

## Luck.

The "luck" that I believe in  
Is that which comes with work,  
And no one ever finds it  
Who's content to wish and shirk  
The men the world calls "lucky,"  
Will tell you, every one,  
That success comes, not by wishing  
But by hard work bravely done

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1898.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 15, 1898.

## OUR RESOLUTIONS, WHAT ARE THEY?

"I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity."—Ecc. 2. 1.

"I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."—Psalm 116. 13, 14.

Here are two apparently contradictory examples, but they represent different stages of experience. Solomon, the writer of Ecclesiastes, we read in this chapter, exhausted all the resources of his great wealth to find enjoyment. He got men singers and women singers, and tried acquainting himself with all wisdom, and made great works, and planted gardens, and made pools of water, and gathered gold and silver, and was great, and whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them. Then he looked upon all the works that his hands had wrought, and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. At the end of this book he says, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep his Commandments. This is the whole duty of man."

How much wiser to enjoy the other experience, to resolve, like the writer of this 116th Psalm, and say, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low, and he helped me. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?" Then comes the resolve expressed in verses 13, 14, printed above.

Such a resolve will strengthen and confirm our faith and hope and trust in God, confessing his name before his people, standing up in the League or in the class and acknowledging him boldly in rebuking the sins of those who speak evil words or perform evil deeds. Thus shall we win the favour and the blessing of God.

## STORIES OF JOHN WESLEY.

There are still some little tracts distributed about this country entitled "John Wesley, a High Churchman." It reminds me of the story of the showman who was exhibiting the skull of John Wesley. "That's not Wesley's skull," said a sharp observer, "that's the skull of a child!" "Very true, my friend," returned the showman, "that

is John Wesley's skull when he was a little boy!"

Wesley, as Chrysostom said of Elijah and St. Paul, was a five cubit man; he was dainty and refined in his tastes, disliked coarse surroundings. It is an entire mistake to suppose he liked outdoor preaching. "What a marvel," says Wesley, "the devil does not like street preaching. No more do I. I like a soft cushion and a handsome pulpit." And in this he was like many modern preachers. But Wesley thrust aside his own tastes, and went out to endure abuse, mockery, scorn, and ill treatment, and in consequence left an abiding impression on his countrymen.

Once a gentleman rode up, very drunk, and endeavoured to ride over the people. He was a clergyman zealous for religion! In Bristol they called him a "Presbyterian Papist," good alliteration but bad sense. Another time a furious justice of the peace rode up with his "posse" at his heels, armed with bludgeons. "Sir, you shall not preach here!" he cried. "I do not intend to," returned Wesley gently, "for I have preached already." A clergyman came armed with a stick to tell him, but was seized by two or three lusty women and dragged to a neighbouring house and "suppressed" in somewhat the same fashion as the juryman in Alice's Adventures. Even at that early stage woman had her place in the polity of Methodism.

Then as to the strenuousness of this little, dapper man. He was so accustomed to ride five thousand miles a year on horseback. He often rode himself into a fever and preached himself out of it. Once he was drenched through with rain when riding to a preaching appointment, and his clothes froze stiff on him. He was delayed and did not reach the appointed place till ten at night; but the people were waiting for him, so he must needs preach. There was no home for him, so he had to lie down on the ground in an outhouse, and woke to find his hair frozen to the floor! His shrewd humour was wonderful. He would turn aside on his journey to see the curious sights; anything quaint delighted him and he had an abounding love for nature. Here are some of his criticisms. Of the author of a volume he says "A well-meaning man, but deeply ignorant of his subject." Quite worthy of The Saturday Review. When a curate at St. Andrew's read the lessons badly, he remarks, "It would be better to pay the gentleman for doing nothing." Of the Glasgow people he slyly says, "They dearly love the Gospel on the Sabbath day."

His opinion of the General Assembly of Scotland which he attended was severe. He found they took five hours over a debate that might have been settled in five minutes with a little common sense. Once he went to the Tower with a man who played the German flute to try its effect on the lions, because he had heard that music soothes the savage breast. He tells us that the lions stood still and listened, but the tiger became highly excited, and would not stop still—a thing not astonishing, as Mr. Lewis observed, "if the German flute was anything like the German band." Wesley had the heart of a child, and carried a merry face, what Robert Louis Stevenson aptly called "a morning face." His benevolence was almost appalling in these days of canny givers. He gave away more than £30,000 during his life!

Here is an entry from The Journal which may explain some of our leakage problems. "The other day a Papist cried out, 'I would wish to join with you, but now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year, and I could not do that with you!' In another place he says, 'To-day I breakfasted with Mr B—, a black swan—an honest lawyer.' Wesley was intensely human; he must have chuckled as he wrote, in an account of a disturbance at an outdoor preaching, "One called a gentleman came with his pockets filled with rotten eggs. A young man came unaware and clapped his hands on either pocket and broke the eggs, so that the stench made him turn and flee."

"I hope, sor, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two months ago last Thursday, sor."

The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked:

"Have you any papers or certificate to show that you have lost anything by fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a magistrate, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."

## THE LAND OF NILE.

(Continued from first page)

at Mamre, some Egyptian genius wrought this extraordinary work. "Sheikh-el-Beled"—the chief of the village—the Arabs called it, as they exhumed it from the tomb where for thousands of years it had been hidden.

