

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1894.

[No. 21.]

Vol. XIV.]



PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

THE STORY OF MOSES.

No more fascinating story was ever told than that of the strange and romantic career of Moses, the deliver of Israel. Born the child of a Hebrew slave, under sentence of death from the cruel Pharaoh, and exposed in his infancy in a frail ark of bulrushes to the perils of a Nile voyage, divine providence guided that bark which was freighted with the destiny of the

people of Israel to the feet of the daughter of the persecuting monarch. The winsome smile on the baby's face awoke all the maternal instincts in her soul, and soon his child was restored to the loving care of his own mother. What feelings of gratitude to God must have thrilled her soul as she clasped again her babe in her arms!

Thus it happened that this child of bondage was brought up as the son of Pharaoh's

daughter and instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. But his heart was not perverted by all the splendours of the royal palace. When he saw an Egyptian persecuting one of his countrymen he espoused the cause of the oppressed, and took his place among his enslaved kinsmen. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to

suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." While tending his flocks amid the mountain solitudes of Horeb he mused upon the deep problems of life, death, and immortality, on the world that now is and that which is to come. He communed with his own soul and communed more with God. Listening to the divine voice and awed by the revelation of God in the burn-

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.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	4 00
Sunday-School Banner, 62 pp. 8vo., monthly	1 50
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Herean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
5 Henry Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

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?"

The Pretty Girl and the Newsboy.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDNER.

A little urchin pale and thin
A newsboy, with an old young face,
Climbed to an elevated car,
And in a cross-seat took his place.

His cap and coat were ragged things,
His hair was tangled—feet were bare,
He looked as if he ne'er had known
A tender mother's loving care.

He sat down with a grateful sigh,
A childish sigh that was not deep,
And leaning on the window frame,
The weary boy fell fast asleep.

Just then a fair girl entered in,
In rich attire, with modest mien,
And took a seat beside the lad,
With pitying eyes it could be seen.

She scanned his clothes, his poor, bare feet,
His tangled locks of golden-red,
Then raised him softly, gently up,
And placed her muff beneath his head.

Still he slept on. Ah! did he dream
Just then of angels bright and fair,
Who sometimes come to our poor world
To comfort mortals unaware?

'Twas but a trifling act, but like
A pebble cast within the stream,
Its silent influence was not lost
Upon the hearts that careless seem.

One looker-on gave her a dime
That she this much might help the lad.
Another and another still,
Until a shower of coins she had!

And searching then the tattered clothes
That seemed of every comfort bare,
She found the pocket, old and thin,
And dropped the gathered silver there.

The boy awoke with a sudden start,
The gray muff slipping to the floor;
Stretched his young limbs as if refreshed,
Unmindful of his hidden store.

Her muff regained, the maid went out,
With parting looks of tenderness
At that poor boy; while many a heart
Was moved to thank her and to bless.

which broke in upon the struggle, and brought it to a pause. David heard it first, and loosed his grasp of Blackett in an instant. The steps had not yet reached the door; and in a moment he was down the staircase, and ready for fight by the way he had come. But Bess, whose light, swift feet had made no noise, was already within the house; and she sprang forward to arrest him, clasping him in her strong young arms with a vehement and tenacious grasp, from which he could not free himself. The policemen were but a few paces behind her.

"Oh! be quick!" she called. "He's here! I can't hold him long."

Her voice was shrill and strained; but David knew it too well. It was Bess who was holding him with such passionate strength, and his own strength seemed to melt away at the sound of her cry. The little sister he had loved so well, and been so proud of,—his poor mother's little lass!

"Bess," he groaned, "it's me—David!" With a wild, terrified, heart-broken shriek, the girl's arms fell from their close grasp of him, and she sank to the ground at his feet as if he had struck her a deadly blow. But, had he wished it, there was no time to escape; for the foremost policeman caught him firmly by the arm, and held it as if it had been in a vice.

"If you want to hinder murder," cried David, "be sharp upstairs. Take me along with you; but, for God's sake, lose no time."

Were they in time? or was it already too late? Old Euclid lay motionless on the floor, his withered face and gray hair stained with blood; and Mrs. Linnett was kneeling beside him, calling to him to speak, or look up at her. The window was open, showing the way by which the murderer had escaped. The second policeman started off at once in pursuit of him; whilst the other, who dared not loose his hold of David, looked on at Mrs. Linnett's vain attempt to raise the old man, and lay him on his bed. The whole room was in disorder; for the short struggle had been very violent.

