

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1895

(No. 27)



RECEIVING GIFTS FOR THE BUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE.—(See next page.)

Mother's Good-Bye.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy;
You have only a moment I know,
But you will stay till I give you my parting
advice—
'Tis all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my
boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you
meet,
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam!
Oh! forsake not the way of salvation, my
boy,
That you learned from your mother at
home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy;
'Tis the book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, it will help you to
die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy;
I have taught you the best that I knew,
And as long as his mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-bye;
Oh! how lonely and sad we shall be;
But when far from the scenes of your child-
hood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.

I want you to feel ev'ry word that I've said,
For it came from the depth of my love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on
earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1895.

THE PRIZE.

ONE morning before starting to school,
when Katie came in, as was her custom,
to her mother for her good-bye kiss, her
eyes shone brighter than usual, and her
cheeks glowed with excitement.

"Are you not glad, mamma," she asked,
"very glad for me?"

"Certainly, my child," was the reply;
"I should rejoice with all my heart if you
should win the prize."

"If I should win!" cried Katie, in
astonishment; "who else could receive it?"

"Do not build too much on it, Katie,
for disappointment is very hard to bear."

"But, mamma, Anna Schuller is the only
one that can compare with me, and every-
one says that my work is better than hers."

"Perhaps 'everyone' has told Anna
Schuller that her work is better than
yours."

"Oh, mamma, what a funny idea,"
laughed Katie; "but you shall see my
return crowned with the prize."

Scarcely an hour had passed when the

street bell sounded, and the mother listened
with beating heart. But the heavy, tired
step did not resemble the usual light tread
of her little daughter. The door opened,
and Katie, with pale, troubled face, entered.
She paused a moment as if gaining com-
posure, and then, rushing to her mother's
arms, she sobbed as if her heart would
break. There was no need to tell that not
she but Anna Schuller had gained the
prize from the art school; and the mother's
first care was to soothe her disappointed
child.

"Restrain yourself, my dear," she said;
"this is not the worst grief that could
befall you."

"Not the worst?" sobbed Katie; "why,
mamma, you can't imagine how terrible it
was to see all those scornful faces and to
stand there like an outcast."

"Are you not exaggerating, dear?"

"No, indeed, mamma; everyone left me
and crowded around Anna, who, I am sure,
did not deserve the prize."

"Do you not think the art critics have
better judgment than you?"

"But Anna received help."

"Katie," said her mother, sternly, "if
you have worked faithfully there is no dis-
grace in losing the prize; but it grieves me
to see my little girl so governed by envy.
How do you know that Anna received
help?"

A painful pause followed, during which
Katie did not dare raise her eyes to her
mother's. She began to see how foolishly
she had acted. "But," she thought,
"could anyone bear such humiliation
quietly?"

"Forgive me, mamma," she whispered,
softly; "I shall try and drive away these
wicked thoughts; but I am so disap-
pointed."

Her mother kissed her tenderly and said,
"Think, Katie, if you had won the prize,
could you be happy when you knew some-
one was very miserable over losing it?"

"But Anna did not know how grieved I
was. She was in the centre of a great
crowd, praised by all, while I stood at one
side alone. No one seemed to notice me;
so I hurried home to you."

The next morning Katie appeared with
eyes much inflamed by weeping; but she
had thought of a remedy for her sorrows,
and chatted pleasantly with her mother all
during breakfast.

"Mamma," said Katie, when the meal
was over, "I see that it was very wrong in
me to act as I did yesterday. I shall
cherish no more ill-will toward Anna, and
shall try to rejoice in her happiness; but
please promise me that I may give up my
studies in the art school."

"That would be foolish, indeed," replied
her mother.

"Dear mamma, I cannot endure to go
again where I have suffered such humili-
ation."

"My child, you must conquer this
envious spirit and be earnest in your deter-
mination to do right."

Katie was silent for a moment; but she
wondered why her usually indulgent
mamma would subject her to such a severe
trial. Her mother remained firm, although
Katie pleaded hard for permission to aban-
don her art studies. And when the new
term began it was with ill-concealed dis-
pleasure that she entered the school. She
was as late as possible, in order to avoid all
intercourse with other pupils; and soon
after her arrival the instruction began. As
Katie took her seat and bent over her
work every eye seemed to turn toward her,
either in pity or scorn, and she scarcely
dared raise her head to nod to Anna, who
gave her a friendly smile in return. Katie
blushed deeply and looked down. She
heard some whispers near, and thought
they certainly were concerning her and her
disappointment. Her cheeks burned hotly,
and she wondered if the hour would
ever end.

