

the bush, still unconsumed, the type of Israel and of God's Church under persecution in every land and every age, he returned to Egypt, not as when a fugitive he fled from the face of Pharaoh, but as a mighty deliverer, as the spokesman of God, as a wonder-worker surpassing the magicians, astrologers, and soothsayers of the royal palace and temples.

With a high hand and with an outstretched arm God leads forth his chosen people from their bondage, through the Red Sea and wilderness, and brings them to the land promised to their fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob.

What lessons this life conveys to us all, of the supreme importance of a wise choice in youth, of shutting our eyes on the glamour and glitter of the world and opening them to the eternal verities of the justice, truth, and beauty of the world that is to come. So may our pilgrimage be like that of the Israelites from the land of bondage to sense and sin, it may be through a Red Sea of trial and a wilderness of wandering, to the Canaan of everlasting rest.

Our illustration, which has suggested these reflections, is a striking illustration of the architecture of Egyptian palace temples. The daughter of the Nile in her royal garb is feeding the sacred Ibises which throng the temples. These birds were held in highest reverence by the Egyptians and in their sacred catacombs many of these have been found embalmed as mummies.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1894.

LIFE OF JESUS.

For twelve months from July next, the Sunday-school lessons will be upon the life of Jesus. That *Matchless Life* will be studied throughout the world as never before. All the light from every source that can be focussed upon it will be brought to bear. No aid to the study of that divine life, however, can equal that furnished by the four gospels. A careful comparison of these narratives will throw a flood of light upon many subjects which would otherwise be obscure.

From very early in the history of the Church the advantage of such a comparison of the gospels was felt. Early in the second century, probably within fifty or sixty years of the writing of St. John's gospel, such a harmony of the four gospels was prepared by Tatian. It was often referred to in the early writings, but was completely lost sight of until it was recently discovered a few months ago. This is, however, a large and costly book not within the reach of most teachers. The editor of this paper has for several years been engaged upon the arrangement of such a Harmony. This is now passing through the press and will be ready for the use of teachers and senior scholars in June.

The purpose of the compiler of this Harmony of the Gospels has been to so interweave the narratives of the four Evangelists as to give as full and flowing an account as possible of the life of our Lord. He has therefore sought to bring into the text every sentence, indeed every word, which could add to the completeness of the record. The footnote references will show how intricate this interweaving in many cases has been; and a careful examination will show what increased light the introduction of even a single word from a parallel account will give. In a few instances, however, to secure the completeness sought, the different accounts of the same event are repeated in full, as in the narrative of the institution of the Lord's Supper, the denial of Peter, the resurrection of Jesus, and a few others. In a few instances these, for the sake of clearness, are printed in parallel columns, or are enclosed in brackets. The two versions of the Sermon on the Mount are given in full, for reasons indicated in a footnote.

The advantage of such a Harmony, or Monotessaron, will be shown by the following extracts from an article by Prof. Amos R. Wells, in the *Sunday-school Times*: "Far above Concordance, Bible Index, Bible Dictionary, I count the Monotessaron the very best help to Bible study. The Monotessaron, it might be parenthetically remarked for the benefit of the lexicon-lazy folk, is a Harmony of the four Gospels, so arranged as to make one continuous and complete story, in Scripture words alone. Speaking for one, I may say that through recent first acquaintance with a Monotessaron, that *Matchless Life* has shone upon me with an entire splendour of beauty and majesty before unimagined.

"A further inestimable advantage is the appreciation of surroundings. What light is cast, for example, on the story of Lazarus in John, by its insertion in Luke; the contact of these parallel elements of the Gospel story sometimes rouses a current of thrilling thoughts, making a veritable electric battery of the Monotessaron.

"It has given the life and person of Christ marvellous vividness, setting facts in their due order, location, relations and proportions, while the facility it affords is a constant inspiration to fresh delightful study. This is the experience of thousands, and yet I am sure that among the readers of this paper are many thousands who are yet unacquainted with this Bible-help. Not only every Sunday-school teacher, but every Bible scholar should own one.

That this Harmony of the Gospels may make the life of our Lord a more vivid reality and abiding power in the heart of its readers is the earnest prayer of its editor.

It will be published simultaneously in the United States and Canada. The Canadian publishers are Wm. Briggs, Toronto, C. W. Coates, Montreal, and S. F. Huestis, Halifax. The price, in cloth covers, will be 50 cents.

JESUS BRINGING DEAD CHILDREN TO LIFE.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

(Mark 5. 21-42.)

MANY years ago, in a beautiful home in Palestine, although the father was rich and a public officer, and everybody in the house had nice things to eat and beautiful things to wear, there was great sadness and anxiety, because the little girl, twelve years old, was very sick. The father had heard that Jesus could heal diseases that no one else could cure, so he hurried away to find him. When he saw him, he entreated him to come quickly to his home and save his little girl from dying; but before Jesus got to the house, the little girl was dead, and the mother sent out the servants to tell the father that his daughter was dead, and it was no use to trouble Jesus any further about it. If they had known Jesus as we do, they would have been sure that it was no trouble to him to come to their homes and comfort them about the death of their little girl. Jesus did more than that. He took the little cold hand of the dead girl in his loving hand, and although the soul, the thinking part of her, had gone, and she was dead and still—no throbbing at her heart, no pulse at her wrist, no breath at her mouth—he spoke to her just as her mother used to call her in the morning

when she was asleep, "*Talitha cumi.*" which means, "Little one, get up." Because God that made our bodies was in the mind of Jesus, he could make the dead live again, and so the soul, the thinking part, came back again into her flesh, and she opened her eyes and sat up, and he told them to give her something to eat. So the sad home was made glad.

