

Maize and Tobacco

The Indian corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied?
A field of tobacco just ready to bloom
And stretching in lordly pride

To his broad leaved neighbour at once
he called,
In accents loud and clear,
I thought you belonged to a sunnier
clime—

Pray, what are you doing here?

So then, with a haughty air replied
The plant of power and puff,
You are pleased to ask of my business,
sir,
What do you do yourself?

I feed the muscle and blood and bone,
To make our farmers strong,
And furnish blood for the little ones
That round their tables throng.

I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,
The foreign guest rejoined,
As a chosen friend and companion dear
Of men of wealth and mind.

I'm the chief delight of the gay young
spark,
O'er the wise my sway I hold,
I lurk in the book-worm student's cell—
In the dowager's box of gold.

Thousands of hands at my bidding work:
Millions of coin I raise—
He ceased to speak, and in angry mood
Responded the tasseled maize:

You're in secret league with dyspeptic
ills—
A merciless traitor band,
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,
With floods of slime the land.

You tax the needy labourer sore,
You quicken the drunkard's thirst,
You exhaust the soil—and I wish you'd
go,
To the place whence you came at first.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 17.**A MULTITUDE CONVERTED.**

Acts 2. 32-47. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your
children, and to all that are afar off.—
Acts 2. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Earnest Seekers, v. 32-40.
2. Glad Believers, v. 41-43.
3. United Christians, v. 44-47.

Time.—Same day as last lesson, Sun-
day, May 28, A.D. 30.

Place.—Jerusalem, in the neighbour-
hood of the upper room where the events
of last Sunday's lesson occurred.

Connecting Links.—Peter answers the
criticisms of the crowds. He sets aside
the charge of drunkenness as absurd, and
declares that the miracles are the fulfil-
ment of ancient prophecy; that they
are signs that the climax of Hebrew his-
tory has come. He proclaims Jesus of
Nazareth as the Chris of God, and
charges his hearers with having mur-
dered him.

HOME READINGS.

- M. A multitude converted.—Acts 2.
25-36.
Tu. A multitude converted.—Acts 2.
37-47.
W. Call to repentance.—Isa. 55. 1-7.
Th. Confession and salvation.—Rom. 10.
4-13.
F. Born anew.—1 Peter 1. 17-25.
S. Joy in heaven.—Luke 15. 1-10.
Su. The prodigal returning.—Luke 15.
11-24.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Earnest Seekers, v. 32-40.
Of what fact were the apostles wit-
nesses?
What honour had Jesus received?
What promise had he received?
What had he to do with the scenes of
Pentecost?
What testimony had David borne of
him?
What truth did Peter now proclaim to
Israel?
How was the multitude affected by
Peter's words?
What did they ask?
What two duties did Peter declare to
be necessary?
What is the remission of sins?
What gift was promised?
Who were included in this promise?
Golden Text.

- What further did Peter say?
2. Glad Believers, v. 41-43.
Who then were baptized?
How many converts were added?
How did they show their steadfastness
of faith?
How were the citizens of Jerusalem
affected?
3. United Christians, v. 44-47.
How did the believers live?
What was done with their possessions?
Where were they daily found?
How were they engaged?
In what spirit did they live?
How were they regarded by men?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The duty of repentance?
2. The duty of baptism?
3. The duty of joining the church?

A BEDOUIN.

Our exceedingly spirited picture gives
us a fine view of one of this remarkable
race. The name (pronounced bed-oo-
een) is from the Arab Bedawi, and means
dweller in the desert. The Bedouins
are the descendants of Ishmael, the son
of Abraham and Hagar. Concerning
this son the angel, when he found Hagar
by the fountain in the wilderness (Gen.
16. 7-14), declared the prophecy that he
should be a wild man, that his hand
should be against every man and every

