

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

MYDIA IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.
MARCH 29

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.— Luke 12 8.

TITLES OF GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. The F. of C.—Thou shalt go before—
2. The B. J. Jesus increased in
3. The M. of J. the B.—Behold the—
4. The E. M. of J.—His word was—
5. The P. of J.—The Son of man—
6. The S. on the M.—Why call ye me—
7. The G. H.—They glorified God—
8. F. E.—Fear not believe—
9. J. the M.—This is my beloved—
10. T. L. to O. N.—Thou shalt love the—
11. T. about P.—Ask, and it shall
12. F. and U. S.—Be not drunk with—

Time—From the announcement to Zacharias, B.C. 6, till near the close of the third year of Christ's ministry, A.D. 29.

Places—Two in Jerusalem, one in the valley of the Jordan, two in Nazareth; three in Capernaum, one on Horns of Hattin; one in Nain, one near Caesarea-Philippi; two in Perea; and one (probably) in Bethany.

DAY BY DAY WORK

Monday.—Read about the boyhood of Jesus (Luke 2, 40-52). Learn Titles of the Quarter's Lessons.

Tuesday.—Read about the early ministry of Jesus (Luke 4, 14-22). Fix in your mind Time and Places.

Wednesday.—Read concerning the power of Jesus (Luke 5, 17-26). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read of Jesus as the Great Helper (Luke 7, 1-16). Answer the Questions on Lessons I-VI.

Friday.—Read how faith was encouraged (Luke 8, 41-56). Answer Questions on Lessons VII-XII.

Saturday.—Read of Jesus as Messiah (Luke 9, 18-27). Learn Teachings of the Lessons.

Sunday.—Read concerning true love to one's neighbour (Luke 10, 25-37).

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSONS.

Children should give parents joy. We must spend youth right if we would be useful men and women. God will give special favours to the good. We should attend the services of God's house. When healed by Christ people will know it. Doing what Christ says will pay in the future. Go to Jesus in trouble. Have faith in the good Physician. We bear the cross for Christ. Our kindness is due to all who need. Earnest prayer prevails. Live every day as if it were the last.

CHINESE PAGODAS.

BY CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

One of the familiar landmarks around Peking is this pagoda, which may be seen for miles, rising high above the low temple buildings which surround it. I counted the stories of this and others, and said to an old priest,

"Why do you build pagodas so many stories high?"

"Because," said he, "that is the way to build a pagoda."

This kind of reasoning may do for a Buddhist priest, but it hardly satisfies "a live Yankee."

A pagoda is usually a hollow tower having eight sides, and is sometimes thirteen stories high. A pagoda may have one room at the base, containing the idol or relic of Buddha, while the top is solid.

There are said to be two thousand pagodas in China. There are six in and around Peking. It is said that heaven will protect the place that lies in sight of a pagoda, and destroy all bad influences. Those that I saw were all old and out of repair, which surely is very ungrateful of the Chinese, if they bring as much good luck as the Buddhists say!



WILBERT I-LAND WARRIORS.

The first pagoda was erected in Nanking over sixteen hundred years ago. They say the model was obtained of the Hindoos.

One pagoda in Shantung has a winding stairway of nearly two hundred steps. The top is about one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and commands a fine view of the country.

For a long time Nanking was celebrated for its beautiful porcelain tower, built in honour of the empress. It was to have been thirteen stories, and over three hundred feet high, but, though nineteen years was spent on it, only nine stories were completed.

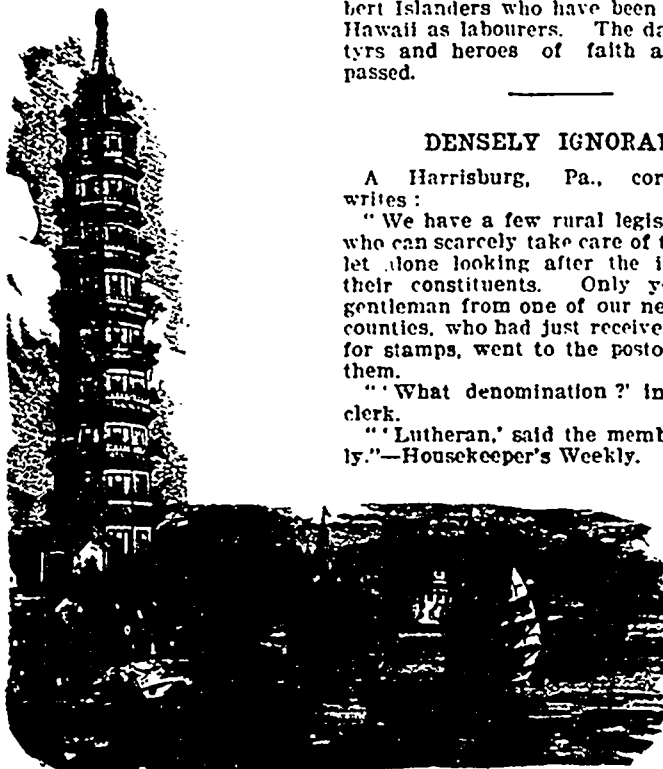
It had one hundred and ninety steps, one hundred and fifty bells hanging on the corners, and one hundred and forty lamps. A Chinese writer said, "The lamps light up thirty-three heavens, and show forth the good and evil among men, and keep off all kinds of sorrow."

After standing four hundred years the Taiping rebels blew it up for fear it would spoil their good luck!

The old pagoda near the temple where I spent many pleasant vacation hours was said to be one thousand years old. I have often gone up into it with the old priest, and talked with him as he lighted the incense.

The little bells on the many corners, that have tinkled so softly and sweetly for many centuries, are dropping off and growing less and less. Those who sing the "Jesus songs" around the old pagoda are growing more and more.

"Some sweet day," all over China, instead of pagodas shall rise the white spires of Christian churches, and instead of pagoda bells and temple gongs shall sound forth the church bell, and happy hearts shall say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The coconut-palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The same language is spoken on all of these islands. The people are naturally hardy, savage, and quarrelsome. They wear very little clothing, and men are frequently seen entirely naked. The bodies of the men are often covered with scars, and no gandy is more proud of his rings and jewels than are these men of the unsightly scars which indicate their prowess. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and laboured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged in self-preservation to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly broken in health, they were compelled to take up their residence at Honolulu, where they still continue their labours of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as labourers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.

DENSELY IGNORANT.

A Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent writes:

"We have a few rural legislators here who can scarcely take care of themselves, let alone looking after the interests of their constituents. Only yesterday a gentleman from one of our neighbouring counties, who had just received his order for stamps, went to the postoffice to get them.

"What denomination?" inquired the clerk.

"Lutheran," said the member modestly.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Little Homer's Slate.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest—
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend, pray:
"Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide,
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
"Forty years," so mother said,
"Little Homer had been dead."

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart,
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lies in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

RESTORING FOURFOLD.

One day a Kafir girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money." "You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher. "I do," she answered, "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to anyone in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by a false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

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