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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899.

[No. 12.]



Easter Flowers.

The roses were the first to hear—
The roses trellised to the tomb;
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear
And cruel nails that sealed his doom.
The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear;
Ere yet the dark had dreamed
of dawn,
The faintest rustle reached their
ear;
They heard the napkin downward
drawn;
They listened to his breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that
blow,
His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see;
They, watching in the morning
gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw him pass the portals
gloom;
He brushed their leaves—O,
happy dower!
Bring lilies—purest buds that
bloom,
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,
The lilies were the first to see;
Bring fragrant flowers from far
and near,
To match the Easter melody!
"Rabboni!" be on every tongue,
And every heart the rapture
share
Of Mary, as she kneels among
The roses and the lilies fair!

AN EASTER LEGEND.

BY LOUIS SNOW.

That beautiful city, "Jerusalem,
the Golden," lay sleeping beneath
the starlit sky. Over the
shadows of Calvary the night
winds moaned sorrowfully.

The sentinels, all save one, were
dozing, in sword and mail, wrap-
ped in their heavy cloaks. He,
the Roman soldier, who would
scorn to break his trust, stood
jealously guarding the sepulchre,
where they had laid the crucified
Lord. See! there is yet another
watcher. Lonely, and clothed in
rags, and, oh! pitiful; in her arms
a tender babe.

She believes the sentinels all
slumber, and she is alone in her
sorrowing, midnight watch. She
recalls those words of comfort and
counsel heard from the lips now
silent in the cruel death of the
shameless cross. Crouching by the
tomb, there in the gloom of the wind-
beaten hill, the sobs burst from her
sorrow-burdened heart.

The faithful soldier standing staunchly
by, with swift gesture lifts in his mailed
hand his sword, startled by the sad cry.

"Nay," dropping his arm; "'tis but
that foolish woman again," he murmurs.

Then his thoughts go back in waking
dreams, to those dear ones at home; in
the fair imperial city that rules the
world. When will he see them all
again: that sturdy boy, with eyes like
his mother; the bonny Roman maiden,
his little daughter, and their mother, the

noble matron—when shall they meet—
ever again?

That baby's wail! How it smites up-
on his softened breast! That woman
again, and with the babe! Why tarries
she not within walls this wild night,
rather than watch and wail by this dark
corner?

"Let her rave and moan," impatiently.
"But, no; the babe hath no blame to
suffer."

Swiftly the iron soldier, with heart of
flesh, snatches up the flickering camp-
torch, and hastens to the corner from
which those sounds of grief and suffering
proceed.

A look of pity softens the hard lines of
his bronzed face, and he takes from his
broad shoulders the heavy mantle, and
with gentle care wraps mother and babe
within its ample folds, saying: "These
night winds are fierce and cold. Here!
my cloak is heavy and warm. 'Twill
shield thee, and thy perishing child,"
and tenderly stroking the little one's
head, he furtively brushed away the tear
of which he need not have been ashamed.

Back and forth, unflinchingly on his
sentry watch, strode the Spartan soldier,
while, unawaking, his comrades slum-
bered till the early dawn. Then, when
lofty Olivet gleamed in crown of golden
sunlight on that first glorious Easter
morn, the soldier slept clad in his mail
there on the frozen earth, his mantle
covering the babe and its mother, worn

with sorrow but now resting in blessed
sleep.

"Lo! he is risen!"

A "questioner," grasping rudely the
cloak from off the weary sleeper, angrily
demands, "Why dost wrap thyself in this
garment of the unbeliever?"

Then answered the Master, the Risen
One, "O, ye of little faith and under-
standing! See ye not yonder soldier
hath, in sum and substance, my mission
repeated?"

QUEER EASTER CUSTOMS.

The sight of street boys striking their
rival eggs together to see which
is the stronger and can win the other is
as old as the civilization of Greece and
Rome, and it was as common in the
streets of Athens and Rome two thou-
sand years ago, if we are to believe an-
tiquarians, as it is in any of our Ameri-
can cities at the present day. In
the north of England it is cus-
tomary to exchange presents of
Easter eggs among families who
are on intimate terms, a custom
that also prevailed largely among
the ancients. To this custom the
sending of Easter cards and other
offerings, which has become so
popular of late years in our own
country, may be traced. The ex-
tent to which the latter practice has
increased of late is almost in-
credible, and these offerings grow
more elaborate and expensive every
year.

It is also customary in England's
northern counties to engrave Easter
eggs elaborately by scraping the
dye with a penknife, thus leaving
the design in white upon a coloured
ground. The full name of the
decorator, with the date of his or
her birth, is often recorded in this
manner, and these eggs, being care-
fully preserved for generations as
ornaments for cupboards and
mantels, would doubtless present
as reliable evidence of dates as the
records of a family Bible.

A century or more ago the Eng-
lish clergy and laity used to play
ball in the churches for tansy-cakes
at Eastertide. The ball-playing
was long since abandoned, but
tansy-cakes and puddings are still
favourite Easter delicacies in many
parts of England, tansy having
been selected from the bitter herbs
eaten by the Jews at this sea-
son.

Parish clerks in the counties of
Dorset and Devon leave as an
Easter offering at the house of
every parishioner, immediately
after the church service on Good
Friday, a large and a small cake,
having a mingled sweet and bitter
taste. This is evidently a sur-
vival of the bitter herbs of the
passion supper.

