SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys.—A fly is crawling around an apple. He starts at a red streak in the apple's cheek, walks all the way around and comes back to the red streak again. With his head above the soft, blue clouds, a long-legged man is stalking around the world. His legs are so long that he can take one step from Charlottetown to Moncton; another from Moncton to Fredericton; another from Fredericton to St. John; another from St. John across the Bay of Fundy to Yarmouth; another from Yarmouth to Digby; then from Digby to Wolfville; from Wolfville to Halifax; from Halifax to Truro; another from Truro to Amherst; and another step from Amherst clear over Summerside and the whole Island into the cold Gulf of St. Lawrence. With his heaven-kissing face toward the west, his big feet standing far to the south, but exactly south of the rocky shores of Nova Scotia, near to the line from which Halifax time is reckoned (60° N. Long.), he is ready to walk around the world. His head is the sun. High in the south it shines like a ball of fire. The perspiration is on the other's brow, for it is burning noon. All the clocks are striking twelve and school too is out for noon. He has promised to step exactly sixty-six and two-thirds miles at every step. How many steps will he have to take to get around the world? Let us see: At the equator it would take a rope twenty-four thousand miles long to tie around the globe—

$$\frac{24{,}000}{\frac{200}{3}} = 24{,}000 \times \frac{3}{200} = 120 \text{ times}$$

Ah! 66⅔ goes into 24,000, 360 times. So he will have to take 360 steps to go all the way around and get back to beam on Nova Scotia at noon once more.

Already! Westward! Westward! He starts! with giant strides, 66⅔ miles at every step, he races round the earth. Lower his head of fire sinks in the sky through all the afternoon. At night his face of flame goes down in the west and reddens all the clouds. Darkness falls on all the tree, and children go to bed. But out of sight and never looking back this mighty man leaps on. He comes up to the Pacific Ocean rolling in its wrath, but laughs at it as a bay would at a brook. He dips his great feet into the purple waters and plunges along, scarcely wetting his huge ankles. He treads on the slippery backs of whales and crushes them like ants. His blazing brow, like a flashing eye glancing through the sky, lights honey ships across the trackless deep. At last, unwearied still, he lifts his dauntless, dripping foot from the Bay of Bengal and plants it upon a grove of palms whose lofty pride, beneath his heel, bends to the dust like grass. At Vizianagram and Bimilipatam, at Cobdili and Chicacole, his head of fire, high in the heavens, makes noon—hot noon. This is the same great burning angry eye that flashed, a few hours ago, its sunny smiles upon our precious homes across the sea. How long before he will get back to Canada's shores again? Let us see: He has 84 steps to take before he can make it noon at London. Then he has 60 more steps to take before he can make it noon again in Nova Scotia. That makes 60 + 84 = 144 steps. So he has 144 more steps to take before the shining of his happy face can make it noon again in that green-robed, rock-bound peninsula, called home. We found out before that he had to take 360 steps to walk all the way around the world; and it takes him exactly 24 hours to take the 360 steps. As there are 60 minutes in an hour, therefore 24 hours equal 24 x 60 = 1,440 minutes. Now it is very easy to find out how long it will take him to come from us to you—

He goes 360 steps in 1440 minutes.

" 1 " in $\frac{1440}{360} = 4$ "

" 144 " in 4 x 144 = 576 min.

9 hrs. 36 min.

