

Kissed His Mother.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When, in spite of the frost and snow,
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will,
A face with a promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Glow bright with a wordless welcome,
As the sunshine warms the skies,
Back again, sweetheart mother,
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Hearts,
Since time the earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!
—Christian Intelligencer.

THE ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

Selecting passages of Scripture as a text or basis of a sermon or discourse seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the Book of the Law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people responded "Amen," read in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the meaning. Previous to that time the patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which period they had almost forgotten the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times the Book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this custom the Saviour conformed, and at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the Dark Ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday instead of the Holy Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X.—JUNE 6.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

James 3. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—Psalm 34. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Power of the Tongue, v. 1-5.
 2. The Danger of the Tongue, v. 6-13.
- Time.—A.D. 44 or 45, probably.
Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Sins of the tongue.—James 3. 1-13.
- Tu. Laws against falsehood.—Lev. 19. 11-18.
- W. Punishment of deceit.—Jer. 9. 1-8.
- Th. Gehazi's falsehood.—2 Kings 5. 20-27.
- F. The deceitful tongue.—Psalm 52.
- S. The proud tongue.—Psalm 12.
- Sa. True and false.—Prov. 10. 11-23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Power of the Tongue, v. 1-5.
What caution does the apostle give?
What reason for this caution?
What is the mark of a perfect man?
By what means are horses controlled?
What part of the ship must be rightly managed?
2. The Danger of the Tongue, v. 6-13.
What is an ungoverned tongue like?
Where do evil words begin? Matt. 15. 18.
Why should we be careful in our speech? Matt. 12. 36.
What double use of the tongue is sinful?
What do the fountain and the fig tree teach us?
What should be our daily prayer? Psalm 19. 14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

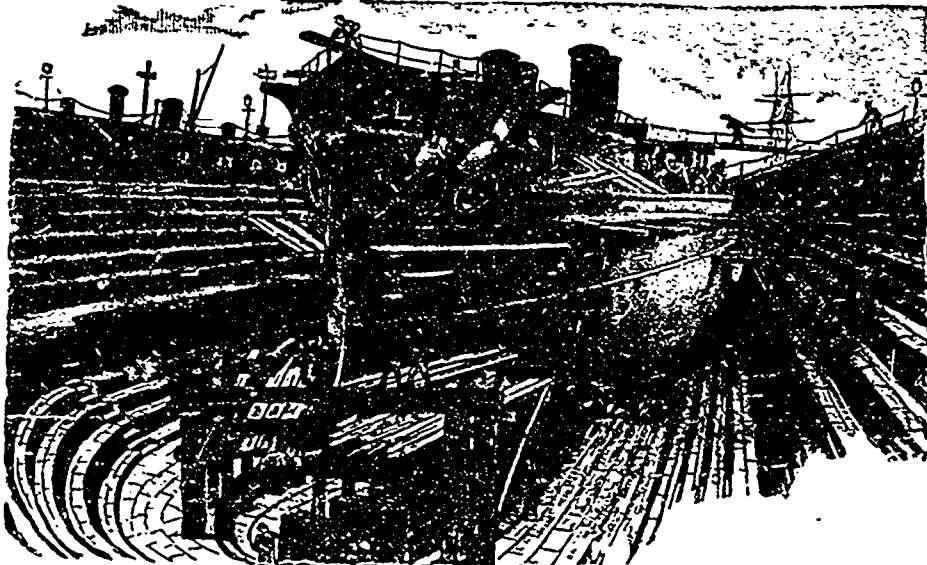
- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. The danger of evil speaking?
 2. The value of right words?

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

"I was in New York on business," the chaplain said at a club, "when I received a wire announcing the serious illness of my youngest child, a girl about six years old. She was the pet and the hope of the home. I took the first train west. On account of floods we were detained on the road two days. When I arrived, the nervous strain upon me would have crushed me, I think, had I not considered that the life of the child depended upon the attention I must give her, based, of course, upon the physician's skill. I carried her in my arms for two days and nights.
"She had not slept for fifty hours, and her life hung upon her getting a few hours' sleep. After consultation medical skill suggested an opiate. It was given, and I held her on my lap in order that she should get absolute quiet and rest. Just as she fell into slumber she was aroused by the cry on the street of a banana peddler. She was startled, and the physician's face showed too plainly