"I'm David Fell," said the prisoner in a strange and lamentable voice. "I never knew as it was old Euclid we were going to rob. I'd ha' cut off my right hand first. Handcuff me, and tie my feet together, if you can. Only see if the old man's dead or not."

"Nay, I must see you safe first," the policeman answered. "None o' your tricks and dodges for me. Come along, and I'll send help as soon as I can."

Bess was crouching on the floor downstairs, slowly coming to her senses; and David stood still for a moment, as the light of the policeman's lantern lit up her white and scared face, and terrified eyes.

"She's my sister," said David again, in the same strange and lamentable voice. "Bess, I'd sooner have drowned myself in the river than come here to spoil your life!"

Bess covered her face with her hands, shivering, and listened, in faint and deadly sickness, to the sound of David's retreating footsteps, till they were lost in the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER XXI.—WHO IS TO BLAME?

When Bess, after a few minutes of almost deadly anguish, crept feebly upstairs, she found Mrs. Linnett still kneeling beside old Euclid, who was stretched upon the floor. The policeman's lamp, set upon the mantel-shelf, lit up his blood-stained face and hair, and displayed the disorder of the room. She helped Mrs. Linnett to lift up the old man, and lay him on the bed; and then she sped away again to fetch a doctor, though not so swiftly as she ran before for help against the housebreakers. Would she ever run so fast again?

By the time she returned, a woman had been sent from the police-station, and a policeman was on duty in the house. The doctor, who followed her quickly, after a brief examination of old Euclid, said he could discover no serious wound, but that it was impossible to tell how grave the injuries he had sustained might prove. He had the blood washed from his face and hair; and, after that, Euclid lay still, much as if he had been asleep; only his pulses beat very faintly, and life seemed to have ebbed away to its lowest ebb.

The morning came; and policemen were coming and going all day long, examining the premises, and asking the same questions over and over again,—or so it seemed to Bess. Neighbours crowded in to chat with Mrs. Linnett about the perils of the night, and to take a peep at the unconscious old man, who had been almost, if not quite, murdered. The question was, whether he would die or live. David refused to give up his accomplice; but Blackett had been arrested on suspicion. Nothing more could be done until Euclid's consciousness returned,—if it ever returned,—and he could give his evidence. A policeman was stationed there until this should happen. At last night came on again, and Bess, refus-

ing to leave old Euclid, persuaded Mrs. Linnett to go to bed; whilst the doctor, finding three or four neighbours whispering and buzzing in the room, ordered them all away, and told Bess to watch him by herself. She sat beside him hour after hour, sleepless, yet almost stupefied by her sorrow. Could it be true that David had done this cruel, wicked deed? And, oh! if Euclid died, what would be done to him? The sickness of despair filled her whole heart as this thought came back to her in spite of all her efforts to shut it out.

"Bess," whispered a very low, faint voice, in the dead of the night, "it was our David!"

"Yes," she whispered back again in Euclid's ear. But a deep throb of agony struck through her as she heard him say it was David.

"He fought for me agin' Blackett," said Euclid. "He saved my life. Blackett 'ud ha' murdered me."

With a loud sob, Bess fell on her knees by the bedside. Thank God, David was not as bad as he had seemed! He had not joined with Blackett in his savage purpose. David was not a murderer! Oh, what a load seemed suddenly rolled away from her girlish heart! Her brother was only a thief!

"He saved my life," murmured old Euclid over and over again, as though his brain was bewildered still. "Bess, he saved my life."

His faculties came back to him very slowly; and it was two or three days before he recovered the full possession of his memory, so as to be able to make a deposition before a magistrate. Blackett and David were committed to take their trial at the Central Criminal Court. Victoria had come back to help to nurse her father; and for a short time their life fell back into its old course, excepting that Euclid no longer started off for the market every morning.

(To be continued.)

"SALOON."