Four minutes seems to be a long while for taking one step. But it is a long step. His foot is going through the air more than thirty times as fast as a train that goes a mile a minute. Over rocky hills, jagged crags, grassy vales and ocean billows, it will take him nine hours and thirty-six minutes to walk from our house to yours—that is, from the time his head is exactly over our heads here, until it gets through the sky and is high in the heavens exactly south of you, it will be nine hours and thirty-six minutes. When it is noon here it will not be noon at home for nine hours and thirty-six minutes. For the sake of round numbers, call it nine hours and a half. Then when it is noon at home, it is half-past nine o'clock at night here. Our clocks are always (9 hrs. 36 min.) nine hours and a half faster than the clocks that keep Halifax standard time. On Sunday morning, when your minister is opening his Bible to preach, we are shutting our eyes to sleep. When the sun rises at five o'clock and shines in at your window before you are awake, here it is half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. When you get up and dress at seven o'clock, our school is out for night and the children have all had time to get home, even if they have played along the road. When you are starting for school at eight o'clock, the sun is just hiding behind our big hill; the gardener is milking the cow, and we can go out safely and comfortably for an evening walk. When your teacher is ringing the bell for school to go in, in the morning, and you are running so as not to be late; then the streets that lead from Bimlipatam to the outside villages are thronged with tired children, women and men, returning home from a long day's work, lugging a fish by the tail, carrying a package under the arm or bearing some heavier bundle or basket on the head. After your school has been in half an hour, we are having our evening meal—a seven o'clock dinner in the cool of the day. When you have recess at half past ten, we are studying our lessons by the light of the lamp. When your school is out for noon, we ought to be fast asleep. When you have recess at half-past two in the afternoon, here it is lonely mid-night. When your school is out for night, and half an hour afterward you are running in at your father's gate, our clocks are striking two to morrow morning. When you are getting home from meeting on Sunday evening; on our bungalows Monday morning is dawning, and we are getting up to go for a strength-giving walk in the early light.

All these comparisons are made with Halifax standard time. Yarmouth has lately adopted this time, and it must now be the time of nearly all the clocks in Nova Scotia, except those in railroad stations, which are exactly one hour slower. St. John time I do not know exactly. But it must be only about half an hour slower than Halifax time. If Prince Edward Island has a time of its own, there can be no difference worth mentioning, as the Island is fair north of the middle of Nova Scotia. Children in New Brunswick can find the difference between St. John time and Halifax time, then if they add this difference to 9 hours and 35 minutes the sun will tell how much slower their clocks are than ours. If St. John time is 37 minutes slower than Halifax time, then St. John clocks are ten hours and thirteen minutes slower than ours. You see we have come toward the east ten thousand miles to meet the rising sun; therefore his morning beams fall on us first. We are almost half-way around the world.

Here are some problems in arithmetic for you:

1. When we have our Telugu boys and girls at Sunday-school at seven o'clock in the morning, what time is it by Halifax time? or by St. John time?

2. When we have Telugu preaching service at eight o'clock Sunday morning, what time is by Halifax time? or by St. John time?

3. When we have Telugu prayer-meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon, what time is it by Halifax time? or by St. John time?

4. When we have outdoor preaching at the Clock Tower at five o'clock in the afternoon, what time is it by Halifax time or by St. John time?

5. When we have English preaching service—to which English-speaking Brahmans often come—at half-past six in the evening, what time is it by Halifax time or by St. John time?

6. Our day school goes in at 7 a. m. It is out again at 10.30 a. m. It goes in again at 2 p. m., and is out for night at 4 o'clock. Translate each of these four hours into Halifax time or St. John time, so that you can look at your clock and say, "Now Telugu school is in"; "Now it is out."

In a letter written in April (I think) I asked a question about this difference in time. A letter came from a girl at home, answering it correctly. She is a Christian, and her letter was full of encouragement.

Yours truly,

L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, July 23.

THE APOSTLE PETER

Perhaps nowhere in the New Testament do we get a better illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit on the human heart and life than in the case of the apostle Peter. He first comes to our notice when, with his brother Andrew, casting a net into the sea of Galilee, Jesus said unto them, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." They straightway left their nets and their old life and habits and followed Him.

What Peter's life was before this we can only conjecture, but the unlearned and ignorant fisherman is to become the apostle under whose preaching thousands in one day are led to acknowledge the despised Nazarene as the Messiah so long promised, and whose reasoning high priest and Sanhedrim are to confer together to seek some means of answering.