At Cole's Hill, in Warwickshire,
if the young men of the town can
catch a hare and bring it to the
clergyman of the parish before ten
o'clock on Easter morning, the good
man is bound to give them a calf's
head and one hundred eggs for
their breakfast, besides a "groat"
in money.

An old English name for Easter
is "God's Sunday." A quaint old
folk-song of the Middle Ages gives
the following account of the origin
of that name:

"Wen Cryste soe nekid and forlorne;
Had on ye crosse hys goode lymbes
torne;
Wen, three dayes after, all men sayde,
'Thys Cryste ys rysen from ye dede,'
Gode sayde 'Mye chylde, tys mye
waye
Ye calls thy alwayse Gode's Sondaye.'"

The use of flowers to decorate churches
on Easter morning, like many other
Christian usages, is derived from the
Druids, the heathen priests of the an-
cient Britons. Those worthies were ac-
customed to make liberal use of flowers
and vines in all their ceremonies.



EASTER MEANING.

"What doth Easter mean to thee,
Little maiden,
With its fragrant lilies laden?"
Joyously she answered me,
"Easter meaneth, 'Do not weep
Any more at thought of death,'
For 'tis just to fall asleep,
And awake in heaven, he saith.
All its meaning none may tell—
But Christ is risen, and all is well!"

"What doth Easter mean to thee,
Workman earnest,
Who, so like thy Master, yearnest
All his world from sin to free?"
"Perfect peace and strength for strife,

Blessed surely that above us,
In the land of endless life,
Waiteth One who aye doth love us—
This and more. All, who can tell?
But Christ is risen, and all is well!"

"What doth Easter mean to thee,
Pilgrim lonely,
'Reft of loved ones, meeting only
Eyes that cold and careless be?"
"Oh, it meaneth light supernal,
Even the shining of his face,
And reunion, sure, eternal,
Through the riches of his grace,
All it meaneth heaven will tell,
For Christ is risen, and all is well!"

An April Joke.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Oh, it was a merry, glad some day,
When the April Fool met the Queen of May;
She had roguish eyes and golden hair,
And they were a mischief-making pair
They planned the funniest kind of joke,
On the poor, long suffering mortal folk
And a few mysterious words he said,
His fool's-cap close to her flower-crowned head.
Then he laughed till he made his cap-bells ring,
At the thought of the topsy turvy Spring
" 'Tis a fair exchange," he said, with a wink—
" It is!" she said And what do you think?
The flowers that should bloom in the month of May,
Every one of them came on an April day!
And they looked for April showers in vain,
But all through May it did nothing but rain!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899

EASTER.

The festival of Easter, often called the Queen of Festivals, is held to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. Formerly the churches were ornamented with large wax candles, bonfires were lighted, and Christians saluted each other with a kiss and the words, "Christ is risen," to which answer was made, "He is risen indeed." In the present time, as you well know, we celebrate the day by going to church, and by making presents of painted eggs and Easter cards.

In olden times the festival of Easter was celebrated with many ceremonies, sports and observances. Chief among them, as now, was the giving of coloured eggs, called "pasch" or "pasc" eggs, which the boys and girls rolled down some grassy hill-side until they broke, the one whose eggs held out the longest being the victor, and claiming those of the other contestants. While they were doing this they would sing some ditty with the refrain, "Carland parland, paste egg day." In a royal roll of the time of Edward I., preserved in the Tower, appears an entry of eighteen pence (thirty-six cents) for four hundred eggs to be used for Easter gifts. The game of ball was a favourite sport on this day, in which the town authorities engaged with due dignity and parade. At Bury St. Edmunds, in England, within a few years, the game was kept up with great spirit by twelve old women.

In some parts of Ireland there is a legend that the sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday morning. In the northern part of England the men parade the streets on Easter Sunday morning, and claim the privilege of lifting every woman they meet three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same is done by the women to the men on the next day. This custom had no doubt originally a religious significance, intended to typify the rising of our Lord on the third day.

"ALL THERE."

BY MARY A. F. STANBURY.

Mr Harris is a wide-awake young business man, and the superintendent of a mission Sunday-school. Although he works hard at his desk during the week, his interest in the children is not laid on the shelf, with the song-book and lesson-leaf, until the next session of the school. He finds time to visit them in their homes, to learn how they live, and to know something of the influences which surround them. For some of the older boys he has found good employment, either in the city or country, and for this reason any boy who wants a "place" feels himself very fortunate if he can secure a recommendation from Mr. Harris.

One day, last year the young merchant heard a gentle ring at his office bell, and in answer to his "Come in!" the door opened, and showed the sturdy little figure of Tommy Trothers.

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Harris, pleasantly, as he looked up from the column of figures in his ledger, "what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," answered Tommy, coming forward, with his ragged cap in his hand, "I've a chance to get in at Pratt & Crawford's, if so be as I can get a good word from you, sir."

Mr. Harris looked at the boy doubtfully. His kind heart could scarcely endure the thought of refusing the request. Yet what could he say? He knew Tommy only too well as one of the dullest pupils in his school. Although past thirteen, the boy knew hardly more than his letters, in spite of his teacher's persistent efforts to teach him to read.

