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HONEY SCHOOLS

AND

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1890.

[No. 7.



THE RESURRECTION. — (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

From east to west I've marched beneath the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gaul,
Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rheneis Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar: in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel eyes gleam: then he seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood lysed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep,
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to scower,
And gather where He lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams are flying,
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these unearthly lights? and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame;
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame.

But could not save. He who in death was hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face;
What if he rose again and I should meet him?
How awful is this place!

An Easter Blessing.

BY MARGARET K. SAINGER.

RUTH MASON, pale and wan, was sitting—as for seven long weeks she had sat—at the little west window, from which she could see the churchyard and the white glimmer of the stones above her mother's grave. The railway accident in which she had been crippled, and her mother killed at her side, had occurred during Christmas week, and for many days after that a horror of great darkness, so to speak, had fallen upon Ruth's life. Shut in to herself—in pain, in rebellion, in great loneliness—there had been no light in heaven nor on earth for poor Ruth.

A little before February she had begun to rally, and the doctor was pleased to note that she grew stronger daily; but, while her body gained, her soul was as wretched as ever. Each morning, after she was dressed by the tender hands of Aunt Harriet, who was so like her mother that Ruth could not look into the sweet face without a quiver, she would walk to the window, seat herself, and spend hour after hour gazing through distance at

the grave over which the daffodils would soon be shining in golden splendour. The old-fashioned hamlet was the suburb of a city, and the churchyard had once been in the country, but the town had overtaken it.

"Ruth is in a morbid state, mentally," the good doctor said. "Cannot you, Mrs. Hartwell, think of anything that will take her out of herself? Get her to do something for somebody else. This brooding is unnatural in a girl of eighteen."

"I feel that, doctor," said Aunt Harriet; "but I don't see my way clear to helping Ruth just now except by letting her alone. Time and prayer work wonders, you know."

"I did not think that Ruth Mason would be so selfish in her grief," pursued Dr. Loomis, a little irritably. "Don't you see, Mrs. Hartwell, that if she cannot be roused she will become a cripple for life, and, perhaps, get to be a monomaniac as well? I am at my wit's end, I confess. But there is no need, if Ruth's will can be brought into action, that she shall remain lame always. She is young, and there is no injury that is necessarily beyond cure."

"Be patient, doctor," said gentle Aunt Harriet; "I have great faith in time and prayer—or, rather, in prayer and time—for I won't put the first last, even in my thoughts."

Aunt Harriet had learned where to cast her burdens, and she hoped till her prayer was answered.

Day by day the spring drew nearer—pussy-willows and snow-drops, green grass and babbling-brooks, announcing her coming. One morning, as Ruth sat in her usual arm-chair, she surprised Aunt Harriet by calling, in her old, animated manner:—

"Auntie, dear!—Something is happening—come and see!"

Mrs. Hartwell's hand on the sewing-machine paused, and the white seam was arrested midway. Dropping her work, she crossed the room to find out what had so startled Ruth. The little incident was delightful to the good auntie.

To understand Ruth's surprise at the sight—not unusual to most of us—of a large furniture-van driving to a city door, loaded with chairs, sofas, bedding, and the miscellaneous articles of a house-keeping outfit.

"Now, aunty," she said, "I mean to look out for the people themselves. I hope they will be as nice as their things are. It's very queer, isn't it? that the Thorpe's, of all people, should rent their house. I never heard of such a thing!"

Mrs. Hartwell explained, after a few moments, that much had taken place during Ruth's illness, of which she had not been informed. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Thorpe—who owned the house next door—had gone to Europe. Their house had been for some time in the hands of a real estate agent, and now it had probably been rented. Just as she finished this explanation, a carriage drove up, and from it descended a little old gentleman, with a long white beard, and a gold-headed cane; a young lady, wrapped from head to foot in a gray cloth circular; and a beautiful little girl of seven, holding a wise-looking pug-dog very tightly in her chubby arms.

"Why, aunty," exclaimed Ruth, "this is like a story-book! Who do you think may these people be?"

"The lady," replied Mrs. Hartwell, after a few minutes' survey, during which the group on the side-walk had gone into the house and closed the door; "the lady, Ruth, is the new soprano at St. Stephen's Church. Her name, I believe, is Elsie Danforth. The old gentleman is her father, and the child her little sister."

"Aunty?"

"Well, dear?"

"Hasn't Elsie Danforth any mother?"

"No, Ruth. Her mother has long been an invalid, and the earthquake in Charleston hastened her death. I was told that she died of the shock."

Ruth was silent, but her tear-filled eyes wandered over to the spot where her own darling mother was lying. For the first time since her accident it came home to her consciousness that hers was not the only aching heart in the world. The girl next door, Elsie Danforth, had felt a similar sorrow to hers—known a similar grief.

Meanwhile Elsie Danforth was seldom seen by Ruth, but often heard. For always—five or six times a day—she practiced vocal exercises; and, by and by, in the twilight, Ruth found herself listening—almost spell-bound—to the glorious strains of the Easter music, which floated from the Danforth's parour, penetrating easily the thin partition-walls separating the houses.

In the days preceding Ruth's accident and the loss of her mother, she had herself been a singer—trained by one of the best masters in the city, and taking great pleasure in her gift. But the song had gone out of her life, as she thought, forever; and it had seemed to her that she could not lift up her voice again as she had done in the days of gladness which had passed. Listening now to Elsie, as day after day one and another glad anthem or silvery carol filled the air, the desire to sing came back. Several times Aunt Hattie heard Ruth hum a few bars after Elsie, and was thankful for their tuneful neighbour.

Ruth began to go here and there about the house—on her crutch, of course; and the girls who were her friends resumed, by degrees, their old habit of running in now and then, telling what the King's Daughters' were doing, what the Young People's Society had planned, and how the Easter services were to be carried forward at St. Stephen's. The house took on its olden look of life in a chastened form.

"Everybody is so pleased with the new soprano," said one of the visitors. "Such a glorious voice; and such a sweet, refined girl, but so shy and distant, we don't feel acquainted with her in the least. That black maid of hers—'Mammy,' she calls her—always comes to rehearsal with Miss Danforth, sits in a pew like a sphinx asleep till it's over, and then the two go home together. Her mother is dead, you know—"

Nellie Lothrop paused and blushed hotly. She had not meant to say this, and she felt now as though she had laid her hand roughly on a raw wound. Ruth relieved her embarrassment by gently smiling.

