

raised, and then the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal was drawn from the class, with no error on their part except a desire to put the barrels of water in before their time.

A question about the omniscience of God brought out the story of Gehazi, and when proofs of Christ's divinity were called for many miracles were described with marvelous accuracy and vividness.

Now our Catechism is not just like the one used by the Wesleys, but it seems to me that such a method could be used in our primary classes, illustrating the questions where possible with Bible stories, teaching one new question and reviewing each week, and in this way we would lay a firm foundation of doctrine; for the children will remember what they learn in the infant class long after information acquired later is forgotten. This need not occupy more than five minutes of the session, generally, and never more than ten; but, in the interest of conformity to Church Discipline and of making the foundation strong and firm, such a supplemental lesson should have a place in the session of every Methodist primary Sunday school class.

The Church's Neglect of Childhood.

Is it not passing strange that the names of all good children should be found on gravestones instead of the Church roll? As though the untimely accident or widespread disease that took them possessed some spiritual magic or divine and redeeming element. Living or dying, the children are the Lord's, and it is evident that they must have some place, recognition, and training in the Lord's Church; and yet for centuries the Church made no provision for them, her services were not adapted to them, her folds were not open to receive them, her songs were not written for them, her prayers were unintelligible to them, her sacred inclosures were deemed too holy to be desecrated by girlish mirth and boyish playfulness, notwithstanding that Christ constantly repeated the admonition and cautioned her in unmistakable terms, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Is there not a possible threatening to-day that it would be more profitable for us if a mill-stone were hanged about our necks than that we should persist in despising these little ones? With an almost unbounded faith and intense enthusiasm, we have adapted our ingenious methods of Church enterprise to reach and reclaim theapsed masses;

but what have we done to meet the soul wants and to foster the spiritual interests of the millions of children intrusted to us? Is there not a word of merited condemnation for us in Mrs. Brown's "Cry of the Children?"—

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity:—

'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,

And your purple shows your path:
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
That the strong man in his wrath!"

—*Rev. Brian Wiberley.*

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS. SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I. (April 5.)

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. Luke 24. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT. "He is not here, but is risen" (Luke 24. 6).

Primary Notes.

BY MRS. J. H. POLHEMUS.



One day a little girl ran home from school. She was a very little girl; she had never been much away from her mother, and this was her first day at school. Whom did she want to see right away? She hurried into the house and looked through room after room, but no mamma was to be seen. How did she feel? Disappointed and almost ready to cry. While she was trying to make up her mind what to do, and feeling pretty sad, she looked up, and there stood her big sister, who said, "Why, little girlie, don't feel so bad. Mother isn't here; she had to go out, but she left word where you were to meet her." How did our little girl feel then? Her sorrow was turned into what? Did you ever have something like this happen to you? Not to find some one you love and for whom you are looking is a disappointment; but what will turn the disappointment into joy?

What do we call to-day? Easter Sunday always reminds us of a disappointment that was turned into joy. Who was the dearest friend the disciples had? With whom did they live for three years? [Print "Christ."] We have only half finished the story of that life as Luke tells it; but because the