

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—MAY 2.

PAUL BEGINS HIS FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark 16. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Call, v. 1-3.
2. The Field, v. 4, 5.
3. The Foe, v. 6-13.

Time.—A.D. 45 or 46.

Places.—Antioch, Seleucia, the port of Aphrodisias; Salamis and Paphos on the island of Cyprus; Perga in Pamphylia.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's first missionary journey.—Acts 13. 1-13.
 Tu. Sent of God.—Isa. 6. 1-8.
 W. The good tidings.—Isa. 40. 1-11.
 Th. The living breath.—Ezek. 37. 1-10.
 F. Called.—Rom. 1. 1-7.
 S. Mission of the twelve.—Matt. 10. 5-16.
 Su. Prospect of harvest.—Luke 10. 1-9.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Call, v. 1-3.
 Who were these first missionaries?
 What other prophets and teachers were in Antioch?
 Who selected these two for special service?
 How was the church engaged?
 How were the missionaries set apart?
 What was the last command of our Lord? Golden Text.
2. The Field, v. 4, 5.
 Where did Saul and Barnabas first go?
 From thence where? How?
 Where in Cyprus did they begin preaching?
 Who went with them as a helper?
 By what name is he more commonly known? Chap. 12. 25.
3. The Foe, v. 6-13.
 What things are said of this prophet?
 Where was he found?
 To whom had he attached himself?
 What did the deputy do?
 What did Elymas do?
 Who rebuked him?
 How did Saul rebuke him?
 What prophecy did Saul utter?
 What at once followed?
 Who was this convert?
 What led him to believe?
 Where did the missionaries go?
 Where did their helper go?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God chooses his own messengers?
2. That he gives his messengers success?
3. That he will punish his enemies?

RUM AND RUIN.

Sound the slogan: The saloon must go! The saloon-keeper is a defiant law-breaker.

The saloon is a direct attack upon little children.

Personal protection is of more value than personal liberty.

The saloon breathes a moral pestilence in every neighbourhood where it is located.

Evidence accumulates showing that the liquor men are much alarmed at the situation in Ohio.

"A postage stamp with every drink" is the notice posted in the window of a Chicago saloon.

The saloon is the instigator of most of the violence, and the mother of nine-tenths of the crime.

Philadelphia has 1,355 retail liquor licenses, a decrease of 3,000 since the high license law went into operation.

License means saloons, saloons mean drunkards, and drunkards mean crime, poverty, misery, starvation, hell.

An Anti-Saloon League in Ohio has headquarters in Columbus, and branches in nearly every city and town in the State.

The saloons bring sorrow to thousands of homes where peace and plenty would have reigned if these dens of infamy were closed.

The Ohio State Board of Pardons has recommended that abstinence from intoxicating liquors be required as a condition of pardon.

The saloon-keeper says defiantly: "If we may not sell liquor on the Sabbath with the consent of the law, we will do it in defiance of the law."

Saloonists of New York city are excited

over the statement of Mayor Strong that the number of saloons in the city should be reduced nearly one-half.

If prohibitory laws and laws for Sabbath observance are "sumptuary laws that vex the citizen," the citizen is sadly in need of being thus vexed.

The National Watchman says that England has \$91,000,000 invested in breweries in the United States, and last year she took out of the country, as beer receipts, \$8,102,000 in gold.

In Santa Anna, Cal., an ordinance has been adopted requiring saloons to remove the screens from doors and windows and seats for loungers, and raising the license fee to \$800.

It has often been said: "Let liquor alone and it will not touch you." But this is not by any means true. It touches the drunkard's wife and children in spite of all their efforts to prevent it.

Judge Logue, of Cleveland, declares that four-fifths of the 40,000 cases which have come before him as judge of the police court during the past four years were the result of intoxication.

Even a small quantity of alcohol affects the acuteness of vision. Dr. Richardson proved by experiment that a man, after drinking a glass of beer, had to be placed at least a foot nearer the type before he could see it as well as he did before.

The official returns show that the Prohibition vote is about the same as a year ago. In some States a few hundred votes are lost, in others there is a gain. The persistence of the Prohibition vote shows that the principle has a strong hold on the people.

A BRAVE POOR BOY.

Mr. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story relating an event in his boyhood shows he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downward, in sharp, fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the child's father, "and, hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said: "Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jimmie out of harm's way, until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said: "It's a bargain," and so Edison became a telegrapher.



