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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

[No. 18.]

ISRAELITES TOILING IN EGYPT.

It is recorded in our lesson for May 13th that the Egyptians set over the Israelites task-masters to afflict them with burdens. "And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour."

These great cities, built by the unremunerated toil of generations of slaves, are to this day a memorial of the tyranny and cruelty of the Egyptians, and the suffering of their victims. On the walls of some of these buildings are seen pictures of the toiling Israelites making brick in the fields and suffering under the lash of their cruel taskmasters.

But soon God was to prepare a deliverance for his people, to lead them through the Red Sea and to overwhelm their oppressors with confusion. To-day the very names of the Egyptians are known chiefly through the ruined monuments of their former greatness, while the despised Jews became the depositories for ages of the knowledge of the true God. Though for their unbelief scattered throughout the nations, they are still in a large degree the bankers, the statesmen, the artists, poets, philosophers and physicians of the leading nations of the world.

A ROYAL SAFEGUARD.

BY S. B. T.

"GOOD-BYE, mother. You know it is best that I go."

"I do know it, my son; but I foresee your temptation. Take the motto of your little society as your own: 'Loyalty to Christ in all things.'"

"I will, mother dear. A loyal soldier, with God's help."

Thus did Ben Bassett go out from the brown farmhouse, at eighteen, to begin his life-battle. It was early dawn when the farewells were spoken, and mid-afternoon found him standing, bewildered, in a crowded railroad station in New York City.

Only one soul did he know in the great metropolis. Cousin John Bassett's card, with his address, was in his hand. How should he ever find him? Never in all his life had he felt so utterly alone.

He was looking about for a policeman, when a well-dressed man, with an insinuating smile, asked:

"What can I do for you, my friend?"

Ben turned to him with a feeling of relief, showed him his cousin's address, saying:

"I am a stranger in the city, and do not know how to find the place."

"Come right along with me," the man

said, blandly. "I am going that way myself, and can guide you as well as not."

The fellow's manner did not altogether inspire Ben with confidence. Yet, quite ignorant of city rogues, he went with him, not knowing what else to do. His companion introduced himself as "Mr. Hopkins, sir, very much at your service."

As they walked along, Ben noticed sus-

It was a test moment for Ben. Should he offend his guide, who had kindly offered to help him in his perplexity? He need not drink. The hesitation was only for a moment. "Loyalty to Christ" would not permit him to enter such a place.

He declined going in, offering to wait outside. Mr. Hopkins's face darkened. He seized Ben's arm as if to force him in,

the police have their eyes on him. Now, where do you want to go?"

Ben handed him Cousin John's address. The officer considered a moment, then said:

"He led ye way off the track, sure. Pretty sort of guide he was! Here, sonny," he called to a newsboy, who had just sold out his afternoon papers, "take this young gentleman to Washington street, and be quick about it. He'll give ye a dime."

Ben would gladly have promised twice that amount, small as his stock of money was, for safe guidance. He thankfully followed his small conductor, who rattled off such a surprising amount of information, as they walked along, that the country boy was quite impressed.

It was a two-mile journey to find Cousin John, but Ben reached his destination safely at last. His heart was full of reverent thanksgiving for his deliverance. "Loyalty to Christ in all things," had proved a royal safeguard in imminent peril.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

YOUTH is the forming time of habits and these, unless carefully watched, will grow until they bind like ropes and handcuffs. There are few young men who are awakened to the evils of a bad habit in time to conquer as did a certain young man who had thoughtlessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An elder friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong for him.

"Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it tomorrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for any alarm."