"Yes, Nellie," she said, "I know, and that makes me feel as if Miss Danforth and I may yet be friends. But aunty called, and she was not received very cordially, though the family were perfectly polite, and so we are not yet acquainted. But I enjoy hearing that girl sing. Sometimes I feel as if I could hear the angels singing when she lifts up such a strain as that. Listen!"

The girls hushed their chatter. Clear and sweet—every syllable liquid, and perfectly articulated—they heard:—

"Christ hath risen! Rise, my soul!
Look beyond the bounds of time!
Out of prison, fair and whole,
Thou shalt reach the happy clime
Where no sorrow dims the eyes;
Where no tears shall ever fall;
Where no morrow's dull surprise
Over love shall cast a pall.
Christ has risen! Therefore rise,
Soul, and enter Paradise!"

It was almost Easter. Good Friday had come and gone. On Saturday afternoon the young people were busy in decorating the church with potted plants, and wreaths of flowers and vines. The Sunday-school children came in with their hands full of lilies and hyacinths. Never had there been so lavish a profusion of flowers; nor had every one—from the oldest to the youngest—been so happily taken up with the gladness of the time. The choir had prepared an elaborate service. The Easter this year was to be signalized by special thank-offerings for the goodness of God in leading his Church to larger work, and in giving it a blessed season of revival.

The last rehearsal was to be held on Saturday evening. Ruth Mason, who for a few days had gone out-doors, trying to accustom herself to longer distances, with the aid of her ivory-tipped crutch, lingered till the finishing touches were given to the flowers, and was about to go home, when a voice at her elbow said:—

"Miss Mason, may I present myself? We are neighbours, I believe. I am Elsie Danforth. I have brought my only flower, but I fear there is no room for it. I could not get away sooner. Dear little Blanche has been ill all day. Her throat is sore, and she wouldn't let sister out of her sight."

Ruth responded heartily to Elsie's greeting, and exclaimed in admiration when she saw what Elsie had brought. It was a rare and superb orchid, in magnificent bloom—the blossoms, a mingling of pure white and delicate lilac and rose, looked like birds poised for flight. The whole lovely thing was ethereal, angelic, a very flower of paradise.

"There is only one place fit for this exquisite gem of a flower, Miss Danforth. Just here, on the desk, there is a fitting niche." And Ruth indicated the precise spot where she thought it might add beauty to the already beauty-crowded sanctuary.

"Are you going back?" inquired Ruth. "Because, if so, we might drive together. My friend, Mrs. Randolph, has sent word that her carriage will presently return for me."

"If Mr. Jameson will kindly let me try my solo now, and will excuse me from the rehearsal this evening, as we have had so much practice, I will be only too glad to avail myself of your kind offer," said Elsie. "I don't like leaving Blanche with only my father, and Mammy must come with me, of course, if I return this evening."

The chorister and organist both being present they acceded to Miss Danforth's request, and Ruth, ensconcing herself comfortably in a corner of the pastor's square pew, listened, and felt borne to heaven's very doors as the accents of the Easter-song fell upon her ear, and its cadences floated through the fretted aisles, and soared upward to the lofty ceiling:—

"Christ hath risen! Rise, my soul!
Look beyond the bounds of time!
Out of prison, fair and whole,
Thou shalt reach the happy clime
Where no sorrow dims the eyes;
Where no tears shall ever fall;
Where no morrow's dull surprise
Over love shall cast a pall.
Christ hath risen! Therefore rise,
Soul, and enter Paradise!"

The two girls drove home together, and exchanged a loving good-night. To both had come that sweet experience of being mutually attracted, which is often the pleasant precursor of womanly friendship. And who shall say that—their dear ones gone before—the mothers who in heaven had not forgotten to love the children they left behind here on the earth, did not look down and see with

pleasure this beginning of association on the part of Ruth and Elsie?

Ruth was ready betimes for church on Easter morning, and Mrs. Hartwell was tying her own bonnet strings, when there came a quick peal at the door-bell, and the wizened old Mammy, with a frightened face, handed in a hastily-scribbled note, and a roll of music.

"Please give it to the young lady," she said, and was gone "like a flash," said Irish Katy, who by no means approved of persons of Mammy's colour.

"Bad 'cess to her! Comin' to the house like a shadow on Easter mornin'," muttered Katy, as she gingerly carried the note to Miss Ruth's room.

It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR MISS MASON,—We are in a world of perplexity. Blanche has scarlet fever. My father forbids my going to church, and so does the doctor. And what is to become of the Easter solo? and the chorus, too, with no leading soprano? I am in despair. Will you explain the situation to Mr. Jameson? And pray for us, we are in so much trouble.
ELSIE DANFORTH."

Now, to supply the place of a soprano at a moment's notice, when everyone is engaged, is among the impossibilities. Ruth's mind reviewed the difficulties, saw the consternation of the choir, the chagrin of the chorister, the disappointment of the congregation.

Only one course seemed open to her. She had heard Miss Danforth sing her solo so many times that she knew it by heart herself; but would she—ought she to dare to take her neighbour's place? Hurriedly consulting aunty, that lady said:—

"My darling, if you can. You know what dear mamma would have said. She would have bidden you, try."

The dismay visible on the faces in the organ-gallery was quite enough to have taken the heart—the courage—out of a self-conscious girl; but Ruth Mason was not very much hampered by self-consciousness at any time, and in this case she was buoyed up by a sense of trying to help another in an extremity.

Less critical than sympathetic, the great congregation, joined in the music that day, and those who noticed—as they could not help doing—that a novice had taken the leading part, felt somehow the glow of a new emotion, for Ruth Mason forgot herself, and was joining in the song that is forever going on above, of which our chants and anthems are only bits and broken snatches.

"Love divine, all love excelling," sang the choir, the girl's voice—that sorrow had so long hushed—leading the rest; and to many a comforted listener came the thought anew that in heaven the ransomed host—saved by love divine—were singing "Alleluia."

