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# HONEY AND SCHOOL

VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1890.

[No. 14.

## Wild Ducks.

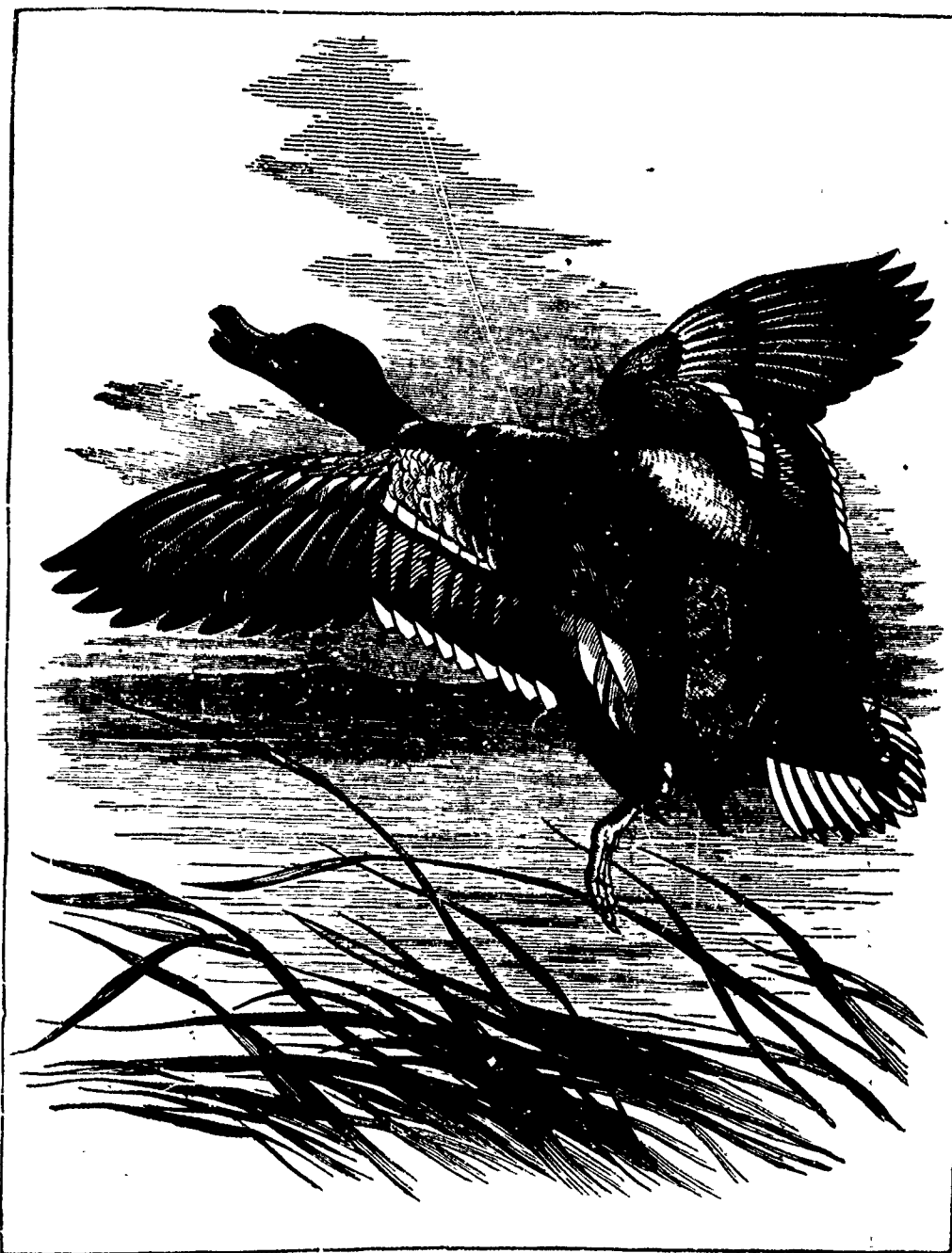
BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

To see a waddling and swimming fowl, like the barnyard duck, spread a good-sized pair of wings and mount up into the air until it became a small speck in the sky, would be a remarkable sight; yet this is just what its cousin—the wild-duck, who is a very “high flyer”—does continually. It can also swim and float, for, like its plainer relative, it belongs to the swan family, and must therefore be at home on the water.

These wild ducks are beautiful birds, and each family of them has its own peculiar style of dress. Thus, the summer or wood duck—which is the handsomest of all the species—appears in the most gorgeous colouring, with softly-shaded tints, and it moves so gracefully that it seems more like a swan than a duck. It is called the summer duck because it is the only one of its tribe that is seen here during the summer months; and because its eggs are usually laid in a hollow tree or stump, it is also called the wood duck.

The nest is carefully hidden under grasses and water ferns; and both parents are very watchful that no harm shall come to the precious eggs. The mother-bird does not seem to know

what fear is when she is sitting on her eggs; and a naturalist tells a story of a pair of summer ducks which had built their nest in a hollow oak overhanging a creek. Not more than ten feet away from them some workmen were building a boat, and a constant noise and hammering went on from morning till night. In spite of all this confusion the mother-duck would not move from her eggs, and there she stayed until—before the little ducklings appeared—some heartless sportsman shot them both.



WILD DUCKS.

The summer duck is known all over the country, and it usually flies in pairs, or in very small flocks. When it alights it utters a curious, whistling sort of cry, that sounds like “tee eel!” and can be heard at some distance. Strange to say, it prepares its food before eating it by making a mixture of dried snails, acorns, and wild-oat seeds.

The mallard—although it looks more like the common duck—is nearly as handsome as the summer duck, and has a great variety of glowing and

canvas-back; This delightful, but rather stupid duck begins to arrive from the north early in October, and it always comes in great flocks, and is slaughtered in countless numbers. It dearly loves the wild celery, for which it has to dive, as the root—the only part it cares for—grows under water; and the widgeon, another duck that likes celery, is sure to be the companion of the canvas-back.

This widgeon has been described as a “thorough

beautiful colours in its plumage: “The dark emerald of the head, the snowy-white line which encircles the neck, the brownish carmine of the chest, the gold and blue and crimson of the wings, the clear, flashing transparency of the eye—are all beautiful features.”

This duck is a strong flyer, and very suspicious of any near approach. He may sometimes be seen floating on a lake like a swan, with his beautiful, glittering head raised high, and his eyes flashing in the sun. A long distance off, perhaps, there is a man with a gun, but the mallard seems to know it, and to remember the dreadful noise of the report that frightened him so much; so, drawing his feet under his body, he springs upon them, opens his wings, and, with loud “quacks!” takes himself off—as the bird in the picture is doing.