Yet Peter, during the three years spent in company with his Lord on earth, seems to have committed many errors of judgment. Thus we see him, when asked by Jesus, "Whom say ye that I am?" giving an answer that called forth the reply, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Bar-Jonah," and almost before the import of these words could be realized, for attempting to correct the Saviour, receiving from Him this severe rebuke, "Get thee behind Me, Satan, thou art an offence unto Me." Again when Jesus, taking Peter, James and John up into a high mountain apart, was transfigured before them, and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light, and Moses and Elias appeared talking with Him, Peter, forgetful of the thousands below to be taught the way of life, ignorant of the multitudes to be fed; the lame, the halt and the blind to be healed, and the cross and the agony to be endured, proposed to build there three tabernacles, one for Christ, one for Moses and one for Elias.

Then, too, we see Peter, at the time when the rabble sent by the chief priests, and led by Judas, came out with swords and staves for the purpose of arresting his Master, in an excess of zeal drawing his sword and striking a servant of the high priest and cutting off his right ear—an act that called forth from Jesus the remark, "Put up thy sword again into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Yet at the time when, if Jesus—speaking of Him as a man—had any friends they should have stood by Him; when, pursued by an infuriated mob, determined on accomplishing His death, He had been carried away to the high priest, confronted by false witnesses, been spit upon, buffeted and smitten with the palms of ruffian hands—Peter, who sat without in the palace, not only denied Him thrice, but began to curse and swear, saying, "I know not the man." And this in face of the fact that only a few short hours before he had boldly declared to the Saviour that though he should die with Him, yet he would not deny Him.

It would appear that it was not until after the Son had ascended to the Father and the other comforter been sent, that the disciples fully realized how His kingdom was to be established in the world, and what their work in aiding the establishment of that kingdom was. And Jesus seemed to have intended that they should wait for this knowledge when He charged them to tarry at Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high.

That power came on the day of Pentecost, when, with a sound of a mighty rushing wind, and in the form of cloven tongues of fire, it sat upon each of the disciples, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

From that moment Peter's whole character was changed. One thing he desired and that he diligently sought after: the extension of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of the souls of men. So earnest and effectual was his preaching that on that same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.

That Peter was endued with heavenly power was further evidenced by his working miracles of healing. Yet, so deep seated in the Jewish mind was the belief that only to God's chosen people would the promised Messiah come, that it required a special revelation to show Peter that the Gospel was alike free to Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, bond and free; there being no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

But once he been told by God to call nothing common that He had cleansed, he was prepared at all times and everywhere to proclaim that the Father, without respect to persons, judgeth every man's work; and he urges that Christians so work that they may be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, for he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

Moncton, N. B.

A Memorable Address.

[Prof. Trotter, in Canadian Baptist.]

Our brethren of the Maritime Provinces are in Convention at Bridgetown, N. S. I have just returned from a personal participation in the first three days. The attendance is large, the conduct of business is prompt and vigorous, the discussions are free and frank and earnest; and best of all, again and again, as by a conscious wave of divine influence, the assembly has been lifted up in spirituality of thought and feeling and resolve, and the people have been constrained to say "Verily, God is in this place." The report of these noble gatherings will reach you through your own correspondent. I cannot withhold a word however, on what it seems to me must be regarded as, in some respects, the supreme occurrence of all the days.

It was Saturday evening. The programme provided an educational platform meeting. Four speakers had spoken. They had kept themselves within reasonable limits, but it was nearly ten o'clock—a rather weary time after a day so full—when the fifth and last speaker was called out. He was announced as Dr. John Chipman Morse. To some of us it was an unknown name among our brethren by the sea. The man who responded was tall, slender, unconventional looking, with a wintry look about his head, natural to a man of seventy-four, and the marks of wear and tear in face and frame, a man of kindly eye and humble mien, commanding immediate respect by his venerableness and evident sweetness, but leaving a stranger much in doubt as to his history or ability, or what might be expected of him. Nor was this doubt removed during the first few minutes of his diffident, hesitating speech, but when these minutes were past there came a gradual disclosure which must ever linger as one of the precious memories of a life-time.