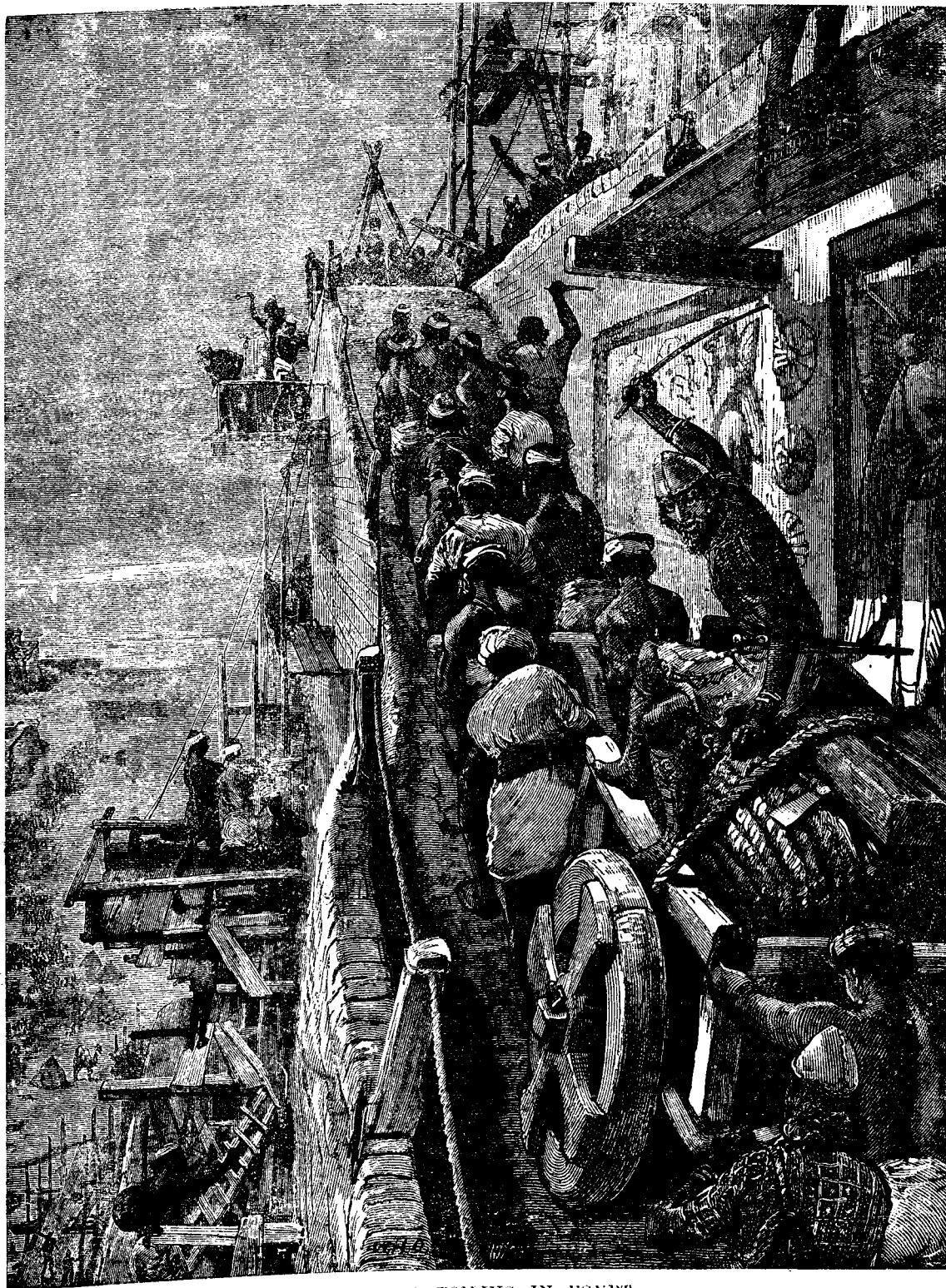
A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter, "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear it will be long before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."



ISRAELITES TOILING IN EGYPT.

picious glances cast in their direction. But Mr. Hopkins talked so pleasantly, skillfully drawing from Ben his personal affairs, that he could not believe there was anything wrong.

It seemed to Ben they had walked miles, when Mr. Hopkins, stopping in front of a saloon, said:

"Come in, Mr. Bassett, and we will drink to better acquaintance."

when the appearance of a policeman caused him to vanish.

The officer questioned Ben closely. The lad's evident honesty and ignorance of city ways cleared him of suspicion.

"Better be thankful, lad, that ye didn't go in. Ten chances to one, ye'd never have come out alive. That rogue makes a business of robbing green fellows like you, when they come to the city. He knows

The Sabbath.

BY GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS.

SWEET day of rest and quiet,
Thy morning hours of calm
Fall on the week's loud riot
Like tender, healing balm.

Thy noonday joy and blessing
Enwrap each heart with peace
That comes, its sin confessing
And longing for release.

Thy evening hours descending,
A golden setting seem,
Wherein the day's beams blending
Like some rare jewel gleam.

The weary weeks dividing,
Thou shinest, blessed day,
The way-worn traveller guiding,
And lighting up his way.