The blue winged teal and the green-winged teal are both beautiful birds. The latter has such soft, beautifully shaded colouring, that it seems to have been laid on with a fine brush. The head is of emerald, streaked with chestnut; the wings of the freshest green, and the back is finely pencilled.

rascal," getting his living by stealing from others. He cannot dive as his companion can, but he is quite as fond of eelery, so he waits patiently until his victim disappears in quest of food. "A violent commotion now goes on under the water. It is the struggle of the duck with the plant. Finally, the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded momentarily by the water. The widgeon 'gibbles' quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of his eyes." The canvas-back does not like this, yet—except at feeding-time—he and the widgeon are very good friends.

### The Fossil Raindrops.

Over the quarry the children went rambling,  
Hunting for stones to skip,  
Into the clefts and the crevices scrambling,  
Searching the quarrymen's chip.

Sweet were their voices and gay was their laughter,  
That holiday afternoon,  
One tumbled down and the rest tumbled after,  
All of them singing one tune.

Here was a stone would skip like a bubble,  
Once were it loosed from its place,—  
See what strange lines, all aslant, all a-trouble,  
Covered over its face.

Half for a moment their wonder is smitten,  
Nor divine they at all  
That soft earth it was when those slant lines were written  
By the rain's gusty fall.

Nor guess they, while pausing to look at it plainly,  
The least in the world perplexed,  
That the page which old Merlin studied vainly  
Had never such wizard text.

Only a stone o'er the placid pool throwing,  
Ah— But it told them, though,  
How the rain was falling, the wind was blowing,  
Ten thousand years ago!

### A Preacher's Boy.

BY THE REV. T. C. READE.

Tom was an unhappy boy. He was, of course, an exception to the general rule, for most boys are happy; and so they ought to be, for if one is ever to find any pleasure in living it should be while all his senses are perfect, and he is full of life and vigour. It is sad to see an unhappy man, but an unhappy boy is a sight extremely pitiful.

But I must tell you the cause of Tom's unhappiness. It was not because he was poorly fed, or meanly clad, or overworked—for in these respects he was as fortunate as most of his playmates. He was kept at school, and enjoyed the benefits of the best society, and was indulged in all innocent amusements; but still there was one fact that weighed upon him like a mountain; there was one cloud that cast its shadow over every bright scene in his life; there was one bitter ingredient in every cup of joy—he was a preacher's boy, and that fact made him very unhappy. I know you will smile, and say: "That was a strange thing to make a boy unhappy!" for so it was. But that fact was the great burden of Tom's life.

When his associates asked him to go hunting or fishing on Sunday, he used to answer in a rueful tone, "No, I can't go. My father is a preacher, and I have to go to church to-morrow." Neither was he allowed to play cards, or go to theatres, or smoke, or chew tobacco, or go inside a saloon.

Frequently, as Tom would approach a group of his playmates, he would hear some one say: "Keep still, boys, keep still; there comes the little preacher," and immediately all was silent, and an air of mystery pervaded the group that made Tom feel very uncomfortable.

One day he came home from school with the

usual unhappy look upon his face and said to his father: "Pa, why wasn't you a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, or something else? I just hate to be a preacher's boy."

His father, of course, was shocked and deeply grieved, but he called Tom to his side, and put his arm about his neck, and, with tears in his eyes, he said: "Tom, if you will be a good boy, the time will come when you will be proud that you had a preacher for your father."

Tom drew himself rudely away, and said: "I don't want to be a good boy; and I am not going to be called the preacher's boy any more."

That night Tom had a dream that cured him of his unhappiness. He dreamed that his father died. He saw him lying cold and white in the coffin, but he could not shed a tear. His mother sobbed till her heart almost broke. His sisters and little brother wept; and a large congregation, over which his father had been the faithful pastor, wept; but Tom did not weep, for something kept whispering in his ear: "You are no longer a preacher's boy, and you can now do as you please."

Tom could scarcely wait till the funeral was over to find his associates. They were shy and reserved in his presence at first, but he soon surprised them by swearing a strong oath. They immediately took the hint. They saw that he was no longer the preacher's boy, and so they received him into their confidence. They taught him to play cards; and he was so fond of the dissipation that in a few months he became an adept. They taught him every vice they knew, and he soon grew to be a leader in their wicked diversions. They taught him to drink, as the crowning vice of all, and he made rapid progress in the path of intemperance.

Years rolled by, and the boy card-player had become the young man gambler. One night he was with his associates, drinking and gambling, in a room which they had secured for that purpose, when a quarrel arose between him and his most intimate associate. The quarrel ended in a fight, in which Tom drew a knife, and stabbed his friend. Tom looked into the ghastly face of his friend, as he lay dying before him, and in a moment he became sober.

He realized his crime—he saw his danger; but while he was looking for a way to escape, an officer of the law laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, and he was dragged away to prison. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to a long term of years in the penitentiary.

He kept up his courage as long as he was in the city where his old associates lived, but when he was taken to a distant place and shut in behind prison walls, and put on the striped clothes of a convict, his courage failed him, and he sank down upon the prison floor, and wept as though his heart would break.

Oh, what visions of past happiness swept through his mind! They were visions of home, and in those visions the central figure was always that of his father. "Oh," said he, "if I had only obeyed my father I should not have come to this! Oh, if I had only been contented to remain a preacher's boy, instead of lying here, a despised felon, I might be free and respected and happy!"

While he lay there, groaning and sobbing, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a kind voice said:—

"What's the matter, my dear boy?"

Tom started. He had not heard so kind a voice as that for many years. He thought it must be the chaplain of the prison who had observed his agony, and come to comfort him.

"Who are you?" said Tom; and, without waiting for an answer, "You must be a preacher. I

was a preacher's boy once, but I was not satisfied to remain so. I had such a kind father, but I did not like him because he wanted me to do right. After a while he died, and then I despised his instructions and took my own way, and this is the result."

Tom could say no more, but again buried his face in his hands, and wept. But the hand upon his shoulder shook him, and the kind voice asked again: "What's the matter, my dear boy?"

Tom awoke from his dream. He found his pillow wet with tears, and his own dear father bending over him.

"What's the matter, Tom?" said his father, "I was kneeling by your bedside, praying for you, and all at once I heard you sobbing."

Tom threw his arms around his father's neck, and cried.

"Is this you, father? Oh! is this you? And am I still your boy? Forgive me, father, for all the wrong I have done and thought and felt, and I will cheerfully follow your advice in future. And hereafter, the proudest thought of my life shall be that I am a preacher's boy.—*Our Youth.*

### The Secret of It.

WHATEVER may be our young readers' desires for the future, we are pretty safe in saying that they all want influence over others. And what is the secret of gaining that influence?

When Alexander the Great was storming one of the cities of Malli, in India, having forced the gate, he made his way at the head of one of his columns to the citadel, whither the Indians had retired. Impatient that the work of scaling the citadel's wall did not progress as fast as he desired, he seized a ladder, planted it himself, and was the first to ascend.