The members of a church in Davidson County, Ga., notified a whiskey distiller that he must move his still to a proper distance from their edifice. He agreed to do so if the church would furnish the means of transportation. The brethren conferred together, hitched up nine teams, and carried the outfit twenty miles away.

SANDWICH ISLANDS SPORTS.

The Sandwich Islands are among the most beautiful in the Pacific Ocean. Groves of palm trees climb the lofty hills and spread out along the shore, and flowers of brightest colours and fruits of rarest flavours abound. The islands are largely volcanic, and hot springs burst out beneath the sea, so that one can have a hot and cold bath alternately by swimming a short distance. A favourite amusement of the people is bathing in the tumbling surf.

Through the influence of American missionaries, these islands have become almost entirely Christian. Large quantities of sugar are grown for export, and at Honolulu one would think himself in a Canadian or American town to see the street railway, telegraphs, churches, schools, parliament buildings, and other institutions of Christian civilization.

A thousand Armenian refugees are now at Varna, Bulgaria, under the care of Miss Frazer, of Nova Scotia, who was the chief helper of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard in the refuge at Mar-sailles.

GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE.

That Good Friday, the most solemn and sacred day in the whole year, should be regarded by a large number of our people as a common holiday, a day for racing, for sports and games and general merry-making is nothing less than a national disgrace. It would be many degrees less objectionable if these events should take place on Sunday rather than on Good Friday, a day when everybody who makes any pretence of being a Christian refrains from participating in events not in keeping with the solemnity of the day. In announcing their "special attractions" for Good Friday the managers of our theatres loudly proclaim their contempt for Jesus Christ and his death and passion. Associated with these amusement-vendors are the clubs who arrange for races and matches and games and other events. Apart altogether from the religious aspect of the question the open defiance of Good Friday is in execrably bad taste.

Barber—"I want a motto from Shakespeare to hang up in my shop. Can you give me one?" Patron—"Of course; how will this do? 'Then saw you not his face.'"

BITS OF FUN.

A Costly Venture—"Why do you think it would be a costly venture to give the ballot to woman?" "Because she would insist that her vote was worth as much as her husband's."

Then She Could Carry the Basket.—Daisy (getting tired)—"Auntie!" Auntie—"Yes, darling." Daisy—"S'posin' you could manage to carry me. I—I think I could carry the basket then."

In the Near Future.—Old Friend—"And so both of your children are studying professions?" Hostess—"Yes; my daughter is in a polytechnic college, studying mechanical engineering; and my son is in Paris, learning dress-making."

Little Boy—"I wish I could go off and discover a country." Proud Father—"Do you, my boy? and why?" Little Boy—"I think it 'ud be a good deal more fun sailin' around than sittin' in school an' studyin' about wot others discovered."

Doctor—"Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism." Patient—"Well, you see, doctor, it is like this: there wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell 'rheumatism.'"

SEEN IN OUR STREETS.

While waiting for a friend on Yonge Street recently, our attention was drawn to a young man and a youth who had just come out of the saloon close by. The man was about "half-seas over," but the boy—only about sixteen—was drunk enough to be stupid, and stood on the pavement in front of the saloon, a cigar in his mouth, and, just able to keep on his feet, holding his older companion's hand in an idiotic manner, mumbling out some foolish utterances, the thoughts of his beer-muddled brain. Who was he? We do not know, except that he was somebody's boy, and not a street Arab either—just one of the army of two thousand boys who will take the place of one of the army of two thousand men who drop into drunkards' graves every year. And yet there are thousands of voters who would tell us that the saloon-keeper that sold that youth the liquor which made him act the fool is in a respectable business!

Here is another incident, seen on Bloor Street West. A tall, well-built workingman, having the appearance of being none too well provided with wearing apparel, came down Brunswick Avenue, his little ten-year-old-boy, dressed in poor clothes also and no overcoat, running by his side. Upon reaching Bloor Street, the father made direct for the saloon near by, bidding his little son wait outside for him in the cold and slush of a stormy day. What an example to set before his son! How long will it be before that boy responds to the desire to know what is inside the saloon that has such an attraction to his father? Where is that boy's overcoat? The price of more than one overcoat has doubtless been dropped into the till of the saloon-keeper by that workingman during the past year.—The Work.

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