

So she quietly called her sister from the room, whispering, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!"

Those who sat there thought they were going to the grave to weep, as was the custom. So they rose also, and followed at a little distance.

Mary met him with the same exclamation that her sister had uttered, and fell at his feet.

He, seeing in her white face the marks of the deep grief she had suffered, was thrilled to the depths of his humanity by the keenest sympathy. His tears fell too, at the sight of hers.

"Behold how he loved Lazarus!" said a man to the one who stood beside him. "Why did he not save him then?"

was the mocking answer. "They say he has the power to open the eyes of the blind, and even to raise the dead. Let him show it in this case!"

It was a curious crowd that followed him to the door of the tomb: men who hated him for the scorching fire-brands of rebuke he had thrown into their corrupt lives; men who feared him as a dangerous teacher of false doctrines; men who knew his good works, but hesitated either to accept or refuse; and men who loved him better than life,—all waiting, wondering what he would do.

"Roll the stone away!" he commanded; a dozen strong shoulders bent to do his bidding. Then he looked up and spoke in a low tone, but so distinctly that no one lost a word.

"Father," he said,—he seemed to be speaking to some one just beside him,— "I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

A cold shiver of expectancy ran over those who heard. Then he cried, in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" There was a dreadful pause. Some of the women clutched each other with frightened shrieks: even strong men fell back, as out of the dark grave walked a tall figure wrapped in white grave-clothes.

His face was hidden in a napkin. "Loose him, and let him go," said the Master, calmly.

Phineas stepped forward and loosened the outer bands. When the napkin fell from his face, they saw he was deathly white; but in an instant a warm, healthful glow took the place of the corpse-like pallour.

Not till he spoke, however, could the frightened people believe that it was Lazarus, and not a ghost they saw.

Never had there been such a sight since the world began: the man who had lain four days in the tomb walking side by side with the man who had called him back to life.

The streets were full of people, laughing, shouting, crying, fairly beside themselves with astonishment.

Smiths left their anvils to cool on the anvil; bakers left their bread to burn in the ovens; the girl at the fountain dropped her half-filled pitcher; and a woman making cakes ran into the street with the dough in her hands.

Every house in the village stood empty, save one where a sick man moaned for water all unheeded, and another where a baby wakened in its cradle and began to cry.

Long after the reunited family had gone into their home with their nearest friends, and shut the door on their overwhelming joy, the crowds still stood outside, talking among themselves.

Many who had taken part against the Master before, now believed on account of what they had seen. But some still said, more openly than before, "He is in league with the evil one, or he could not do such things." These hurried back to Jerusalem, to spread the report that this dangerous man had again appeared, almost at the very gates of the great Capital.

That night there was a secret council of the chief priests and the Pharisees. "What shall we do," was the anxious question. "If we let him alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and our nation."

Every heart beat with the same thought, but only Caiaphas put it in words. At last he dared repeat what he had only muttered to himself before:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

While the streets were still full of people, Jesse crept up to Joel, as they sat together in the court-yard. "Don't you think it would be just as easy to cure a leper as to raise Rabbi Lazarus from the dead?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Joel, positively, "I've seen it done."

"Oh, have you?" cried the boy, in delight. "Then Joseph can have his father back again."

He told him the story of Simon the leper, and of his visit to the lonely cave. Joel's sympathies were aroused at once. Ever since his own cure, he had felt that he must bring every afflicted one in the wide world to the great source of healing.

Just then a man stopped at the gate to ask for Phineas. Joel had learned to know him well, in the weeks they had been travelling together; it was Thomas.

The boy sprang up eagerly. "Do you know when the Master is going to leave Bethany?" he asked.

"In the morning," answered Thomas, "and right glad I am that it is to be so soon. For when we came down here, I thought it was but to die with him. He is beset on all sides by secret enemies."

"And will he go out by the same road that he came?"

"It is most probable." Joel waited for no more information from him, but went back to Jesse to learn the way to the cave.

Jesse was a little fellow, but a keen-eyed one, and was able to give Joel the few simple directions that would lead him the right way.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are going!" he exclaimed. "Shall I run and tell Joseph what you are going to do?"

"No, do not say a word to any one," answered Joel. "I shall be back in a very short time."

(To be continued.)

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 16, 1896.

Mount Nebo.—Deuteronomy 34.

THE MOUNTAIN.