Seeing the king alone, and in great danger, the soldiers made such a rush to the rescue that the scaling-ladders broke beneath the over-weight, and Alexander was left in the midst of his enemies with only three soldiers, who had gotten up before the ladders broke. Nothing daunted, the great soldier leaped inside the wall, and stood, like a tiger at bay, until he fell exhausted by the loss of blood. One of his comrades had been killed outright; but the other two locked their shields together over their king's prostrate body, and, though dripping from many a wound, whirled their swords fiercely in their other hands, keeping off their enemies.

Meanwhile, with a valour equally determined and irresistible, the Macedonians forced an entrance, and, enraged beyond control at the supposed death of their king, they literally wiped the town from the face of the earth.

Whence came this overmastering devotion to their leader? Turn back the story's page, and you will find that—during the pursuit of Darius, after marching four hundred miles in eleven days, when but sixty of his men could keep up with him, and all were dying, it seemed, of thirst—a helmetful of water was offered to Alexander. He declined to drink because there was not enough for all!

Does not this act of pure unselfishness answer the question, Whence came the king's marvellous influence over his soldiers? There is no power of wealth or genius or position or fame so strong as the power of unselfishness.

"PAPA," said Harry, "Who was George Washington?" "George Washington was the father of his country, my boy." "Well, who's this uncle Sam they talk about? Was he Washington's brother?"

## Angels' Wings.

WHEN the summer days were warm, and sweet  
With clover bloom and ripening wheat,  
We used to lie upon the grass  
Within the flickering shadows spread  
By leafy branches overhead,  
And watch the bright clouds slowly pass.

They were so white against the blue,  
With such a glory streaming through  
Their silver floeces, we were sure  
They must, at least, be angels' wings;  
And the mere fancy of such things  
Kept childish speech and conduct pure.

We must not quarrel, when the skies,  
For all we know, were full of eyes  
That watched to see if we were good;  
And sometimes just the sight of one  
White cloud illumined by the sun  
Availed to check an angry mood.

Now we are women grown, and men,  
That were but careless children then;  
Wise in our realistic lore,  
The shining mystery we explain—  
Only a vapour born of rain!  
And dream of angels' wings no more.

But are we wiser, after all?  
Haply the world-worn hearts recall,  
With something like a thrill of dread,  
What time the Master undefiled  
"Set in their midst a little child,"  
And what the words were that he said.

It might—we silently infer—  
It might perhaps be easier  
The kingdom of the Lord to win,  
If still in far, blue summer skies  
We felt the watching angels eyes  
That kept our childish hearts from sin.

## A Relic of Methodism.

BY MISS F. L. DAVIS.

WHILE visiting in the pretty little town of Picton, Prince Edward County, a few summers ago, I came across a very interesting relic.

I was taking a rural drive with a friend, following the shore of the picturesque little bay, when she suddenly drew up her very diminutive pony, and said "I have often thought I would like to go in and see that old graveyard. The old church, too, is very old—I believe the oldest Methodist meeting-house" in Upper Canada. Would you care to see it?"

While we were standing on the steps, wondering if we could enter the church, a gentleman kindly came and brought the key, let us in, and showed us over the building, giving us many valuable bits of information regarding it; also some interesting and amusing anecdotes and reminiscences. It was built in 1809, and, with the exception of an occasional new roof and floor, is in its original state.

It is a square, frame building, capable of holding about three hundred people; with a cottage-roof which projects quite a distance over the walls. It was never painted, and looks gray, weather-beaten, and venerable. The windows are numerous, though small; and the panes of glass would scarcely cover a man's hand.

In speaking of its renovation, I should have said that the window-glass was renewed a few years ago, for the first time. There was a storm-porch on the front, which, I think, must have been a modern addition—but I neglected to ask.

I brought home some pieces of the glass from the old windows to an octogenarian friend, who had preached in the old church scores of times, and he was more than pleased to hear of the good state of preservation of the old relic. He quietly remarked that the "small boy" of that locality must be void of the usual propensity of throwing stones at disused buildings, or the windows would not have lasted so long. I fully agreed with him.

The church is not now used for any service except Sunday school, and the modern cabinet organ had an incongruous look amidst its antique surroundings.

On entering the building, there was a stair to the right—leading to the gallery—which was built of broad hewn logs, of immense thickness. The floor was slanting—so much so, that it was hard to keep our equilibrium; and our kind guide told us that it was no unusual thing, when he was a boy, to see the people tumble against each other, and look as though they were going to pitch over the gallery. The floor was curiously made—the corners all matched in an oblique direction, like the corners of a picture-frame—which gave it a very odd appearance.

The seats and book-rests were all of the original unpainted wood, and were polished smooth by age and use—where they had not been used by ambitious youth to carve a name to be handed down to posterity and fame, or as a medium for expressing all kinds of sentiments—some of which were not of a strictly devotional nature. Names innumerable crowded each other, many of whose owners have long since crumbled to dust in the adjacent graveyard.

Descending the stairs, we entered the body of the church. The most striking thing was the pulpit, raised very high, walled in to the full height of the book-rest, and having a stair and a door of entrance at one side only. Over this pulpit was a large sounding-board—looking like an exaggerated extinguisher. This pulpit gave the interior a very ancient appearance. I saw a canopy something like it over one of the pulpits in which Bunyan preached. The present stove is a large, old-fashioned "box," with an oven the full size of the stove; but the pipe was twisted into so many turns, and had so many elbows in it, that it excited our curiosity. We were informed that it was for the purpose of retaining as much heat as possible. He told us an amusing incident connected with it. At a service, when he was a small boy, they heard a strange noise in the pipe—a fluttering, rattling sound—which disturbed the whole congregation, and caused considerable excitement, some even having a superstitious creeping through their minds. It turned out, however, to be nothing more alarming than a poor little bird, which had fallen down the chimney, and its frantic efforts to find an exit, among the numerous elbows, had caused the unaccountable noise.

We were allowed to look at the library, which contained some of the original books bought for the Sunday-school, and dated back as far as 1837. In one curious old book, entitled "The Ocean," the pages of which were yellow with age, though in good preservation, I found a copy of a quaintly-worded old poem, relating the sad story of some sailors discovered by a Greenland vessel, in 1774. They were frozen, and had been—

"Twelve years on Polar surges tost,  
By northern blasts conveyed;  
Destroyed—preserved by iron frosts  
Her crew were statues made."

This strange and horrible fact was proved by diaries and the ship's log. We did not fail to notice the very striking contrast this curious old book presented to the beautifully-bound and well-illustrated ones provided for our modern Sunday-schools.

Leaving the quaint old church reluctantly, contrasting its uninviting appearance and numerous evidences of the early struggles and heroic self-denial of our forefathers with the architectural beauty and luxuriance of our modern churches, and the ease and comfort of the congregation, we went out into the church-yard.