The subject which had been suggested to him was: "Intelligence, Character and Culture, Necessary to Success in the Ministry." He said they would all feel that he had a ponderous subject to deal with, especially for him, who had never been to college for a day, and had been living down there on Digby Neck these fifty-two years, almost without any intercourse with his brethren. But a few thoughts had come to him and he would try to speak them. Oh, what thoughts they were, and how well he spoke them. Let me give a bit here and there to suggest the flavor of this gracious talk. "A sun rose in the East, and another in the West, and another in the North, and another in the South, and mounting the heavens met above me and poured their glory all around," was his way of describing the light which broke upon him in his conversion. "Character," transferred to our tongue from the Greek, meant an image, an impress, such as is left by a seal upon the glowing wax. Who did the sealing? The Holy Spirit, and the image stamped was the image of Jesus. The image of Jesus in us was the measure of the Christian character we possessed. Oh, how lovely Jesus was and how lovely we would be if we were like Him, and what power we should have among men. "Reputation" was what men thought we were; "character," what God knew we were. Having occasion to speak of the minister's relation to the Bible, he counselled the young minister to preach the Word. When they found unconverted men praising a sermon, and saying it was fine, they might be pretty sure they had not been using the sword of the Spirit; they had been using the scabbard, highly polished perhaps, but only the scabbard. Nor should they pass over the hard words, or seek to improve what the Lord had said. "Predestination" meant something in the Bible. Once he had himself devitated from the Lord's Word, but when he came to think about it, so overwhelmed was he with the thought of his sinfulness that he tossed upon his bed, and found no sleep, until he got up and asked Jesus to forgive him, and had promised the Lord never to do it again. He had many trials, but culture came by trial, and trial had taught him to trust in the Lord. He disliked the thought of parading his prayers, but he would like to give a word of encouragement. Only a few months ago he was without hay and without money, and hay was so scarce as to be worth twenty dollars a ton. He didn't know what to do but tell the Lord about it. He went into the stable and prayed, "Lord Jesus, Thou knowest that I have no hay for my horses, and without food for the beast I can't keep my appointments. And I've no hay for the cow, and the wife and family very much needed the milk; and I've no money to buy hay. Please, Lord Jesus, give me some hay." And then followed the story of how the hay came, half a ton, as green as a leek, and cured as nice as any they had ever seen. And this was only one instance out of five hundred he could mention where the Lord had answered him in things temporal and spiritual.

But these scraps give no suggestion of the unreportable address, which, at so late an hour, at the end of a full day, fell upon the audience refreshing as the dew of heaven, and held the people entranced and this though the delivery was quiet, diffident, almost halting. It was the dripping of honey from the honeycomb. It was the diffusion of delicious odors—the breaking of a box of spikenard very precious. It was the giving forth of gold, and all precious stones, with as much unconsciousness as if the gifts were cobbles from the wayside.

The speaker spoke of himself as one of perhaps half-a-dozen men left in the Baptist ministry of Nova Scotia, who were without education. What a misuse of language it would be to speak of such a man as uneducated. The summit of Mt. Washington can be reached by the aid of an alpenstock, as well as by the cable car, and once there the scene is just as extended and glorious to the slow-climbing pedestrian as to the man who has been rushed up by the help of steam. He had never been to school a day since he found the Lord. The fact is that since that time he has been to the best of schools every day for fifty-three years, and that to purpose. On some sides the process of development may have been slower than in the case of those who have enjoyed college privileges, and the attainments somewhat less, but on other sides how superior the attainments! In the marks of the human chisel are absent, what of the moulding of God's hand so visible in such a man? It is distinct from human helpers has involved some loss, the necessity for a more strenuous forth-putting of the soul's own forces has brought great gain. How good to see one of these God-made men, richly endowed at the start, and nurtured and developed through life by the direct ministries of nature and grace. Did all men begin with such endowments, and put themselves to school under God with such purpose, the so-called schools would not be the necessity they are. Even when the schools are brought into service, care should surely be exercised that God may have a chance with every man. Individuality should be reverenced, not destroyed.