Deuteronomy, which is the name of the book which contains this lesson, means the second law. It is not a new law, but the first and only law repeated. It is a remarkable book, inasmuch as it is a summary of Moses' sayings and addresses to the people whom he led out of Egypt towards Canaan. From this mountain, Moses was permitted to see the goodly land, which had been promised by God to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for their descendants.

PINGAIL.

This was the part of the mountain on which Moses stood. Moses was a man greatly honoured of God, and was remarkable for the meekness of his character, and yet he erred very egregiously on one occasion, because of which he was not permitted to enter the goodly land. How careful even good men should be lest they bring themselves into condemnation, by disobedience and dishonouring God.

Canaan, you know, is sometimes regarded as an emblem of heaven. Moses saw the good land. Christians sometimes contemplate heaven. By faith they look across the valley, which separates them from their heavenly home, and sometimes sing in triumph,

"Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

MOSES' DEATH.

When men of eminence die, we expect to read at length all about their lives, and the circumstances of their death. But how little of these do we know concerning Moses. His life was one that excites our admiration. He lived to the age of 120, which is regarded by many as being the period of man's life, rather than threescore and ten, or even fourscore years. There was no ostentation or display about Moses' death and

burial. Nothing of this kind is recorded. In a most artless manner is his death and burial recorded. God buried him. We know not how many myriads of angels were in attendance. Had the Israelites known of the place of his sepulture, no doubt they would have built a monument at the grave. God wisely concealed this from them.

The Maple Tree.

BY E. CARSWELL.

Of all the trees in Nature's realm,
The noble trees there be,
The boast and pride of other lands,
The maple tree for me.

It gives its honied blood to make
The sweetness of the spring,
The glory of the landscape when
The frosts of autumn sting.

A solace in the summer when
It shelters us below,
And sunshine in the winter,
With its warm and ruddy glow.

Whether draped in brown or purple,
In crimson or in green,
She stands in grace and beauty still
Midst other trees a queen.

The emblem of our Canada,
Its leaf shall always stand,
To represent a loyal race,
A free and happy land.

That it may say to all the world,
Wherever it may fly,
Canadians are British born,
And Britons they will die.

Then on the glory of the world,
Revered by young and old,
We'll weave a golden maple leaf
Upon its crimson fold.

And then upon their graves will lay
A simple maple wreath,
That every passer-by may know
A Briton sleeps beneath.

Are Christian men slaves? Yes, subject, motley slaves, contraband of machine satesmanship, and annually put up and sold upon the auction block of party.

"Quadrennially the voting church dissolves into a bipartisan mob and goes to the Gethsemane that we call a general election, when the Son of man lies on his face and prays, and saloon-keepers, distillers, brewers, gamblers, and all the unclean brood of politicians, scuffers, and libertines seize him, put a scarlet robe on him, arm him in derision with a reed in his right hand, plait a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, bow the knee before him, and mock him, crying, 'Hail, Saviour of men!' and then spit upon him and smite him in the face. And ninety-five per cent. of the Christian voters stand with the mob and do nothing.

"The voting church, by trying to be true to parties, has been untrue to both Christianity and citizenship. The Christianity that stays in dirty parties loses its savour precisely as the fishes of Mammoth Cave have lost their eyes.

Last general election ninety-five per cent. of Christian men consented to shut their eyes to the saloon to help one moderate drinker beat another to the White House, and yet that ninety-five per cent. are continually asking us to propose something practical. Wash your hands; that is practical.

Come up where the air is better, the horizon wider, and where in the skyward silence you can hear God speaking. . . . The battle royal of the centuries is on. The voice of the 'trimmer' is heard in the church and the state, saying, 'Let the saloon alone one more campaign, and let me lead you round about the good by stealth and the aid of enemies.' Away with trimmers, great and small. Cowards to the rear! Call in the pickets! Close ranks! Guide centre! Forward with this new battle-cry, 'The Church for Christ!'

ABOUT BEING CAPTAIN.

I heard a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play baseball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks, and as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captains, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing, and when a boy is Rex or King on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud. Harper's Young People.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1896.

A BRAVE MAN.

This is the way John G. Woolley talked concerning the saloon to the fifty thousand Endeavourers who were at Boston: "Somebody must talk plain, and I have no parish to please, no trustees to satisfy, no session to consult, no subscription list to consider, no career to foster; no presiding elder has an eye on me, no bishop counts me in his diocese, and this is Boston, the home of independent thinking and free speech. "Why have we not voted the saloon to death long ago? The answer is simple: The ruling politicians would not let us. How could they prevent?"