## FINDING THE PHARAOHS.

But the great attraction in the Boulak Museum is the mummies of the Pharaohs Thothmes I, the great obelisk builder, Seti I, the father or grandfather of "Pharaoh's daughter"; Rameses II, the great temple builder and warrior, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, these and many others of less note have come forth from their tombs after a burial of three thousand years, and their forms and faces can be seen to-day in the Museum at Boulak. Strange irony of fate, indeed, that subjects the sacred and haughty features of monarchs who shook the world, and one of whom matched himself against Jehovah, to the close of the curious gaze of nineteenth-century travellers. Seventeen years ago their existence was only known to one Arab family, eleven years ago they still lay swathed in the cerements that had wrapped them round at death; to-day, with features hardly altered, preserved by the cunning art of the embalmer from the jealous and indiscriminating ravages of decay, they come forth to read us an affecting lesson on vicissitude and mutation, and to unfold, as never before was unfolded, the history of the life and cultus of ancient Egypt.

The story of their discovery reads like a romance. Early in 1881 Prof. Maspero, who had for a long time suspected, from articles sold to tourists visiting Thebes, that some of the Arabs had found a royal sepulchre, was led to the conviction that one of them employed as a guide by tourists visiting the tombs and temples, and by name Ahmed Abder Rasoul, knew more than he would tell of this secret and invaluable discovery. He accordingly had him imprisoned. Persuasion, including the bastinado and bribe, was tried for a time in vain, when at length his brother, Mohammed, judging the amount of backsheesh offered by the professor in hand worth more than the possibility of more liberal, yet more dangerous largess unlawfully obtained, revealed the secret and led the authorities to the spot.

It was on the 5th of July, 1881, that Ental Bey, the curator of the Museum, stood over the stone-filled shaft that led to the tombs of the Pharaohs. It lay in a dreary stone valley among the hills of Thebes. Forty feet through the solid limestone, and six feet square, the shaft went down perpendicularly, filled with loose stones, and carefully buried up. From the bottom a horizontal gallery ran into the very heart of the mountain, ending in a chamber some thirteen feet by twenty-three, and six feet high. In this secret chamber lay Rameses the Great and thirty-six other mummies—kings, queens, princes and priests.

What a moment for the explorer, when in the dim torchlight he groped his way through the long passages, and the extent and importance of the discovery flashed upon him! What a thrill of awe, as well as of triumph, as he stood there in the presence of the long-hidden secret of the tombs of the Pharaohs!

With all speed hundreds of labourers were hired, the huge mummy-cases carefully raised once more to the light of day, wrapped, roped and sealed in safe packages, transported across the plain of Thebes to the banks of the Nile, shipped on the steamers summoned for the reception of this unique and illustrious freight, and brought safely down the sacred river to their resting place at Boulak. The news spread rapidly of the finding and deportation of the mummies, and as the Government steamers conveyed them down the Nile along the shore were weird and eager groups of natives for many a mile, shrieking, wailing, and firing funeral shots in honour of the long-buried and mighty dead.

Thothmes III., the greatest, save Rameses III., of the warrior-kings, was carefully unrolled from his multitudinous wrappings, and his features once more opened to the light of day. They were in fine preservation; but, alas! there was barely time to photograph them ere they crumbled into dust. Chagrined and dismayed at this unlooked-for calamity, the savants of the museum long hesitated as to disturbing the cerements which enfolded the august form of the great Rameses; but at length, in 1886, in the presence of the Khedive and the great officers of state, the mummy was unrolled, and Rameses the Great, gigantic in height and stern and majestic in features, lay before the petty

princeling who now rules, in name alone the land which he ruled in unquestioned sovereignty so many centuries ago.

One by one the more important of the other mummies were unrolled, and to-day, ranked side by side, in their glass-covered caskets in the Boulak Museum, they are gazed upon by the host of travellers who tread the streets of the city of the Caliphs, in the swarming and scattering of men which is so significant a feature of our modern life.

The finest face of them all, the finest mummy-face ever discovered, is that of Seti I, the father of the great Rameses. It is in splendid preservation, and a type of considerable mental power and great strength of will. Rameses II., is of stronger and coarser mould than his father, with a frame six feet in height and of great breadth of chest and size of bone. The nose is strongly aquiline, though at the end flattened by the wrapping, and the jaws massive in an extraordinary degree. It is a hard, cruel, selfish face—the face of a man full of self-will and power, whose uncontrolled will and untrammelled despotism had for nearly a century awayed the destiny of millions. Strength—selfish strength, determined, dogged, despotic—that is the characteristic stamped upon that rugged and ruthless face. Small wonder that the disciplined hordes of his warriors swept in savage triumph over so wide an area! Small wonder that his name comes out in history, sacred and profane, as conqueror and tyrant, fearless in the pristine ages in which he flourished.

It has been my fortune to gaze upon many an object calculated to stir the pulses and recall the past, but never, I think, did I have so vivid a realization of the march and mutation of time, never was I so affected by any of the relics of far-away human skill and labour as when I bent over within a few inches of those set swartly faces of Seti and Rameses, and thought of all that God had made to pass in their day and all that God had made to pass between that time and ours.

There are many wonderful things in the Boulak Museum. Months, rather than hours, might well and worthily be spent there; but of them all there is nothing that moves the interest stirred by that quiet room in which are ranged the bodies of the great Pharaohs. They were what I was most eager to see, they were among the last things I looked at before I left. They live to-day in my memory in clear and vivid light—impressed, as nothing else impressed itself, of all I have ever seen."

## ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE BIRDS.

There is in the Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going towards Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters the birds, you owe much to God your creator, and ought to sing his praise at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, he has given you a covering for yourselves and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark of Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. St. Colomba used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the island of Iona. The sparrows would descend and eat out of St. Remi's hands. And the birds would hover around the hermits of Montserrat and eat from their hands.—The Holy Family.

If you want others to work, don't wait for others to work.