



THE PEKIN CHARIOT.

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Now isn't this a fine, sleepy-looking old fellow? And such a queer contrivance as he has hitched to him! What is it, you wonder? Why, it is just one of the finest carriages of which you ever heard. It is the Pekin chariot.

In China, where the people are never in a hurry, they travel in all kinds of slow ways. The principal mode of travelling is by the sedan-chair. These are used in all the cities, where the streets are too narrow for other conveyances to pass. Another way is by wheel-barrow.

But some of the larger cities, especially Pekin, have these queer-looking carts called chariots. They are not only rudely built, but they are very uncomfortable. They are entirely destitute of springs; and the passenger sits cross-legged on the bed of the cart, exactly above the axle, without any support for his back. I don't believe you would like to take a ride in the Pekin chariot, big as its name sounds!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DAVID.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON VII. [May 15.]

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Psalm 103. 1-22. Memory verses, 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Psalm 103. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's mercies are infinite, and demand the highest praises in heart, in word, and in life.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

All that is within me—His whole spiritual nature. Forget not all—Remember every one; they are many, and we are liable to forget. Redeemeth—Saveth at cost to himself. Life from destruction. (1) Our life in this world; (2) our eternal life through the redemption of Christ. Satisfieth thy mouth—The soul; "mouth" as a type of all desires. Renewed like the eagle's—Made as strong and fresh and active and joyful as that of the king of birds in his prime. Slow to anger—Does not punish any sooner than he must; bears with his children. Neither will he keep his anger for ever—He will not punish his children to their destruction as he must his enemies who will not repent. As the heaven is high—The greatest conceivable height. As far, etc.—The greatest imaginable distance. He knoweth our frame For he made us, and therefore understands all about us. Grass . . . flower—Short-lived, easily destroyed. From everlasting to everlasting—The greatest conceivable duration. Them that fear him—This is the third time this limitation is given. Only such can claim the promise. Keep his covenant—To bless and save if we obey his commands.

Find in this lesson—
Some things about our need of help.

Something about the character of God.
How many things are mentioned for which we should praise God.
The extent of God's mercy.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Why should we praise God? "Because of his many mercies to us." 2. How should we praise him? "With voice and heart and life, in public and in private." 3. For what should we praise him? "For his goodness and love." 4. How great is that love? "Higher than the heavens, longer than the east is from the west, and enduring from everlasting to everlasting." 5. Who should praise the Lord? "All his works in all places of his dominion."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. What is regeneration, or the new birth?

It is the work of God in the soul, by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus.

Make the tree good, and its fruit good.—Matt. 12. 33.

Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold they are become new.—2 Cor. 5. 17.

Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3. 3.

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and reopening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor, overloaded horses from falling, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.—Rev. F. M. Todd.

A Million for Missions.

BY THE REV. EDWARD B. HEATON.

Ye lands of the heathens, rejoice that the shadows
That wrapped you in death are beginning to rise!
From valleys and hilltops, from cornfields and meadows,
Break forth the glad tidings that brighten your skies.

Ye lands of the heathens, no more shall your waters
Engulf little children whom Jesus did bless;
No Christian hearts weep at your manifold slaughters,
The Morning Star shines o'er your rank wilderness.

Ye lands of the heathens, cry one to another,
The Bible is coming, with shepherds to lead.
Across the gray waters hasten many a brother;
Be gracious, old ocean! Wild winds, bid them speed!

From Africa's dark jungles, where rites fierce and gory
Are slaying their thousands whom Christ died to save;
From Asian altars, with sin foul and hoary,
Shall rise songs of triumph o'er death and the grave.

Then sing, O ye heathens, Jehovah hath spoken,
Ye isles of the ocean re-echo the strain,
"A million for missions!" this is the sure token;
From pole unto pole the Messiah shall reign.

JOE'S FIRST TEMPTATION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?" "Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers to-morrow," exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron around him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down upon the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out; but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am." And the fish was transferred to the lady's basket, and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the dea-

con it cost fifteen cents he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could not eat his supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, and, walking rapidly, tapped on the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now go home and confess to the Lord; but, remember, you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation.—New York Mail.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD BOY.

THE following incident, from an exchange, is very suggestive: "They all put brandy in them," said one. "They all don't. My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince pie since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother then said it was wrong, and she never would be guilty of it again. And if mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong; for what mother knows she knows."

"How about mince pies? Are you sure she knows how to make good pies?" and a laugh went up from the group of girls gathered around the register of the recitation-room, eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed these words: "If she doesn't, she knows how to make a good boy; and isn't a boy worth more than a piece of pie?"

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