Now, a well-cared-for grave-yard is a place of peace, but a neglected one is unspeakably desolate,—and this was a perfect wilderness.

The grave-stones in some places were completely overgrown with grass, vines, and a young growth of sumach trees. Some of the older stones were so moss-covered as to be totally undecipherable. They dated back as far as 1827.

I copied two quaint inscriptions, and would have taken more, but a sudden shower coming up put an end to my antiquarian researches:

"Affliction sore, long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain;  
Till God did please and death did seize,  
To ease me of my pain."

The second one was hardly as quaint:

"The grave is but the Christian's bed,  
On which his wearied body's laid—  
What to his ransomed soul is given  
To see his Saviour's soul in Heaven."

The meaning of that word "what" is not exactly clear to me, but it is a verbatim copy of the lines. We hurried away, not sorry to leave so melancholy a place.

Not long after returning home I went to see my aged friend, who had so often officiated as a "local brother" in the time-honoured church, and he gave me much information regarding its history. These are his own words:

"Oh, yes! these were queer times, and very different from what they are now. When the people assembled to worship in the winter, they came on a wood sleigh, drawn by oxen—often a distance of six, seven, and even eight miles. The men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, as they still do in Quaker meeting-houses.

"A Methodist had to dress very plainly. The men wore single-breasted surbouts, with a big standing collar—something like a military undress coat—the shirt collar also being very stiff, and reaching to the ears, it being surrounded by a stiff leather necktie, called a "stock." The women were allowed to wear no bows, flowers, or ribbons of any kind. Why, my wife was once turned back from the door of the Picton church, "Quarterly-meeting day," because she had a bow on the top of her bonnet instead of the ribbon going straight over the top of it!

"The stove in the old church originally was of sheet-iron. It stood on a box that was filled in with bricks, to keep it from burning the floor; yet when they lifted it up one spring the boards were charred. We used to have hard winters then, and kept roaring fires. The men used to have what they called "a wood-bee" in the fall, and drew wood enough for all the season.

"I recollect one day, one of the class-leaders—it was an extra occasion, being a fast-day—closing the ordinary service with this remark: 'Now, my friends, you have been keeping a fast-day to the Lord; now, don't go home and overload your appetites, and make a sin of it.'

"The first minister was a missionary from the United States. I have entirely forgotten his name, One fact worth mentioning was this: At almost every service—class-meeting in particular—there would be one or more conversions. It was no uncommon thing at all.

"I am the only man now living who ever preached in that church in those early days, and I have lived to see a great change and growth in Methodism."

HAMILTON, Ontario.

A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

**The Love of God.**

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below.  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes, that suffer,  
Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best;  
So when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving  
Can not hindered be, nor crossed,  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost;  
Love divine! of such great loving  
Only mothers know the cost—  
Cost of love, which all love passing,  
Gave a son to save the lost.

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**Home and School.**

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

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1890.

**The Barred Door.**

LAST autumn, when I was spending a few holidays at Elie, in Fifeshire, I walked some distance, one evening, into the country. Just after dusk, as I approached a small cottage at the roadside, I heard a painful cry, and presently saw running toward me a little girl in a state of great agitation and alarm. Before I had time to enquire the cause of her distress, she called out: "The door's barred! the door's barred! Come and help me! come and knock!"

"Are your parents not in?" I replied.

"Yes; but they're in bed, and the door's barred. Come and knock."

"Oh, yes," I said; "I'll do that." And I went with her, and was quite prepared, if need be, to spend a long time knocking. But my first knock brought the mother, who opened the door with a smile; and the timid little girl, who evidently feared she might have to spend the night outside alone in the darkness, ran in past her, and was safe.

Oh, how I have wished that I might see girls and boys as anxious to get into the heavenly home as that little girl was to get into her earthly one! And how gladly I should help any of them at the door of that home, at which, if we knock, it shall be opened to us!



EASTERN HAND-MILL.

**The Queen's Methodist Servant.**

THE Duchess of Kent was much attached to her Methodist maid, so when the latter became sick she was sent to a watering-place, to recover. When convalescent, she wrote to the housekeeper that she was ready to return. Not receiving any reply, she wrote to a friend, who took the letter to the Duchess, and soon the housekeeper was called in, when it was discovered that she had paid no attention to the letters she had received, and had even supplied the maid's place with a stranger, and assigned as her reason, "That as Hannah was a Methodist, it was not right to have such persons about the Princess [Victoria], so it was a good opportunity to get rid of her."

The Duchess was indignant, and Hannah—the Methodist girl—became chief housemaid when Princess Victoria became Queen of England, and subsequently she was put in charge of the private rooms occupied by Prince Albert.

The gentleman from whom these facts were obtained, said: "I have been several times to Buckingham Palace, and have been taken by Hannah through the palace, and I have had from her such satisfactory statements respecting the Queen's manner of life, that I have not the slightest hesitation in speaking of Her Majesty as a truly religious woman. One thing particularly pleased me. I learned that the Queen and Prince Albert had family prayer together regularly, and that they were accustomed, on these occasions, not only to read a portion of God's Holy Word, but also to sing a hymn or psalm of praise."—E. B.

**"Thou Shalt not Steal."**

Two young men were one day looking earnestly at a large factory in a certain town. They had come hundreds of miles to see it, and to get into it. There was a secret there which they wanted to find out—a machine which a clever man had invented—which was doing work nothing else could do so well. And these young men had resolved to obtain a sight of this machine, and find out its secret, and make drawings of it, and then come home and make a similar machine for themselves. And their plan was this: They put aside their fine clothes, and put on the clothes of mechanics; and in that dress meant to ask for work in this factory, and work until they found out the secret, but they had just arrived, and they did not mean to apply for work till next day.

One of the young men had the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible every morning, and next day the chapter happened to be that one in Exodus where the ten commandments are. He had read it many times before, and always to the end; but

this morning, when he got to the eighth commandment, he could go no further. A great light flashed up from it, and smote his conscience. Right up out of it came the words: "Thou shalt not steal." He read them again, and every word seemed to kindle into fire—"Thou shalt not steal."

He laid the Bible on his knee, and took himself to task. "Is it not stealing I have come here to do? I have come all this way to search out a clever man's invention, and make it my own by stealing it."

"His agitation was very great. But he turned to his companion and said: "What we have come here to do, if we do it, will be theft—theft of another man's thought, and skill, and honour, and bread." Then he took up the Bible again and opened it in the Gospel of Matthew, and read: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And he said: "If this machine were ours—if we had spent years inventing it, and had succeeded in getting it to work, would we think it right if some stranger were to steal into our factory on a false pretence, and rob us of the fruits of our labour?"

