



SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL O'ER EGYPT'S DARK SEA.

Miriam's Song.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
 and brave,—
 How vain was their boast; for the Lord
 hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
 the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.
 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword.
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from his
 pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed
 in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

R.C. 1491.] LESSON XI. [June 10.
 PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-29. Memory verses, 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith they passed through the Red Sea.
 —Heb. 11. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud, v. 19, 20.
2. The Sea, v. 21, 22.
3. The Foot, v. 23, 29.

PLACE.—The Red Sea, between Egypt and the wilderness.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The death of the firstborn (Exod. 12. 29, 30). 2. The departure of the Israelites from Egypt (Exod. 12. 31-41). 3. The pursuit by Pharaoh (Exod. 14. 8-18).

EXPLANATIONS.—“The Angel of God”—His presence in the cloudy pillar. “Went behind them”—The cloud, which was the

token of his presence, went from the front to the rear of the host, to protect them from the enemy which was pursuing them. “Darkness to them”—To the Egyptians. “Light by night”—To the Israelites. “Over the sea”—The Red Sea, at its north-western arm. “A strong east wind”—Blowing the waters apart. “Went into the midst”—They showed their faith in God. “A wall unto them”—The waters were a defence like a wall on each side. “Pharaoh's horses”—The horses leading the chariots. “Horsemen”—Drivers of chariots are here meant. “Morning watch”—Between two o'clock and sunrise. “Looked unto the host”—There was probably a terrific storm, with lightning and thunder. Such a storm is a very unusual event in Egypt; and in all storms the ancients recognized God's immediate presence. “Took off their chariot wheels”—By entangling them in the mire and sand. “The waters returned”—The tide rolled in so rapidly that the Egyptians could not escape.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Passage of the Red Sea.—Exod. 14. 19-31.
 Tu. The pursuit.—Exod. 14. 5-12.
 W. A mightier than Pharaoh.—Exod. 14. 13-18.
 Th. The song of deliverance.—Exod. 15. 1-10.
 F. The song continued.—Exod. 15. 11-19.
 S. Memory of mercy.—Psalm 106. 1-12.
 Sa. The arm of the Lord.—Isa. 51. 9-16.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of obedience?
3. A lesson of judgment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. By what were the Israelites led out of Egypt? “By a pillar of cloud and of fire.”
2. Where were the Israelites led? “Through the Red Sea.”
3. How were they enabled to pass through the sea? “The waters were divided.”
4. What became of the Egyptians who pursued them? “They were drowned.”
5. What is the Golden Text? “By faith,” etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why is this sometimes called justification? Because the forgiven penitent is justified, or treated for Christ's sake as if he were righteous.

Acts 13. 38, 39.—Through this Man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins; and by him every one that believeth is justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

AN OLD MAN'S WORD.

I MET him one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be said. He had just passed the milestone of life labelled “Seventy years.” His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff; his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eyes were dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn, as his legs and cane carried him along.

“Aged friend,” said I, “why should an old man be merry?”

“All are not,” said he.

“Well, why, then, should you be merry?”

“Because I belong to the Lord.”

“Are none others happy at your time of life?”

“No, not one, my friendly questioner,” said he, and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow upon his countenance. “Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man of my threescore years and ten shall be found to gainsay my words—The devil has no happy old men.”

PUSS IN THE ELEVATOR.

THE *Tribune* elevator car had started on its upward trip last evening, and the elevator boy was gazing upwards into its farthest corner, evidently lost in reverie. Presently there came a distinct call in the form of a plaintive “Miaouw!”

The elevator-boy checked his car forthwith on a level with the floor whence the sound came. There was no one to be seen, and the smallest boy would have been visible.

“Going up!” asked the elevator boy.

“Miaouw! miaouw!” was repeated.

The elevator boy slid open the door and a gray cat walked demurely in, sprang upon the seat and began licking her paws until two floors had been passed, when she uttered another cry, and sprang down before the doorway. The car stopped, the door was opened, and tabby passed out.

“Is she a regular passenger?” was asked.

“Is she?” said the elevator boy. “Of course she is. She lives in the building, she does. She never walks up or down stairs ‘cept on Sundays when the elevator ain't running in front. If it's evening she uses the back elevator.”

“Where is she going now?”

“She's just dropping in to see a friend of hers. He's a lawyer, and he often stays late to write, and she goes in and sits on the table and watches him, and he gives her a bit of something to eat. In 'bout an hour before my time's up she'll come back to go to the top floor. Maybe she'll stop a little in the editorial rooms; she goes up to the restaurant. She always gets there about twelve o'clock, when the printers get their lunch; they all know her.

“Sometimes,” he added, “she sits down in the car and gives me company for awhile. She ain't any bother. She knows how to behave herself a great deal better than some of them lawyers and she 'p chaps who are always asking a fellow whether he's going to get married. She goes all around down town by herself, she does. The other morning one of the fellows saw her down in the Fulton Market. She know him and came up and rubbed against his legs. Top floor here, sir, if you want to get out.”

MANY of the Psalms begin mournfully and end triumphantly, to show us the prevailing power of devotion, and convince us of the certain return of prayer.



SPRING BLOSSOMS

IN QUARANTINE.

BY MRS. WILLING.

It must be dreary waiting on a pest ship, in sight of the land towards which one's heart has strained for months and years. Needled at home, business suffering, children ill, friends half dead with anxiety and no such thing as getting ashore.

No, we cannot let them come on shore. They would carry death and horror to every town in the land. We must not abate one iota of our quarantine stringency. The country must be protected from cholera at all personal cost.

And we need other quarantines. There are worse things than pestilence. That grog shop on the corner will be the death of more people than any pest ship which ever sailed. Our saloons will kill, directly and indirectly, 100,000 this year. The cholera can hardly come up to that figure. They will beggar hundreds of other thousands, and disgrace their victims, multitudes of whom crawl around, ghastly unburied corpses, years before the breath leaves the body. The cholera merely kills. Death by strong drink damns eternally. They who die of cholera may go straight to heaven. Drunkards mortgage their children's children to the evil one. Cholera is innocent of that crime against the future.

I WOULD rather leave my children in the hope of Christ than leave them millions of money.—Moody.

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