"What would you expect to do at Pratt & Crawford's, Tommy?" he asked, trying to gain time for decision.

"I dunno 'xactly, sir. Anything they wanted of me."

Mr. Harris's brow cleared. Tommy's answer had given him a hint as to what his own should be. For whatever were the boy's deficiencies, he was at least faithful. He would certainly, as he had said, do "anything" which might be "wanted" of him, to the best of his small ability.

"Sit down, Tommy," said he; and, as the boy obeyed, he took up a sheet of paper, and dashed off a note to the junior member of the firm of Pratt & Crawford, who chanced to be one of his personal friends:

"My Dear Crawford:—The bearer of this, Tommy Trothers, is not the brightest boy in the world, but you will find, if you try him, that whatever there is of him, is all there! Yours cordially,
"Harris."

As Mr. Harris made the rounds of his school-room, on the next Sunday, he stopped in front of the bench where Tommy was sitting, and asked, kindly:

"Did you get the place, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, and it's thanks to you, sir. It must 'a' been a fine recommend that ye gave me, sir, for Mr. Crawford just read it an' laughed, an' says he: 'Well try ye, Tommy! Go an' report yerself to Mr. Hagen, down in the basement.'"

"I am very glad, Tommy. And you will do your best?"

"I'm a-tryin', sir."

Soon afterwards Mr. Harris was sent abroad in the interest of his own firm. Returning, after an absence of two months, he met his friend Crawford upon a railroad train. When the first cordial greetings were over, Mr. Crawford exclaimed:

"Well, Harris, you little suspected what a treasure you were sending us in Tommy Trothers! But for him, I should hardly be here to-day."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you not heard of the fire in our block?"

"No, indeed! Tell me about it."

"The flames started in some mysterious way, in a small room on the first floor, and were already well under way before they were discovered. An alarm was turned in, and the fire department was soon on hand. The stairways were not yet cut off, and there were many people in the building,—the firemen fighting the blaze, and our own men attending to the goods."

"It seems that Tommy was intent upon carrying out a valuable case of cutlery, when one of the other boys rushed past him, crying out, 'Run, Tommy! The door of the powder-room's open.' Now the powder-room, as he called it, is a sort of fire-proof vault in the basement, where all the explosives are stored, and the strictest orders had been given that the door should always be kept closed and locked, except when it was necessary to enter. Some careless employee, however, had disobeyed the rule, and inside the wide-open door lay dark and silent, the terrible death in ambush, ready at any instant to leap in flame and

thunder to the destruction of scores of lives.

"What did Tommy do? Let me tell you, Harris! He simply set down the case of cutlery at full speed through the long wareroom, and plunged down the basement stairs. A spot in the upper floor had already burned through, and brands were falling just in front of the vault. The boy never faltered, but, dashing through the fiery shower, he set the spring-lock of the heavy door, and shut it fast. Then he ran back up the stairway, and picked up the box he had set down."

"When I asked him how he dared close the door, he gave me an astonished look and answered: 'Everybody would 'a' been blown up, sir! 'Yes, I know. But you had time to run away,' I said. The boy's amazement changed to a look of reproach. 'An' leave the rest as didn't know, sir? Would you 'a' done that, sir, in my place?'"

"But I doubt to this day, in spite of all the praises he has received, whether Tommy fancies himself to have done anything extraordinary."

It can readily be understood that, notwithstanding his slow wits and his lack of book-knowledge, Tommy is in high favour at Pratt & Crawford's. For the number of talents which one may possess in this world is of very little consequence compared with the use which he makes of them, and small powers are sufficient for great work if only they are "all there" at the call of duty.—Young People's Weekly.

EASTER EGGS.

BY REV. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Pace Saturday (Easter) is one of the gala days of the children throughout the length and breadth of Germany. The thrifty housewife gladdens the children's hearts by dyeing eggs for the afternoon games, sending her contributions to her little friends in canary yellow, and with possibly half a dozen eggs apiece the children in the country collect in some old grass field, where the moss forms a cushion for the eggs.

How happy and merry every one is! As the eggs are tossed, now high, now low, they challenge each other; and what shouts of glee when, in the general melee, a number of the eggs are broken!

The Scotch children are taught by their nurses to crush the eggshell after eating its contents, or to push the spoon through the bottom of it. This shell crushing is a relic of a great superstitious belief that witches lived in empty eggshells, and made boats of them, casting spells upon the household.

In Germany and the north of England there is a common belief that hares lay eggs; and when a hare is seen bounding over the fields in March, which gave rise to our saying, "As mad as a March hare," the children clap their hands, crying, "Hare, hare, good little hare, lay plenty of eggs for Easter Day!"

Here the eggs are rolled and tossed on Saturday afternoon in the field adjoining the parish church, and eggs and oranges are freely exchanged between acquaintances and friends.

"DID HE DIE FOR ME?"

A child sat on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how he so loved the people as to give his life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; for you, for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma; I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you that thinks, and knows, and loves. If

you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS.

We knew a lady in Toronto who every Good Friday used to retire to her room for devout contemplation on the love and tenderness of Christ; as she thought how he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, her heart was melted to tears. The picture before us shows in part what those sufferings were. The cross was so heavy and cruel that beneath its weight our Saviour staggered and fell, and the cross was laid upon the broad, strong shoulders of Simon the Cyrenian, and he bore it through the crowded streets of Jerusalem.