Fair type of hope and heaven,
Oh, let thy sacred ray
Illuminate all the seven
Till time shall pass away.

heart is broken and contrite; and though Satan does all he can to crush the seed, it grows upward still, and bears fruit to God's glory.

And then the seed multiplies. You see the farmer taking out a sack of wheat to sow in his field: it is not much to cover such a large piece of ground, and it has to be drilled in carefully and made the best of. But go out again in August and see the field waving with yellow corn, and as the reapers come and gather in the heavy sheaves, you find that the sack of seed has multiplied. Each little grain has produced twenty or thirty more grains, and often in Palestine the increase is sixty or a hundred-fold.

It is just the same with the Gospel seed. The seed that sprang up in Bethlehem shall wave over Arctic snows and desert sands. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

THE SEED SPRINGING UP.

This parable tells us something about seed, and how it grows in the earth. First of all, the farmer sows it. We saw that poor man just now throwing his seed hither and thither, but so carefully, lest any of it should be lost. But what can he do next? It is out of his sight, but not out of his mind. It would be very interesting, no doubt, if he could watch the little grain, step by step, as it grows up—if he could see the skin burst and the tiny root peep out, and send its suckers downward into the earth, and the infant blade begin at the same time to shoot upwards. But all this is hidden. He comes out now and then, and looks about anxiously to see if any corn is coming up, but he can't do anything. He would be a very foolish man to rake up the seed, to see how it was getting on. No! there it must be left, covered up in the warm earth, while the farmer goes about his other work and waits in patience. "He sleeps and rises, night and day," and all the time the seed is growing up in secret: but he cannot see it, and cannot know whether it is growing or not.

Just like this Gospel seed is buried, and the sower cannot see it. The minister cannot look into the hearer's heart: he will watch for the green blade, and rejoice like the husbandman when he sees the field covered with a carpet of green, but meanwhile he must wait patiently.

There is something that the farmer can do after the seed is sown. Of course he will harrow the ground, and drain it, to let the wet off, and set a boy to keep the birds away. He will gather out the stones from the field, and pull up the weeds, and keep up the fences. He would be sure to stop anybody who came digging in his field now, or galloping over it. And so the minister may preach, and warn, and exhort again and again, but he can do no more. Neither of these sowers can make the seed grow; and it does happen sometimes, after all their trouble and all their anxiety, that the crop turns out a failure.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

THE depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the surface of the sea were lowered six thousand feet (one thousand fathoms), the width of the Atlantic and Pacific opposite the United States and South America would not be materially lessened, but a continent larger than Africa would appear about the South Pole, while North America would be connected with the British Isles and Europe through Greenland and Ireland, and with Asia in the region of Behring Strait by broad plains inclosing a land-locked Arctic Ocean about as large as the Mediterranean Sea.

If the sea were lowered two and a half miles (thirteen thousand two hundred feet), Asia, Australia, South America, and Africa would be connected with a greatly enlarged Antarctic continent, thus separating the basins of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.

The Atlantic would be divided into an eastern and western basin by a narrow strip of land extending southward from Ireland to the latitude of Cape of Good Hope, while the Pacific would be separated into a large northern and a smaller southern basin by a narrow land connection between northern Chili and the East Indies. Even thus reduced, the sea would still cover more than half the earth's

surface. If the sea were lowered another mile, however (or eighteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet), the ocean as such would disappear, and be represented by a great sea in the northern Pacific, a smaller one in the southern Atlantic, and several small pools between the Americas and Africa.

The sea is comparatively shallow between Newfoundland and Ireland, and the bottom is called "the telegraphic plateau," because several telegraphic cables are now laid upon it.

Most of the Mediterranean is over a mile deep, but if its surface were lowered only eight hundred feet it would be separated from the Atlantic at the Strait of Gibraltar, and divided into two seas by a land connection between Sicily and the African coast of Tunis.

The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast, gently undulating plain, with a swell or plateau in the middle, running parallel with our coast. Another plateau connects this central one with the north-east coast of South America.

The Atlantic is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea plateaus are two miles below a sailing ship, and the deepest places of the basins almost five miles.

These plateaus are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in colour, strewn with volcanic and meteoric particles and the deeply incrustated bones of whales, sharks, and other sea monsters.

Through the black and silent water of those abysses, in which the only light is afforded by phosphorescent animals, vegetable life is nearly absent, while animal life is scanty and is confined to a comparatively few strange species which may have been common near the surface in former geological ages, but are now seldom, if ever, seen in the upper currents.