THIS is the sign they put out. You would think from the beautiful way in which they fit up their places with stained glass and mirrors, and marble, that they must be doing something very grand inside. If somebody would only make a business of fitting up saloons according to directions which I will now give, I believe the whiskey thugs would soon have to go out of the business. Go to the drunkards' graves (nearly a hundred thousand are said to be made each year) and take out all the bones. Cover the walls of the saloons with the skulls set close together. Take the long bones of the arms and legs, and make them into wheels to decorate the ceiling, and use the smaller bones of the fingers and back for rosettes to fasten up in ornamenting the ceiling still further. There might be niches made here and there in the walls for statuary, and into these might be stood some of the living drunkards dressed in their rags. Do you think there would be many customers found for such saloons as these? Perhaps you think it would be well not to fit up any saloons at all, not even in the terrible fashion I have described. I quite agree with you. I think a better way would be to put a stop to the whiskey business. Our Government could do it a good deal as the English Government is putting a stop to the thug business in India: that is by having a special police for their capture. It is called "The Thuggee Department." When they are captured they are shut up in prison. But, alas! I am sorry to say our Government does not seem disposed to stop the saloon thugs. Instead the traffic is legalized. I hardly expect you will know what that means. Well, it is just this: our Government says to the whiskey thugs, "If you will pay us so much money every year we will give you permission to go on with your business." And what a pile of money every year these whiskey thugs pay in to our Government! Let us stop it. How can we do it? By being out-and-out for temperance ourselves; by trying to get everybody we can to be for temperance; by learning temperance pieces to speak at school, so that by-and-bye we shall be able to make temperance speeches in halls and churches and everywhere; by just making ourselves hate the smell of a saloon; by praying that God will help the men and women who are trying to give up the drink; and, by-and-bye, voting against any man for Dominion, Provincial or Municipal office, who drinks liquor or is willing to legalize its sale.

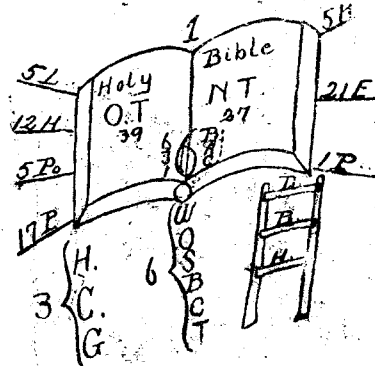
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE JUNIORS.

BY W. F. STEVENS.

THE following chalk-talk is designed to give to the little ones a few fundamental facts about the Bible in a manner that will fasten the points in their minds not only through the ear, but through the eye as well.

"Now, Juniors, how many of you can count? Hands up. How many can count



ten? How many fifty? How many a hundred? How many five hundred? How many a thousand?

"All right,—you need not count all these amounts; but I want to know how well you can remember numbers. Let me see how many can remember this group of numbers: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 12, 16.

"Only a few can repeat them. Now, try it again all together, again and again. Now just see how quickly you will forget them while we all learn the next and last group: 17, 21, 27, 36, 39, 66."

Drill the same as above, and then have both repeated again. Now draw the design or disclose the same, having had it covered. They will immediately recognize the numbers. Hold the Bible up and explain the meaning of the word "Bible," and why it is called "holy." Then explain "O. T.," Old Testament, "N. T.," New Testament, and how they are "2" grand divisions of "1" book.

Then speak of the number of books in the two Testaments, mentioning the names of some so that they will see that the Bible is composed of many books,—39 in the "O. T." and 27 in the "N. T.," and 66 in all. These 66 books are written by 36 authors in 16 centuries.

Review, beginning with "1" Book. Mention the different kinds of books in the Old Testament: "5 L."—five books of law, and whom the law was to govern; "12 H."—twelve books of history, and whom the history is about; "5 Po."—five books of poetry. Ask if they ever knew the Psalms were poetry. "17 P."—seventeen prophecies, telling what prophets were.

Review from "5 L." Explain the New Testament in the same manner, and review. Next tell them the Bible was written to "3" languages: Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek; and that this book is known by "6" different names: Word, Oracles, Scripture, The Book, Covenant, and Testament.

Review "3" and "6." "Did you ever hear of Jacob's ladder? This picture of a ladder before us does not represent Jacob's ladder, but it is one by which we can all get to heaven.

"This holy Bible,—this Old and New Testament,—that has so many books written by so many authors in so many languages, teaches us that we can obey our Lord and Master by taking three important steps. These three steps are 'H.,' 'B.,' and 'D.,'—Hearing, Believing, and Doing the will of God."

Review.

