



THE KINGFISHER.

ALL the different kinds of kingfishers can be known by their very long and ample beaks, their rounded wings and short tails. The common kingfisher is plentiful in all parts of our country, wherever it can find a stream at some little distance from human habitations. There it sits motionless on a stone or anything that will serve for its watch-tower and wait patiently for a fish to come within reach. Suddenly it drops into the water, a great splashing follows, and the kingfisher flies back to its perch, holding the fish in its beak. The prey is then banged against a stone, killed, flung into the air, caught with its head downwards and swallowed. The nest of the kingfisher is always made in a hole in a bank, preferably that of the stream in which it fishes, where it deposits its eggs, mostly eight in number.

"To ruin."

The poor staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured, with a groan, "That's so."

"Come with me," said the other kindly, "and I'll take you home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two words, so tenderly and lovingly spoken, did not pass away. "To ruin! to ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is true I am going to ruin. O God, help me, and save me!"

Thus he was stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace which made him a true Christian. It was a rock broad enough to reach that poor, miserable drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.

The Highland Shepherd Boy.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THROUGH a tangle of purple heather,
Where a wimpling burn ran deep,
A lad in his highland bonnet,
Came driving a flock of sheep.

But ere they had reached its border,
Half hidden in shining moss,
Where the sheep-walk sloped to the shallows,
At which they were used to cross—

The flock, in their silly shyness,
Turned suddenly startled back,
Because, in the path before them,
Right over the beaten track,

A sketcher sat with her easel,
So busy she had not stirred;
And the noise of the hoofs that pattered
Behind her, she had not heard.

"Haud out o' my gait!" the shepherd
Bawled lustily from the steep—
"Haud out o' my gait! Ye scatter
And frighten awa' the sheep!"

From the coppice a liveried gillie
Stepped suddenly to his side—
"To whom do you speak sae rudely?"
With a tone of rebuke, he cried.

"Why, sure, to the leddy yonder,
Who has na' the sense to know
She's blockin' the sheep-walk sairly—
An', sir, ye maun tell her so."

"I tell her! Why, lad, you lady
Is the grandest you've ever seen;
Her home is Balmoral Castle,
And she is the English Queen!"

"Weel, how could I ken her?" queried
The boy, with a captious frown:
"Why dinna she hold her sceptre?
Why couldna' she wear her crown?"

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON THE DRINK CURSE.

ARCHDEACON Farrar, writing of the awful drink sacrifice says: "At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising Fellows, ruined through strong drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who, after a long and arduous labour, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College, I use to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happenings? Is it through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which scripture so often warns? It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

BISHOP RYLE AND THE BLIND CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars, grass, nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor relative to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people are there in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied; "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "why you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me; I sought Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like the best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; but what I like best of all is the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him the bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. 20, 21, and 22.

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LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 53.] LESSON IV. [July 23.

PAUL AT CORINTH.

Acts 18. 1-11.] [Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.—1 Cor. 1. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.

PLACE.—Corinth, one of the most beautiful and licentious cities in the ancient world.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Paul made few converts in Athens, and did not remain there long. Corinth was his next stopping-place.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Craft"—Trade. "Abode with them"—Mechanics of the same trade usually dwelt together. "Wrought"—Worked at his trade. "Tent makers"—Probably weaving the cloth of which tents were made. Tents were in large demand in ancient times. They were used by travellers and soldiers. "Reasoned"—Held discussions and arguments. "Come from Macedonia"—Where they had remained after Paul's departure. "Pressed in the spirit"—Was made intensely earnest by his sense of duty. "Blasphemed"—The Jews opposed the truth, not with arguments, but with curses. "Shook his raiment"—As a token of separation. Shaking them off. "I am clean"—Innocent. Having done his duty. "Entered into"—For the purpose of preaching. "Joined hard"—Was near to. "Chief ruler"—The officer in control of the synagogue. "I am with thee"—God's presence is a comfort when men are enemies. "I have much people"—God knew that there were many there who would receive the truth.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson show—

1. That we can serve the Lord by diligent attention to business?
2. That labour in temporal things is no hindrance to usefulness in spiritual things?
3. That the consolations of Christ come to those who are earnestly at work?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Paul go from Athens? "To Corinth." 2. What did Paul testify to the Jews? "That Jesus was Christ." 3. What did the Lord say to Paul in the night by a vision? "Be not afraid, but speak." 4. What did Paul afterward write to the Corinthians? Golden Text: "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish," etc. 5. How long did Paul stay at Corinth? "A year and six months."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiahship of Jesus. Verse 5.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is meant by saying that God is all-wise?

That God does everything in the best and most perfect way, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

"WHERE AM I GOING?"

As the sun was going down one fine summer evening, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady, staggering way of walking showed that he had been drinking, and though he had lived in that village more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, at last he uttered a dreadful oath, and said to a person going by, "I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him greatly. When he heard the inquiry, "Where am I going?" in a quiet, sad, solemn way he answered—