HOW TO DETERMINE DISTANCE AT SEA.

The rules for determining the distance of objects seen at sea are very simple, and should be known by all. Suppose that the eye of the observer is eighteen feet above the level of the ocean. In that case we double eighteen, which gives us thirty-six, the square root of which is six. Therefore, the horizon lies at a distance of six miles when the observer sees it from an elevation of eighteen feet.

From a height of thirty feet (which is about that of the eye of an observer on a vessel the size of the *City of Rome*), we double the distance of the eye above sea level, which gives us sixty, the square root of which is 7.7. Hence an object may be seen at a distance of 7.7 miles from a steamer of the size just mentioned.

If the depth of the part of a distance ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship beyond the horizon is obtained in the same way. Then, suppose the depth of the part concealed to be twelve feet: we take the square root of twice twelve, or twenty-four, giving forty-eight, showing that the ship's distance beyond the horizon is 4.9 miles. Hence if a ship is seen with twelve feet of the hull down (that is, with twelve feet of the hull invisible), the observations being taken from the deck of a steamer the size of the *City of Rome* we may correctly infer that this distance is 4.9 miles beyond the distance of the horizon (which, by the figures alone, is proved to be at a distance of 7.7 miles). We add the two sets of figures together and find that the incoming or outgoing vessel is 12.3-5 miles away.—*Golden Days*.

HIS STORY.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day," said a drummer to several others, as they settled down in a smoking-car and passed the bottle.

"The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I've sworn off."

His words were greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and he was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you have sworn off

drinking, something is up; tell us what it is?"

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there, a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his bad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I'll swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each one was sitting in a seat by himself, reading a newspaper.—*Hightstown (N.J.) Gazette*.

THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

How long is it?

That depends. At Spitzbergen it is very long indeed, as this comparative record will show you:

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day is sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolok, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

A GRATEFUL CHILD.

SPEAKING of hospital children, a physician, in an account of his work among them says:

"One little fellow, whom I knew very well, had to have some dead bone removed from his arm. He got well, and perhaps thought I had taken a good deal of interest in him, although I was not conscious of showing him extra attention. The morning he was to leave he sent for me. When I reached his bed I bent over him. 'Well, Willie,' I said, 'we shall miss you when you are gone;' and afterward, 'Did you want to see me specially?' The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on my shoulder, as I bent over him, and whispered, 'My mamma will never hear the last about you.' Could anyone express gratitude more beautifully?"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

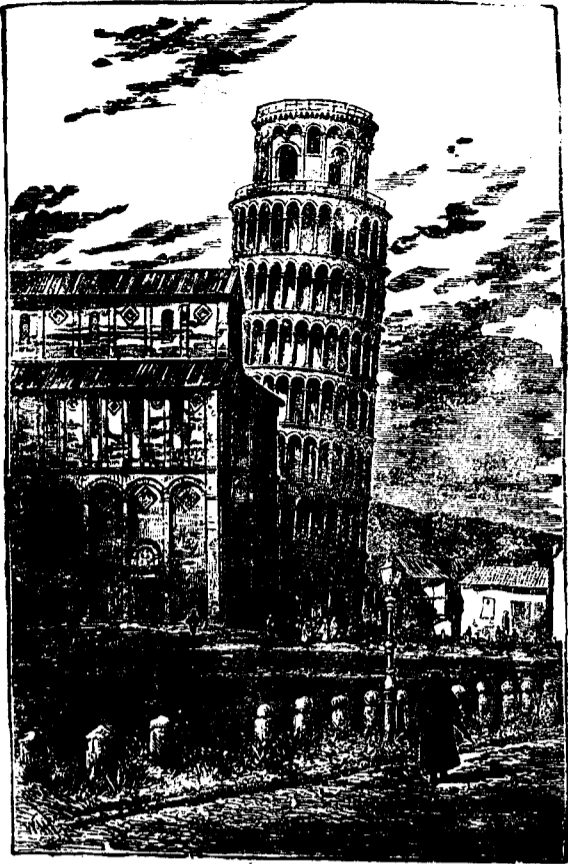
BY THE REV. T. B. BISHOP.

II.