At last the time came to go home. She
had determined to say a few words to
Anna, but was so cordially met by her that
the dreaded task proved an easy one.

"I must tell you, Katie," said Anna,
"how sorry I am that you did not win the
prize. I could not enjoy it at all until
mamma said that you were such a sensible
girl that you would try harder and win
next time."

Katie was deeply mortified. But she
took up her work with new zeal, resolving

that she should deserve the title of "sensi-
ble girl."

That evening, as she sat by her mother's
side, she whispered: "Mamma, I have
conquered now, and I shall do the best I
can without thinking of the prize."

One day after Katie had been working
diligently for several months, she was sent
to a desk for some drawing materials, and
there she saw the model she had prepared
for the last art exhibition. Her now prac-
tised eye readily detected many faults, and
she blushed to think how blind her conceit
had made her. She determined never
again to elevate herself above others, and
to let honest work and untiring diligence
take the place of supposed natural skill.

At the next exhibition Katie
won and deservedly received the prize.

THE TABERNACLE.

THE Israelites, while on their way from
Egypt to the "promised land," encamped
near Mount Sinai. It was there that God
gave Moses the Ten Commandments and
showed him how to build the tabernacle.
The Israelites had a long march before
them, so God directed them to build a
tent church which they could take apart
and carry with them when not in camp.

When the tent was pitched and ready
for worship it must have been something
like this: First there was a yard, or court,
seventy-five by one hundred and fifty feet,
fenced with canvas screens seven and a
half feet high. Inside the fence, and near
the only gate, stood an altar for sacrifices
and a water tank. Back of these was the
holy tent itself. It was not a very large
church—only fifteen feet wide and forty-
five feet long, and a linen curtain, gorge-
ously embroidered, cut it into two rooms.

The front room was called the Holy Place,
and in it stood the small altar of incense,
the seven-cupped candlestick of gold, and
a table on which each Sabbath the priests
laid twelve fresh loaves of "showbread"
—one for each tribe. In the little inner
room, called the "Holy of Holies," there
was but one thing, the precious chest, or
"Ark," a picture of which we print to-day.

The Israelites looked upon the taber-
nacle as the very house of God. They
gave their gold and gems and fine cloth to
make it the most beautiful building in the
camp. They went to it to worship God,
to confess and make sacrifices for their
wickedness; and once a year their high
priest went all alone into the Holy of
Holies, and obtained God's pardon for the
people's sins. For several hundred years
the Israelites had no church but this, but
at last King Solomon built the famous
stone temple at Jerusalem, and then the
old tabernacle was forgotten.

A HOME FOR MOTHER.

It is delightful to turn from the too
frequently sad example of dime-novel
bitten runaway boys, bringing themselves
and their parents to grief, to a picture of
filial love and duty like this. Says a letter
written from a Western city:

"Business called me to the United
States Land Office. While there, a lad
apparently sixteen or seventeen years of
age, came in and presented a certificate for
forty acres of land.

"I was struck with the countenance
and the general appearance of the boy,
and inquired of him for whom he was pur-
chasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

"I then inquired where he got the
money. He answered, 'I earned it.'

"Feeling then an increased desire for
knowing something more about the boy, I
asked about himself and his parents. He
took a seat and gave the following nar-
rative:

"I am the oldest of five children.
Father is a drinking man, and often would
return home drunk. Finding that father
would not abstain from liquor, I resolved
to make an effort in some way to help my
mother, brother and sisters. I got an axe
and went into a new part of the country to
work, clearing land, and I have saved
money enough to buy forty acres of land
there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you
going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log-house,
and when all is ready, will bring father,
mother, brother and sisters to live with
me. The land I want for mother; it will
secure her in her old age."

"And what will you do with your
father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get on the farm he
will feel at home and be happy, and I
hope become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing at-
tend your efforts to help and honour your
father and mother."

"By this time the receiver handed him
his receipt for his forty acres of land. As
he was leaving the office he said, 'At last
I have a home for my mother.'—*Canada
Presbyterian.*



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

July 14, 1895.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

PRESERVED BLAMELESS.—1 Thessalonians
5. 23.