At another time Jesus was coming into a little village called Nain, and he saw a very sad company going out of the town toward the graveyard. Four men were carrying on a bier or litter the dead body of a boy, the only son of his mother, a widow, who went behind weeping as if her heart would break. Jesus stopped the bier and said to the dead body, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise"; and he that was dead sat up, and he delivered him to his mother.

So in these days the boys and girls sometimes die, and their rosy faces become pale, and the breath stops coming through their lips, and their hearts stop beating, and the thinking part of them, the soul, flies away, as a bird flies out of a cage. Then we call them dead. But if boys and girls who die have loved the Saviour and tried to do right, Jesus, although we see him not, stands beside their dead bodies and makes their souls to live, not in this world, but in the beautiful country we call heaven. Death is only like falling asleep for a few moments, and Jesus says to the soul, the thinking part, "Arise, and live with me in heaven."

Little Willie Newton was a child, about five years old. One day, after his mother had taken him into her room and prayed for him by name, when she arose he exclaimed, "Mamma, mamma, I am glad you told Jesus my name! Now he'll know me when I get to heaven. And when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in his arms, Jesus will look at me so pleased and say, 'Why, this is little Willie Newton; his mother told me about him; how happy I am to see you, Willie!' Won't that be nice, mamma?"

But some children have seen the bodies of friends who died put in a grave and covered up, and perhaps you think that what I say about their going to live with God cannot be true. I will explain how it is. I hold in my hand a watch. The outside we call the case. Inside of this are wheels and a mainspring and other machinery that make the hands go and cause the watch to say "tick, tick, tick." Now if I take the machinery out of the case and bury the case out of sight down in this hat, still the machinery keeps on ticking, ticking, just the same as before, only without the case. So when we die, it is only the body, the case, that is put in the ground, and the thinking part of us, that loves and hopes and rejoices and remembers, goes on ticking—that is, thinking—just the same as before. This thinking part of us we call the soul. When the body is buried, God takes the thinking part to live with him, if we have been trying to do right and love the Saviour. The thinking part of those who disobey God and do wrong, and will not ask to be forgiven, does not go to heaven, but to a place of trouble, and sorrow, and punishment. If we love Jesus and obey God, when we die we shall go to a place where there is no sorrow—a much happier place than any in this world.

A little boy was singing on the street, "There'll be no sorrow there." A gentleman on his way to the cars paused and said, "Little boy, tell me where there is no sorrow." The poor boy raised both of his little hands toward heaven and sang with a sweet voice, "In heaven above, where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there." The man before this had not loved God; but this little song made him think, think, think about what he ought to do, until he became a Christian, and got his heart ready to go to the land where there is no sorrow. So you see that death, to those who love God, is only moving out of this house of flesh where our souls are now living, into a more beautiful country where there is no sorrow. If we love, trust and obey the Saviour to-day, we shall live with him in that better country forever.

THE ISRAELITES IN EGYPT.

OUR Sunday-school lessons for some weeks are occupied with the story of the Israelites in Egypt. A flood of light has

been thrown on this interesting period in the history of God's chosen people, by the discoveries in the Land of Nile, and especially by the monuments and paintings which illustrate the history, manners, and customs of the people during the four hundred and thirty years of Israel's sojourn in that land. We give, in several numbers of *Onward*, a more copious and splendid illustration of this subject than has ever been attempted in any periodical in the world. That is saying a good deal, but we shall ask the impartial verdict of our readers when this series is complete whether it is not every whit true.

We are determined that *Onward* shall give the senior classes and young people's societies of our Church, whose members, we hope, will all be found in the Sunday-schools or studying the lessons under the Home Department, the best aid which the resources of modern art and science can afford. Our own recent travel in Egypt, and study of its antiquities and its people, will be fully drawn upon; but in addition to this, the amplest and ablest studies of the period from every source available will be placed at the service of our readers. Many of the cuts we shall present are taken from the magnificent work on Egypt by Professor George Ebers, the most distinguished Egyptologist living. Many of these cuts have never appeared before in Canada. The cost of this magnificent book is \$20.00, which places it beyond the reach of most of our readers; nor is it found, we think, in any of the public libraries of Canada.

Give it a trial, ten weeks for ten cents.

NEW CANADIAN STORY.

A CHARMING story of Canadian life by a favourite and accomplished writer, Miss Florence Yarwood, will be begun in an early number of *Onward*. It describes religious and social life in Methodist circles in Toronto. A summer outing at Grimsby, introduces League life, the Toronto Young People's Convention, the Crossley & Hunter revival, strong temperance lessons. A story in which all our young people will be interested. This story will run through ten numbers. It will begin with the number for June 2, and will be sent as a trial trip for ten cents, which is less than the clubbing rates, to any address, except in the city of Toronto, where, on account of the heavy charges of postal delivery, we must charge twenty cents.

OH, MY POOR BOY!

"ABOUT the year 1863," says J. F. Sanderson, "I saw a scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N.H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes.

"As I drew nearer I saw a well dressed, bright, intelligent looking lady walking up the street. She came along apparently happy and unconcerned until she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed in tones that I shall never forget, 'Oh, my poor boy!'

"It seemed as if a life-time of agony were condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before. She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the bystanders helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

"There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched, and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by the dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and hearts of men?"