

When Jimmy Comes from School.

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEW.

When Jimmy comes home from school at four,

Dear me! how things begin
To whirl and buzz and bang and spin,
And brighten up from roof to floor!
The dog that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch wags his tail
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner-pail,
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard latches clink a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon,
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cookie and a quince or two,
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'ye do?"
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Stirs up and down and crows and
crows,

As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence.
The guineas join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window sill
The red bird, swinging out of view,
On his high perch, begins to trill,
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take
care!

Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy, and every ache
Is gone before we are aware,
The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue,
Seems bent above this world of ours,
When Jimmy comes from school.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON III.—APRIL 19.

THE LOST FOUND.

Luke 15. 11-24. Memory verses, 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is joy in the presence of the
angels of God over one sinner that re-
penteth.—Luke 15. 10.
Time.—A.D. 30.
Place.—Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After the feast in the Pharisee's house
and the Sabbath Jesus went on his jour-
ney through Perea toward Jerusalem.
Great multitudes went with him. They
were on their way to the yearly passover
feast. Ready as they were to leave one
teacher and follow another for any flimsy
reason, Jesus told them what it would
cost them if they would be his disciples.
The crowd was made up chiefly of the
great outside class of sinners. Pious
Jews looked upon these as worthless,
and lost beyond all hope. No one would
waste pity in regarding their sufferings
or caring for their interests. To touch
them would be to defile one's self. But
Jesus showed them a special preference.
He cordially welcomed them, spoke such
tender words to them as no one else had
ever done; ate with them on terms of
social equality. This vexed and horrified
the Pharisees. So, to explain his course,
he told the three matchless parables of
the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost
son.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read about joy in heaven
(Luke 15. 1-10). Prepare to tell in your
own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read about the lost found
(Luke 15. 12-24). Fix in your mind Time,
Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read the joys of salvation
(Luke 15. 25-32). Learn the Golden Text.
Thursday.—Read concerning departing
from God (Jer. 17. 1-10). Learn the
Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read about punishment and
pardon (2 Chron. 33. 1-13). Answer the
Questions.

Saturday.—Read concerning the father's
voice (Ezek. 18. 20-32). Study Teachings
of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read "Return! return!"
(Hosea 14.)

QUESTIONS.

1. Lost, verses 11-16.—11. Who are re-
presented by the two sons? 12. What
was the younger son's portion? 13. Why
did he go far from home? How did he
show his guilt and folly when there?
14. Were the pleasures lasting? What
led him to seek employment? 15. To
whom did he join himself? What de-
grading work had he to do? 16. For
what food did he wish? Did his com-
panions help him?

2. Found, verses 17-24.—17. What
brought him to his senses? 18. What is
the only remedy for those away from
God? 20. Is it enough to resolve to do
right? Had the father pity for him?
Would this have saved him if he had
not returned? 21. Why did he not com-
plete his confession? 22. Of what were
the robe and ring tokens? 24. How is
God's delight at the sinner's return de-
scribed?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Man wants to be independent of God.
The wilful child breaks away from home
restraints. He wants possessions before

white as the driven snow; his face,
though wrinkled by the weight of pass-
ing years, was clear; his eye was un-
dimmed. He was telling the children a
story, which they were keenly enjoying;
and the old gentleman was enjoying it
too.

It was a beautiful sight, that aged man
surrounded by those children, secure in
the consciousness that men respected him
and that God loved him. He had chosen
wisely at the very beginning of his life
journey, uniting with the Church early
in manhood, engaging actively and
heartily in Christian work, striving to
make the world better because he had
lived in it. And God was with him, so
that he was able to be very useful, and
he was widely honoured.

Both these old men are now in the other
world. There was no outward change
in their lives. The one was found dead
in his bed one morning, and was carried
to an unhonoured grave. The other
passed away triumphantly, and was fol-
lowed to his last earthly resting-place
by a great company of honourable men
and women, with children not a few,
whose tears fell because of the great be-
reavement they had sustained.

and as these came in he drank them up
at the village saloon.