His companion was angry at first. But, by-and-by, he acknowledged that it would be wrong. And they came back to their home without the secret. God's word was a lamp to their feet to help them depart from that evil.—*The Wonderful Lamp.*

**"Jesus Wept."**

THERE is a sublime record made concerning our divine Saviour—"Jesus wept." In his humanity he was a man of like passions with ourselves. In the sorrowful home of the sisters in Bethany, and at the grave of his friend Lazarus, his heart was melted into tenderness and from his eyes flowed abundant tears. And, think you, our great High Priest has ceased to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities? O no! Though he has ascended up on high, and is at the right hand of the divine majesty, he has a heart which feels every sorrow which each member of his mystical body bears. He was tempted in all points like as we are, and is therefore able to succour them that are tempted.

Shall we be like this blessed Saviour, tender-hearted, compassionate, easily moved at the sight of suffering? Have we, like him, tears to shed?

Say not, it is unmanly to weep. No, not in sight of Jesus' tears trickling down his manly cheeks. Let us as his followers prove the luxury of "weeping with those that weep."—*Selected.*

THE Indian sketch called "Calf Shirt," in HOME AND SCHOOL for May 31st was wrongly attributed to Rev. Dr. McLean instead of to Miss A. L. McCartney.



NATIVE TYPES IN MODERN PALESTINE.

### Jewish Life in Palestine in the Time of Christ.

BY THE REV. W. F. ADENEY, M.A.

THERE is no reason to suppose that the dwellings of peasants and artisans were different from those seen in the towns and villages of Palestine in the present day. Let us look at such a house as that in which Mary and Joseph brought up the child Jesus. It is not built with stones or bricks, but only with mud dried in the sun, and externally it looks like a square block of earth, it may be with green grass growing on the roof. We can understand how it would be possible for a thief to dig through and steal from a house thus built. There is no chimney. Fires are rarely lit; but when the weather is cold a charcoal brazier may be laid on the floor.

There is no window. All the day-light that is to be had comes in through the open door. The strong sun-light of the East makes the most of the smallest chink, and the gloom of a windowless house is much less there—where, too, no one wishes to shut the door to keep out the cold air—than it would be under the fall smoke that envelopes London. For all that, the light must have been greatly obscured; and we are not greatly surprised to learn that the woman, who had lost a piece of silver, needed to light a lamp before she could look for it. Nor are we to be surprised at her having to sweep the floor before she could find it—for the floor is only trodden earth, often thick with dust and refuse.

Practically, the house consists of one chamber; but there is an alcove at the further end, where part of the family sleep. It is likely enough that the house is built against a hill, and if so, a cave may be utilized for this purpose. A raised platform, approached by three or four roughly-hewn steps, constitutes the women's portion of the dwelling.

Domestic utensils are but few. All-important is the mill—consisting of two stones, the upper one having handles attached to it, with which the two women, who sit facing one another, with the mill between them, turn it. A bushel is an article of furniture which one is always to look for. Thus Christ speaks of "the bushel." Turned upside down it serves as a table while the family squat round it at their homely meal. When the lamp is lit this may be conveniently placed on the bushel—it would be a mistake, Christ says, to reverse the action, and put the lamp under it. The lamp is a little earthen vessel, with a spout for the wick to come out at, a hole in the middle for the oil to be poured through, and a handle at the back.

in his early days. Through these streets there would pass a busy traffic.

In the present day, wheeled vehicles are unknown in Palestine, excepting on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The broken, rocky paths would not admit the roughest waggon to travel over them. But things were better in the old, more civilized days. Wealthy men rode about in their chariots; and carts, drawn by oxen, were in use. But wheels were never employed in the East, as freely as with us; and beasts of burden were employed to carry goods on their backs.

It is a singular fact, that the camel is the only one referred to in the New Testament, for it must have been much in use, not only for conveying merchandise across the desert, but for carrying goods between the towns and villages of Palestine. The ox and the ass were the more common domestic animals of the agricultural classes. Wealthy men drove about in carriages drawn by horses. Other persons rode on asses—the Syrian ass being a strong, brisk little animal, though not regarded so highly as the noble Arabian horse.

Dress—most people in the streets were on foot, and probably dressed much as they are dressed in the present day. A little baby would be put into light swaddling clothes. When liberated from this painful constriction, he might be seen in a state of complete nudity, sitting astride his mother's shoulder, a safe vantage ground from which to survey the brisk crowd with infantine merriment. A little older, the child runs about and plays in the street, clad in a single garment—a sort of long shirt, with short sleeves, and open at the chest. He has no shoes.

The dress of a man is richer, and more various. He wears a large cloak about his shoulders, of striped colours—the commonest being brown and white. When he is travelling he gathers it about him—the loose folds above the girdle serving as a large pocket. Beneath the cloak is a close-fitting, long tunic, with sleeves—often of bright colours—blue, yellow, red. The humbler classes are more often clad in blue, or blue and white colours. It is likely that our Lord's tunic was blue. Beneath the tunic a shirt was sometimes worn. The priests wore trousers down to their feet. The coverings of the feet were of two kinds—shoes and sandals. On the head was a shawl, bound with cord, and falling back on the shoulders.

Pictures representing Christ bare-headed must be false. Under the fierce Syrian sun, everybody must protect himself against sunstroke. Therefore, we must imagine that our God wore one of these shawl-like head-dresses—perhaps a silk one, of

If Joseph's workshop were like a carpenter's shop in Nazareth at the present day, it would be a square room, open on one side to the street, and quite flush with the pathway, so that passers-by could watch the young apprentice as he drove the saw and plane, and fashioned the ploughs and yokes, of which Justin Martyr speaks. Here he would often be called into conversation with the talkative loiterers, to whom—as to most Eastern people—time is of no value. Thus he would be an observer of men in the street of Nazareth even

bright colours—yellow predominant—the present of one of his devoted wealthy followers.

The dress of the women was like that of the men, excepting that it was more ample, and that a veil was commonly worn over the face. A Jewish woman was freer in this respect than a Mohammedan woman is at the present day. She could unveil her countenance when she pleased, without being considered immodest; but she could also veil it when she pleased. An attempt to remove a woman's veil was always a gross insult.

### Under Sealed Orders.

OUT she swung from her moorings  
And over the harbour bar;  
As the moon was slowly rising  
She faded from sight afar,  
And we traced her gleaming canvas  
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,  
Nor whither her cruise would be;  
Her future course was shrouded  
In silence and mystery;  
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders,"  
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,  
Go drifting into the night,  
Darkness before and around them,  
With scarce a glimmer of light:  
They are acting beneath "sealed orders,"  
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty  
Through good and evil report,  
They shall ride the storms out safely  
Be the passage long or short;  
For the ship that carries God's orders  
Shall anchor at last in port.

### Tell it to Others.

A PROFESSOR in one of our principal colleges was noted among his fellow-teachers for his habit of addressing privately the young men in his care upon the subject of their personal relations to Christ.