SUPPOSE there were two lines of railroad; on one of them was an accident regularly once a week, sometimes on one day and sometimes on another; and on the other there never had been an accident. Suppose your only son wanted to go the journey traversed by the respective lines, and he were to come to you, saying, "Which road shall I take, father?" Would you dare to tell him to take that upon which the accidents were so frequent, because it was the most fashionable? You would say at once, "Take the safe road, my boy." And that is just what we temperance folks say.—John B. Gough.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

BLACKETT cast a glance over the little shop with its miscellaneous wares, and round the small kitchen; but it was plain there was no booty there. The miser's hoard and the seamen's chests must be in the bedrooms, and they wasted no more time before mounting the narrow and winding staircase. Euclid was not sleeping in his closet, as Victoria was away; and the door of the front room stood at the top of the crooked stairs. They pushed it open, and the light of their lantern fell full upon the old man's face.

"Why, it's old Euclid!" shouted David in a loud and angry voice.

"Ay, ay! Is it time to be stirring?" he asked, rousing himself, and looking up in bewilderment.

"Curse you! you never told me who it was?" cried David, turning fiercely upon Blackett.

But the old man had already sprung up, forgetful of his feebleness; and, calling upon Mrs. Linnett to fasten herself in her room, he flung himself with desperate courage upon Blackett. Blackett shook him off with ease, and, seizing him by the throat, threw him down on the floor, and knelt upon his chest, with savage cruelty in his eyes.

"Get up!" cried David, struggling to pull him away: "you sha'n't murder him, and me stand by."

"I'll half-murder him," muttered Blackett. "I'll have my revenge."

Then began a deadly conflict between them; Euclid, as soon as Blackett's hand was off his throat, helping in the fray with the feeble daring of old age. The chair on which David had set down the lantern was upset; and the light went out, leaving them in utter darkness as they swayed to and fro about the room, never loosing one another, amid oaths and threats, and smothered groans from Euclid, growing fainter and fainter, as Blackett and David fought above him.

But now Bess was speeding back again, with two policemen running at a few paces behind her. The clanking of their footsteps on the pavement below was the first sound



THE PASSOVER.

The Point of View.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

SAID the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:

"Eh, but life's a pull! Half at least every day My cart is full. Half of every year— Talk about the lark— I must leave my warm bed While it is dark.

"Half the food I live on, Every day, Is—I give my word for it— Only hay. Half my time, yes, fully, Cold days and hot. I must still keep going, Whether I can or not."

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse:

"My work is half play, For my cart is empty Half of every day; Half of every year, too, I go to bed at night Knowing I can stay there Till it is light.

"Master likes his horses With glossy coats, So half my food is always The best of oats. What with nights and standing While they unload, Half my time I'm resting, Not on the road."

Two little sparrows perched up on a beam, Broke into laughter with a perfect scream. Mr. Sparrow chuckled, "Who'd believe it, dear? Their food and work are both alike all the livelong year?"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON X. [June 3.

THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

Exod. 12. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.— 1 Cor. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Sacrifice, v. 1-7. 2. The Passover, v. 8-14.

PLACE.—Egypt.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1 The signs given to Moses (Exod. 4. 1-17). 2 The return of Moses to Egypt (Exod. 4. 18-26). 3 The increased severity of the bondage (Exod. 5. 5-23). 4 Renewed commands to Moses (Exod. 6. 1-13). 5 Moses and the magicians (Exod. 7. 8-17). 6 The ten plagues upon Egypt: 1. Blood (Exod. 7. 20-25); 2. Frogs (Exod. 8. 5-15);

2. That a sacrifice was necessary to salvation?

3. That God's mercies should be called to mind?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. What did God send upon the Egyptians before they would let the Israelites go out of Egypt? "Ten plagues." 2. What was the last plague upon the Egyptians? "The death of the firstborn." 3. By what feast was the departure of the Israelites from Egypt kept in mind? "The passover." 4. What was done with the blood of the slain lamb? "It was sprinkled on the door posts." 5. Of what did the feast consist? "Of unleavened bread and a slain lamb." 6. What is the Golden Text? "Christ our passover," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The vicarious sacrifice.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the forgiveness or remission of sins?

The penitent sinner who believes in Christ is freely pardoned, his punishment not being either remitted or not inflicted.