When a man is born of God, by reason of
having become a new creature in Christ Jesus,
the evidence of that new creation is to be seen
in the man's life. He may declare that he
has believed and received salvation, but this
is an evidence which those around him cannot
see, but they can see the upright life. They
can observe the godly conversation, and if his
actions and manner of life harmonize with his
profession, his works are thus evidence of his
faith.

Blameless means such a state and manner of
life as onlookers cannot gainsay. Nathaniel
was such a person. There was no guile in him.
He was a consistent man. He brought forth
the fruits of holiness. His character testified
that he lived righteously, soberly, and godly in
the world. Religious persons study to do
that which is right toward God and man.
Never take advantage of the circumstances of
others that they may enrich themselves. They
do not fret nor complain because they do not
acquire wealth as rapidly as they could wish.
Nor do they murmur when called to suffer
losses in business. However keenly they may
feel the disappointments of life, they will act
in all things as becometh those who are the
followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, so that
even their enemies may see nothing in them
but what is praiseworthy and consistent.
They not only abstain from evil, but from the
appearance of evil. Everything the tendency
of which is evil they abhor.

JUNIOR SUGGESTIONS.

Avoid monotony in Junior meetings.
Sometimes teach a marching song.

A certain leader has found a field for
work in the learning of the books of the
Bible in their order, so that the children
may be able to find any certain book
quickly.

Juniors should remember that their
meeting is a kind of school, in which they
are to learn valuable lessons.

Does he
have an idea that it is simply a place where
he can have his noisy time? To be sure
he should have a happy time, the work
should be most joyous, but he should come
to it in the spirit of reverence, feeling that
in God's house his service is expected of
him.

It is an excellent thing to train Juniors
to carry on the business of their society.
All this training tells when they graduate
from the Junior society and go into the
young people's society. Do not make the
mistake of allowing the few capable ones
to do all the work. Find something that
weak ones can do which is of some account
in some other way besides giving strength.

Let me tell the Juniors how a Junior
band has made a nice lot of money by
making iron-holders and selling them.

They take two or three thicknesses of
very heavy cloth and bind them around
with different coloured tape, leaving a
loop at the corner with which to hang
up. It makes a very pretty and service-
able article, and one that the Juniors could
easily make. They can be sold at five
cents each.—*Watchword.*

Katie's Treasures.

In the soft October sunshine,
Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves,
And mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air,
On their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips;
"In the carpet's tufted roses,
Deep my lightest footfall dips.
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!
But more beautiful than all,
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen now, I pray, to me,—
Years ago there was a necklace
Borne across the deep, blue sea;
In its velvet cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine,
But this chain of prisoned rainbows
By-and-bye will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"
Proudly spoke another voice;
"But I'd rather have my father,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous,—
People almost kiss his hand;
And, in time, I'm very certain,
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on their eager voices,
As they gaily had begun;
Till some tale of wondrous treasure
Every child had told save one;
"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"
But with smiles, said blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a King."

Then they laughed, "Oh, princess, tell us
Where the King, your Father dwells?
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?"
Meekly answered gentle Katie,
Pushing back a floating curl:
"All the shining wall is golden,
Every gate a single pearl."

"And more glorious than the sunrise
Through the purple morning mist,
Brightly glow the brave foundations,
Jasper, sapphire, amethyst;
And within—such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
But when home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said,— "Oh, happy princess!
Listening for the great King's call;
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

—The Silver Cross.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER III.

IN TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.

"In life's battle there is no neutral ground;
you are helping the side of either right or
wrong."—Banner of Gold.

THE next morning Jack started to school
with his heart lighter than usual. He had
almost made up his mind that no matter what
happened he would try and be good. Miss
Grey said she thought it was just as easy for
us to do right as it is to do wrong, if we only
put our will over on the side of right and
make up our mind to keep right on trying.
Perhaps he would find it so.

It was such a perfect spring morning; birds
were filling the air with their rich melody of
song; the sun shone brightly; the leaves and
tiny blades of grass looked so fresh and green;
and all nature seemed to rejoice in the ap-
proach of spring.