Is it not a striking thought that it was a coloured man, a native of Ethiopia, on whom this honour was laid? Africa has been the burden-bearer of the nations ever since. Its sons have been slaves in many lands, but now Ethiopia is stretching out her hand unto God, and devoted missionaries are taking to them the knowledge of the cross which Simon bore, and of the Saviour whom he succored.

In our picture we see the mocking, taunting priest pointing the slow, unmoving finger of scorn at our blessed Lord. We see the sneer of contempt, and almost hear the laugh of derision as they say, "He trusted in God that he would deliver him. Let him now deliver him if he will have him." In the foreground is the stern, unmoved and unrelenting Roman soldier, his naked sword in his hand, the symbol of authority and judgment. This reminds us, too, of the words, "Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Our last Sunday's lesson was about the Good Shepherd. We are told that he giveth his life for the sheep. To-day we are reminded of the last act of that life of love and mercy.

A Song for Easter.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

Every face is beaming,
Every step is light,
All the world is beautiful,
From merry morn till night.
The little streams are dancing
And flashing, just for fun,
And joyfully to meet the sea,
The mighty rivers run.

And twice ten thousand flowers,
And twice ten thousand more,
Are waking in the lonesome woods,
And by the cottage door.
To count the Easter lilies
Is more than you or I
Can hope to do the long day through,
How hard soe'er we try.

Uplift the song of Easter,
Let none to-day be still,
When this great world is like a cup
The flowers overflow.
When blossoms deck the orchard,
And bouquets are pink and white,
And winds go by, like wings that fly,
From merry morn till night.

FIRE AND FROST.

Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask him what he was doing, and he should reply:

"Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another."

Would you not say: "Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will come off."

And have you not seen people try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows.

Let the fire of love to God, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in your heart, and the bad habits will soon melt away.

RESURRECTION.

Jesus once had a body like ours, which was often tired and weak. He died, and his body was laid in the grave. But he was stronger than death; and no grave could hold him. So, on the third day, when some loving women came to look for his body, they found an empty grave, and a shining angel, dressed in white, said: "He is not here; he is risen." Rising from the grave is called a resurrection.

Easter Lilies.

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE.

"Gather the lilies," the minister said,
And little maid Marjorie raised her head.
"Gather sweet lilies of love, to bring
And lay at the feet of our risen King!"
Little maid Marjorie lifted her eyes,
Bright with the light of a glad surprise,
To the minister's kind and beaming face,
As he uttered these words of truth and grace.

'Twas Easter morn, and Marjorie knew,
As she sat so still in the high-backed pew,
That Jesus, the Son of God, had risen,
And entered in glory into heaven.
And her heart was glad this Easter Day,
For here she had suddenly found a way
To honour the Lord who loved her so,
And had died that she to heaven might go.

So after the last short prayer was said,
Back to her home she quickly sped,
And up to her own dear little room,
Where, by a window, all in bloom,
Two Easter lilies, white and fair,
Drank in the sunshine and soft spring air,
And seemed to be singing a silent song
To the Lord of heaven this Easter morn.

Little maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim,
But she softly said: "It is all for him!"
And she plucked the blossoms, and turned
away,

Though a tear in one waxen chalice lay,
Then down the steps to the street she
went,

On her errand of love and duty bent,
And the passers-by looked up and smiled
At sight of the lilies and the child.

Suddenly little maid Marjorie turned,
And her tender heart with pity burned,
For a cripple boy stood at her side,
And with wistful glances the lilies eyed.
She looked from him to the blossoms
fair—

"Surely the blessed Christ will spare
One of those flow'rs for the cripple boy,
Who knows so little of love and joy."

So, with a smile of tender grace,
She raised her eyes to the thin, pale face.
"Here, take this lily; 'tis all for you!"
Then on her way to the church she flew.
She softly ascended the old stone steps,
And entered the building with parted
lips,
And two little hands that tightly pressed
The one white blossom against her breast.

'Twas all so still that the little maid
Was almost tempted to be afraid,
When out of the silence deep she heard
The words, "Be merciful, O Lord."
And little maid Marjorie saw the form
Of a woman in garments old and worn,
Who knelt in tears at the altar rail,
With lips that murmured a pitiful tale.

Marjorie went to the woman's side:
"Oh, please be happy this Easter-tide!
Here, take this lily, and may God bless
And fill your heart with joyfulness."
The woman smiled through her tearful
eyes,
And gradually hushed her bitter sighs;
But sweet maid Marjorie's eyes grew
dim—
"I have left no lilies to give to Him!"

Oh, dear maid Marjorie, angels sing
The song of your lilies before the King;
He knows the love that would fain have
given,
And treasures remembrance up in heaven.
Have you forgotten the words of love
That he left us before he went above?
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," said he,
"Ye did it, my brethren, unto me!"
—Christian Advocate.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE MEET AGAIN.

It may seem strange that the coming of Sir Arthur Wellesley to Cork to take command of the Spanish expedition should bring misfortune in its train for me. But so it fell out, for a time at least, though better things followed.

And this was the nature of my misfortune—Michael Erling came with Sir Arthur.