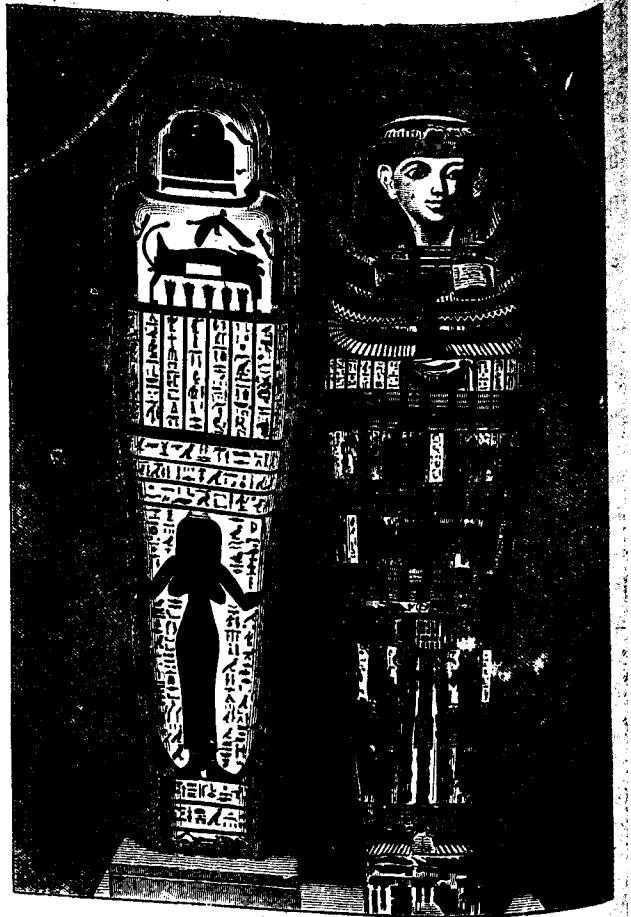
Rom. 8. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASES.

THE embalmed bodies of Egyptians were placed in chests of sycamore wood and kept in the chambers of the dead. So Joseph's body was kept. Herodotus, after describing the arts of embalming, says: "The relatives inclose the body in a wooden image which they have made in the shape of a man; then, fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber upright against the wall. This is the most costly way of embalming the dead." The description is that of which we commonly call a mummy case. During the long interval between Joseph's death and the Exodus his venerable mummy, waiting for the time of its removal, cried silently to his kinsmen, "Here is not your rest, you are in a strange land." Coffins in Egypt were used only for persons of eminence and distinction. It is also reasonable to believe that in times so remote as those of Joseph they might have been much less common than afterward, and that consequently Joseph's being in a coffin in Egypt might be mentioned with a design to express the great honours the Egyptians gave him in death as well as in life, being treated after the most sumptuous manner, embalmed and coffined.

A DREAM.

I READ of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honoured judge and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench, if you will do my work." Then the doctor pro-



EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASES.

posed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets?" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which will you choose?

FOR THE LITTLE CODGERS!

FORTY-EIGHT EIGHT-PAGE

Books for Children

With Covers and Pictures.

Printed in Nice Clear Type for Young Eyes.

There are nine different Series, each of forty-eight books.

PRICE, PER SERIES, 35 CENTS.

THE Little Library

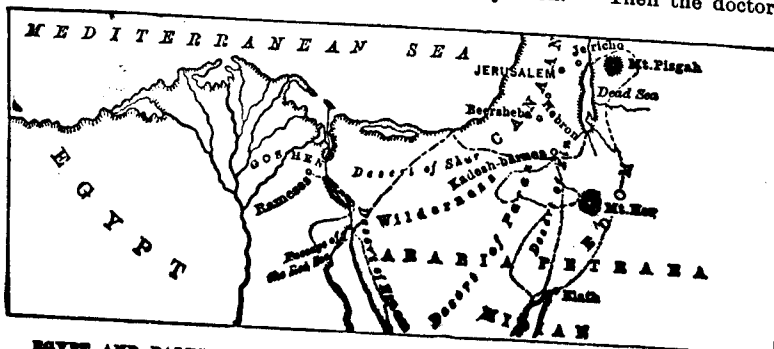
Sixteen Books for Children.

THREE DIFFERENT SERIES.

Each, 10 Cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.



EGYPT AND PALESTINE, SHOWING THE PLACE OF CROSSING THE RED SEA.