



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

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The whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
And you, ye waters, roll!
'Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!

Fogg couldn't understand why the baby should cry because, as its mother said, it was cutting a tooth. When he discovered that the real state of the case was that the tooth was cutting the baby, he said he didn't blame the baby for crying.

In the alphabet, as not infrequently in life, the y's are far down in the list; but you will always find them in goodly society.

WAS IT YOU?

Mr Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words were great friends. They were always going about together, and the worst of it was that, when people did not shake them off, and say, "You are too disagreeable, and I won't have you near me," they were very sure to make them just as hateful as they were. Frowns come on faces and pouts to lips that before had been very pleasant to look upon.

There was a very dear lady who had lived seventy-eight years. Her face was just as sweet as sweet could be. So one day I asked her if she had ever known the horrid Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words, and, if so, how she made them stop troubling her.

"Oh!" said she, "I will tell you all about it. Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words were always popping up near me just when I didn't wish to see them, and I am sorry to say I began to grow like them; but then Mr. Shut-your-mouth came to help me. He told me just to put my lips together tightly whenever I felt I must

say things like Mr. Cross-words, and each time I did so would be easier than the first, and that, before I knew it, Mr. Smiles would come along, looking so good-natured that I should have to laugh, and, instead of saying, 'You mean thing,' and such naughty words, I should hear myself say, 'I am sorry I wanted to speak hateful words,' and very likely I should put up for a kiss the very lips that had wanted to pout.

"You try it," concluded the dear lady, "and see how happy you will be."

I had been listening so earnestly that I had not seen a little boy come into the room. But he too had heard, and the next day, when he was walking in the garden with his mother, I overheard him say:

"I love you dearly, mamma, and I am going to make Mr. Shut-your-lips and Mr. Smiles stay so near me all the time that those ugly men, Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words, will have to go away and stay away."

And he skipped down among the roses, his dancing eyes just as blue as the sky; and Mr. Smiles was so close he was almost treading on his heels.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 16.

DAVID'S CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.

Psalm 32. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart. O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalm 51. 10.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Psalm 32). Answer the Questions. Get ready a Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read Paul's description of human nature (Rom. 7. 14-25).

Wednesday.—Read a bright offer made to sad people (Joel 2. 12-19). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read a good honest con-

fession (Ezra 9. 5-15). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read a penitent's plea for pardon (Psalm 51. 7-19).

Saturday.—Read of how we can be more clean within (Ezek. 36. 22-31). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the praise offered by one forgiven (Psalm 103. 1-18).

QUESTIONS.

I. Confession of sin, verses 1-5.
1. What is meant by transgressing? What is God's forgiveness like? 2. How does God regard the forgiven one? From what must we be free? 3. What is the effect of trying to hide our guilt and fear? 4. How was God's hand heavy upon David? 5. When did he acknowledge his sin? How did he show that he was in earnest? To whom did he confess?

II. Confidence in God, verses 6-11.
6. When saved ourselves, what should we do? May we seek the Lord too late? To what does David compare God's judgments? How does he describe the believer's safety? 7. From what is God our refuge? Show that a great change had taken place in his case. 8. Whom does he seek to instruct? 9. If we fail to follow the advice of good men and seek the Lord what then? 10. What will follow sin? 11. Why should Christians rejoice? Is shouting ever justifiable? To what kind of heart does Christ compare the good ground?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Timidity causes many to keep their griefs to themselves. The silent mourner is the greatest sufferer. When God's Spirit strives with us we should lose no time in seeking the Saviour. Religion is valued most in great danger. When saved God does not leave us to ourselves. If gentle means do not avail God will use severer ones. People pay dear for the pleasures of sin. Religion is good for this life.

HOW GLACIERS MAKE SOILS.

Up on the sides of the mountains the frost keeps splitting the immense edges of rocks into large and small pieces. These sometimes fall of themselves, and sometimes the snow avalanches carry them down. So the ice river, or glacier, has mixed in with it large numbers of rocks and stones of various forms and sizes. Some of these fall down into the cracks to the very bottom; others are carried along the sides, and grind with tremendous force against the rocks there. The moving ice grinds not only the sides of the gulch, but also grinds to powder the stones fallen in where they are under hundreds of thousands of tons of ice, it may be. They also grind and crush, and wear off the bed. These stones are in great part ground to fine soil. When this material flows to, or is pushed to, the lower end of the gulch, it is carried away by the water, and deposited as soil, far away. Why, the Arve river is so charged with this crushed rock, that it looks almost milk white, and as it runs swiftly you can see its white waters fifty miles down stream, where it enters the clear blue Rhone. Then the white Arve water is plainly seen for a mile, before it mixes with and is lost in the clear Rhone. The Rhone river, for many miles below its head, at the Rhone glacier, is also white with the ground-up rock. But it enters the upper end of the broad Geneva lake (or Lake Leman, as it is called on the map), which is fifty miles long and eight wide. Here it spreads out and runs so very slowly that the ground rock sediment, or soil, sinks to the bottom, and the water flows off beautifully clear at the lower end, near the city of Geneva.

Many glaciers are to-day making soil in Switzerland, which is carried off in the Arve and Rhone, and deposited in part in Southern France, and in part carried into the Mediterranean many hundreds of miles from Mount Blanc, where it was formed. The soil supplied to the Rhine river is carried to and enriches portions of Germany, far north. Other rivers, like the Ticino, flow south-east and carry new soil to portions of Northern Italy. Various streams are doing the same in many other directions.

A large part of Greenland and of other far northern lands, is almost covered with glaciers, which are grinding down the mountains and carrying them into the ocean.—Selected.

Father and Son.

"I must look to the sheep of the field, See that the cattle are fed and warm, So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well, You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, You are not a baby, six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay, But the sky was as blue as June, And father and son came laughing home— When dinner was ready at noon— Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry, and ready to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said, "That I feared I could scarcely get through." The mother turned with a pleasant smile— "Then what could a little boy do?" "I trod in my father's steps," said Jack; "Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face, And a solemn thought was there; The words had gone like a lightning flash To the seat of a noble care: "If he treads in my steps, then day by day How carefully I must choose my way!"

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, It shall be firm, and clear, and straight. The feet of my son will find: He will tread in his father's steps, and say, 'I'm right, for this is my father's way.'"

Oh! fathers, treading life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take; Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men, Will tread in them still for your sake: When gray-haired men, their sons will say, "We tread in our father's steps to-day."

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