

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

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[No. 22.]

Little Pilgrims To Zion.

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched—a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them,
Journeyed to the promised land;
Little children
Trode the desert's trackless sand.

Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore,
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more.
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be.

From the chains of
sin and Satan,
Thou hast died to
set us free.
We would tra-
verse
All the wilderness
to thee.

Guide our feeble, trar-
ing foot-steps,
Shade us from the
heat of day;
Be our light from sha-
dowly nightfall
Till the darkness
pass away.
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers
of the way!

When we reach the
cold, dark river,
Bid us tremble not,
nor fear;
Be thou with us in
the waters,
We are safe if thou
art near.

Through the
billows
Let thy guiding
light appear.

Then, our pilgrim
journey ended,
All thy glory we
shall see,
Dwell with saints and
holy angels.
Rest beneath life's
beating tree;
Happy chil-
dren,
Praising, blessing,
loving thee.

THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

WHAT a pleasure
it is after long jour-
ney to find oneself at
home! If that jour-
ney has taken us to
foreign lands where
we have spent weeks or months in strange
cities, hearing everywhere around us an
unfamiliar language, the return home will
be doubly sweet. But how much more
intense must have been the joy of a people
who for four hundred and thirty years
lived in a strange land where they served
the inhabitants as slaves, to learn that
their long term of bondage was ended and
they might return home to their beloved
Canaan, a free people. We can scarcely
imagine the thrill of gladness and thanks-
giving that must have been felt by every
Israelite, when Moses reported the words
of the stern, hard Pharaoh, who in his
terror at the death of the first-born in
every house of the Egyptians, said "Rise
up and get you forth from among my
people, both ye and the children of Israel,
and go serve the Lord as ye have said.
Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye
have said, and be gone."

Then the Israelites, in their haste, "Took
their dough before it was leavened, their
kneading-troughs being bound up in their
clothes upon their shoulders." They num-
bered six hundred thousand men, beside
the large number of children, with their
"flocks, and herds, and very much cattle.
This must have seemed a wonderfully
happy day to the boys and girls. How
they must have questioned their fathers
and mothers about the land to which they
were going, and their eyes must have
opened wide when they reached the sea,
as they wondered how they should get
across! In the above picture we see this
great company of pilgrims starting out

are wide open, the mills of destruction are
grinding health, honour, happiness, hope,
out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the
same as under God's sunlight. The allure-
ments and perils and pitfalls of night are a
hundredfold deeper and darker and more
destructive. Night life in our cities is a
dark problem, whose depths and abysses
make us start back with horror. All night
tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you
spend your evenings, and I will write out
the chart of your character and final des-
tiny, with blanks to insert your names.
It seems to me an appropriate text would

HOW SHE FOUND OUT.

"I don't believe in her; that's all about
it," said one tall schoolgirl to the other, as
they watched one of the governesses cross
the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean?" asked her friend
"Oh, you know well enough, Emily
Morton!" was the quick reply. "I don't
trust her, I don't believe she's true to her
word or to her friends, I have not a scrap
of confidence in anything she says or does.
What's the matter?" as Emily Morton's
face suddenly lightened and a bright flash
came into her great brown eyes, and her
full lips parted as though to speak