"Do they not resent your appeals as an impertinence?" asked one of his fellow-professors.

"No," was the reply. "Nothing is of such interest to any man as his own soul and its condition. He will never resent words of warning or comfort if they are prompted by genuine feeling.

"When I was a young man," he added, "I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a young fellow not yet of age, lived in our house for six months. My dread of meddling was such that I never asked him to be present at family worship, or spoke to him on the subject of religion. He fell into the company of a wild set, and was rapidly going to the bad. When I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ.

"Do you call yourself a Christian?" he asked, assuming an astonished look.

"I hope so," I replied.

"But you are not. If you were, He must be your best friend. Yet I have lived in your house for six months and you have never once named His name to me. No, he is nothing to you."

"I never have forgotten the rebuke."

The superintendent of London police told an American visitor to Scotland Yard lately that when a noted criminal was visited before his execution by a clergyman he listened to the story of Jesus and his suffering upon the cross in silence and then, springing to his feet, said, "Is this true? He came to save men like me?"

"And you sit here quietly! If I believe that story and were free I would walk barefoot over the world but I would tell it to every living man."

Even the great truths of religion grow hackneyed to our impatient ears and trivial minds.

### Invocation Hymn for the Canadian Chautauqua, Niagara.

BY F. MUNRO

O thou Almighty Father, God,  
Whose are the earth, the sea, the sky;  
Thine they were ere man had trod  
The valleys or the mountains high.

We thank Thee that thou hast ordained  
Those lakes and groves for fallen man,  
That thus communion is maintained  
With Thee, through nature's wondrous plan.

For, who can look abroad and see  
The beauties which surround us here,  
And not be drawn more close to Thee,  
And worship Thee with filial fear?

May every soul who comes within  
This consecrated grove be blest  
With loving zeal, and strength, by him  
Who aids his workers, gives them rest.

Let the great work of Christ, our Lord,  
Be carried out, and hastened on  
By those who here proclaim Thy word,  
And thus bring honour to Thy Son.

Thus may the Holy Ghost preside  
O'er all the counsels which we hold,  
To Triune Deity confide,  
Our plans and schemes to him unfold.

Now Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
O'ershadow with protecting care,  
Chautauqua, with its numerous host  
Of workers, here and everywhere.

May thousands yet have cause to bless  
The day when first Chautauqua's gates  
Were opened to the world, no less  
To us than the United States.

May blessings rich descend on him  
Who planted and carried out his aims  
Of education, which may win  
Both soul and body to God's claims.

Thorold, Ont.

### Epworth League.



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

#### To Use and Thus to Please.

BY REV. WM. INGRAHAM HAVEN.

THE purpose, and so far the effect, of the Epworth League has been to awaken the young people and interest them in our Church enterprises. I believe more young people come from the Sunday evening League prayer-meetings into the larger prayer-meetings or preaching services of the church than would come if there were no young people's meetings. I believe all our connexional societies have through the Leagues access as never before to the minds and hearts of our young men and women, and thus indirectly to their pockets. In a good many instances the programs of social evenings have been made up of papers on our great institutions and activities.

If we can once acquaint our young men and women with our vast world-circling aims and plans as a church we will attract to it as by the force of gravity all our young folks that have enough solidity of character to be in any way valuable to it. The Epworth League has in it no purpose of coddling our young folks, but of stirring them to be everywhere advance heralds of the chariots of the hosts of our King. In looking over many reports from many chapters only here and there do we find indications that, for the sake of the young, the Church has neglected its great mission. From almost every local organization come tidings of revival, new additions or improvements of church

property, enlargement of meetings, advance in contributions, all, more or less, from the response of the young men and women to that interest in them which they think this authorized movement tokens. Thus by being taken into the counsel and work of the Church our young folks are becoming pleased and proud of the privilege of its fellowship.

#### How to Organize.

LET the pastor of the church or some member send to the Secretary, Rev. Dr. Withrow, or to the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Montreal, or Halifax, for a set of the Epworth leaflets, and the form of application for charter. These will be sent free. In quantity they are sold at low rates.

Call together young people aged fifteen or more. Present the plan of organization. Organize and choose officers. The "model constitution" will be found in Epworth Leaflet No. 2. Its adoption is strongly recommended. Send the form of application for charter, duly filled out and signed by the secretary of the local chapter, to the Recording Secretary, Wesley Buildings, Toronto. It is not necessary at once to attempt all the departments of work arranged for by the "model constitution." Do as much as you can effectively; leave the rest for future development. Each chapter is at liberty to prepare its own by-laws, provided they are in accordance with the constitution and general plans of the Epworth League.

#### We Would Like to See

A hand-shaking revival.  
A League in every church.  
Much inter-league visiting.  
The badge universally worn.  
A well-selected League library.  
A multitude of Junior Leagues.  
More intelligent church loyalty.  
The League pledge generally adopted.  
The devotional meeting royally sustained.  
The man with faith enough to forecast the results of this great Epworth revival.—*Epworth Herald*.

#### Epworth League Notes.

—It takes hold in England.  
—Several chapters in India.  
—Toronto has several large chapters.  
—Canada has one hundred and twenty chapters.  
—Soon shall we hear of chapters of the Epworth League in every foreign mission field.  
—Centenary Church, Hamilton, Canada, recognizes the local chapter as a wonderfully helpful agency.  
—The next General Conference of the Canadian Methodist church will be asked to recognize the League as a part of regular church machinery.—*Epworth Herald*.  
—Our new department of "Epworth Themes" was made necessary by an accumulation of happy little essays upon various appropriate topics voluntarily submitted to us for publication. Isn't it wonderful how this movement is developing? The times were ripe for it. God is in it. Young people, all hail! —*North-Western Christian Advocate*.  
—Out of the Epworth League we expect a thousand ministers a year, and missionaries, male and female, for every field. We expect hundreds of DePauls and Craigs to take the place of fallen and falling business men, who will give like princes, and work like heroes, says the *California Advocate*.

"Don't lie! don't lie!" said one child to another.  
"You can't deceive God, and He'll read it before everybody at the judgment day."

#### The Peacock.

A SEPTUAGENARIAN newspaper, enjoying an immense circulation, in replying to a query respecting the above beautiful creature, says: "It is claimed that in the time of Solomon peacocks were known to the Hebrews, but the word may have meant parrots."

Many years since, the present writer attended a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Society held at the Mechanics' Institute, at Liverpool, when Dean Howson in his opening remarks as chairman, referred to the name of this very bird, as an undesigned proof of the truth of Holy Scripture, and that Solomon really traded with India. The name of the bird is not Hebrew, but Sanscrit and is found embedded in the Hebrew Scriptures. How did the word get there if there was no intercourse between the two countries. Just as when the wingless bird of New Zealand was taken to Britain its name was taken with it—the Apteryx. We are seldom left to make the names for articles of import, the names are as a rule brought with them.