Some years ago an old man died at the age of one hundred and sixteen. When he was about sixteen, he heard a sermon that he never forgot. He did not think of it much at the time, and grew up without the fear of God, and lived a sinful life. But seventy-four years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, something brought to his mind the sermon that he had heard in his youth. It was fresh in his memory still, and he gave his heart to God, and for the twenty-six years more that he lived he was an earnest Christian. There was life in that seed, too.

Seed is very strong. You plant a little seed, and it shoots upward; and though it is only a tiny blade, and there are great clods of earth and stones in the way, yet it pushes past them all, and forces its way to the surface. An acorn was once dropped into the cleft of a rock. Now you might have hammered at that rock a good deal without being able to break it; you might have put a crowbar in, and all your strength would not have split the rock in two. But the acorn grew; a little sapling came up first, but year by year it grew stronger, and at last it became a stately oak, and it was so strong that the rock was burst apart. There was a little filbert, too, that fell into the hole of a millstone as it was lying on the ground, and it grew up through the hole and became a filbert tree, and by degrees it raised the heavy stone quite off the earth. You see there is strength in seed.

God's Word is seed, and it is seed that is strong and powerful. It grows up sometimes in the sinner's hard heart, and his



PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

LEANING TOWER.

OUR picture to-day gives us a pretty clear idea of the famous leaning tower of Pisa in Italy, and also of a great baptistery near by. This tower was begun in 1174, but whether it was built leaning as it now stands, just for an architectural curiosity, or whether the unequal settling of the foundation caused it to incline to one side is not known. It was most likely built in its present position, as the top part is said to be constructed of very porous and light sort of stone. It is 179 feet high and leans about thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. The purpose for which this famous tower was built is not known, but it is now preserved solely as an object of curiosity.

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert. "Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink." "I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad. "Here's a cool-looking place; let's go in." The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in." "No," said Robert shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther." "But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than any other place I can see." "Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there." "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we run down a hill: we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop still till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the

habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—*Temperance Banner.*

COMRADES.

BY WILLIAM S. M'LEAN.

WHERE is the boy or girl who does not love to sit and listen to stories about Indians? So if you will just listen for a while, I will tell you a story about two Indian boys.

It was one fine summer's morning, on the banks of the Belly River, about three years ago. The river being very low, two Indian lads began to cross to the other side, to get some firewood. On reaching the other side,

they began to gather their firewood, thinking not of the moments that were so swiftly passing by. After they had gathered enough wood they began to return. By this time the river had swollen to the edge of the bank. As evening was fast approaching, they began to think how to get across. At last, the eldest lad, taking his companion by the arm, plunged into the stream, using all their strength against the heavy current, but the elder lad's strength at last began to fail in his efforts to try and save his comrade. He then entreated his young companion to try and save himself, but the youth would not go.

Down the stream they drifted. The youngest lad, stretching out his hand, caught a passing log; the elder lad, being too feeble to make any exertion to catch the log, was carried away by the heavy current. The youth on the log worked like a hero, to steer in the path of his comrade. At last his efforts were rewarded with success. Then, by the help of those who were watching from the banks, they were safely landed. Once more enjoying the comforts of their Indian home, and ever proving to each other true and devoted friends.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1706-1600.] LESSON VII. [May 13.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psalm 124. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Small Beginnings, v. 1-5.
2. Great Increase, v. 6, 7.
3. Sore Affliction, v. 8-14.

TIME.—This lesson includes a period of over one hundred years—from B.C. 1706, the date of the descent into Egypt, to B.C. 1600, the beginning of the bondage.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen, on the border between Egypt and the wilderness.

RULER.—A Pharaoh of a new dynasty.

EXPLANATIONS.—"Children of Israel"—The sons of the patriarch Jacob, called Israel after his wrestle with the angel (Gen. 32. 28). They came into Egypt from Canaan by invitation of Joseph (Gen. 45. 19). "His household"—Wives, children, and servants. "Out of the loins of Jacob"—Meaning the family