He felt that it was an appropriate time for
him to begin a new life, just now when all
nature seemed to be uplifted in praise to God.
It seems strange to me that all hearts do
not turn to God in the springtime. Every-
thing is then so suggestive of praise, how can
we, his creatures, remain unresponsive?

The tiny stream, wandering through wood-
land and meadow, in its search to find the
great waters of the sea, seems to whisper of
God's love. The birds sing of his goodness
even in mid-winter, when trees are cold and
bare and there is so little to cheer the heart
of the feathered songsters. I have seen them
sit on a leafless tree and pour forth a joyous
song of praise. Everything praises God. Only
we are silent.

Jack went whistling down the street, his
heart overflowing with springtime gladness.
As he turned into the school-yard the first lad
he met was Bob Pierce, the hotel-keeper's son.
"I say, Harding, did your step-mother
drink all that brandy she got from our place,
or do you help her?" She gets that bottle
filled pretty often, lately," said he.

Fortunately for Bob Pierce, at least, the
nine o'clock bell sounded at that moment, so
both were obliged to go in at once.

The good resolutions Jack had half formed
were growing very weak now, while his
uppermost thought was: "If I ever get a
good chance I am going to give that fellow
one of the best thrashings he ever had in his
life!" and with a gloomy countenance he
opened his book and began to study.

The teacher had offered a prize to the
scholar writing the best essay on a certain
historical subject, and the day of which I
write was the day the essays were to be
written. The prize was a handsome volume
of travels, and with his whole heart Jack had
studied and remained at school later than
usual until his money was nearly all gone,
with the hope of gaining this prize.

Bob Pierce knew that Jack was working
for it, and he determined that he should not
get it. He knew that there was no chance of
himself getting it, for he was the poorest
scholar in the class. Besides, in the well-
filled library at home there were many hand-
filled books, bought, alas! with money men
had exchanged for liquor, when wife and chil-
dren were destitute.

The teacher had not mentioned what par-
ticular subject in history they were to write
on, so that the study would be general. Then
the books were all gathered up and placed on
the teacher's desk, and the scholars were ex-
pected to quote from memory only. This was
in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the sub-
ject was given and the essays were written.
Jack's heart beat high with hope, for the
subject proved to be one that he thoroughly
understood and knew he could successfully
handle.

Not so with Bob Pierce; he sat with his
pen poised in the air and found it exceedingly
difficult to write more than half a dozen lines.
When the essays were examined Jack Har-
ding's was pronounced much the finest of
them all, and with many kind words of
praise the teacher handed him the prize.
Jack was flushed and triumphant, but his
enjoyment was short-lived.

"Perhaps some of the rest of us might have
stood some chance if we had had our history
open in the desk before us while writing,"
muttered Bob Pierce.
"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jack,
springing to his feet, forgetting where he was,
and remembering only how much he would
like to thrash that red-eyed hotel-keeper's
son.

"Here, boys, order!" exclaimed the
teacher, somewhat surprised at the sudden
turn of affairs. "What did you say, Pierce?"
"I said that Jack Harding had his book
open in the desk while he wrote that essay."
Jack was about to spring over the seats and
collar him, even if he were in the school-room,
but suddenly his eyes fell to his desk and
there, sure enough, was his history wide
open.

"Jack, what does this mean?" asked
the teacher, gravely, as he, too, saw the book.
Jack first grew very pale and then very red,
while Bob Pierce giggled and thoroughly en-
joyed his discomfiture.

The teacher waited for an answer, so at
last Jack stammered: "I—don't—know;
I did not know it was there until just now."
"But," said the teacher, "I distinctly
remember gathering up your book with the
rest, this morning."

"Yes, I know you did," said Jack, slowly,
"and I haven't the least idea how it got back
here. I only know I didn't put it here."
"I saw him come in the school at noon be-
fore any of the others," said Bob Pierce, "he
must have slipped it in his desk then."

Jack's eyes flashed, while the teacher said:
"Hold your tongue, Pierce! You are al-
together too communicative! How many saw
Jack enter the school alone at noon?"

A number of hands slowly went up; they
were evidently reluctant to condemn one of
their fellow pupils.

"What did you come in for?" asked the
teacher.

"I decline to tell," answered Jack, "but I
honestly say that I did not touch one of the

histories, and did not know that it was in my
desk until after the essays were written."

