

NO DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH A. BLOOD.

It was so drear to leave her there alone !
I followed where my thought would ever
turn,
Though shrinking sore from sight most
desolate—
A mother's grave; alas! my mother's
grave.
The sun was going down, so like my hopes,
To disappear in dark; but as I neared
The sacred hollow where I thought to see
The row of white stones and now, stoneless
mound,
Its dazzling rays shot level with my eyes,
And by its splendour made invisible
All save its beams. It was a token true—
There is no death; the grave is swallowed
up.
Beyond, in love and light, my mother lives,
And now, as ever, holds me in her heart,

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 21.]

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 6. 8-15; 7. 54-60. Memory verses, 57-60

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will
give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Why did the apostles need helpers?
How many were chosen?
Who was the chief one?
Why did wicked Jews hate him?
What did they finally do?
How did Stephen look as he listened to
the false accusations?
Who was falsely accused before this?
The Lord Jesus Christ.
What did the high priest ask Stephen?
How did he answer?
Why did his words displease the judges?
What did Stephen say he saw?
What did they do then?
How did they kill him?
For whom did he pray?
What young man stood by to see him
killed?

AM I—

Brave and faithful, like Stephen?
Do I look to God in time of trouble?
Can I pray for those who do me harm?

LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.]

THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Acts 8. 1-17. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that were scattered abroad went
everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What followed Stephen's death?
Who was very active in persecuting
Christians?
What did many believers do?
What good came from this?
What did the apostles do?
Where did Philip go?
Who was Philip?
Why did the people believe what he
said?
Why was there great joy in Samaria?
There is always joy where Christ is re-
ceived.
Who was Simon?
Where had he been?
What did he now claim to be?
Who came from Jerusalem to help
Philip?
For what did they pray?
When did the Holy Ghost come upon
the believers?
Why could not Philip do this? He was
not an apostle.

LEARN FROM THE LESSON—

That trials may do great good.
That it is easy for a true disciple to
help others.
That Christ will not dwell in a false
heart.

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL.

"You can if you will," said Harry
Crossley to his schoolfellow the other day.
The two boys were coming home from
school together. I had overtaken them
just in time to hear the remark.

"Can what?" said I to Harry.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Harry, look-
ing up into my face. "I was saying to
Willie that we can do most anything if we
try. I want him to give up smoking
cigarettes and join our temperance society."

"Well, I think that would be a wise
thing to do," I replied. "It appears to be
a matter of cigarette and will. Your
friend must rule out the cigarette and
every bad habit, or the habits will rule.
This is the case with us all."

I passed on, and I thought how blessed
it would be if all the members of our Sun-
day-schools were as eager to advocate the
principles of my young friend Harry
Crossley.

Remember this: God will help all who
ask him to give up their bad habits.
Drinking, smoking, using profane words,
and gambling are bad habits.

LITTLE Cornelia was teaching her little
sister, Margaret, to print letters and words.
For a copy she printed her the word DOG.
Margaret took the pencil and carefully
printed the D, and the O, and the G in
their order, and then added to the lower
end of the G a little crooked line. Cornelia
took the little paper to inspect the work,
and, noticing the little crooked line added
to the G, she said, "Why Margaret, what
did you put that little crooked line to it
for?" "That's him's tail," was Margaret's
knowing reply.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

THE happiest child I ever saw was a
little girl whom I once met travelling in a
railway carriage. We were both on a
journey, and we travelled a great many
miles together. She was only eight years
old, and she was quite blind. She had
never seen all those pleasant things which
we see every day of our lives—but still
she was happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing.
She had no friends or relations to take
care of her on the journey, and be good to
her; but she was quite happy and content.
She said when she got into the carriage:
"Tell me how many people there are in
the carriage; I am quite blind, and can see
nothing!"

A gentleman asked her if she was not
afraid. "No," she said, "I am not fright-
ened. I have travelled before, and I trust
in God, and people are always very good
to me."

But I soon found out the reason why
she was so happy; and what do you think
it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus
Christ loved her. She had sought Christ,
and she had found him.

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary
said to me the other day. She had just
been competing for a prize in composition.
"I read my composition only once after I
wrote it, and I never practiced it in the
chapel at all." She was naturally far
more gifted than Alice, who was her
principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-
wrote her article, and practiced it again
and again. The day came. Alice read
her composition in a clear, distinct voice,
without hesitation or lack of expression.
It was condensed and well written. Mary's
could not be heard beyond the fifth row
of seats, and was long and uninteresting.
Alice won the prize. One remembered
and the other forgot that truth so trite,
but so aptly put by Carlyle. "Genius is
an immense capacity for taking trouble."

LITTLE DAISY.

LITTLE Daisy has a box
Filled with coloured building blocks;
Then to pass the time away
Dolls she has in great array
Rag and paper, wax and clay—
One for almost every day;
Balls and slates and pencils too;
Toys from China not a few.
Yet she wearies of her play,
Begs with her mamma to stay;
Clinging to her mother's knees,
Cries for "Tory, 'tory, please."

THE world generally figures up what a
boy is doing to-day; while he is gassing
about what he did yesterday, and what
he aims to do to-morrow.

WHEN God is satisfied with us we shall
be satisfied with God.