"The flowers are more beautiful this year than ever," said Nellie Randolph; "and that orchid on the pulpit! it looked as if it were alive, and wanted to spread its wings. What a lovely Easter we're having, and how Ruth Mason sang!"

"I'm glad she's getting over her mother's death," said Mrs. Kingman, a kind-hearted but matter-of-fact woman, who could not understand why people should grieve, as many do, when their friends are gone, and there's nothing more to be done.

"Ruth will never get over that, I think," said Aunt Hattie, to whom the remark had been addressed. "But it has made her stronger, and, by-and-by, it will make her happier as life goes on, that the best of it is in the other land, waiting till she is done with this one."

"She's not so lame, I see," pursued the literal friend.

"On, no! Ruth will recover from that trouble," answered Aunt Harriet, cheerfully.

When Easter was long past, little Blanche well again, and Elsie restored to the place in the choir which Ruth had kept for her through eight or nine Sundays, Mammy one day came in, bearing an orchid even more beautiful and bird-like than the one that had gone to church, as a gift from Elsie's father, who had a passion for orchids, and cultivated them with rare success. Never was there such a beauty. It fairly glorified the little room as it stood in the west window, where Ruth still loved to sit. But since Easter brought to her its blessing, and the joy of getting out of herself and into a heavenly atmosphere, she looks with other eyes at the white, glimmering stone in the distance on her mother's grave. She can say now, from a full heart:—

"I believe in the resurrection of the dead."

May such an Easter blessing be yours, wherever you are, if the year has brought you trouble or grief.

"Christ hath risen! Soul be strong!
Gird thee for the battle's brunt.
Christ hath risen! Lift the song;
Christ is marching in the front.
Christ hath risen! Angels raise
Shouts of victory above!
Christ hath risen! Endless days
We shall sing his matchless love.
Christ hath risen! Through the skies
We, with him, to life shall rise!"

Answer to Vision Lesson in Home and School of January 25th.

BY FANNIE I. KNOX.

St. JOHN was in Patmos, an isle far away,
He was in the spirit on God's holy day;
This Apostle was exiled for preaching God's word
And telling mankind of a crucified Lord.

In Divine revelation the story is found,
How he saw this great vision and fell to the ground;
Before that bright being, ah! who could but fall?
It was the Redeemer and Saviour of all.

Who once left his glory in heaven and trod
This earth, to redeem us and bring us to God:
Mid seven golden candlesticks he did stand,
And seven stars gazing held in his right hand.

Then he speaks and explains the vision given
"The candlesticks here are the churches seven,
And the stars in my hand are their angels bright,
Loving messages now to the churches write."

Then to every church a message he sends,
Reproves, encourages, and again commends;
"I know thy works" to every one he said,
From my all-seeing eye there is nothing hid.

"Be watchful, be prayerful, hold fast and be strong,
Till I come again," I will not tarry long;
"Then all who overcome them with me shall reign
Behold I come quickly, even so Lord, amen."

Harold, Oct.

Dr. KITTO and other eminent writers favour the opinion that Luke was an educated Greek slave, who had, perhaps, received his freedom in consideration of valuable services rendered his master. "The higher class of Romans were averse to the practice of medicine, which they left rather to their freedmen." After he had obtained his freedom he returned to Antioch, in Syria, and continued there the practice of his profession. Here he probably became acquainted with St. Paul, and was converted under his ministry. He probably became the travelling companion of the great apostle because of the latter's feeble health. His medical skill was useful in gaining an opening for the gospel, as we now find it the case in modern missions among the heathen.—Selected.

Easter Hymn.

BY E. I. SUMNER, D.D., LL.D.

He is not gone—No, he is risen—
See where the Master lay:
The gates and bars of Death's dark prison
See how He bore away
No friend to first of friends or foe
His body hence has borne
By his own power the Lord arose,
Thus Resurrection Morn.

Not dead this—no, this side—
There is the vacant tomb:
Here is the Lord—He speaks: "I am!"
I from the dead have come
This is the Lord! We know the voice:
—Peace be with you!" speaks he
"Look at these arms—do not—do not—
'Tis I myself you see!"

Dead was taken, Lord, but that is past—
Alive for evermore:
The keys of Death and Hell soon burst:
We now defy their power
Death's Conqueror! With these we die—
With these we shall arise—
With these our Head ascend on high,
Above the starry skies!

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Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1890.

An Easter Meditation.

On a Sunday morning a little more than eighteen hundred years ago an event took place which changed the current of history and gave to the world a new purpose. In a garden outside the wall of Jerusalem a tomb had been opened to receive the body of a young man whose life, fraught with promise, had come to a sudden end. A little group of men and women who had loved this youth well and had hoped much from him, but had been bitterly disappointed in his failure, dropped their tears upon his corpse and then laid it away in the grave while the world went on its way regardless of that sepulchre in the garden.

Let us suppose for one moment that the seal on that tomb had remained unbroken, and that the body it contained had gone back to dust; that he were still lying "in that lone Syrian town," with the Syrian stars looking down upon his ashes. What then! Then there would have been no Christian Church, no Christian civilization, no Christian Sabbath, no Christian Scriptures—and for us no Hebrew Scriptures either; no Christian faith rising above the clouds, and no Christian hope with its anchor within the veil! If one

should look upon a Canadian or American city to day he would see no churches pointing heaven-ward and would hear no church bells with their mellow cadence. He might see the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque and hear the call of a muezzin calling men arise and pray or he might see the tower of a pagoda, and incense rising before the image of Buddha. He might listen to the reading of the Koran or of Confucius, but he would never have read the Gospel according to John and the Epistle to the Ephesians. All the wealth wrapped up in Christianity would have been lost to the world in that closed sepulchre on Calvary!

But Sunday morning came to that grave by Jerusalem,

and the sun looked upon a broken seal, a stone rolled away, an empty tomb, a risen Christ! On that day a half-dozen women and a dozen men stole out of their hiding-places to look with mingled fear and hope on that deserted sepulchre. Now the whole world surrounds it, while Easter carols break upon the air and the Easter joy suffuses a hundred million hearts. "Christ is risen" sounds out from a hundred thousand pulpits. "He is risen indeed" echoes from as many choirs.