The truth was, Jack had, on his way back
to school, espied some dainty blue and yellow
violets growing along the edge of the side-
walk on one of the back streets, and gathering
a bunch of them, he had filled an empty ink
bottle with water, and put them in it in his
desk, intending to call at Miss Grey's after
school and give them to her. But he would
not explain all this before that miserable Bob
Pierce, and hear his contemptuous sneer, so
he remained proudly silent.

The teacher sighed and looked much per-
plexed as he said:

"I do not wish to condemn you until I am
positively sure of your guilt, and I regret that
everything looks against you. But I will give
you another chance to win the prize; we will
take another subject and all write over again."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" said
Jack, hotly; "if you can't believe my word
you can do the other thing!" and in a tower-
ing passion he drew himself up and walked
proudly out of the room, leaving the teacher
and scholars too much surprised to realize
that he was going until he had gone.

"I am very sorry that this unpleasant
affair has happened," said the teacher, grave-
ly. "I cannot help thinking that Jack has
told the truth, even though everything looks
against him. I can scarcely think it possible
that any of you would do such a thing as to
put the book in his desk on purpose to place
him in a suspicious position. But if I find out
that such is the case the guilty party will be
punished severely," and the teacher's face
wore a frown the rest of that afternoon, while
his voice was firm and commanding.

(To be continued.)

The Camel's Nose.

THE Arabs tell of a miller
Who one morning from repose
Was awakened by hearing a camel
Through the window thrust his nose.

"It's cold out here," said the creature,
"And I wish, sir, if you please,
Just to warm my nose a moment;
It's so chilled, I fear 'twill freeze."

"All right," said the other, kindly;
"You do look pinched and thin."
"Oh, thank you!" replied the camel,
And his head came farther in.

Soon, while the miller slumbered,
Both head and neck were through;
Then presently in at the window
The body entered, too.

Now, the room was close and narrow,
And the startled sleeper woke,
And to his ungainly inmate
At length complaining spoke:

"Really, my friend, while willing
To grant your first request,
My quarters are not sufficient
To hold so large a guest,"

"Very well," said the other coolly,
"If you find it as you say,
Move out—in fact, you'll have to,
For I have come to stay."

How plainly the story teaches
(As you perceive, no doubt)
Wrong in the heart admitted
Will soon the right drive out.

And how plain it warms us, also,
At the very first to shun
The evil that seems so harmless,
Ere an entrance has been won.

"A VERY GOOD-LOOKING APPLE,
BUT—"

IT is harvesting month on the Tapleys'
farm, and the old farmer thoroughly enjoys
it. He eyes with intense satisfaction the
big pumpkin-heap in the barn, so sugges-
tive of Thanksgiving, and then walks into
the sunny orchard. He halts to contem-
plate the piles of Baldwins, Fishers, and
snow-apples. He rubs his hands over
these heaps of colour rivaling the sunset-
clouds. He stoops to examine these brilli-
ant displays.

"A handsome apple, that!" he says,
turning one globe of juicy fruit over and
over.

"Round and red!" he murmurs.
"Round and red! A very good-looking
apple—"

He now abruptly and ominously exclaims,
"But—"

He has found at one side of the stem,
and unseen hitherto, a little—hole!

"Worm in there!" he mutters. Yes,
the apple has a tenant, and it pays no rent.
Just then a young neighbour, Randall
Eaton, looks over the fence. He is well-
dressed, has a handsome face, a bright,
sparkling expression, ready gifts of speech,
energy and tact.

"A very good-looking apple, but—" says
the farmer, glancing at Randall Eaton.

Yes, and the "but" is a worm coiled
up in the recesses of his character. Ran-
dall is not thoroughly honest—exactly,
scrupulously so. Indeed, he jokes about
nice, even fine perceptions of right and
wrong.

"Don't be over strict!" he says. He
borrows money and—forgets to return it.
He had not a cent with which to pay for
those elegant clothes, and he could not see
many cents coming in as he glanced into
the future and thought of pay-day. Still
he ordered the clothing. He picked up a
big bank-bill one day and laughed when
somebody said, "Hunt up the owner!"

"I have found him," he said, pointing
to his pocket.

He is one of the boys to taste all the eat-
ables in a store, to slight a job given to
him, to misstate facts.

A pity! yes, and a ruin for him one day.