hear your gal's sick. I ain't got much, but here's all I've got, and it's for her' With that he thrust a greasy roll of paper in my hand, and before I could fully realize what he was up to he was gone. I looked at the contents of the paper, and it contained the boy's earnings for his papers. I tried to overtake the boy, but he had gone. I left word for him to come back to the house.
"Several days passed. The banana man, who was still on guard, reported to me that he had not seen the boy, and that no one knew where he was. In course of time my little one recovered, God gave her back to me, and then I instituted a search for that newsboy. It took me some time to find him. When I did he was down on Thirty-ninth Street. He saw me coming and scampered away. It took me some little time to get him. When I did I explained to him that the little one was well, and that he must take back the money he gave me. He was at first reluctant to do so, but finally consented. 'Is the gal well?' he said, 'and don't she need nothin'?' I told him she needed nothing, and that he could come back to his old corner. 'I would do anything for a sick gal,' he said, as he looked at me, in the most honest way.
"I have read a good deal about sympathy. I have heard and read a good deal in the way of eulogy, but I never heard anything as eloquent as that boy's sentiment for the 'sick gal,' and I never saw anything as tender as the solicitude of the fruit-peddler. This world, gentlemen, is full of tender chords, and there are always hands to play upon them, and what sweet music they make!"
When the chaplain had told his story, I saw several strong men get up and walk over to the window and look out, silently. But I knew it was not for the purpose of seeing anything. The chaplain himself had unconsciously swept the chords of which he had spoken.—Chicago Mail.

How you own row when you see the weeds grow.



HOW AN IRONCLAD IS BUILT.

HOW AN IRONCLAD IS BUILT.

This cut gives a good illustration of the way in which these huge war-vessels are constructed. Some of them cost over £1,000,000, and when built their mission is one of war, not of peace. In the present state of society they are necessary to protect commerce, and act as the police of the sea. But in the higher civilization of the future, such huge machines of destruction will be unknown. Notice the great ram at the bow, for piercing and running down opposing vessels.

A steamship was recently built in a New Jersey yard, every part, both metal and iron, fitted and completed, with the exception of riveting and fastening; it was then taken apart, put into about two hundred boxes, and freighted to Colombia, South America. On reaching there it will be unpacked, set up on ways, riveted and fastened, and then launched for service on the Magdalena River. It took sixty days to build the craft; it will require much less time to rebuild her and set her going.—Zion's Herald.

With wine and waste to the workhouse you haste.

Strong drink banish that crime may vanish.

Strong drink turns a good coat into rags.

He who takes pains makes gains.

A WORD BY THE WAY.

Opportunities for speaking "a word by the way" are constantly occurring, and if all such were improved the result would be incalculable. A rich reward for one act of Christian fidelity is recounted by an incident which took place several years since. Two merchants had taken their seats in the morning train for a certain city. They were neighbours, dwelling in a contiguous suburb, and doing business in a large and populous town. Although their residences were near together, and they saw each other daily, they were not intimate. They had few sympathies in common. One had been for many years a professed disciple of Christ, loving God's house, and alive to all that pertained to the spread of the Gospel. The other was a respectable and successful merchant, absorbed in business, and to all appearance indifferent to all beyond this life. On the morning in question these two neighbours happened to occupy the same seat in the railway carriage. They soon became earnestly engaged in conversation on business, its prospects, their own plans and successes.

The worldly merchant, the elder of the two, said that he had been very successful in business for the year past; he could now say he had a competence. "I do not care," said he, "to be worth any more."

"Well," said his friend, "this life is all provided for. That is all right. But how about the life beyond?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "I do not worry myself about that."

"But ought you not to trouble yourself about it?"

"No; I think not. I have no doubt that it will be all right."

"But I would not thus trust without looking into the matter. The interests involved are momentous."

The train had reached the station, and the two merchants separated, each taking his way to his own place of business. A few months afterward the Christian merchant missed his neighbour from the morning train. On inquiry he learned that he was sick. Days and weeks passed, and he knew only that his neighbour was unable to be out. At length, as he was in his office in the city one day, he received a telegram that his neighbour was dying and was desirous to see him. He lost no time in hastening to his bedside. There, surprised and delighted, he heard from the lips of the dying man this announcement:

"I could not die without thanking you, sir, for what you said to me some months since in the railway train. It made an impression on me at the time, and since I have been shut up here it has come up to me again. I am dying, but I trust all beyond. My hope is in Christ."

Diamond Jubilee

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