Three years now they have been living
in his former tenant-house, and they
have now been ordered out of that
Winnefred has just returned to the house
from the saloon, half a mile away, where
he was refused his usual dram. He
could have no more credit until his old
bill was paid, and this now amounted to
three dollars. He bethought himself at
once of Susie's pet lamb, and the bar-
keeper offered him four dollars for it,
three of which should cancel the old bill,
and the other dollar should stand to his
bar-credit.

Susie is broken-hearted, but her tears
avail not, nor the earnest pleadings of
her mother. All must be sacrificed for
drink, and poor old Winnefred will soon
only have a grave he can call his own,
and that grave will be a drunkard's
grave.

Poor old man! He is only one of the
vast army of miserable creatures which
the saloon, under the protection of the
law, has cursed. This is a terrible evil,
that blasts the glory of home, beggars
the children, and sends the strong, noble
man to the grave of the drunkard!

My Neighbour.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

My neighbour met me on the street;
She dropped a word of greeting gay;
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,
The tasks I could not understand

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lilt of song
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all? A woman wise
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good morning,
dear!"



THE LOST FOUND.

he can take care of them. He rushes
into sinful pleasures. He wastes money,
time, health, character. The downward
path is steep. Severe measures have to
be used with the sinner. Christ wel-
comes every true penitent. There is joy
on earth and in heaven over his return.

TWO LIVES.

One hot summer day as the writer
turned a corner in a certain country
town, he suddenly came upon an old
man sitting in a chair in front of a
small grocery store. He was fast
asleep. His face was red and bloated.
Tobacco juice oozed from the corners of
his mouth. Dozens of flies wandered
over his face and hands, and it is likely
that some crawled into his open mouth.

It was a repulsive spectacle; no wonder
that the two little girls that came along
looked frightened and walked close to
the curb; no wonder they ran when they
got safely by.

That wretched old man who was sit-
ting there in full view of all the passers-
by, sleeping off a drunken stupor, had
been, some fifty years before, one of the
most promising young men of the town
in which he was now an object of disgust
and ridicule. His parents were proud of
him, his young heart and brain were full
of lofty and inspiring ambitions. And
yet here he was, a pitiable spectacle in
the eyes of angels and men. And it was
all because he had yielded to temptation,
had failed to keep his record clear.

By a singular coincidence five minutes'
walk brought into view a no less strik-
ing, but far more cheerful, spectacle. A
venerable gentleman—one of the oldest
men in the town—was sitting on a
porch step engaged in conversation with
a group of school children. His hair was

A double picture, with the contrasting
lights and shadows, such as this which
we have noted, has a special message in
it for those who are yet in the dawning
light of hope and youth. May we not
address them, personally and directly,
and say, "Young friend, you are at the
beginning of life's activities; your re-
cord depends upon yourself. It will be
exactly what you make it. Take the
wise man's advice and seek wisdom.
Make her your constant companion. Im-
press upon your heart Gough's dying
words, 'Young man, keep your record
clean.' Ask the Master to accompany
you every step of the way. Then you
may win great victories and make your
personal life and ministry a blessing to
all about you."—Christian Advocate.

THE FINAL SACRIFICE.

"Bah! bah!" bleated spotted Whinney,
in farewell tones to his mistress, Miss
Susie. The pet lamb is to be the final
offering to the wine-cup of what used to
be the happy Winnifred home. Thirteen
years ago, when Susie was born, the
Winnefred family lived in a stately man-
sion, back on the hill top. But a grand
supper was given by Mr. Winnefred, in
honour of the birth of his daughter, and
for the first time he served wine to his
guests.

Until then the family had been both
Christian and temperate in habit and
life; but the occasion, he thought, just-
ified something unusual and so the wine
was set out again and again, until the
guests were noisily merry. From that
day the wine-bottle was never absent
from the Winnifred table, until the farm
was sold on the very day that Susie was
ten years old. A few slow notes were
the only property left Mr. Winnifred,

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