What an object lesson the hour furnished of the beauty and power of holiness. The spirit was more than the letter, the man more than the word he spoke. Grace and unction were in full flow. Who that was there can doubt that through this humble veteran the Convention got its first open vision of God, and that that memorable Sunday which followed was but the outflow of the stream which had had its rise in the closing hour of Saturday night? "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way . . . . . Follow after love."

And what a unique illustration is furnished in the career of this brother of "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Here is a man who for fifty-two years has laboured on a remote section of the country, obtaining a mere subsistence, isolated from his brethren, conscious of some ability, but unable to leave his work and secure the advantages he would so much prize, yearning sometimes with great desire for fellowship, but holding himself humbly and faithfully to the task which he believes has been appointed him of God. As the years advance the isolation becomes greater. To most of the brethren in the ministry he is unknown. He deems himself almost forgotten and of no account. Not so. Having reached his fiftieth year of service in the same place, his people arranged to celebrate the jubilee, and, lo! besides the people who found their way to the celebration, bundles of letters and telegrams arrived bringing congratulations and donations, and evidencing the love of a multitude. Last June Acadia University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The tidings reached him after several days of depression. He could hardly trust his eyes as he read the letter. He didn't think so much of the two D's, but to think that his brethren had such feelings toward him filled him with thankfulness and joy. On Saturday night last, when he sat down, the best man in the Convention would have deemed it an honor to unloose the latchet of this veteran's shoe. The words would come to mind, "And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

Loving the Unseen Friend.

[J. R. Miller, D. D., in the Evangelist.]

Love for Christ is transforming the world. Love always transforms. Many a life is made beautiful by a pure, sweet, strong, human love. Who has not seen a young wife, with light, girlish nature, without seriousness, caring only for herself as it seemed, in most trivial her friends thought, when a baby came, when all was changed! She became serious, thoughtful, earnest. Self died, and her soul flowed out in unsparing service. She lived now for her child. The hands that heretofore had been idle became ministering hands. Too dainty before for any toil or any rough touch, they were now used without a thought in caring for her child. Her whole being was transformed, and shone now in noble beauty. Love had wrought the change. Little children are God's angels to thousands of young mothers, sent to bless them by drawing their hearts away from self. For we never learn to live until we cease to think of ourselves and begin to live for some object outside of self. Selfishness destroys the life, blights its beauty, withers up its powers, lays a curse upon it. Love saves the life, develops the faculties, calls out its best.

There was a childless home. Husband and wife grew up together in mutual love, but having no interest outside of their own lives, they became selfish, grasping, covetous. Years passed, and they were growing rich, but were miserly, saving every possible cent. They pinched themselves, living almost like beggars, with thin clothing, poor fare, in fireless rooms. They gave nothing away to the relief of the need and distress about them. Appeals for God's work met with no response. Thus time passed, till they had reached mid-life. Then the breaking up of another home by the death of the parents sent a little child into this cold, loveless, dreary home. At once the child found her way into both these withering hearts, and little by little the love awoke. Almost instantly there was a change. The home was brightened. The hoarded money was brought out and was spent more freely. The poor were remembered. God's cause received help. The faces that were growing old and cold with the lines of greed and grasping desire, became soft and warm with love's subtle warmth. The two lives were transformed. God saved them through a little child.

These are only familiar illustrations of what even human love does continually in this world. We do not know what God is doing for us when He gives us friends to love, especially when He gives us those, the loving of whom costs us something. The blessing comes through the serving, through the giving out of life. An invalid, or a suffering one in a home, is oft-times the means of softening, refining and enriching all the household lives. When God sends you one to love who becomes a burden upon your hearts, who calls for sacrifice, service, patient care and thought and cost, lift up your eyes and reverently thank Him, for there is a divine blessing for yourself in this ministering in Christ's name. Such loving helps in saving our souls. This is losing of life which is in reality the finding of it.

