



EASTERN BIER.

Bier is a word which occurs twice in the Bible—once, 2 Sam. 3. 31, where it is the translation of a Hebrew term generally rendered bed; a second time, Luke 7. 14, where it represents a Greek word whose ordinary meaning is coffin. In the passage from Luke, however, the term coffin is perhaps the more appropriate rendering of the original. Our Lord touched the coffin of the widow of Nain's son, and bade him arise, who thereupon sat up and began to speak. The Jewish coffin, not being covered and fastened as are ours, would offer no impediment. The passage in Samuel seems to suggest the term bier; but, in order to understand what a bier was, we must go to the Egyptian tombs in which biers are found painted on the walls. Among the sculptures found in the sanctuaries of the temple at El Khargeh, in the great oasis, are found many biers represented as actually sustaining dead bodies; in some instances placed in a coffin or sacred chest, in others without coffin. Our cut shows a common Eastern type.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—AUGUST 1.

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH.
Acts 18. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 3. 11.

OUTLINE.

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

Time.—A.D. 53.

Place.—Corinth, one of the most beautiful and wicked cities in the ancient world.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's ministry in Corinth.—Acts 18. 1-11.
Tu. Persecution.—Acts 18. 12-21.
W. Letter to the Corinthians.—1 Cor. 1. 1-10.
Th. One message.—1 Cor. 2. 1-8.
F. A voluntary worker.—1 Cor. 9. 13-23.
S. A faithful minister.—2 Cor. 6. 1-13.
Su. Warning to rejectors.—Luke 10. 8-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
What journey did Paul make?
What Jewish couple did he find in Corinth?
Why had they left Italy?
Why did Paul seek their company?
What was their business?
Why did Paul work at his trade?
2 Thess. 3. 8.
What does he say of any who will not work? 2 Thess. 3. 10.
2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
Where and when did Paul preach?
What people were in his audience?
What fellow-workers joined Paul?
To what did Paul then testify?
How was this teaching received?
What did Paul then do?
What did he say?
3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.
Where did Paul go?
What ruler became a convert?
Who else were won by the truth?
What encouraged Paul, and how?
What did the Lord say?
How long did Paul remain in Corinth?
How was he engaged?

In what respect is he an example to teachers to-day? Repeat the Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The duty and dignity of labour?
 2. The duty and privilege of worship?
 3. The duty and reward of courage?

TWO LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

I know two sisters, sweet, bright little people, the light of the household and the cheer of many hearts outside.

They have all that they can wish, for it is a home of wealth where they belong. But, although they have everything, it does not make them selfish as it does some young people with whom I am acquainted. All the more it seems to draw their hearts to others.

"O, it makes me all the sorer," said one of them the other day, "to think how much I have and how little others! I must do all the more."

These two little sisters belong to the mission band, and how they love the meetings! It is but seldom that they are absent from their places. If they are, then you may be sure that they are either sick or away from home.

Dear young people, how many of you feel with these two little missionaries that the more I have the more I must give, the more I can the more I must do? God measures always our gifts and our deeds not by their size, but by the size of our opportunities.



A BIG SPONGE.

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Sponges are the most truly manifold in form of any animals; they are met with of all shapes, all sizes, and all colours.

Some branch out like trees; many resemble a funnel or a trumpet; others are divided into lobes like great fingers. For instance, the Neptune's Glove; and there are some which are known by the name of sea-muffs and sea-tapers, on account of their form.

A closely allied variety produces regular sponge monuments, which grow from one to two metres high (three feet three inches to six feet and a half) on the submarine rocks.

They have a narrow stalk, which at a certain height expands considerably and gives the structure the look of a cup, symmetrically hollowed out and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could only give one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea; this living vase is the Cup of Neptune.

THE HABIT OF PLEASANTNESS.

BY AGNES LEE.

"So you thought pleasantness came by nature? I could tell you better than that!"

Aunt Sue's face was funny. It always was when she was making what Joe called her "sharpest digs at a fellow."

"You!" he said with a sceptical kind of snort, expressive at once of scorn and admiration.—"you! When everybody knows that you are one of the comfortable kind that can't worry, so what's the

use! And yet you're always wanting me to smile and smile and be a villain. Take a fellow that's all crazybones, like me, and I'd stump you to stay pleasant when you hit 'em!"

Aunt Sue laughed.

"I know about crazybones, myself, Joe! 'Tisn't so many years since—but no matter. It's the habit of pleasantness I'm thinking of. It is largely a matter of habit, and now is the easy time for you to make your life habits."

"You wait till some young hyena gets at your bicycle down in the school basement and sticks a pin in the tire!" cried Joe hotly. "I tell you pleasantness don't do that fellow any good! It's a different kind of medicine he's aching for! I'd be the doctor, too, if I could catch him!"

"I dare say!" said Aunt Sue, laughing, in spite of her real sympathy. "But my point is, that it would have done you good. You can't afford to always come around like 'Killmungo on the war-path,' as Charles Reade tells about. We don't think enough, I often feel, of the kind of atmosphere we carry around with us."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe thoughtfully; "I don't know about atmospheres."

"Well, the kind of feeling or impression people get of you, just by being near you, without your saying anything. You needn't even look. What you are talks to me. You don't have to touch ice to be chilled by it."

The only way is really to keep sweet inside—and let that leak out!"

"I can spruce up and be pleasant enough when I have to!" said Joe. "I ain't a bear!"

"That's just what you can't!" said Aunt Sue earnestly. "It's the everyday training that tells. Don't you know what Curtis says of Wendell Phillips? He was the model of fine manners. 'He faced his audience,' says Curtis, 'with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed.' That was when they were hissing him and vowing all manner of vengeance on him. But there he stood—that way. If you want that beaming aspect on a platform, have it now. Sermon's done."

Joe seized his hat with a laugh, and went out without waiting for the benediction. Ten minutes later she heard him calling out quite cheerily, to know if anybody had happened to see his new tennis racket. She laughed to herself thoughtfully and thankfully.

"Yesterday it would have been, 'Huh! hah! who's been touching my brand-new tennis racket, I'd like to know!' I do hope I wasn't too proachy! All that boy needs is a little more sweetening."

Grasshoppers.

BY LAURA D. NICHOLS.

In the forests of the grass,
Where the fat, black crickets pass,
Where the twinkling fireflies hide,
Where the yellow spiders glide,
Where the clumsy beetles creep,
Where the ants their hillocks heap,
Where the rushing showers descend,
There their lives begin and end.

Hatched within the friendly earth,
Up they creep, a myriad birth;
Clinging to the stems of grass,
Swinging as the breezes pass;
Soon the tiny, helpless thing
Learns to hop, to jump, to spring,
Finds himself with life in tune,
Revels in the sun of June.

No tight-rope this gymnast needs,
Only through the air he speeds;
From blade of grass to tip of fern,
Anything will serve his turn;
North or south, or east or west,
Never stopping long to rest—
Black or brown, or green or yellow,
Saw you e'er so gay a fellow?

Like a rocket through the air,
Without forethought, without care;
Reckless where his leap may end,
On land or water, foe or friend;
Never storing winter grain,
Never building nest or den—
Reckless, sunshine-loving rover,
What's your fate when summer's over?

Mrs. Keith Hamilton, M.F.

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