



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

At the Crossing.

Now at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.
Boy at the crossing, look! Awake!
Oh, be sure of the road you take!

Boy at the junction, now beware,
For many roads are crossing there,
And sin's deceitful thoroughfare
Seems bright and smiling—have a care!
Oh, study well before you choose
Which you will take and which refuse!

Right roads crossed by roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within,
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You will be tempted; men have been.
For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction—boy, beware!

Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
And count the costs, dear, while you may,
Think of the mother far away,
And breathe the prayer she used to say.
Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1571.] LESSON VIII. [May 20.]
THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Exod. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will deliver him and honour him.—
Psalm 91. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Among the Rushes, v. 1-6.
2. In the Palace, v. 7-10.

PLACE.—Egypt.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The rapid increase of Israelites alarmed Pharaoh, and an order for the destruction of their male children was given.

EXPLANATIONS.—“The house of Levi”—The descendants of Jacob's third son now developed by rapid growth into a clan or tribe. “A goodly child”—All babes are beauties in their mothers' eyes. “An ark of bulrushes”—The same Hebrew word is used for Noah's ark. This was a little boat, woven of papyrus, which is a reed with three-cornered stem, as thick as your finger, and ten feet long. The ark had a cover. “Daubed it with slime and with pitch”—She filled the crevices of the basket-work with soft clay (probably taken from the brick-yards), and covered that with bitumen. Thus the little boat was made water-tight, and not too heavy to float. “In the flags”—Among the reeds and rushes which line the Nile. “His sister”—Miriam. “To wit”—To see. “To wash herself”—To take a morning bath. This implies that the mother of Moses had stolen with her priceless burden within the inclosure of the royal palace. Her plans to secure the

safety of her child had been most carefully made. “Her maidens”—She had probably a little army of attendants. “Then said his sister”—To thus accost the princess was a terrible risk; but she had observed the young lady's “compassion.” “He became her son”—Was formally adopted by her.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The childhood of Moses.—Exod. 2. 1-10.
Th. Flight of Moses.—Exod. 2. 11-15.
W. Moses in Midian.—Exod. 2. 16-25.
Th. Hidden by parents.—Heb. 11. 23-27.
F. Stephen's reference.—Acts 7. 17-22.
S. Stephen's reference.—Acts 7. 23-29.
Su. God's providence.—Psalm 33. 10-22.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. An illustration of God's providential care.
2. An illustration of strong faith?
3. An illustration of devotion to duty?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great leader of the Israelites was born in Egypt? “Moses.” 2. Where did his mother place him while an infant, in order to save his life? “In an ark of bulrushes.” 3. Who found the child Moses in the river, and adopted him as her son? “The daughter of King Pharaoh.” 4. Where was Moses brought up? “In the palace.” 5. What is the Golden Text? “I will deliver,” etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

Faith in Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive him, trust in him, and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel.

Philippians 3. 9.—And he found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, even that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

ALL AMONG THE SAILORS; OR, A BOY'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

“How many ships are there to-day, Allan?”
“Five, I think.”
“And when do you go down to the jetty?”

“About eleven o'clock.”
“All right; I shall go too.”
So, at the time named, away we went; Allan with his bundle of papers under his arm, his mother and I “for company.”

There were four ships, not five, as it turned out. Our young missionary boarded the steamer that lay nearest the jetty, and after some improvising of a suitable gangway, we followed him, and saw the dear boy go from cabin to mess-room, up and down companions, and over hatchways, till he had been all over the ship, leaving his “silent preachers” everywhere. He went off to the other steamers, and we two old friends waited, talking of how this work, in which one English schoolboy

is engaged, came to be his work, and the one thing that seemed to be given to him to do for the Lord.

“It was this way,” said my friend. “Five years ago, when we first came here to live, I felt lost, for I had been used to something livelier than this little spot. My husband and children had not yet come to our new home, and I was alone.

“I wandered on the river bank, and there I saw the steamers. I went home, found a few tracts, took them to the sailors, and they were very grateful. When Allan came the next week he began to help me, and gradually it got to be his work, as you see.”

“Do they receive him well?”

“Oh, yes, very heartily. He has many friends among the sailors. The captains are very kind, and he has only been refused permission to go on board one vessel.

“We have ships of all nationalities up here; and we get some French tracts, some German, and so on. The men take them away with them, and who knows what blessing the Lord may not send with the reading of them!”

While we talked together, the bright-faced young missionary was climbing about, his packet of well-assorted tracts and papers (with a nice little book here and there for the officers) getting smaller as he went on. *Joyful News* is a favourite; so is everything that has a picture on it.

“You must see Allan's ‘Book-room,’” said his mother; and so we did.

Very orderly he has it. There were stacks of leaflets, picture tracts, magazines, and small books which anyone might like to read; and very systematic is his distribution of his precious stores. The work is evidently one of love, and we trust the young worker is only serving an apprenticeship to a wider and life-long service for his heavenly Master.

I wonder if there is anyone else who could do something of this kind. You may not live near a great tidal river, on whose broad bosom ships from every shore are found; but you may have in your own neighbourhood those who equally need your ministrations of love for Christ's sake. —From *Joyful News*.

A QUICK TEMPER.

WHAT did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against and prayed over with tears. God's Word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that “he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;” that “better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;” and “anger resteth in the bosom of fools.”

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when he was reviled, reviled not again.—*Child's World*.

“PUNISHING THE HEATHEN.”

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL.

Six hundred miles north of Raratonga lies the coral island called Penrhyn. The inhabitants were until lately a terror to navigators. In 1854 the first attempt was made to evangelize them. The teachers went from islands (Raratonga and Mangaia) abounding in all tropical vegetables and fruits to live there on cocoa-nuts and fish only, and unhappily the cocoa-nut-trees ceased to bear for want of rain.

We saw one day an aged woman, horribly mutilated. Upon our inquiring the cause, she told us that some natives from the far-distant Gilbert Islands, who had been living ashore there, one night, without provocation, murdered two companions of hers. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts and was left for dead, but

contrived to crawl into the bush and hide herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said “Hang all three,” but the majority ruled that because they were heathen they should not die. Their punishment was that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God and pray! The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and pray, after which they left Penrhyn Island, the native name of which is Tongareva.

The lagoon of Penrhyn is some nine or ten miles across, and is celebrated for its pearl fishery. Incidents like the above induce us to believe and hope that these poor islanders have found the “Pearl of great price.”

THE SPIDER'S COUNSEL.

ONE day, upon removing some books at Sir William Jones' chambers, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called out to his friend Day:

“Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!”
“No,” said Day, coolly, “I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who may perhaps have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, ‘Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!’ how would you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider.”

TOBACCO IS A TYRANT.

EVERY man who allows himself to contract the tobacco habit yields his liberty, and his personal freedom into the hands of a despot whose tyranny knows no bounds. Of this he is usually unaware until he tries to break the fetters of habit, and free himself from its blighting influence, when he finds himself grasped by the powerful hand of appetite, his resolution destroyed, and his courage daunted. The following lines by a tobacco-user well illustrate the forlorn condition of a slave to this vile habit:

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

AT LAST! AT LAST!!

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