

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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THE LESSON STORY.

At length the Israelites went out of Egypt, the land where they had been slaves so long. They went out with all their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, a vast crowd of more than a million people. And the Lord their God went in front of them, in a great dark cloud by day, and in a bright, fiery light by night, to show them the way.

As soon as the Israelites had gone, King Pharaoh's heart became hard once more, and he was sorry that he had let them go. So he called his army, with chariots and horsemen, and went after them to bring them back. The Egyptian host came up to the Israelites, when they were near the Red Sea, with great mountains on each side and the sea in front. When they looked back, and saw Pharaoh's army close behind them, they were full of fear. But God said to Moses, "Tell the people not to fear, for the Lord will fight for them."

That night the cloud which had led the host of Israel went behind them, between their camp and the Egyptians. To God's people it was bright, but to their enemies it was very dark. Moses, at God's word, stretched out his hand over the sea, and all night a great wind blew so hard, that in morning the Israelites saw that the water was all gone in front of them, leaving a road through the sea. They went across upon the dry bed of the sea, while the water stood on each side of them, so that no enemy could come near.

When the Egyptians saw that they had gone, they followed them into the midst of the sea. But God was angry with them, and made their horses and chariots sink in the sand, and sent a storm upon them. They began to be afraid, and said, "Let us flee from the Israelites, for God fights for them!" Then the Lord said to Moses, "Stretch forth thy hand over the sea again." Moses did so, and the sea came rolling back in all its power, and swept over all the host of Pharaoh, with his chariots and horsemen. When the morning of the next day came, the Israelites saw their enemies lying dead upon the sand. So God saved his people, and set them free forever from those who had done them wrong.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."
 "God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."
 So after dinner they went to the library,

and Susy's papa took down a large book, and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body or any of its members, no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."
 "These are the words of a great and good man, who is now dead. Now you see what you have to give to God, Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and her feet and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself: "I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and he is looking for you now to see if you will give them to him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to him,

not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember, "I am not my own."

"IT GOT AGOING."

One bright Fourth-of-July morning, I was driving to town. As I came to the top of the hill just above the bridge, on the outskirts of the place, a little boy, from a

That little boy's cannon was just like his habits—just like everybody's habits. Habits, like the cannon, are not easy to stop when once they get started. They are pretty sure to keep going, until, if they are bad habits, they do mischief, in spite of all you can do to stop them. If you get in the habit of telling wrong stories, you can't so easily stop it. If you get a habit of meddling dishonestly with what don't belong to you, it is apt to go on until it does you some terrible mischief. If you get into the habit of being idle, and wasting your time and opportunity, be assured it will not stop and change to a good habit just when you see how bad it is, and wish to get out of it.

Look out, then, for the beginning of a bad habit. Remember, there are things that, like the cannon, you can't easily stop when you once set them agoing.—Observer.

FAST LIVING.

We live very fast now. Events rush upon us with increasing rapidity. The rapid growth of the country, the increase of business which outruns population, the development of material resources, the building up of great cities, the increasing use of the rail way and telegraph, the multiplication of mechanical arts and inventions, crowd our days with activities and anxieties and excite our fathers knew nothing of. The use of the telegraph alone is revolutionizing our life. Every day we share the life of the whole world. Is there a great fire in London, a battle in Egypt, an inundation of the Rhine or Seine, a famine in Ireland, a conviction of two murderers in Brussels, a defeat of a pretended prophet



CROSSING THE RED SEA.—To ILLUSTRATE LESSON FOR JUNE 10 EXODUS 16 19 29.

you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa."
 "Yes, indeed, long ago."
 "Are you glad?"
 "Yes, very glad."
 "Susy was still silent; she did not quiet understand what it all meant."

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."
 "And if you give him your feet, you will never let them carry you where you ought

cottage on the north side of the road, fired off a small cannon. He was so near the road, the cannon made so big a noise, and the whole thing came so unexpectedly, that my little bay pony took fright and shied, with a spring, to the other side of the road. He not only nearly overturned the carriage in in doing so, but was with difficulty reined in and prevented from running away.

"You should not fire your cannon so near the road," said I to the little boy, after I got the pony somewhat quiet; "you frightened my horse badly, and nearly made him run away."

"I didn't mean to," said the little boy; "but it got agoing before I saw the horse, and then I couldn't stop it."

I said no more, but drove on, thinking of the boy's answer, as I have often thought of it since, though all this happened years ago.

What I have thought is this. I wish I could make every boy think of it, and feel it. It would do him much good, especially if he would try to apply it to his actions.

in Soudan, an epidemic in China, or arrest of peace negotiations between Chili and Peru if anything happens anywhere on the globe we are made spectators of it, as it were, or participants in it, by the instantaneous communication of intelligence. Every morning we have the history of the globe for a whole day laid on our plate at the breakfast table. We are in the surges of an ocean life, while our fathers sat quietly by the brink of a pool. To live today, with all the vast interests of the globe palpitating about us and reporting themselves in our ears, to do business in the tremendous rush of one of our great cities, to belong to a family whose members are separated by thousands of miles and can communicate in a day, is a vastly more intense and wearing thing than it was a century ago. People complain of being tired. They are weary without knowing why. The wear and tear of modern life on the nerves and sympathies and anxieties, on the brain and heart and soul, are incalculable, and thousands break and go down under the strain.—Evangelist.