If in all the year there is one day which it is well to celebrate it is that day which marks our Lord's arising from the grave; for it sets the seal of truth upon the record of his life and proclaims that he is what he claimed to be the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. It shows that he is divine while human, and while standing on the earth and not ashamed to call us brethren he is able to save to the uttermost and to lift us up to God. It gives a new hope to the heart of man, for in his resurrection we see the promise and potency of our resurrection and the well-founded hope of our immortality.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—Our Youth.

Learning to Take Part.

In young people's meetings, it is well that as many of the members as possible take part each week. Some may make prayers, others speak a few words, and others may only read a verse of Scripture. But most young people find it hard at first to take any part, however small, in a public meeting. In some churches there are "schools of practice," where those who cannot face a full meeting may gain confidence by exercise in a less public way.

In one church, for instance, in which there are a great many young people, a company of the younger men and of the older boys meets in a quiet room for half-an-hour every Sabbath morning, before the church service. A topic is chosen in advance, and one of the number leads and the others take part—reading or praying or saying a few words. After a few weeks they become able to take part in the larger meeting of the young people. In this way many took their first lessons who are now eloquent and forceful in exhortation and earnest and impressive in prayer.

In another church, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school gathered about him for an hour every week a number of young men, and patiently



LESSON PICTURE.

APRIL 13.—THE WIDOW OF NAIN.—Luke vii. 11-18

taught them how to take part in the meetings in a creditable and edifying manner. He had them read, and corrected their faults until they learned to read gracefully and effectively. He had them speak, and pointed out to them their errors, and taught them how to speak so that people would care to listen to them, and would be interested and instructed. He called upon them to pray, and told them their faults of manner in prayer. Thus he made the meeting a real school of the most practical kind, in which a company of twenty-five young fellows learned lessons they will never forget, and marks of which they will bear through all their years in their ability to take part in religious and other meetings.—Forward.

Fuss is Not Work.

You may see this any day and anywhere. As you go along, you see two horses harnessed together before a car. One of them makes a great fuss, as if he had all the world behind him, and was in eager haste to get it just where he wants it to be. He dances and prances, jumps up and down, and springs into the collar with all his might, and then falls back from it, because all does not give way to him. The other makes no fuss at all. He stops and starts at the signal, wastes no strength in violence, but puts his whole weight into the collar just when it is needed.

The one makes the fuss—the other does the work. What is the difference? The one is restive—the other is docile. The one is in his own will—the other is in the will of his master.

How like some Christians that you and I could name! One is restive—the other docile. The one is in his own will—the other is in the Lord's will. The one stops when he ought to go, and starts when he ought to stand. The other is obedient in his faith, and so quick to hear the voice of the Lord, that—like the docile horse, which does not require bit or rein or word, but, catching the conductor's signal, stops at the bell tap—he moves forward at the right moment, and at the right moment stops, whether in word or deed.

The one makes all the fuss—the other does all the work. The way to work wisely and well is to present yourself a living sacrifice unto God, and let his will be your will, and so prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God every day all your life long.—The Christian at Work.

PRAYER, if it be done as a task, is no prayer.



MARY'S EASTER.

Mary's Easter.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

He is dead, my blessed Master!
They have laid Him in the tomb.
Oh, the grief, and pain, and anguish!
Oh, the loneliness and gloom!
In our grief, for consolation,
He came with sweet ministry;
For our burdens, help He brought us,
For affliction, sympathy.

Never did He faint or fail us,
And we hoped that He had come
For our Israel's redemption,
Hence to drive the hosts of Rome.
Now, alas! O quenchless sorrow!
He is sleeping with the dead;
They with wicked hands have slain Him,
And our every hope is fled!

AT THE TOMB.

What! What ruthless hand and cruel
Dared that solitude invade?
See, the open tomb is empty!
Where have they His body laid?
He had promised us a kingdom
Evermore to stand in pride;
Now a resting-place in safety
To His body is denied.

Sir, O where, *where* have ye laid Him?
Ye have taken Him away!
Let me strew these fragrant spices
O'er His sleeping form, I pray!
Hush! He speaks! What tones familiar
On my ear fall soft and low?
"Mary!" 'Tis His voice! O Master,
Thou, my Lord, my God, I know!

Now the stone-barred tomb is riven!
Now the prison doors stand wide!
Death forevermore is vanquished,
Risen is the Lord who died!
He is risen! He is risen!
Spread the good news far and near!
Now we know He is our Saviour,
We will trust Him without fear.

The Date of Easter.

WHAT fixes the date of Easter each year, and why isn't it, like Christmas, the same date every year?

Easter is the first Sunday after the full moon that occurs on or next after March 21; and if the full moon falls on the 21st, Easter is the next Sunday. Of course, if the DATE were the same each year, the DAY would be Sunday only once in six years.

Some of the early Christians did fix the date in this way, while others used the present way. But, in the year 325, the matter was brought by Constantine before the Council of Nice, and it was evidently thought best that the anniversary of the event which changed the Sabbath from the seventh day of the week to the first day, should always fall upon the first day; for they, deciding between the two ways, then in use, selected for the whole Church the method which would bring Easter always on Sunday.

Since that decision, Easter cannot fall earlier than March 22, nor later than April 25, in any year. These dates are called the "Easter Limits."

Easter occurred on March 22, in 1818, but cannot come again on that day until 2285.

Blessedness of Trust.

ALL through creation we see examples of fearlessness and safety on the part of those who trust creatures stronger than themselves. Swimming swiftly through the sea is a little steel-blue striped fish—a distant relative of the mackerel—who was called the pilot-fish, because he was erroneously believed to guide the gigantic shark, his constant companion.

Thus the poet sings;—

"Bold in the front the little pilot glides,
Averts each danger, every movement guides."

He is perfectly safe, because he is the friend of the most terrible monster of the deep; and, feeding on scraps of his food, none dare come near to assail him. Something of this fearlessness is experienced by a child, who would tremble to go alone through the portals of a splendid public building, but rejoices to do so when he is held by the hand of his father, who is entering with him; and it is because the child is helpless alone that the father goes with him. Consciousness and acknowledgment of weakness constitute our claim on the tender protection of the Almighty Father; and when he is with us we need fear no evil.