Now, whether it was a premonition or not, I cannot say, but on the day of Sir Arthur's arrival I felt sad and sick at heart for the first time since our arrival in Cork. True, it was raining pitilessly, but so it had done on many a day before, and I had not found it any hindrance to my usual good spirits. This day I was affected beyond description, and at first,

as I thought, without reason. Before we left Cork I had reason to know why.

This was the manner in which I met Michael Erling in Cork; for the first time, remember, since we had parted in the lane, a couple of raw, hot-headed country lads, two years before.

Early in that dismal day word was brought from the town that the frigate, with Sir Arthur on board, had been sighted. Two hours later the guard of honour, of which I formed one, marched to the landing-stage to meet our future commander. The frigate lay at anchor when we reached the quay, and, in spite of the pouring rain, a great crowd had gathered to witness the landing. Presently we saw the boats put off from the ship's side. Sir Arthur Wellesley came first—an athletic "figure of a man," as the Irish say—enveloped in a great cloak. He mounted quickly the steps up the quay-side. The crowd cheered.

The fourth boat brought Michael Erling. I recognized him the instant he set foot on the quay, covered though he was by his officer's cloak, and for a moment I thought he had recognized me; but he, too, passed on, talking earnestly with a couple of young officers.

It was the same Michael I had left two years ago, and but slightly altered by association with the world outside the little Hampshire village. If anything, the mouth, which I had last seen set with so hard and ugly a line, was a trifle harder, and the eyes, to my thinking, were keener and more restless. It seemed to me at the moment that Michael Erling had gone his way, even as I had gone mine, and far apart as we were in rank we were yet farther apart in feeling. "Heaven grant we may not meet again as we met two years ago," was the heartfelt wish that flashed through my mind, as I stood in the rain and saw him pass.

All that day I was moody and ill-conditioned. Indeed, to such a degree had the sight of Erling added to my previous discomfort that my big Irish friend, Doyle, now, by the way, a corporal like myself, and with whom I was more intimate than any other man in the regiment, rallied me on the subject.

"And why," said he, "are ye so down-hearted? Is it so sick of fightin' ye are that the sight of Sir Arthur—bless his soul for the Irishman he is!—makes ye as solemn as a four-footed baste I cud name?"

"Doyle," I said, looking at his broad, honest face and twinkling grey eyes, "I never told you how I came to wear a green coat. Pass your word that the story doesn't go any farther, and I'll tell you; and then you'll know why I'm out of sorts to-day."

So he passed his word, and kept it, like an honest Irishman, and I told him the story.

"That's the trouble, is it?" he said, when he had heard me to the end. "If our fine young officer has the black heart, it's no easy time you'll have with him. But, anyway, maybe it's not the Rifle Brigade that he comes to join at all."

"I hope not," said I.
"I'll find out for you this very minute," said Doyle. "There's a man of my own town—bad luck to her that she sends so many of us into the army!—that's an officer's servant. He can tell me if he kept his ears open at the officers' mess to-night."

With that he left me, only to return, however, in a few minutes with so comic an expression of dolefulness on his face that I could scarcely forbear from laughing, though I knew from all his actions that he brought bad news.

"You may take off your stripes, Corporal Barber, I'm by way of thinkin'," said he, "for your old friend has been gazetted a lieutenant in your own company,—which shows, in a manner," he added, "that the young man has money, or influence with some above you."

"Not so bad as that, Doyle," said I, trying to pass it off lightly.

"Well," said he, "if you're not above takin' my advice, you'll steer clear of him; and if you're not above takin' my help, I'll stand by you, if trouble comes. And there's my hand on it."

CHAPTER XVII.

A ROUGH ENCOUNTER.

Not by word or sign did Michael show that he recognized me for three days. Yet I knew that the story of my enlistment in the brigade was known to him, and I had not greatly changed in appearance. I felt, therefore, that the impassive manner in which he returned my salute on the several occasions when we met and passed each other during those three days could only mean that he still harboured resentment. During this time I learned too that the cause of his transfer to the Rifles from the regiment of

Fusileers in which he had first purchased his lieutenantcy was due to a sudden display of temper against a brother officer, leading to a challenge, according to the code of the times, which he had not been any too ready to accept. The duel, I learned, ended in a harmless interchange of shots, but the manner in which it had been provoked and tardily accepted made Michael so unpopular that he took a broad hint and exchanged as soon as possible. Altogether the prospect did not seem bright, should he find any occasion to exercise his authority as my superior, and I studied to avoid him as much as possible.

Anxious as I was to avoid a conflict it came on the evening of the fourth day.

It was Sunday evening, and I was returning to the barracks from a little gathering of a few Methodists in the private house of one to whom I had carried a letter of introduction from a certain good friend in Hythe, when in passing the end of a narrow street I was suddenly involved in a struggling mob of men and women.

Stones were flying, sticks were whirling, men yelling, and women screaming, until it seemed like pandemonium broken loose. Every one was fighting against his neighbour, like the famous cats of Kilkenny, and whatever might have been the original cause of the row everything seemed to have been forgotten in a wild desire to crack as many heads as possible. It was a frenzy of fighting for which the Irishmen's taste for ardent spirits was doubtless as much responsible as his natural love for a broil.