But it is the loving of Christ which works the most wonderful transformations. It has changed millions of lives from sin, sordidness, cruelty, degradation and crime, into beauty, gentleness, refinement, saintliness. It is nearly two thousand years since Christ died upon the Cross, rested in the grave and rose from the dead. All these centuries multitudes in each generation have believed in Him and loved Him, and love for Him has changed their lives, lifted them up and drawn them after Him in holy devotion. His followers have learned the lessons of patience, unselfishness, endurance of wrong, forgiveness of injuries, compassion for the weak, pity for the lost and kindly ministry to the needy and the sorrowing. The whole blessed work of Christianity is simply the influence of the love of the unseen Christ in human hearts and lives.

"But how can we love One whom we have not seen and cannot see?" is a question which many ask. For one thing, we may learn all the story of Christ as told in the Gospels, until we are familiar with it. Then we may remember that while Christ is unseen on the earth, He is as really present as He was during the years of His abode in Palestine. He promised: "I am with you all the days," and He certainly meant just what He said. His presence does not depend on our seeing Him.

Indeed, we never really see any of our friends. It is not the human form you can see that is the person you love. It is not your mother's face and hair and hand and body that you love; it is her soul, her spirit. It is not her body that is gentle, patient, kind, thoughtful, unselfish. A body cannot love. Even the most lovely face cannot itself be a benediction to you. It is the life that dwells in the body that is your mother. You can say of her, in a sense that is true, "Whom having not seen, I love." Take any friend who is much to you, on whom you lean, and it is not the body that you love. There is sweetness in a face, kindly warmth in an eye, thrilling inspiration in a touch: why? Because of the soul that is in the body. But the body is not your friend, whom you have really never seen, since you cannot see truth, purity, love, sympathy, constancy, strength.

We cannot see Christ, but we have become His, He is indeed our personal Friend, and is really to us all that such a divine Friend can be. What is it in your best human friend that is most to you, on which you can lean most in weakness, which comforts you most in sorrow, which is the best help to you in any need or trouble? Is it anything in your friend which you can see? Is it not his truth, his wisdom, his love for you, his sympathy, his faithfulness, his constancy? Even if he is not with you at all so that you can see him, is he not still a strength to you, a comfort, a refuge, a help? The consciousness that he is your friend, that whatever else may fail you he will not, that he sympathizes with you, understands you, will be patient with you; the assurance that if need be he will help you with all the capacity for helpfulness there is in him, makes you strong, blesses you, gives you peace, though you see him not.

You cannot see Christ, but you know that He is true, loving, faithful, touched with sympathy when you suffer; that He knows all about you and loves you with a personal love, deep, tender, strong, everlasting. You know, too, that He has all power, and that all His power is yours to support, keep, bless, deliver, protect, save you. You know that He has all wisdom, wisdom that never errs, that never counsels rashly, indiscreetly, short-sightedly, and that all this wisdom is for the guidance of your life, the ordering of your steps. As we think along these lines the unseen Christ becomes very real to us.

Loving this friend whom we cannot see, becomes then a blessed power in our life. For one thing, we learn to trust Him and leave in His hands all the affairs of our life. Many people have altogether too narrow a conception of what Christ does for them. They think of Him as forgiving their sins, changing their hearts, helping them in their purely spiritual affairs, and bringing them home at last to heaven. But there is nothing in our life which is not of interest to Him, and true believing in Christ implies the putting into His hands of all our affairs. This may not always be easy. We like to have our own way, to carry out our own plans. We do not like to have sorrow and disappointment break in upon us. Yet if He is to fashion our life into heavenly beauty, He must have His way with us. Thus we get a glimpse of the meaning of trial. If sorrow comes in the place of joy you had planned for yourself, it is because sorrow is better than joy would have been. Christ may oftentimes seem to be spoiling the beauty of our life, but it is ours to trust Him even then, and by-and-bye we shall know that His way was wiser than ours.