THE lightning had just struck a house. A crowd had gathered. "What's the matter?" asked a little girl, who had just come up. "A thunderbolt has fallen, little one," was the answer. "And was it much hurt?" queried the little lass.

Easter.

SWEET memories are weaving their network
Of beautiful thoughts, in my brain,
As Easter, glad hope-bringing Easter,
Comes freighted with brightness again.

I think of that other rare morning,
Of the friends of the Saviour who wept,
Of the angels waiting in silence
At Joseph's new tomb where He slept.

I see the light flush of the dawning
Of day, in the east creeping low,
And soon, with its banners of beauty,
The sun sets the heavens aglow.

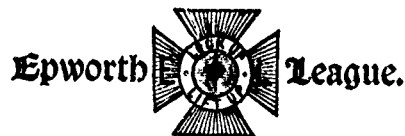
And I seem, through years that turn backward,
To see Mary of Bethany go
With spices and perfumes most precious
A tribute of love to bestow.

But the tomb had yielded its treasure,
Divinity burst every band,
And He who has bought my redemption
Sits now at the Father's right hand.

The crucified Christ now is risen,
No more will He suffer for men;
He liveth, He liveth forever,
Oh, tell the glad tidings again!

O earth, in your green budding spring-time,
O childhood, the emblem of spring,
O manhood and age, all uniting,
Your homage and gratitude bring!

Crown Him who has risen, your Saviour,
For He lives our crowning to see:
Christ liveth! O mortals, adore Him;
He has risen for you and for me!

**TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

April 6. *Whom should I love?* Matt. 22. 37; 1 John 4. 19; 5. 3; Eph. 6. 24; John 14. 21; 1 Pet. 2. 17; Rom. 12. 10; 1 John 3. 14; Amos 5. 15; Matt. 22. 39; Gal. 5. 14; Jas. 2. 8; Luke 6. 27, 28; 6. 35.

April 13. *The comfort of Christ.* Luke 7. 13; Isa. 40. 1; Psa. 94. 19; 2 Cor. 1. 3, 4; Isa. 49. 13; 66. 13; 2 Cor. 1. 5; 1 Pet. 5. 10; John 14. 16; 14. 18; 2 Thess. 2. 16, 17; 2 Cor. 4. 17, 18; Rom. 8. 18; Rev. 21. 4.

"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—JOHN WESLEY.

The Need for the Epworth League.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN.

(A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.)

THERE is development in Church life; growth in ecclesiastical, as well as in civil and political organizations. British national life enlarges into Parliaments, Courts, and Councils; into ministries and magistracies for the government of the people. What a powerful appliance and stupendous expansion is the public school system; and how jealously it should be guarded, and carefully nourished in its integrity! Yet there was a day when in Britain or the colonies was no Public School System. Who would give it up now? What a potent agency and marvellous growth is the Sabbath School work! Yet it is comparatively a little time since the seed of this growth was planted. The Church preached the gospel, perpetuated the ministry and administered the sacraments without it; and there were that thought before its existence that the perfec-

tion of Church appliances had been gained. Who would speak or dream of dispensing with the Sabbath School in our Protestantism now! How far-reaching, glorious and mighty through the grace of God are the Missionary Societies, the Tract Societies and the Bible Societies! Yet they are of quite modern use in the Church of God and are only in the beginning of an amazing career. For centuries they were not; without them the Church made some advancement, but who does not now see that in the Providence of God the times were waiting for them, and that in a good sense they are indispensable to the evangelization of the world and the salvation of the race!

Has it not become a question with us, How shall we keep our young people in the Church? Why do our youth, especially our boys, grown up, leave the Sabbath School? How can we keep our young men and young women in the Sabbath School? Is not the Sabbath School too young and the Church too old for this transition period? And is this not a very important period? Is not the Sabbath School just for the children? and the Church solemn and stately, just for the adults? Do not young men and women get the idea they are too old for the Sabbath School, when the constituency is called, "boys and girls," or "little children"; and too young for the Church, when sometimes grandpa and grandma, dear old people, tell their long uninteresting stories in the class-meeting? Have we not now tried this some years? Is it not apparent there is a deficit in our movements and instrumentalities, a breach in our fortifications, a gap in our highway, a chasm to be bridged? Good work as the Church has done, can she not do better? Many as she has saved by God's blessing, can she not lay her plans to save more? Has not the very instruction of the children in the Sabbath School made something like the Epworth League a necessity? Is not the very education of the many of the people in the Public School having its effect upon the youth of our Protestantism, and better qualifying them for certain classes of Church work under proper authority and direction? And if they are not set at appropriate and profitable work, is it any wonder they wander off? After more than a century of Methodism should we be surprised that other churches seek in "Christian Endeavour Societies" what John Wesley expected his people in a good degree to find in the earnest, well regulated class-meeting? Is it marvellous the excellent class meeting system should require supplementing and enlargement when we have too often narrowed it down to mere experience and so impoverished it? Is it strange that many, many pastors throughout all the work should see the need of the hour and be organizing, one in one way, another in another! young people's societies? Ought not our Sabbath School Board, and especially our Sabbath School Editor and Secretary in such a case make the best possible provision for uniformity and efficiency throughout the entire Church? This is what Dr. Withrow and the brethren with him are attempting, and we should all rally to their help.

Epworth League Notes.

—Since the middle of last May about 2,000 local chapters have been recorded, and more than 100,000 members placed on the rosters of the leagues. This is certainly a creditable record, but we confidently look for the doubling of these totals within a year. The league may almost easily contain 300,000 young people within two years. The possible training and discipline of such a host augurs well for our future. Sturdily educated young people are more than a treasure for our Methodism. The pledge which marks the entrance of these recruits

into this league is a promise of more than can be put into words. It is to be hoped that every pastor and every adult in the church will perceive this organization to be one of the most prominent incidents in modern Methodist history. We antedate the day when every church will have this adjunct for work and worship. We hope that this congress of young people will have fullest possible sympathy, and be upon the hearts of all who love the Master and his pledged disciples. Accept this arm of power, and prepare to utilize it to the greatest possible extent. Wise administration will keep the young at work with their elders, and harmonize every element of power for the good of this needy world.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

We condense the following items of League intelligence:

—The League has had a stimulating effect upon the church-life.