Oh, there is such need of precise, exact,
scrupulous conduct in our dealings with
others; that we carry no stain of pilfer on
our hands; that we be haunted in our
thoughts by no memory of deception, fraud,
or trickery.

THE AFRICAN DESERT.

IF the "wilderness" in winter offers
many attractions, it is quite the reverse
with the "atmoor," as the Arabs call the
utterly barren kind of desert. This is
truly the ideal desert, consisting mainly of
hard, gravel plains, diversified by zones of
deep sand, rocky ridges, sometimes of con-
siderable altitude, and rugged defiles. It
is absolutely destitute of all vegetation and
consequently of animal life. Only the
ostrich and hyena cross it swiftly by night,
and the vulture hovers over the caravans
by day. Not a tree, not a bush, not a
blade of grass relieves the glare of the sun-
light upon the yellow sand. No one can
resist the solemn impression of deep silence
and infinite space produced by the desert.
When night has come, and the soldiers
and Bedouins are asleep in their bivouacs,
walk away under the unequalled African
moon beyond the first ridge of sand or
rocks. Around you stretches a boundless
sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost
as white as snow. Not a sound falls upon
the ear, nor the murmur of a breeze, nor
the rustle of leaf or grass, not the hum of
the smallest insect. Silence—only silence
—as profound as death, unless it is broken
by the howl of a prowling hyena or the
distant roar of the king of beasts. Within
the limits of Egypt and the Sudan these
desolate atmoors extend over three-quar-
ters of a million of square miles, never
trodden by the foot of a man. Only a few
caravan trails cross them in their narrowest
parts, with scanty wells at long intervals;
and the necessities of trade can alone
account for their being penetrated at all.
They are like oceans, where caravans pass
each other in haste like vessels at sea.
The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet
it is worse to halt during the day than to
keep in motion, for the heat makes sleep
or rest impossible, even under canvas.
With the burning sand under your feet
and the vertical sun over your head you
are as between the lids of an oven. In
summer the thermometer rises to 150 and
160 degrees. The air that blows feels as
if it had just passed through a furnace or a
brick-kiln. Over the plains it quivers
visibly in the sun, as if rising from a red-
hot stove, while the mirage mocks your
senses with the most life-like image of
lakes, ponds and rippling water. No more
laughter or merriment along the column
now. Soldiers or camp-followers protect
themselves as best they can with turbans
and blankets, bringing over all the hoods
of their cloth capotes, leaving only a nar-
row aperture just enough to see; while,
strange to say, the Bedouins stride along
on foot, bareheaded and almost naked,
without appearing to suffer any great dis-
comfort.



FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

WHAT a busy scene we have, men putting up booths, some carrying small boughs to make the top with, as well as ornament the posts; some putting up the poles to hold the roof; some driving in wedges; some giving directions; some walking about looking on; and others inside the booths enjoying themselves. This was called "The Feast of Tabernacles." It was kept fifty days after the Passover, and it was on this day, that when disciples were assembled together to keep it, that the Holy Ghost was sent upon them in flaming tongues of fire, which, we now call Whitsuntide, about fifty days after Easter. It is supposed that on the day which this feast commemorated, God gave the law to Moses, and on this feast of Whitsuntide which we keep, God gave the Gospel to us all.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON II. [July 14.
THE GOLDEN CALF.
Exod. 32. 1-8, 30-35. Memory verses, 7, 8.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.
—1 John 5. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sin of Israel, v. 1-8.
2. The Prayer of Moses, v. 30-35.

TIME.—B.C. 1491, the same year as the last lesson, but a little later.

PLACE.—The plain before Mount Sinai; what is now known as the Wady er Rahah before Ras Sufsah.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The chapters between the last lesson and this are nearly filled with special commands which were afterward woven into the great system of Hebraic law, the details of the Tabernacle, and the setting apart of Aaron and his sons for the priestly office. We are told of the terror of the people when they "saw the thunders, and lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking." Chapter 24 tells of a remarkable vision of the God of Israel given to Moses, Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel. It is astonishing how close together came the Ten Commandments on stone and the golden calf.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The golden calf.—Exod. 32. 1-8.
Tu. Intercession by Moses.—Exod. 32. 9-14.
W. The calf destroyed.—Exod. 32. 15-24.
Th. Punishment (part of lesson).—Exod. 32. 30-35.
F. Impressive reminder.—Deut. 9. 7-21.
S. Folly of idol worship.—Psalm 106. 16-27.
Su. Trust in a living God.—Psalm 115. 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Sin of Israel*, v. 1-8.
What sinful demand did the people make? Why did they make this request?