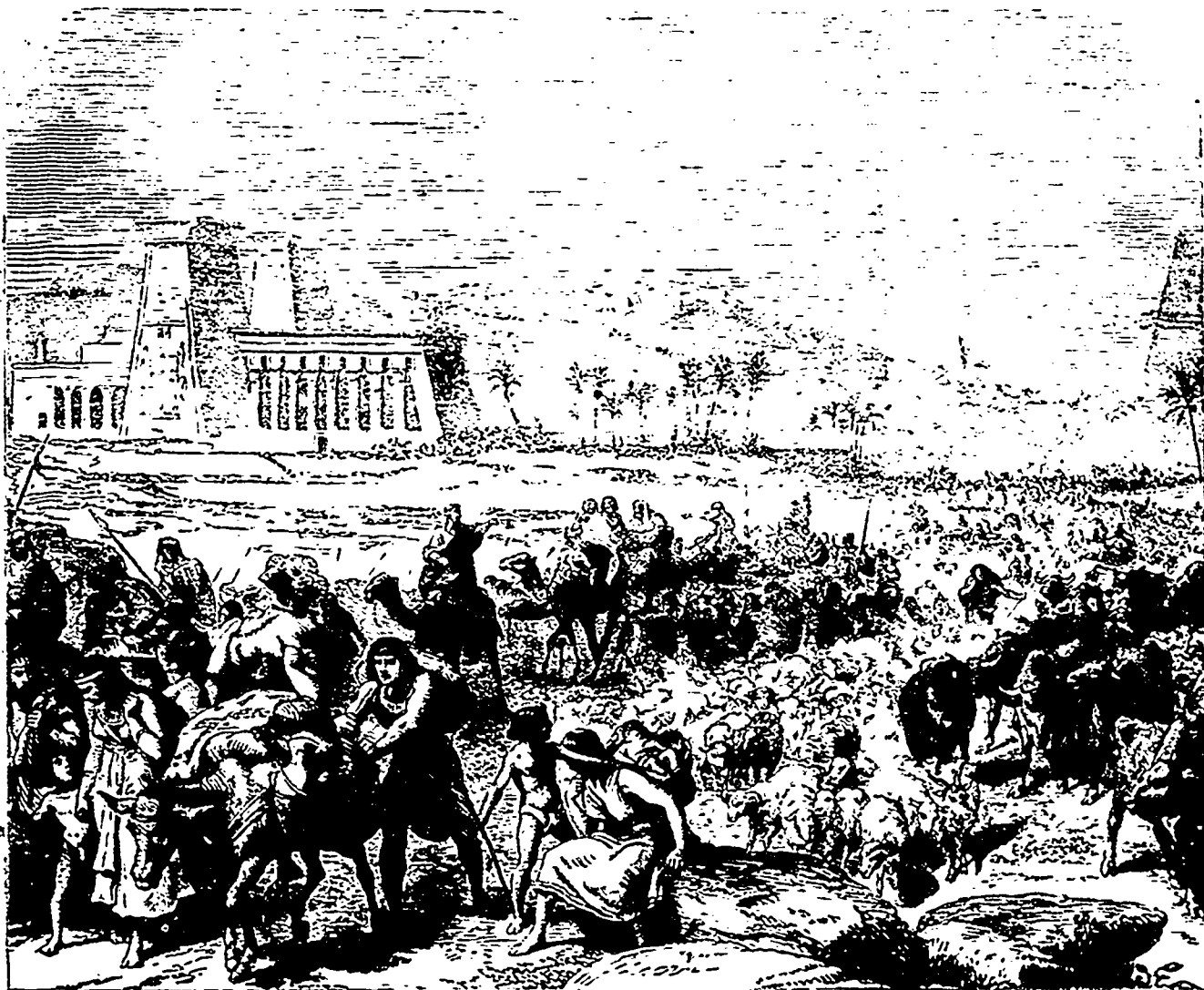
"I've found it all
out. Oh, I am so
glad!"

"Found what
out?"

But Emily Morton
had dashed away,
leaving her friend,
half perplexed, half
opened. Upstairs
she ran and peeped
into the little room
that she shared with
Bella Seymour; but
Bella was out, and
Emily could lock
her door and have
a quiet think. Hear
what she says to
herself "I know
now what believing
in Jesus means. It
means to trust in
him; to believe he
is true to his promise
and his friends, to
put all my confi-
dence in what he
has done and said.
Why, how simple it
is, and how foolish
I have been! I
have been puzzling
over it so long so
long! Then Emily
buried her face in
her hands, and knelt
down to tell the
Lord Jesus how
thankful she was
that Minnie Jack-
son's chance words
about the new teach-
er had gone right
home to her heart,
clearing away all
her doubts and diffi-
culties, and show-
ing her just what
"believing" in him
meant.

I wonder if any
young reader has
been puzzling over Emily Morton's question.
"What is it to believe in Jesus?" You
can understand what believing in your
mother, your friend, your teacher, means.
Now just apply that power of believing in
them to believing in Jesus. He never
breaks a promise, never deserts, nor for-
sakes any who trust in him. He is worthy
of all your heart's trust, your soul's confi-
dence. He is the most precious and per-
fect friend anyone can have, and all that
he has done is perfect, and all that he says
is true. Can you not trust him? Only
trust him.

—A little girl asked a minister, "Do
you think my father will go to heaven?"
"Why, yes, my child, why do you ask?"
"Well, because if he don't have his own
way there he won't stay long, I was think-
ing."



THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

from Egypt, leaving the queer buildings
and the gigantic pyramids, which their
people had helped to build, far behind.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life.
The leakage of a night keeps the day
empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More
crime and sin is committed in one night
than all the days of the week. This is
more emphatically true of the city than of
the country. The street lamps, like a file
of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch
away in long lines on either sidewalk; the
gay coloured transparencies are ablaze with
attractions, the saloons and billiard halls
are brilliantly illuminated, music sends
forth its enchantments; the gay company
begins to gather to the haunts and houses
of sinful pleasure, the gambling places are
ablaze with palatial splendour; the theatres

be: "Watchman, what of the night?
Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the
night? What are young men of this city
doing at night? Where do they spend
their evenings? Who are their associates?
What are their habits? Where do they go
in, and what time do they come out? Pol-
icemen, would the night life of young men
commend them to their employers? Would
it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week.
Put in the morning papers the names of all
the young men, their habits and haunts,
that are on the streets for sinful pleasure.
Would there not be shame and confusion?
Some would not dare to go to their places
of business, some would not return home
at night, some would leave the city, some
would commit suicide. Remember, young
men, that in the retina of the All-seeing
eye there is nothing hid but shall be re-
vealed on the last day.