In the thick of the crowd, as it poured out of the narrow street and swayed around me, I saw the green jackets of riflemen, and the white cross-belts of a regiment quartered with us. Not being allowed to carry arms in the town, the soldiers were having somewhat the worst of the fray, their fists being a poor protection against the shillelachs of the townsmen, who, from fighting among themselves, now began to combine against the red-coats. I saw that unless the men were got out of the turmoil it might fare badly with them. Without a thought of the possible consequences, I plunged into the fray, and forced my way into the thick of the fighting.

More than one blow was aimed at me, but I avoided them all, and, lunging forward, caught one of the Rifles by the collar and swung him round.

"No more of this business," I shouted. "Get together, boys, and up to the barracks with you."

One called to another and each forced his way to the spot where I stood, until I was the centre of a knot of half a dozen. But we were not to escape so easily. The blood of the townsmen was up, and with their short, thick sticks they pressed us close. Still rougher elements had been added to the crowd as the report of the riot had spread, and some with a special hatred for the soldiery.

The cry of "Old Ireland for ever, and down with the English," was raised, the sound of breaking windows was heard, and the row which had first been a case of a trifle of friendly head-cracking, was fast developing into a serious affair. We were now fighting in good earnest and facing an angry mob, the greater part of which was massed between us and the barracks.

In vain I urged the men to keep cool, hoping to get them out of the riot and avoid the trouble which was bound to come. There had already been several little affrays between soldiers and townsmen, and the patience of the authorities on both sides was getting strained. If the present trouble was laid to the credit of our men, punishment of a pretty severe nature would certainly follow. Sir Arthur Wellesley was known to view with great displeasure any ill behaviour on the part of men under his command towards civilians.

Louder grew the sound of conflict. Every man of our little company was now engaged. In a measure we had succeeded in forming a wedge. By repeated rushes we tried to split the mob and force our way up the hill.

In vain we tried to shake them off. They swung their short sticks with such good effect that not one of us but had a cut and aching head or bruised shoulders.

Just as things were at their worst, and several of our men were too spent to keep up the struggle longer, above the noise of the conflict I heard the welcome sound of troops coming down from the barracks at the double.

The crowd, too, heard the swinging trot over the stones, and swayed ominously as if doubting whether to turn and face the troops or make a final rush against our little band of stalwarts.

Half carried away in the rush we stood our ground as best we could, clinging to the doorposts of a house and warding off

the human torrent as it flowed past. Just as I was hoping that the worst of the rush was over, I felt a hand on the back of my collar, and before I could turn I was thrown violently on the ground. At the same moment the guard of my own regiment, which had been turned out to suppress the riot, closed in around me.

Dazed by the fall, I was yet about to struggle to my feet when I heard a voice behind me say:

"Arrest this man; he has been the leader of all this disturbance," and looking up I saw Michael Erling standing on the step of the house, the open door of which showed how he had thus suddenly and strangely come upon the scene.

(To be continued.)

Easter Song.

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

Awaken, O heart, awaken!
The Easter Day is here,
With the dew from its leaves unshaken,
White rose of the circling year.

It comes with the old world story,
Of light and life in the gloom,
When the angel, resplendent in glory,
Rolled away the stone from the tomb.

And the bonds from his cerements riven,
Christ walked again among men,
Fulfilling the promise given,
Writ by the prophet's pen.

Now death hath no more dominion;
Our life to his life is wed,
Afar on her snowy pinion,
Faith follows where Jesus led.

The miracle came unbidden,
As burst the buds in May,
And the meaning of life lies hidden
In the heart of Easter Day!
—Youth's Companion.

ALL-FOOLS' DAY EVERYWHERE.

April the first is the time when children play tricks on one another, and on their elders, too. Some of the tricks are very funny ones. American children are not the only ones who amuse themselves by making "April fools" of one another. In many other countries children play the same games. This April fooling used to be an amusement for grown people, too; indeed, many children's games used to be played by older persons.

Once, many, many years ago, the year began with the twenty-fifth of March, and it was the custom in many countries to hold a New Year's festival of eight days, and the closing day, the first of April, was spent in such capers as are now left for the children only.

The "April fool" is known by different names in different countries. In France he is called "poisson d'Avril," an April fish, a silly creature that allows himself to be caught. In the northern part of England, and in Scotland, he is called a "gowk"—that is, a cuckoo, a bird called silly because it lays its eggs in other birds' nests; and a favourite trick with the Scotch children is "hunting the gowk"—that is, to send somebody on a fool's errand.

One of the most pleasant April fool stories I ever read about was about a prince of Lorraine (in France) many years ago. He and his wife were imprisoned in a great castle by some cruel persons, and were in danger of losing their lives. They managed to get some clothes of a peasant near by, and disguised themselves, hoping to make their escape. They crept softly down the great stairs, and they got out to the great gate of the castle, without anybody seeing them. There they met a servant maid, and she knew them in a moment. She screamed and ran to give the alarm.

It was the evening of the first of April. The people in the castle were at supper, and in all the noise and clatter nobody happened to hear her. She ran into the guard-room, where many of the soldiers were, and screamed out, "They are gone! The prince and princess have escaped!"

"Oh, yes! escaped, have they?" said the men, laughing.

"Yes, yes! Run! you will overtake them."