How long was Moses absent?
See Exod. 24. 18.

What did Aaron require the people to do?

What offerings did the people bring?

What did Aaron make from the gold?

What did the people say when they saw the image?

What commandment had been broken?

What preparation for worship was made?

What was the next day to be?

What offerings did the people present?

What then did they do?

What command did Moses receive?

What sin had been committed?

What did Moses do when he saw the camp? Verses 19, 20.

What demand did he make of the people? Verses 26, 27.

2. *The Prayer of Moses*, v. 30-35.

What did Moses say to the people the next day?

What confession did he make to the Lord?

What prayer did he offer?

How did he show his anxiety for the people?

What did the Lord say about the sinners?

What did he bid Moses to do?

What did he promise to do?

What did the Lord do to the people?

What warning have we against like sin? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown

1. The corrupting power of sin?
2. That sin brings punishment?
3. The power of prayer?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who made a calf idol for the Hebrews to worship? Aaron, the high priest. 2. Did they intend to worship another god? No; they worshipped an image of Jehovah. 3. Is there anything wrong in this? Yes: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." 4. What does the Golden Text say? "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." 5. What did Moses do? He prayed that the people might be forgiven. 6. What did God say? "Mine Angel shall go before thee."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The penalty of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What peculiar provision is made for spiritual fellowship among the Methodists?

They meet together in small companies for fellowship and mutual edification.

Why do the Methodist societies use the term Connexion?

Because many separate societies are connected or united into one.

"I SCRUBS."

"WHAT have my class done for Jesus since last we met?" asked the teacher of a large infant class one Sabbath morning.

One said, "I have earned some money for the heathen by doing errands;" another, "I tend our sick baby;" another, "I fetch hunchback Billy to school, with the boys laughing at me." One after another told, in a half-bashful, half-exultant way, of the little activities and self-denials of the week.

At last a little four-year-old hand was stretched up, and moved hastily to and fro to attract the teacher's attention.

"Well, my dear what are you doing to please Jesus?"

The little eager face flushed with excitement as the unexpected reply came: "I scrubs, ma'am!"

Some of the other children tittered, but the teacher sobered them at once by saying:

"Yes, little Molly's share in the work my class is doing for Jesus is as important as any. If she tries to help her mother by scrubbing a bench or table, even if it has to be done over after her, she earns the same smile of love as the older ones who can do errands and earn money for the missionary box."

FOR A BOY OF FOURTEEN.

If you can, always play a game in preference to simply going through a lot of mechanical movements. A game exercises your head, rests your mind, and helps you immensely. Whereas, while pulley weights help you, they only help you to about half the extent that a game does. If, finally, you happen to be near a gymnasium, and cannot get any exercise out of doors, then go to the gymnasium.

Now to particularize a little on the special work of boys in special employments. Suppose you are not very strong, and you are so employed during the day that you have to sit down all the time. Of course you need exercise of the kind that will keep your body moving. I should advise you, then, to take ten minutes off just at night-fall. Put on light garments, say a pair of low shoes, a pair of drawers cut off at the knee, and an undershirt; nothing more. Then go out into quiet streets, or into the country roads, and, beginning slowly, run half a mile. Come in at once, run to a bath, and every soul on earth in civilized countries can have a bath if he really wants one. Then rub yourself down hard with a towel and dress yourself.

I say half a mile. Do that first. Soon you will be able to do five miles if you have time, but a good half-mile run each night of your life will save many a pain and ache, many a dollar in doctors' bills, and many a bad fit of the "blues."

Don't be afraid of going out in such clothes—unless you're afraid of the policeman, for I have seen many a sickly boy run in just such clothes on cold midwinter nights, with six inches of snow on the ground and a bad snowstorm raging. You can see the steam come out of your body when you come in. If you sat down outdoors five minutes you might take cold; but you will not do that; you will run all the time you are out, and as soon as you have had a bath and are dressed you are less likely to take cold than you were before you went out to exercise.—*Harper's Young People*.

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When we learn to prize them;
Not for their sake, but for his
Who grants them, or denies them.

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