of Jacob. "Seventy souls"—This included Jacob himself in the number. "Died"—Joseph lived to the age of one hundred and ten years. "Multiplied"—All these words show a very rapid and great increase in number. "The land was filled"—Goshen, the portion of Egypt where they lived. Their number was in fulfilment of God's promises to Abraham and Jacob. "A new king"—He belonged to a new line or dynasty of kings. "More and mightier than we"—His fears made them larger than they really were. "Wisely"—What men call wisdom God often counts wickedness. "Get them up out of the land"—He did not like to lose them, because they might be of service. "Taskmasters"—Egyptian rulers, who required them to work for the king. "Treasure cities"—Either "fortified cities," or, as some think, "temple cities." "The more they multiplied"—Because God was on their side. "Grieved"—Angry and hateful. "Rigour"—Hard usage. "Brick"—Bricks made of clay and straw are largely used in Egypt. "In the field"—In digging canals and building public works. Their troubles led them to God by showing them that only God could help them.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* Israel in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.
Tu. A great nation.—Gen. 46. 1-7.
W. Increasing in numbers.—Gen. 47. 27-31.
Th. Oppressed without cause.—Isa. 52. 1-6.
F. Hardly treated.—Exod. 5. 13-19.
S. A cry of distress.—Psalm 142.
Su. The Spirit given.—Acts 2. 1-12.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Ingratitude for great favours?
2. Fulfilment of God's promises?
3. Persecution of the Church of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the number of the Israelite family when they went down to Egypt? "Seventy persons."
2. How long did they remain there? "Until the time of Moses."
3. What happened to them as a people? "They increased abundantly."
4. Who became ruler over Egypt? "A king who knew not Joseph."
5. What was his treatment of the Israelites? "He made them slaves."
6. What is the Golden Text? "Our help," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's protecting providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is faith, in general?

Faith, in general, is a conviction of the truth and reality of those things which God has revealed in the Bible.

A BOOK OF INDIAN STORIES.

WHY is it that "parents" so often frown on books that make their children's eyes bulge with delight? Take the usual "Indian story," for instance; what objections your father and mother find in those entrancing tales of scalps and trails and tomahawks! So we think we are doing a favour to everybody when we recommend a book of Indian stories and pictures that even the strictest parent couldn't have the heart to take away.

It is one thing to sit in a "flat" in Toronto and write of imaginary adventures on the plains and in "the Rockies," but it takes grit and goodness and grace to induce a man to go away up into the region west of Hudson's Bay to live with the half-starved Indians, and preach the Gospel to them. When a man who has done that comes home, and writes a book on it, everybody wants to read it. So, when Dr. Young, the missionary to the Crees of Canada, published his "By Canoe and Dog Train," a few years ago, thousands of copies were snapped up by eager readers. The same author has just written a second volume, "Stories from Indian Wigwams," which is published at the same moment in New York, Cincinnati, Toronto, and London. It has more pictures and more good stories than the first, and is the sort of a book to interest the whole household. It is a prime book for a Sunday-school library, too. It may be obtained of the publishers of this paper at \$1.25.

"An Indian family had a tame bear of which they were very fond. They lived in a birch-bark wigwam, and the bear had his share of the little home. He was very gentle, and the children played with him as they would with a very large dog. In these wigwams, the baby's principal resting-place is a little hammock that swings from the tent-poles. One day all the members of this family owning the tame bear were away, with the exception of the mother and

the baby. The supply of water being exhausted, the mother was obliged to go down to the river, which was not far away, for some. She left her babe in the hammock in the tent, and the bear sleeping near it on the ground. When she returned she found the bear sitting up on his hind legs and, using his forepaws as hands, gently rocking the child. The babe was smiling now, but the tears on its cheeks told that it had been crying. This seems to have excited the bear's sympathy, and to have prompted him to endeavor in the usual way to soothe and quiet the little one, and he had succeeded."

What Would You Think?

WHAT would you think if the birds and the flowers
 Should say that the dew and the sweet summer showers
 Were not what they wanted to bathe in and drink,
 They'd like something stronger;
 Now, what would you think?

And what would you think, some pleasant spring day,
 If the robin and wren and pretty blue jay,
 Should go reeling and falling because of strong drink
 (Just like men and boys),
 Now, what would you think?

And what would you think if you picked a bouquet,
 And found that the flowers acted just the same way?
 And all of them tipsy because of a drink?
 (How queer it would be!)
 But what would you think?

Well, if it is silly and foolish for them,
 Don't you think it is worse for the boys and the men
 Who lose both their bodies and souls, too,
 through drink:
 Now, what do you think?

If the heathen are never saved, it will be the fault of stingy, close-fisted church members, and not the fault of God. The angels have orders to throw every window in heaven wide open as soon as all the tithes have been brought into the storehouse; but there is no promise that a single blessing shall fall until this has been done.—*E. P. Brown.*

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