"Oh, yes!" said the soldiers, "you are going to make fine April fools of us,—but we sha'n't run!"

And they did not; and long before they believed the servant was telling the truth, and not trying an April fool trick at all, the prisoners had escaped, and two innocent persons were safe.

Among the subscribers to The Pacific Christian Advocate is a lady who lives sixty-five miles from a postoffice.

The Easter Angels.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

God hath sent his angels
To the east again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men.

They who first at Christmas
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb door
Sit on Easter Day.

Angels sing his triumph,
As you sing his birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen,
Peace, good will on earth."

In the dreadful desert,
Where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels
Gathered at his side.

And when in the garden,
Grief and pain and care
Bowed him down with anguish,
They were with him there.

Yet the Christ they honour
Is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness,
Did his Master's will.

And the tomb deserted,
Shineth like the sky,
Since he passed out from it,
Into victory.

God has still his angels
Helping at his word,
All his faithful children,
Like their faithful Lord.

Soothing them in sorrow,
Arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb doors,
Leading into life.

Father, send thine angels
Unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander
All along our way.

Let them guard and guide us,
Wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection
Bring us home to thee.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON I.—APRIL 2.**THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.**

John 11. 32-45. Memory verses, 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—
John 11. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Words of Inquiry, v. 32-37.
2. Words of Comfort, v. 38-40.
3. Words of Prayer, v. 41, 42.
4. Words of Command, v. 43-45.

Time.—A.D. 30.

Place.—Bethany, on the Mount of Olives.

Rulers.—Pilate in Jerusalem; Herod in Galilee.

LESSON HELPS.

32. "If thou hadst been here"—The same words Martha had uttered (verse 21). The grief of the sisters was great.

33. "Was troubled"—Partly by the grief of Mary, partly by the pretended grief of those who afterward sought to kill Lazarus (chap. 12. 10).

34. The question and answer of this verse are brief and to the point, for so does true grief express itself.

35. "Jesus wept"—His humanity was perfect, his sympathy was intense. His sympathy with human sorrow is a part of his nature, as is his union with divine strength.

37. "This man, which opened the eyes of the blind"—From one miracle they argue very properly that another is possible. He who can restore can surely prevent. Why was there not this prevention? (Read verse 4.)

38. "A cave"—A sepulchre, rather, that is, an artificial cave. A private burying place; and that fact, with the number of mourners and the very precious ointment, show that the family was one of some wealth.

40. "If thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God"—The value of faith and its great result is here seen. The glory of God was seen, not only in raising Lazarus, but in that fact as having the promise of the resurrection of Jesus.

41, 42. "And Jesus lifted up his eyes,

and said"—Notice the prayer. To whom spoken—the "Father." The feeling of Christ—gratitude; "I thank thee." "Thou hast heard"—At some previous time. "I knew"—But now let the people, by this utterance and by the miracle to follow, believe that thou hast sent me." A twofold purpose of the miracle: (1) To comfort the weeping sisters; and (2) To give proof of his divine mission.

43. "Lazarus, come forth"—He calls him by name as a friend calls a friend. "Hither, out," is the more expressive form of the Greek. The mighty power was not in the words, but through the words.

44. "Grave clothes"—The bandages which kept the linen sheet and spices about the corpse.

45. "Many . . . believed on him"—The wonder is all did not, but doubters always are found. The belief was in Christ as one divinely sent.

HOME READINGS.

M. Sickness of Lazarus.—John 11. 1-16.

Tu. Death and sorrow.—John 11. 17-31.

W. The raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 32-45.

Th. Testimony of witnesses.—John 12. 12-19.

F. Perfect through suffering.—Heb. 2. 9-18.

S. Certainty of resurrection.—1 Cor. 15. 50-58.

Su. Resurrection of Christ.—Matt. 28. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Words of Inquiry, v. 32-37.
What did Mary do when she saw Jesus?

What effect had the miracle on the people.

What great truth does this miracle illustrate? Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The sympathy of Jesus?
2. The love of Jesus?
3. The power of Jesus?

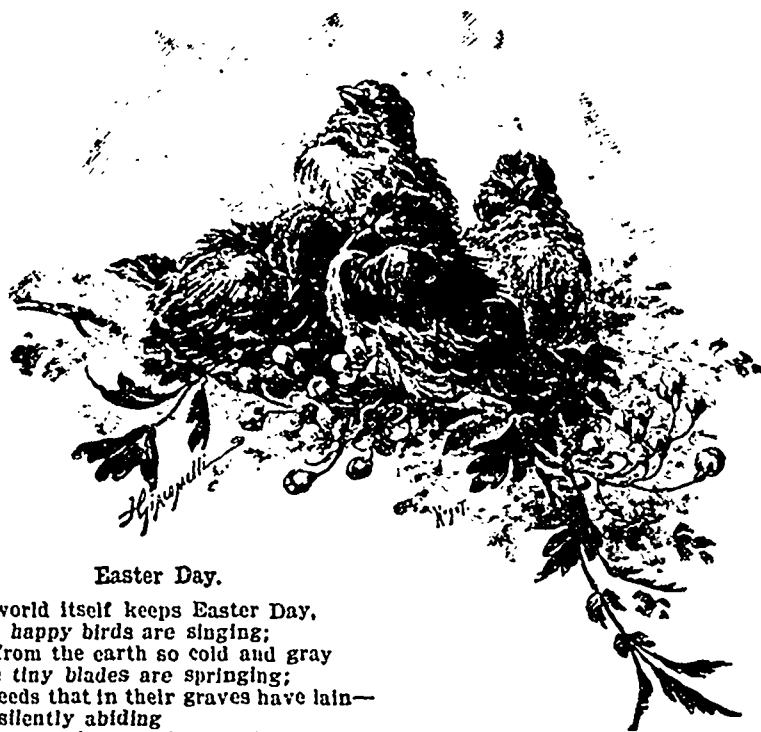
EASTER AND THE ROBIN.