Loving this unseen Saviour will draw us into His service. No transformation into His character is complete which does not make us like Him in the devotion of our life to the good of the world. Sometimes we overlook this, thinking of Christlikeness and gentleness, patience, meekness, purity, truth, without the active element. But when Christ put the thought of His mission into a sentence, it was: "The Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Not otherwise can we conceive of our mission as followers of Christ.

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BIBLE LESS

THIRD QUART

STUDIES IN ACTS OF THE

(Condensed from Peloubet's

Lesson XIII. Sept. 25. Lesson.

THE FOUR PILLARS OF TH

[Note. The lesson sel Honorable International (a temperance lesson, "The per profaned," 1 Cor. 11: very little to do with ten much question has been what course to take in reg Baptists have decided to three verses, and present The Lord's Supper. All the text must practically With great reluctance and varying from the program mittee who have been in t derfully wise and skilful in of the lessons, after no litt have decided to make the perance lesson, choosing ject.]

GOLDEN TEXT

"Wine is a mocker, st raging, and whosoever is d by is not wise."—Prov. 20

I. The Pillar of Sc Peculiar consecration to Scriptures) is invariably by abstinence. (2) Therefo is regarded as consistent and piety. (3) There is n ample of drinking. (4) T command to drink. (5) seven to abstain. (6) Wi so doing. (8) It is a Scrip to be temperate in all th another Scripture princi those who may think th should not, by example that which may cause th ther to fall. Better neve to lead one person to a and drunkard's death. 21; 15: 1; 1 Cor. 9: 22.

II. The Pillar of R Pillar of Reason is a co ture, each column of whic strength. "Temperance use of all good things, abstinence from all bad thi says that he who knows and chooses it, and know and avoids it, is learned i It is reasonable to avoid d cating liquors, because even in moderation (1) (2) it leads to drunkenne to loss of self-control; (poverty; (5) it leads to subjects reason and cons tite, and puts the body (7) it brings ruin to the brings ruin to the body eternal loss. What leads people to use intoxicati Some like the taste o think it manly; (3) som fashionable; (4) some b by companions; (5) ashamed to refuse, and hope to escape being dru sure they can stop before

Illustration. "The T Suppose there were tw road; on one of them w regularly once a week, so day, and sometimes on on the other there neve accident. Suppose your c to go on the journey t respective lines, and he w you, saying, "Which ro father?" Would you d take that upon which the so frequent, because it fashionable? You woul "Take the safe road, m that is just what we te say.

III. The Pillar of Sci investigating the effects the human body, finds the body, weakens its po more liable to disease, vous system, the brain, a and so shortens life.

The following has bee wards, of two thousand including many of the bers of the profession: (proportion of human m poverty, disease and cr by the use of alcoholi liquors as beverages. (2 perfect health is compa abstinence from all such That persons accustome may with perfect safe them. (4) That total abstinence from alcoho intoxicating beverages c greatly contribute to prosperity, the morality, ness of the human race.

IV. The Pillar of E actual dangers and evils be seen on every side. can be pointed out in ev almost every circle of teacher can show by ex of intoxicating drinks sickness, crime, abuse o wretchedness, and the d ing the first glass.

Experience Provides nence is beneficial to he life is prolonged by t (3) That life is greatly strong drink. (4) That endured without intoxic That cold can be endure alcoholic drinks than That bodily labor can b without these drinks. labor can be performed them. (8) That the i stinence is good, while t is evil. (9) That the t ment attaches itself to good wherever it may That temperance has i ed the progress of religi perance is one of theances to religion and m

— Oh, let us not wa pitiful or demonstrati we love until they or we by illness, or threaten Life is short, and we hav time for gladdening the who are travelling the d us. Oh! be swift to lo be kind!—*Henri Freder*

Minard's Liniment for