

THE BIBLE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

It has been said that the lands of the Bible are the best commentary upon the Bible. A visit to the East throws a flood of light upon a thousand Scripture allusions and incidents, and makes many a text of Scripture luminous with a beauty before unknown. The feathery palms—the wandering caravan—the glimmering mirage—the halt at noonday—the encampment at eventide, and the thousand varying incidents of travel or sojourn, all light up the sacred page with gleams of unexpected illumination. With a view to add to the Biblically educative value of the forthcoming volumes of the *Methodist Magazine*, arrangements have been made to publish a series of finely illustrated articles on "The Land of the Pharaohs," on "Asia Minor and the Levant," and on "Syria and Palestine," with engravings of which the cuts on pages 1, 4 and 5 are specimens of a large number of scenes in Egypt, the Holy Land, and the other lands of the Bible. These will be of great value to all Bible readers and especially to Sunday-school teachers. A large number of Sunday-schools already take from two to ten copies of this Magazine as cheaper, fresher, and more interesting than library books. It will be furnished at special reduced rates to schools. Write to Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto, for terms.



THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

UNCONSCIOUS DANGER.

I HAVE just been reading an account of the defeat, some years ago, of the troops of a distinguished general in Italy. Having taken their stand near Terni, where the waters of the river Velino rush down an almost perpendicular precipice of 300 feet, and thence toss and foam along through groves of orange and olive trees toward the

Tiber, into which it soon empties, they attempted, when pressed by the Austrians, to make their escape over a bridge which spanned the stream just above the falls. In the hurry of the moment, and all unconscious of the insufficient strength of the structure, they rushed upon it in such numbers

spiritual end? It seems generally to be assumed that in our relations to eternity, there is no danger except that of which we are distinctly conscious—which we see, or hear, or feel. But there cannot be a greater delusion. It would be equally rational for the blind man, who wanders among

that it suddenly gave way, and precipitated hundreds of the shrieking, and now despairing men, into the rapid current below. There was no resisting such a tide when once in its bosom. With frightful velocity they were borne along toward the roaring cataract and the terrific gulf whence clouds of impenetrable mist never ceased to rise. A moment more, and they made the awful plunge into the fathomless abyss, from which, amid the roar of the waters, no cry of horror could be heard, no bodies, or even fragments of bodies, could ever be rescued. The peril was wholly unsuspected, but none the less real, and ending in a "destruction" none the less "swift."

May we not see in this the picture of a great throng of ungodly men in respect to their

pitfalls, or on the trembling brink of some frightful precipice, to infer that there is no danger because he sees none. Insensibility to danger is, in fact, one of the most startling characteristics of the sinner's condition by nature, just as insensibility in a mortal disease is one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease itself. The danger is none the less real, none the less dreadful. And the only true wisdom is in providing for every exigency in the way prescribed by the Physician of the soul. The believer's Surety can alone give security against all possible danger. The gulf which is bridged by genuine faith will never bear away on its tumultuous bosom him who possesses that faith. The grace of Christ never fails to be sufficient for him who implicitly trusts to it, whether he is conscious or unconscious of the dangers which threaten him.

Fellow-traveller to eternity, are there no possible dangers in the path you propose to pursue, for which you have made no provision?—*Glad Tidings.*

A CURIOUS EASTERN STORY.

IN an eastern land an eccentric man gave up all worldly concerns and went to live the life of a hermit in the woods. But it so happened that rats were numerous in the woods, and so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk, so a cow had to be kept. But the cow required tending, so a cowboy was employed. Then the boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid, a few more houses had to be built and people invited to live in them. In this manner a town sprung up. The man said, "The further we seek to go from the world and its cares, the more they multiply."

A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and that will always spring up and bear fruit.