—January brought a revival to the church, and the prospect is brighter now. The young people have partial charge of the League prayer-meeting, and our topic list is followed.

—Since the organization of the chapter the young people have taken more interest in the prayer-meetings and have found less difficulty in taking part.

—Since the League prayer-meetings have been held the young people have been more active in the regular church prayer-meeting.

—Socially the church has been warmed, and I believe that the spiritual life of the members has been quickened. In November we surprised the pastor by the gift of an easy-chair on his fiftieth birthday.

—"God has seen fit to bless our labours precious," writes Miss La Winter. "Souls were saved through the faithful individual work of our people; and we now hope to carry out the Epworth plans of organized work."

—This society has aroused the young people in the church. They are certainly active and efficient in their own meeting, and it may have proved of some benefit to the weekly social meeting of the church.

—Do a little missionary work. If the League has quickened the Christian life in your own church, try to spread the good influence.

—We have double the interest manifested by the church at large. The official members, feeling that it is a part of them, have shown a wonderful zeal in helping it along. Our "Bible Land Journeys," conducted by the president, have proved very instructive.

The Mother.

THERE is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement.

Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says. And what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward, but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgences to

me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I have omitted to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was: "O God could she have been spared yet a little longer! Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Knott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

The Fishes' Revenge.

BY MRS. O. W. CHANDLER.

Six little fishes one holiday

Went over the hill to the chestnut-tree,
They were as merry as fishes could be,
They clapped their fins and they danced in glee,
For they knew where the small boys love to play.

Six little fishes that autumn day,

Perched in the chestnut-tree all in trim—
Long fishes, short fishes, chubby, and slim—
The biggest one said they could not fool him;
He knew where the little boys loved to play.

Six little fishes sat silently

Baiting their hooks with the chestnuts brown,
Waiting to shower them softly down.
When up from the dusty, noisy town,
The boys came trooping for holiday.

Six little fishes hid in the tree,

Angled for boys till the light grew dim,
Then dragged their prey to the mill-pond's brim,
And plunged in its depths for a merry swim,
Shouting, "Lots of boys to be broiled for tea!"

Six little fishes that autumn night,

Tired and hungry as fishes could be,
With cleanly-washed faces sat down to their tea,
And ate till their stomachs were full as could be,
Then trundled to bed by the merry moonlight.

Facing the Lions.

WHEN Bunyan's pilgrims were about to enter the "House Beautiful" they were affrighted by seeing two lions in the path leading to the gate. They would have fled but for a maiden's voice which calmly cried, "The lions are chained!" Now if I call difficult duties lions I only use a metaphor to state the prosy fact that there are lions in every path, at home, at school, in college, and when starting in life. Everywhere, in short, from youth to age, tasks that are disagreeable, that tax one's powers or that wound one's pride, confront every living soul. It is well therefore that young persons should know that universal experience teaches that "the lion is not so fierce as they paint him." Difficulties are not the unconquerable things which they appear to be. Tasks that affright us have been done by millions of youths all through the ages. Boldly faced, they shrink into comparative insignificance. That algebraic problem, that Latin translation, that formidable Greek verb, or that first step in business, firmly grappled with, is soon mastered. Herrick, therefore, speaks wisely when he says

"Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Stick a pin in these lines, O youth! Grip your tasks. Attend to your duties. Face your lions! They can't hurt you, for they are chained, and your strength, fully put forth, is greater than theirs.—*Our Youth.*

On Easter Day.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We light the Easter fire, and the Easter lamps we trim,
And the candles on their chalice cups in churches rich and dim.

And chapel low and minster high the same triumphant
stands
In city and in village wise, and on the lonely plains.

"Life is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells
repeat

A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad
rays,
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter
days.

And one, which seems at times the best and dearest of them
all,

Is this that all the many dead in ages past recall,
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks
in vain

To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—
A light for all our weary hours, a glory by the way—
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared
in this;

They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;
There is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach
and strain.

On Easter day, on Easter day, we all are one again.

O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter
dawn,

O sweet and true companionship which cannot be with-
drawn,

"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows
dim.

"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise
in him!"

Dr. Sutherland on Missions.

At a recent missionary meeting the indefatigable Secretary spoke at length on the Indian work. This is a very large field, taking in the North-West Territory, and as far west as the Pacific coast. He said the change that had come over these people was marvellous—that in many cases they had risen from the very depths of heathen darkness to a high standard of Christian civilization. If any one wanted to see heathenism in its worst form let him go among these Indians before the missionaries went among them, in their rough mountainous country, along the Pacific coast, where all their journeys had to be made in canoes, or along dangerous trails over the mountains, and there was only here and there a level place where they could build a village. These villages were composed of houses forty or fifty feet square and sometimes larger, built of logs and all in one room, and in these houses they herded (for you could not say they lived) together, from ten to thirty or forty Indians existing in every form of filth and vice and degradation until the very expression of the countenance had become more like that of some beast than that of a man—that through their lust and passions the Divine image had become almost obliterated. Such a place was Port Simpson before the missionaries came to that place, but now through the teaching of the missionaries and the influence of the gospel of Christ it is a far different place, as every trace of the old heathen houses has disappeared, and instead there are neat little houses built by their own industry where each family live by themselves. In answer to the question: "Do these Indians make good Christians?" he said that there were better specimens of Christians among the Indians than was to be found among a great many white men. In some places the change is now going on; on one side you will see some of the old heathen houses with their sin

and vice and indescribable filth—on the other, the clean little houses of the Christian Indians. One proof of their conversion is found in their cleanliness and their devotion to the cause of Christ, as these Christian Indians often go long journeys in their canoes in bands of eight or ten to other Indian villages, and they will go into the houses if they can get in, if not, they will kneel down in the streets and pray for the Indians of that place, and then they will sing the hymns they have learned, and then they will tell to any that will listen how great things God has done for their souls, in this way they help to spread the good news. Now, said he, if the Christians of this congregation were to begin to do this thing to-morrow they would have more converts in the next six months than they have had for the last ten years.