**A BEDOUIN.**

man's hand against him, and that he
should dwell in the presence of his
kindred; also, that his offspring should
be exceedingly numerous, so that it
should not be numbered for multitude.
Through all the ages down this prophecy
has found its fulfilment. In ancient
times the descendants of Ishmael dwelt
in tents, as the Bedouins do now. They
were hardy, brave, warlike, kept exten-
sive flocks, lived in wild and uncultivat-
ed countries, and made frequent incur-
sions for plunder upon the neighbouring
nations who dwelt in cities and cul-
tivated the soil. The same mode of life
is still pursued by their descendants.
They occupy their old home, Arabia.
They live in bands of from two hundred
to twenty or thirty thousand, and move
their camps from place to place as pas-
torage for their flocks or other consid-
erations may lead. They despise agricul-
ture and trade, and subsist chiefly by
their flocks. The love of robbery and
plunder is transmitted from generation
to generation. Their hand is against
all their neighbours, and the hands of
all men are against them. Through all
the wars that have convulsed the nations
of the East they have never been con-
quered. In the seventh century they
were reached by the preaching of Mo-
hammed, and accepted his religion.
Under his appeals their fierce, warlike
spirit was aroused to the highest heat,
and they became a terror to both Asia
and Europe. They still continue de-
voted Mohammedans, and attend strictly
to the teachings of that religion. In
appearance they are dark-skinned, with
piercing eyes. They are of medium
size, sinewy, strong, and exceedingly ac-

tive. They are quite at home on horse-
back, and as riders are not equalled
anywhere on the globe. In intelligence
and morals they hold a low rank. They
practice polygamy, hold slaves, and think
robbery of any persons except those of
their own race entirely justifiable.
Their highest virtue is that of hospitality.
Our picture represents a fine specimen
of the Bedouin returning from a maraud-
ing excursion. He is well laden with
plunder, obtained probably from a car-
avan which he and his companions fell
upon. He rides at full gallop, as though
apprehensive that a rescuing party were
in pursuit.

**MR. GLADSTONE IN A NEW
LIGHT.**

The Rev. Newman Hall tells in *The
New Age*, recently, an interesting story
of Mr. Gladstone, related to him by Sir
Francis Crossley. When Mr. Gladstone
was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he
used to go to the church of St. Martin's-
in-the-Fields, which, as many people
know, overlooks Trafalgar Square. One
day Sir Francis was dining with the
vicar, who had recently been to see a
sick crossing-sweeper. The vicar asked
the crossing-sweeper if any one had
lately visited him.

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone," answered the
invalid.

side the mouth there is a kind of funnel,
with sharp points all around, leading
down to the trap below.

You may have seen rat-traps made in
much the same way.

Small birds often come to this pitcher,
drawn to it by the smell or colour of the
flower. They see the liquid at the bot-
tom and try to get to it.

It is a trap easy to get into, but hard
to get out of, against all those sharp
points. In its struggle for freedom the
poor struggling prisoner gets its wings
wet and sticky, and is either drowned
at once or lingers on until partly eaten
up by the pitiless pitcher.

This is turning the tables truly, when
plants catch and eat birds instead of be-
ing eaten by them.

Another trap of this kind grows in
North Carolina, and in some other places,
and is called Venus's fly-trap. It is a
plant with few and small roots, and with
from eight to twelve leaves growing out
from a short stalk. The flowers are
quite large and of a greenish-white
colour.

The trap grows on the very tip of the
leaf, and looks like the two valves of a
clam-shell hinged together at the back
and edged all around with sharp points.

On the inner side of each valve there
are three long hairs; these hairs are
very sensitive, and the moment they are
touched the valves close and the points
come together just as your fingers do
when you clasp your hands. If the
thing caught in the trap is not fit for
food, the valves open before long; but
if it is the right sort of food, the spikes
stay closely clasped until whatever is of
use to the plant is eaten up; then they
open, and the leaf is ready for another
insect and another feast.

Father—"And so papa's dear little boy
is very ill. Now, is there anything I
can get for him that will make him feel
better?" Invalid—"I don't know, papa,
—but—I think I would like a gong."

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