



THE BEE-EATING SAND-WASP.

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The Philanthus, or "Bee-eating Sand-wasp," awaits on a flower the arrival of a bee coming in search of pollen; it watches its opportunity, and suddenly pounces upon the honest gatherer; it seizes her with his mandibles between the head and the thorax, and almost always succeeds in turning her on her back and in piercing her with its sting. The bee makes the most energetic resistance, but the Philanthus is the more agile, and rarely fails in its attempt. After being stung, the bee writhes a few times convulsively, endeavours to strike with her sting, extends her proboscis, and the next moment ends by falling lifeless. The assassin, then taking up her victim, with her mandibles and between her feet, flies off with her heavy burden. She carries her victim to her nest, a gallery excavated in the earth, as represented in the engraving.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30.

WISDOM'S WARNING.

Prov. 1. 20-33.] [Memory verses, 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.—Heb. 12. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Wisdom's invitation, v. 20-23.
2. Wisdom's warning, v. 24-33.

TIME.—About B.C. 1000.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Wisdom," in this book, stands for right living, morally and religiously. It begins with "the fear of the Lord." Wisdom is here personified as a queenly woman who "crieth" aloud in public places to all the sons of men, and who loves to lead them to nobility of character, worldly success, and spiritual blessedness. Rightly understood, true wisdom and true religion offer the same counsels and direct in the same courses. "The chief place of concourse" is the crowded thoroughfare of the city. "The gates" were the places of popular resort. "Simple ones"—inexperienced and heedless ones. "Will laugh at your calamity"—No such person as Wisdom really exists, and we know that God, for whom this fancied figure stands, loves all human souls, and is pained by their moral ruin. This phrase simply means that the moral government of the universe inflexibly bestows the wages which sin has earned. "Eat of the fruit of their own way"—The harvest is like the seed. "Quiet from fear

of evil"—No real harm can befall him. Even if he dies he is safe. Evil may be around him, but the Lord will keep him in blessedness and peace.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Wherein does this lesson show—

1. The freeness of the Gospel?
2. The free agency of man?
3. The fearfulness of refusal?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whose inspiring voice is heard in our streets, our homes, and our hearts? "The voice of wisdom." 2. What does she say to the simple ones, scorners, and fools? "Turn you at my reproof." 3. What does she say shall befall those who scorn her reproof, but afterward call to her in distress and anguish? "They shall not find me." 4. What does she say concerning prosperous fools? "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." 5. What is the Golden Text? "See that ye refuse not," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.

God's wrath against sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit?

The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come.

THE MESSAGE OF A ROSE.

I HEARD recently a true recital which brought tears to my eyes and tenderness to my heart, so I wrote the story down hoping it might help some other.

A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love for her Saviour that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison.

One day before starting on this errand of mercy she went to her conservatory, and the gardener gathered her a large box of flowers, and was about to tie it up for her, when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that that be added.

"Oh, no!" he said, "please keep that for yourself to wear to-night?"

"I need it more just now," she said, and took it with her on her journey.

Reaching the prison she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, or a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners here?" she asked the jailer.

"No; there is one whom you cannot visit, her language is so wicked it would scotch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "I have one flower, the choicest of all I brought; can you not take me to her?"

Then when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice that had breathed imprecations moaned over and over again the one word: "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailer met her, saying: "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new-found friend, told, with sobs, her sad story.

"That white rose was just like one which grew by our door, at home in Scotland; my mother's favourite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came, as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made in that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went out into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.—H. P. M., in the *Silver Cross*.

A Boy's Promise.

THE school was out, and down the street

A noisy throng came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

—Congregationalist.

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

A SAD, yet amusing, sight was witnessed in a street at Reno, Nevada, one day during the summer of 1879. Had the reader been present, he would have beheld a well-dressed man in a state of intoxication, stupidly staggering along the sidewalk, reeling hither and thither under the poor guidance of a brain completely unbalanced by strong drink.

This creature was made in God's image, and had no right thus to benumb his faculties and poison his system.

At the heels of the poor besotted drunkard could be seen a little shaggy terrier, that trotted behind his master with every apparent evidence of shame! Shame for the human brute! There was shame manifested in his eye and head and tail; shame in every motion. The poor dog kept close to the drunkard, following his staggering and crooked steps, but with a downcast look and dangling tail, apparently so much ashamed and so miserable that he would not look any sober passer by in the face.

The brute was ashamed of the man! Yes. Once in a while the man would stop, catch hold of a fence railing, and, stupidly looking at the earth, would sway to and fro.

This would seem to increase the misery of the dog, who, with a countenance filled with concern, would sit down on his haunches, trembling, and cast sneaking glances to the right and left to see if any

one was observing the shameful condition of his master. This is no fancy picture, but a simple fact as reported in public prints.

The terrier showed more shame than the men who license the open sale of the liquors that thus make brutes of human beings, for they are not at all ashamed of it. God will surely visit the people with his judgments unless these things are changed. It is to be hoped the day is not far distant until the cursed traffic is removed.

GENEROSITY.

I KNOW a little girl in China whose name is Pearl. She is seven years old. When she is ten she hopes to go to school; she is often talking about it, and wishing she was old enough to go. One day a minister was in her father's house—a Chinese minister with a long blue gown and black pig-tail.

Pearl was playing with her money-box. The minister said:

"What are you going to do with that money, Pearl? Why do you not buy some sweet-meats with it?"

"No," said little Pearl, "I wish to get a great many cash that when I go to school I may buy some pins and flowers for my hair."

All the little Chinese girls wear pins and flowers; they are ashamed to be seen out of doors without them, and little Pearl thought, perhaps, her mother would be too poor to buy them for her, so she would not spend her money on cakes and sweets.

One day Pearl was in church, and she heard the minister telling about the famine in the North of China, a long way off. She heard him tell how the people had nothing to eat and how they were dying for want of food.

After the service she said to her mother: "May I give something to these poor people?"

"Yes; father will give you some money to put in the plate," her mother said.

"Oh, no," she said; "I want to give my own money;" and off she ran with her face all smiles, and in a minute or two came back with her money-box and emptied it all into the plate.

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