



AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

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WHAT a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off, for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels! and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

A LITTLE girl knelt down to pray. She asked the dear Lord Jesus to give her what she wanted, and all was still for a few moments. Then some one in the next room heard her say, "Thank you, God; you are very good!" With a light heart she went to her play because she had asked and received.

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David;
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and aspirations,
Such as reached the swarth Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turn were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might,
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 536.] LESSON XIII. [March 27.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Isa. 40. 1-10. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together.—Isaiah
40. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty and privilege of proclaiming
the Gospel to all the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Comfort ye—Spoken to the prophets.
The time of comfort had come. *Her wear-
fare—A time of hard service enforced for a
definite time. Her iniquity is pardoned—
The iniquity on account of which she was
suffering. Received . . . double—Amplly
sufficient. It was the common law that
for all manner of trespass a man should pay
double as the penalty (Exod. 22. 9), so that
receiving double means that she had re-
ceived the full penalty of her sins. The
voice of him—Of one. In the wilderness—
The wild, sparsely-inhabited tracts lying
between Babylon and Jerusalem. Connect
this phrase with what follows. Prepare
ye the way of the Lord—The roads are so
bad in the East, that when a king takes a
journey he sends men before him to prepare
the roads. So God caused men to prepare*

the way for the return of the
exiles for the coming of Christ,
for the redemption of the world.
*The glory of the Lord—Shown
in his marvellous works of
redemption. The voice From
God. And he said the pro-
phet. All flesh . . . pass
Passes away quickly is weak
before the power of God. The
strongest nations are but as a
fading flower compared with
God. The word of our God—
His word of promise and pro-
phesy. O Zion The returned
people of God. Good tidings
Of return of salvation. The
high mountain Proclaim from
the mountain tops, so that all
can see and know. Behold
your God—Come to save. His
work—Rather, his recompense,
his reward to his people.*

Learn from this lesson—
That God loves to comfort
and help us.
Everything he promises will
come to pass.
How we can help on God's
cause.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What message was sent
to the exiles in Babylon?
"A message of comfort and
of the way of the Lord? (Repeat vers. 3 and
4.) 3. How may we prepare the way of
the Lord? "Prepare the way of the Lord:
(1) Fill up the valleys—defects of prayer,
of faith, of love, of work. (2) Bring down
the mountains of pride, sin, selfishness, un-
belief. (3) Straighten the crooked places
of dishonesty, crooked ways of sin. (4)
Smooth the rough places of harshness, dis-
courtesy, temper." 4. In what other ways?
"Prepare the way of the Lord, by larger
gifts to missions, by learning more about
them, by more earnest prayers for them,
by new consecration to God's work."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What is meant by salvation?
It is the deliverance of the soul from sin
and its recovery to spiritual life in God.
And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for
it is he that shall save his people from their
sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

MUST AND MUSTN'T.

"A FELLOW can't have any fun,"
growled Tom. "It's just 'must' and
'mustn't' from morning till night. You
must do this, you must learn that; or
you mustn't go there, you mustn't say
that, and you mustn't do the other
thing. At school, you're tied right up
to rules, and at home—well a shake of
mother's head means more than a
dozen mustn'ts. Seems a pity a boy
can't have his own way half the time,
and do something as he likes."

"Going to the city this morning,
Tom?" asked Uncle Thed from the
adjoining room.

"Why, of course," answered Tom,
promptly.

"Going across the commons?"

"Yes, sir; always do."

"I wish you would notice those
young trees they've been setting out
the last year or two. Of course the
old trees will die sooner or later, and
others will be needed, but—will you
just observe them carefully, so as to
describe their appearance, etc."

"What about those trees, Tom?"
asked Uncle Thed after tea, as they
sat on the piazza.

"Why, they're all right; look a
little cramped, to be sure, snipped
short off on top, and tied up to poles,
snug as you please, every identical
twig of them; but that's as it should
be, to make them shipshape—don't
you see? They can't grow crooked if
they would. They'll make as hand-
some trees as ever you saw, one of
these days. Haven't you noticed the

trees in Mr. Benson's yard?—tall and
scraggy and crooked, just because
they were left to grow as they please.
The city fathers now don't propose to
run any risks."

"But I wonder how the trees feel
about the 'must' and the 'mustn't,'" remarked Uncle Thed, dryly.

"Last I'm wishing he had not said
quite so much on the subject of trees
—and boys."

The Boy with the Five Loaves

THAT time the Saviour spread his feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the best and least
This abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,
A boy 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown to fame.

Well may I guess how glowed his cheek:
How he looked down—half pride, half
fear;

Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain! But what are they
Where hungry thousands be?"
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks his sheep,
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

But who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave endearing look,
When from that favoured boy
The wondrous pledge he took?

EASTER BOOKLETS

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Happy may Your Easter be. 8 cents.

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Happy may Your Easter be. 10 cents.

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