Lord.—Phil. 2. 1-11.  
Su. Reason for the rejoicing.—John 12.  
9-19.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Son of David, v. 6-11.  
To what city was Jesus journeying?  
Verse 1.  
From what place did he send out two  
disciples? Verse 1.  
What did he bid them do? Verse 2.  
What reason were they to give for  
what they did? Verse 3.  
Why was this done? Verse 4.  
What prophecy was thus fulfilled?  
Verse 5.  
Where do we find this in the Old Test-  
ament? Zech. 9. 9.  
How fully did the disciples obey?  
Who rode on the beast?  
How did the people prepare the way  
before him?  
What song did they sing? Golden  
Text.  
What occurred when he entered the  
city?  
What did the multitude reply?
2. The House of God, v. 12-16.  
Where did Jesus go?  
Whom did he drive out?  
What did he overthrow?  
For what purpose was the temple de-  
signed?  
From what Scripture did Jesus quote?  
Isa. 56. 7.  
What had these people made of the  
temple?  
Who came to Jesus in the temple?  
Who were troubled by his miracles?  
What songs did the priests hear which  
displeased them?  
What question did they ask?

What was Jesus' reply?  
Where in the Old Testament do we  
find this? Psalm 8. 2.  
Where is the true temple of God?  
1 Cor. 6. 10.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught  
1. That God's word is sure of fulfil-  
ment?  
2. That God's Son is worthy of honour?  
3. That we should always reverence  
God's house?

## HOW JESSIE HELPED HARRY.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

He was such a tiny fellow, with such  
a shrewd, intelligent countenance that  
the deaconess was impressed at once  
with his appearance.  
He was curled up in an old-fashioned  
rocker, and was so diminutive in size

how I'm going to live with him, and  
never have any pain no more! It makes  
me so glad to think of him."

"How old are you, dear?"  
"Sixteen, past, ma'am. You wouldn't  
think so, to look at me, would you,  
now?"

"Sixteen! And all these years, dear,  
while you have been suffering, the dear  
Lord has not forgotten you, and some  
day when he wants you up there he will  
say, 'Come, Harry, I have a home for  
you up here.'"

Harry nodded, saying softly, "Yes'm,  
I know that's all so. If it wasn't for  
that I don't know how I would ever get  
along. It's so hard to be patient when  
the pain's so bad. But Jesus helps me  
to bear it."

What a lesson of sweet trust in the  
goodness of the Almighty is this? How  
many of our older readers can profit by  
the simple words of little Harry?



THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE.

that she supposed he must be about nine  
or ten years of age.

The other children were playing about  
the room, and the eldest girl was taking  
a motherly interest in the sleeping baby,  
who was lying in a rude cradle under  
the window.

"Where is your mother, dear?" asked  
the deaconess, seating herself beside the  
poor little deformed boy.

"Oh, ma's gone to the fact'ry. She's  
always gone ev'ry day. She has to, you  
know, to make enough to keep us. She  
works awful hard. Baby's sick, and  
Jenny tries to take care of him and me.  
I'm most as bad as baby myself, ma'am.  
I can't help myself at all, you see." And  
the little fellow pointed to his shrunken  
limbs with a pitiful gesture.

One of the younger children passed his  
grimy hand over his brother's crooked  
back, saying, "Poor Harry, it hurts  
him."

"Hurts!" echoed the crippled boy; "it  
hurts just awful, and nobody can't make  
it well. I've been to all the hospitals  
in the city, and they've done all they  
know how for me, but it hasn't done any  
good. I'll never be well in this world.  
If ma could only be at home sometimes  
I wouldn't care so much; but it's just  
awful lonesome, and Jenny and the rest  
like to play outside, then I am all alone."

"Do you know that Jesus loves you,  
Harry?" asked the caller. The poor,  
little, prematurely-old countenance  
brightened up as the child replied:

"Why, that's all I have to comfort me,  
ma'am! I lie here all day and think  
about Jesus, and how he loves me, and

## The Five Loaves.

What if the little Jewish lad,  
That summer day had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have  
said;

"For food the thronging people call;  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might  
come,

Her coaxing hand upon her hair,  
"Yet go; for they might comfort some  
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,  
Bearing the scant supply he had;  
And Jesus with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad,

And saw the loaves and blessed them.  
Then  
Beneath his hand the marvel grew;  
He brake and blessed, and brake again;  
The loaves were neither small nor few;

For, as we know, it came to pass  
That hungry thousands there were fed,  
While sitting on the fresh green grass,  
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day  
His five small loaves had failed to  
take,

Would Christ have wrought—can any  
say?  
That miracle beside the lake?

## THE EYES.

Never read in bed or in a reclining  
attitude; it provokes a tension of the  
optic nerve very fatiguing to the eye-  
sight. An exchange says, "Bathe your  
eyes daily in salt-water—not salt enough,  
though, to cause a smarting sensation.  
Nothing is more strengthening, and we  
have known several persons who after  
using this simple remedy several weeks  
had put aside the spectacles they had  
used for years, and did not resume them  
—continuing, of course, the oft-repeated  
daily use of salt-water. Never force  
your eyesight to read or work in in-  
sufficient or too broad light. Reading  
with the sun upon one's book is mortally  
injurious to the eyes.

Among the wonders of Surrey, which  
is a suburb of London, is a horse that  
wears spectacles. He wears them for  
a purpose, too, for his eyesight is so  
dim that he can't see a yard in front of  
his nose unless he has on his "specs."  
Toby goes about his daily duties calmly.  
He has suffered from myopia for two  
years. Veterinary surgeons recom-  
mended some kind of glasses. Toby got  
them and wears them. He owns the  
unique distinction of being the only  
four-footed animal in the world equipped  
with spectacles.—Boston Advertiser.

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