He then spoke of the work in Japan, which had steadily grown, until that nation had come to acknowledge its influence and power. Instead of the old forms of idolatry they were now embracing the Christian religion, and although infidels and sceptics mock and sneer, this work will steadily go on until it shall embrace the entire race of man.

The Rev. Mr. Huxtable told of the condition of things in the Bahama Islands when he went there as a missionary in 1855. These islands being the refuge of all sorts of criminals, who were evading justice, the waters were infested with pirates. He also gave reminiscences of the slave trade, and of the wrecking system, the horrors and cruelty of which no man could describe; but now through the influence of the Gospel of Christ, and the enforcement of Christian principles, the pirates and the slave trade, and the wrecking system were absolutely a thing of the past. He also told of a hurricane in which eight hundred vessels were destroyed, and in the city of Nassau three thousand people were left without shelter, their houses and churches being levelled to the ground.

The Bicycle.

THE bicycle is a curious horse, and a useful one. He has lately come to earth, and he has come to stay. He has two wheels instead of four legs, and these are of unequal size. He eats no oats, he drinks no water, but now and then he takes a few sips of oil, and if he does not get it he squeaks with every foot of ground he travels over. He never gets tired, though his rider may; and if he ever goes crooked, or shies into the ditch, he is not to blame. To the rider who masters him he is ever obedient, and will go fast without the whip, or slow without the guidance of the voice.

He is all skeleton, and the air has free circulation through his bones of steel. He requires to be rubbed down like other horses; but he never goes to sleep, and you do not need to build a stable for him, for you can keep him in the hall-way of the house.

The most curious thing about him is, that though he can go a mile in three minutes he cannot stand alone. If he is not in motion he drops down, unless you take the precaution to lean him against the wall. He never runs away of his own accord. He has a great objection to a stranger mounting him; and if you doubt this, make the trial. To walk up the mountain side, to climb up the steps of the Pyramid in Egypt, is an easy task to mounting a bicycle for the first time. It cannot be done unless a friend holds with a firm grip the ugly beast. He goes to the right and to the left, and at the first chance drops himself and you. Then he goes straight into danger when you want him to stop, and he stops when you want him to go on. You wildly steer all sorts of ways, and he goes no ways at all. He tries to throw you so you will

strike your head, and then so you will break your back. But oh, when you have learned to guide and govern him, then the world is before you!

An Easter Song.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A SONG of sunshine through the rain.
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!

With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart was wrung,
As lifted high upon His cross
The Lord of Glory hung.
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart--
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,
Were just one day apart!

No hint or whisper stirred the air
To tell what joy should be.
The sad disciple grieving there,
Nor help nor hope could see
Yet all the while the glad, near sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary and Easter Day,
The darkest day and brightest day,
Were just one day apart!

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud,
And the heart of hope beats low,
When the prophets prophecy of ill,
And the mourners come and go,
In this sure thought let us abide,
And keep and stay our heart,
That Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day,
Were but one day apart!

Bits of Fun.

—Gentleman (exhibiting his paintings to a party of visitors)—"Fine picture—yes, very fine. Painted by Rosa Bonner (Bonheur) daughter of Robert Bonner."

—"An' f'what's become of the coolander?" asked Mrs. McGuire, as she missed that utensil from its place by the sink. "Have any of yees seen it?" she inquired of her boarders.

"I don't know f'what ye call a coolander," replied Paddy Moran, "but I took up the wash-hand-basin last night, and it laked like a riddle, and I threw it out the windy."

And down in the back-yard Mrs. McGuire found her lost colander.

—A lady called at a first-class book-store in New York City, and inquired of the clerk if he had Blackmore's *Maid of Sker*?

"No," was the reply; "but we have them made of silicate."

He had understood her to ask for blackboards.

—This story is told of Brigham, a rich restaurant-keeper in Boston. One of his acquaintances was asked:—

"How did your friend, Mr. Brigham, make his money? Was it not through a patent?"

"Yes," replied the man; "his fortune was derived from a method he discovered of dividing a pie into five quarters."

—Brown—What's the matter with you and Robinson, Dumley? I hear that he has threatened to pull your ears the first chance he gets."

—Dumley (jumping up and down)—"He will, will he? Pull my ears? Well, I can tell you, he'll have his hands full!"

—Child (about to be spanked)—"Oh, mamma dear, do wait till winter; it makes me so warm in summer!"

The Wife's Appeal.

Did you break your pledge to-day?
 God forgive you!
 Did you touch the edge to-day
 (God forgive you!)
 Of a beaker holding wine?
 Did you mar the life divine
 Throned within your bosom's shrine?
 God forgive you!

Oh! the beauty of your eye
 (God forgive you!)
 Drink has marred, you'll not deny—
 God forgive you!
 And your words were not the same,
 And your pulses were aflame,
 And I, rayed, in bitter shame,
 God forgive you!

Listen! listen! while I speak,
 God forgive you!
 See the tears upon my cheek.
 God forgive you!
 Once you said I should not shed
 Tears for you when we were wed:
 But my bridal hopes are dead.
 God forgive you!

Yet I love you!—love you so
 (God forgive you!)
 That a love-flower could not grow
 (God forgive you!)
 In the garden of my soul
 For another. You control
 All my days and years—the whole!
 God forgive you!

Darling! darling! rend the chain
 (God forgive you!)
 That has bound your heart and brain—
 (God forgive you!)
 In your hand I place my hand,
 With its golden wedding band;
 By your side, till death, I'll stand—
 I forgive you!

You are fairer to my sight
 (God forgive you!)
 Than the universe of light—
 God forgive you!
 And I cannot see you die
 Without one entreating cry.
 God will help you—God and I!
 I forgive you!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.
 STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 27] LESSON II. [April 13

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Luke 7. 11-18. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They glorified God, saying, That great prophet is risen up among us.—Luk. 7. 10.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACE.—Nain.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the address, or sermon, a portion of which we studied last Sabbath, Christ entered Capernaum, where he healed the centurion's servant, who was sick and ready to die. The day after that miracle he approached Nain, and the incident of this lesson followed.