There are exceptions as in the case of calico from Calicut, diaper from Ypres, tobacco from Tobago, etc. But the fact of a Sanscrit word being found in the historical records of the Old Testament, is, to my mind, a clear proof of intercourse between the two countries at the time.

While we should cherish every evidence of the truth of the blessed Book, we should be satisfied with none, but the delightful assurance of our own salvation through the atoning blood of a crucified, risen, and glorified Lord.

J. M.

North Wiltshire, P. B. I.

#### How to Treat Children.

THE Princess Alice of England was a high-minded and practical woman, with a warm heart and much good sense. She was especially wise in the training of her children, as her "Memoirs" testify.

"You are, indeed, right in saying," she once wrote to her mother, Queen Victoria, "what a mistake parents make in bringing up their daughters with the sole practical object of marrying them off. It seems that this is the leading characteristic of English education among the upper classes. It shall be my endeavour to bring up my girls in such a way that they will not regard marriage as the one thing needful in their future, and that they may feel themselves equal to employing their lives just as usefully in other directions. Marriage for marriage's sake is surely the greatest error a woman can commit. I never forget anything you tell me; and as you say, nothing is more disadvantageous to children than to make too much of them. They ought to be unselfish, unspoilt and easily satisfied.

"Up to the present this is the case with mine. That they occupy a more salient position in my life than is often the case in families of our rank is simply because I have never been able to employ persons enough of a responsible kind to look after them; upon this account certain things remain undone unless I do them myself—and the children would suffer were they not done. I certainly do not belong by nature to the class of women who are wives *avant tout*; but circumstances have compelled me to be a mother in the true meaning of the word, and I had to school myself to it, I assure you, many small self-sacrifices proving unavoidable. But child-worship, or having one's children about one without intermission, is by no means the right thing; and women are intolerable who continually talk about their own children. I hope I am free from these faults—at least, I try to be so; for I agree with every word you say, and so did Louis, when I read him your letter."—*Ed.*

\*Apteryx is not an aboriginal name, but a descriptive name derived from the Greek by European scientists.—*Ed.*

## Whittier's Last Poem.

BURNING DRIFTWOOD.

BEFORE my driftwood fire I sit,  
And see with every waif I burn  
Old dreams and fancies colouring it,  
And folly's unalid ghosts return.

O ships of mine, whose swift keels cloft  
The enchanted sea on which they sailed,  
Are these poor fragments only left  
Of vain desires and hopes that failed?

Did I not watch from them the light  
Of sunset on my towers in Spain,  
And see, far off, uploom in sight,  
The Happy Isles I might not gain?

Did sudden lift of fog reveal  
Arcadia's vales of song and spring?  
And did I pass, with grazing keel,  
The rocks whereon the sirens sing?

Have I not drifted hard upon  
The unmapped regions lost to man,  
The cloud-pitched tents of Prester John,  
The palace domes of Kubla Khan?

Did land winds blow from jasmine flowers,  
Where Youth the ageless Fountain fills?  
Did love make sign from rose-blown bowers,  
And Gold from Eldorado's hills?

Alas! the gallant ships that sailed,  
On blind Adventure's errand sent,  
How'er they laid their courses, failed  
To reach the haven of Content.

And of my ventures, those alone  
Which Love has freighted safely sped,  
Seeking a good beyond my own,  
By clear-eyed Duty piloted.

Oh mariners, hoping still to meet  
The luck Arabian voyagers met,  
And find in Bagdad's moonlit street  
Haroun al Raschid walking yet!

Take with you, on your Sea of Dreams,  
The fair, fond fancies dear to youth.  
I turn from all that only seems,  
And seek the sober grounds of truth.

What matter that it is not May,  
That birds have flown, and trees are bare,  
That darker grows the shortening day,  
And colder blows the wintry air!

The wrecks of passion and desire,  
The castles I no more rebuild,  
May fitly feed my driftwood fire,  
And warm the hands that age has chilled.

Whatever perished with my ships,  
I only know the best remains;  
A song of praise is on my lips  
For losses which are now my gains.

Heap high my hearth! No worth is lost;  
No wisdom with the folly dies.  
Burn on, poor shreds, your holocaust  
Shall be my evening sacrifice!

Far more than all I dared to dream,  
Unsought before my door I see;  
On wings of fire and steeds of steam  
The world's great wonders come to me.

And holier signs, unmarked before,  
Of Love to seek and Power to save—  
The righting of the wronged and poor,  
The man evolving from the slave.

And life, no longer chance or fate,  
Safe in the gracious Fatherhood.  
I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait,  
In calm assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,  
Tho' brief or long its granted days,  
If Faith and Hope and Charity  
Sit by my evening hearth fire's blaze.

And with them friends whom Heaven has spared,  
Whose love my heart has comforted,  
And, sharing all my joys, has shared  
My tender memories of the dead.

Dear souls who left us lonely here,  
Bound on their last, long voyage, to whom  
We, day by day, are drawing near,  
Where every barque has sailing room.

I know the solemn monotone  
Of waters calling unto me;  
I know from whence the airs have blown  
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,  
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,  
And, fair in sunset light, discern  
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

## Mission of the Flowers.

IN a certain city there is a lady who has been an invalid for six months. During her tedious illness, her friends—knowing her fondness for flowers—have kept her sick-room well supplied. One afternoon, a few weeks ago, she said to her physician—pointing to a magnificent rose which stood alone in a vase on the table:

"Doctor, I wish you would take that flower to some patient who would appreciate it. I have so many beautiful flowers here! That rare and exceptionally fine rose ought to be doing good somewhere."

"Well," said the physician, "I have in mind a patient who would dearly love to have it, but I fear she is too near death to realize its beauty." And then he told how, in another part of the city, in the back room of a comfortless tenement house, a little girl was tossing with a raging fever. She had been delirious for several days, and all through her delirium she had talked constantly of the flowers and trees and green grass of a country home where she had once lived.

The doctor carried the rose to his little sufferer, and placed it in her hand. Almost immediately her restlessness gave way to quiet. The forehead, contracted with pain so many days, became smooth; and over the wasted features faint traces of a smile flitted, as though an angel had soothed them with the balm of peace.

"She will go to sleep now," said the physician to the woman who watched at her bedside. "When she awakes, see that the rose is kept in her hand."

All through the night the little one lay motionless, with the flower pressed closely to her cheek, while its delicate fragrances filled the air; and when the morning came, she awoke from the first restful sleep she had had for weeks. She touched to her lips the velvet leaves of the rose, which seemed to breathe into her face with living sympathy the assurance of the recovery to health which afterward came. And thus the beautiful flower accomplished its mission.—*Selected.*

## Fight the Good Fight.

EXCUSES are too often on a boy's lips: "I cannot help it; I try, but I fail." "If you lived where I do, you wouldn't be any better than I am." "You don't know my temptations."