BY D. VIRGINIA FARLEY.

There is a pretty legend that associates the robin with the Easter festival, and explains why the robin's breast is red and its eggs coloured. Please listen, little ones, while I tell it to you.

When Pilate had delivered our Saviour to the Jews to crucify him, they mocked him shamefully in many ways; and, among other cruel indignities offered him, they "plaited a crown of thorns, and put it about his head." This crown, according to the legend, was still upon his head while he was ascending Calvary to die on the cross. Becoming much wearied with the journey he sank down to rest for a short time. A little bird—a robin—sitting about, alighted upon the crown of thorns and tried to lift it from our Redeemer's brow. The tiny creature's efforts were in vain, but ere it gave up a thorn impaled its breast.

"And thus 'tis sweetly said,
The robin has his silver vest
Incarnadined with red."

**Easter Day.**

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
For happy birds are singing;
And from the earth so cold and gray
The tiny blades are springing;
The seeds that in their graves have lain—
So silently abiding
The hour when spring-time's sun and
rain

Should call them from their hiding—
Now rise again to bud and bloom,
And fill the earth with gladness;
Gone are the days of wintry gloom;
Spring is no time for sadness.

Each tree and shrub the new life feels
Through every vein warm-glowing;
And buds burst forth—the promise sure
Of leaves and fruit soon growing;
The little streams—ice-bound so long—
Flow onward gaily singing,

Freed from their fetters, join their song
With Easter joy-bells ringing.

The Christ is risen,—as all things tell:
Then let all hearts warm-glowing,
From doubts and sorrows rise as well,
With love and faith o'erflowing,
Let Hope again rise from the tomb
Of earthly griefs and losses;
Life's blossoms spring from dust and
gloom,
And crowns are won by crosses.

What did she say to him?
Who had said the same words before?
Verse 21.

Why had Jesus delayed his coming?
Verse 4.

How was Jesus affected by Mary's
grief?

What did he ask?

What reply was made?

How did Jesus show his love for
Lazarus?

What did the Jews say of him?

What question did they ask about his
power?

2. Words of Comfort, v. 38-40.

Where was the body of Lazarus laid?

What command did Jesus give?

Who objected? Why?

What did Jesus say to Martha?

3. Words of Prayer, v. 41, 42.

For what did Jesus give thanks?

To whom did he give thanks?

For whose sake did he give thanks?

4. Words of Command, v. 43-45.

What command did he then give?

What result followed Jesus' command?

What further order did Jesus give?

A beautiful tree grew quite near our Saviour's sepulchre, so the legend further tells us, and in the tree a robin had with much patience and labour built a nest. In the nest there were four white eggs—there was not one bit of colour about them.

When the robin, from its mossy nest in the stately tree, saw the body of our crucified Saviour laid in the sepulchre, its song of gladness at once changed to a song of sadness, and so continued until Easter morning. Then Christ, who was, and is, and shall ever be, "the resurrection and the life," came forth robed in the glory of the resurrection morning. As the sun rose in splendour over the eastern hills, the robin beheld the glorious wonder of "death swallowed up in victory." Again its song changed, and in sweetest, clearest notes it warbled: "He is risen indeed! He is risen indeed!" The white-robed angel that came from heaven to earth to roll the stone away from our Saviour's tomb heard the robin's joyous song and said: "Rejoice, rejoice, sweet bird; and be forever blest, thyself, thy eggs, and thy cosy home." And—

"Ever since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of
Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their
hue,
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

It was Early in the Morning.**CHILDREN'S EASTER HYMN.**

BY REV. G. W. TURNER.

It was early in the morning,
The first bright Easter morning,
That the dear Lord Jesus rose from the
grave in which he lay;
And in the morning quiet,
The holy angels by it
Sat waiting for the Maries to come along
the way.

The Maries came in sadness,
But the angels brought them gladness
When they said: "The Lord is risen; he
will never die again."
And soon he came to meet them—
With loving words to greet them—
Oh, that Sunday put an end to their sor-
row and their pain!

Now the angels, who sit keeping
Their watch while we lie sleeping,
Are glad to see us wake when the Sunday
morn is here;
For they know their Lord rejoices
To listen to our voices,
And the praises of the children to him
are always dear.

Then let us take our places
With gladness on our faces,
With hearts and voices ready our Sunday
hymns to sing;
For it is coming one day,
The best and brightest Sunday,
When all his children rise again to meet
their glorious King!

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson in the finances of modern industry is also afforded by them. To establish a steel-rail works, an expenditure of \$3,000,000 is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

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