EXPLANATIONS.—A city—A walled town. Nain was a place of little significance. Much people—Thousands of hundreds, possibly thousands, followed Jesus from one village or town to another as he passed through Galilee preaching. It should be remembered that these villages were very close together, the journey from one to another being often little more than a mile. Carried out—There are no city graveyards in the East; the dead are buried outside the walls. A widow—Widowhood in the Orient is a synonym for ruin. The loss of her husband places a woman in those countries in circumstances infinitely worse than the same sorrow would bring about here. Much people of the city—Unusual sympathy was drawn out for her. Weep not—The stateliness of the Old English of our Bible

takes away from the pathos of this incident. What Jesus said, in accents of the tenderest commiseration, was, "Don't cry." Bier—A portable stand on which the corpse has been placed for purposes of carrying. The corpse was wrapped from head to heels in what our Bible calls "grave-clothes"—one long winding-sheet. In the East coffins are not used. Fear—They had seen the power of God, and were frightened. Praised—Praised God. Great prophet—That was the highest conception the Jews could have; it was not yet dreamed that God could have a Son. Rumor—Report. The disciples of John—All Jewry and Galilee were full of them—a young religious and political party with John at its head, but poor John was in prison now, in the castle of Machærus, and was soon to lose his head.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Sorrow*, vs. 11, 12.
 Into what city was Jesus entering?
 Who were in his company?
 What procession did he meet near the gate?
 What is said about the dead man's mother?
 Who alone can give comfort in sorrow?
 See 2 Cor. 1. 3, 4.
 When will all sorrow cease? See Rev. 21. 4.
2. *Compassion*, vs. 13-15.
 What feelings had Jesus when he saw the woman?
 What did he say to her?
 What did he then do?
 What did he say to the dead man?
 What effect had his words?
 What then did Jesus do?
 What comfort have we from the compassion of Jesus? See Heb. 4. 15.
3. *Wonder*, vs. 16-18.
 How were the people affected by what they saw?
 What did they do and say? (Golden Text.)
 How far did the news of this miracle go?
 What prophet was told of it?
 Where was John at this time? Matt. 11. 2.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what city did Jesus go? "Nain."
2. What did he notice as he neared the gate? "A dead man being carried out."
3. What made his death peculiarly sad? "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."
4. What did Jesus say when he saw her? "Weep not."
5. What did he say to the dead man? "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."
6. What did the dead man do? "Sat up, and began to speak."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. How is Christ a Priest?
 On earth he offered himself as a sacrifice for our sins; and in heaven he presents himself to God for us, makes continual intercession on our behalf, and sends down upon us his blessing.

It behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people.—Heb. 2. 17.
 Heb. 9. 14; 7. 25.

A.D. 27] LESSON III. [April 20

FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

Luke 7. 36-50. Memory verses, 47-58.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We love him, because he first loved us.—1 John 4. 19.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACES.—Probably Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Our last lesson closed with the statement that the disciples of John told him of the rapid spread of the rumor that Jesus was the great prophet of God. John sent two of them to Jesus to know whether or not he was the Messiah. Jesus kept them beside him for an hour or two, while he cured many sick people, and expelled many devils; then he sent them back to tell John what they had seen and heard. When they had departed, Jesus told his own disciples what a splendid character was that of John, and reflected severely upon the Pharisees. One of these then invited him to dinner, and the incident of this lesson ensued.

EXPLANATIONS.—Pharisees—Members of a political and churchly party who were disposed to be self-righteous. This Pharisee's name was Simon. Sat down—Rather reclined on one side, in the way that Eastern people then took their meals. A sinner—A woman of notoriously bad character. Alabaster box—Rather, vase. Very beautiful vases and bottles for perfumery were made of alabaster in ancient times. Ointment—Perfumery. Behind him—He was reclining on his left side, his head being toward the table, and his feet turned outward behind him. This woman stood at his feet. Washed his feet with tears—That is, a shower of her tears fell on them. Did wipe them—A very natural act, when she found that her tears had unintentionally wet them. Kissed—Kissing the feet would be startling now, but the practice was familiar to the ancient heathen, many of whom dwelt among the Jews. Anointed them—That is, she gently stroked them with the fragrant and refreshing liquid which she carried in the alabastron, or alabaster vase. Within himself—That is, he thought so, but did not speak. Answering—Jesus answered Simon's unspoken thought. Creditor—A man to whom money is owed. Five hundred pence—In ancient coinage this would be a large sum of money. No water—The Jews wore nothing like our shoes. Their shoes were little more than soles bound about with thongs. Their feet, being thus exposed, had frequent need of bathing; and it was a courteous thing for the host to have his servant bathe his guests' feet before meals.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Woman*, vs. 36-38.
 By whom was Jesus invited to a feast?
 Who came uninvited to the house?
 Why did she come?
 What did she bring?
 Where did she take her place?
 What four things did she do?
 What other woman anointed the feet of Jesus? See John 12. 3.
2. *The Pharisee*, vs. 39-43.
 Who observed the woman's act?
 What did he say to himself?
 To what did Jesus answer?
 About whom did he begin to tell a story?
 How much did the debtors each owe?
 How much could they pay?
 What did the creditor do?
 What question did Jesus ask?
 What was Simon's answer?
 Why should we love the Saviour much? (Golden Text.)
3. *The Saviour*, vs. 44-50.
 To whom did the Saviour direct Simon's attention?
 What three acts of courtesy had Simon omitted?
 How had the woman supplied the lack?
 What did Jesus say about her sins?
 What did he say to the woman?
 What did the guests say to themselves?
 What did Jesus say to the woman?
 How only can we be saved? Acts 16. 31.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who invited Jesus to dinner? "Simon, a Pharisee." 2. Who intruded into the dining-hall? "A woman who was a sinner." 3. What did she do? "Bathed his feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair." 4. What further did she do? "Kissed his feet, and anointed them." 5. Why did the Pharisee conclude that Jesus was not a prophet? "He thought no prophet would allow a sinful woman to touch him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Justification by faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. How is Christ a King?
 Christ is the Lord of every believer. As the supreme and only Head over all things to his Church, he rules and defends his people, brings to fulfillment the Father's purpose, and is subduing all things unto himself.

MR. JAY GOULD, being at the South, was hailed by a negro with: "Boss, have your boots shined?" "I am not a boss," said Mr. Gould. "You're boss of your own boots, ain't you?" was the reply.

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