These excuses should never be made. You can help it, and have no reason for falling in your Christian life, for the Lord is always waiting to help you. Where you live does not make a particle of difference. The Lord will live with you, no matter where your abode, if you only ask him to do so. Your temptations are never greater than the strength the Lord will give you to battle with them.

Remember how our Saviour was tempted, and resisted. Remember, too, that Satan did not say to him, "I will cast thee down," but "Cast thyself down." That is what he says to you: "Cast thyself down." If he could do it himself, he would do so very quickly, without waiting for any words

on the subject. There he is powerless, and he knows it. So he gives the command; and, oh! it is a command which is all too often obeyed! If you would only realize two things—how helpless Satan really is, and how strong the Lord is—you would oftener conquer. Instead of that, I sometimes fear boys think the other way.

As for your surroundings, they are nothing; your surroundings have nothing to do with it. The Lord is able to keep you pure, no matter where your life is cast. Only pray, and trust, and watch. It is all in your own hands and your Saviour's.—*Selected.*

## Perfect Love.

PERFECT love restrains selfishness. Perfect love stills jealousy. Perfect love conquers conceit. Perfect love casts out anger. Perfect love is truthful. Perfect love is pure and gentle. Perfect love is charitable and forgiving. Perfect love is constructive, and not divisive. Perfect love is optimistic because God is. Perfect love endures all things. Perfect love reproduces the Christ. Perfect love deeply desires to be serviceable. Perfect love loves everybody. Perfect love is attractive. Perfect love secures easy and grateful recognition.—

## Bits of Fun.

—Colorado Mother.—"Here, you Sal! 'Wot'er yo' doin'?"

Sally (aged nine), "Herdin' the baby."

—"Small girl—Rob, what's a widower?"

Small boy—"Why, Helen, I'm surprised at you. It's the husband of a widow, of course."

—Amateur Tenor.—"I shall just sing one more song, and then I shall go."

Sarcastic Friend—"Couldn't you go first?"

—While the influenza was at its height, a child was born in New York. The family were all down with the disease. The new arrival was a boy, and by unanimous consent he was named *Agrippa*.

—Before the Venus of Milo.—Smithers (reading sign): "'Hands off.' The poor idiots! Do they think any one could look at that statue and not know the hands were off?"

—"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes."

"Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

—Little Lucie went with her father for a walk in the park. After awhile they became separated, when the child began to address the following question to all the persons she met: "Please, haven't you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

—Hibernian Nurse—"Arrah, wake up: wake up!"

Hospital Patient (drowsily)—"What is it?"

Hibernian Nurse—"It's time for your slapping medicine, sir, so it is."

—Dental Item—Sufferer.—"Do you pull teeth without pain?"

Dentist.—"Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet occasionally."

—Stranger (to hotel clerk): "What are all those strange marks on this register? It looks as if fifty hens had been walking over it."

Clerk: "Keep quiet, sir; those are the autographs of the visiting editors."

—"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches."



**Nobody Knows but Mother.**

Nobody knows of the work it takes  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,  
Lest darling may not weather  
The storm of life in after years  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
To thank the Heavenly Father  
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;  
Nobody can—but mother.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN LUKE.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON III.** [July 20  
**TAKING UP THE CROSS.**  
Luke 14. 25-35. Memory verses, 27-30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.— Luke 14. 27.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.

**PLACE.**—Perea (?)

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—These words were evidently spoken on Jesus' journey southward to one of the great Jewish feasts, when multitudes of Galilean pilgrims accompanied him.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

*Great multitudes*—They may have been travelling in the same way to Jerusalem, and surging backward and forward around Jesus, the great central figure. *If any man come*—The first months of Jesus' public ministry were months of invitation and proclamation; but from the day when he told the parable of the sower he began to sift his followers. His teachings thenceforth have an undercurrent which tends to carry away from him mere curiosity-seekers and shallow followers; while those who were at heart his disciples are drawn closer in intense spiritual communion. He was testing them, and this lesson can only be clearly understood with this thought in mind. *Hate not*—That is, reject not. Whoever follows Jesus must choose Jesus, and everything that stands in the way must be rejected. But Jesus never taught the doctrine of hate. The true Christian loves his friends better than others. *Bear his cross*—In modern phrase the same thought would be given by saying whoever does not hammer together his own gallows cannot follow me. Jesus' intention is to proclaim that death stared him in the face, and no man could be his follower who could not face death. *Build a tower*—Builders get estimates. *Going to make war*—Governments investigate the state of their armies. So Christians should count the cost, and if they are not prepared to take all the risks better never begin the new life. *If the salt hath lost its savour*—A savourless white powder named salt would be of no use. It is the saline principle that we buy and sell in commerce. So it is not the name of a Christian that we should seek, but the saving principle of a holy life. *He that hath ears to hear*—Jesus frequently made this remark. Those who listened to him were very much like most hearers of to-day. Use your ears!

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *Bearing the Cross*, vers. 25-27. Who followed Jesus? What strange demand did he make of his disciples?

How is this demand elsewhere explained? Matt. 10. 37. What did he say about cross-bearing? (Golden Text.) How constantly must the cross be borne? Mark 9. 23.

2. *Counting the Cost*, vers. 28-35.

What question is asked about counting the cost? What reason is given for so doing? What would a wise king do before going to war? If not so strong as his enemy, what would he do? What must every one do who would be a disciple? What reward is promised to one who forsakes all? Matt. 19. 29. Who are the salt of the earth? Matt. 5. 13. What is asked about poor salt? For what only is it fit? Who are exhorted to hear this teaching? What ought we to do besides hearing? Jas. 1. 22.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What does the Lord say about the man who comes not after him? "He cannot be my disciple." 2. What condition does he make? (Golden Text.) 3. What does a man do before building? "Counts the cost." 4. What does a king do before declaring war? "Tests his strength." 5. What must we do in coming to Jesus? "Forsake all."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Christian warfare.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

3. What is meant by salvation? It is the deliverance of the soul from sin and its recovery to spiritual life in God. And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is He that shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

A.D. 29 or 30] **LESSON IV.** [July 27  
**LOST AND FOUND.**  
Luke 15. 1-10. Memory verses, 4-7.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.— Luke 15. 10.

**TIME.**—29 or 30 A.D.

**PLACE.**—Perea, probably.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—The surroundings of this parable are uncertain, but the Lord had already begun his last journey to Jerusalem.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

*Draw near unto him*—Their sense of vile-ness had at first kept them away. *Murmured*—Pharisees "sought not the lost," and could not understand the One who did. *Eateth with them*—Puts himself on their level. Their very touch was supposed to defile a Pharisee. Emphatically Jesus came "not to call the righteous." *He spake*—He does not deny the charge they make, but justifies his course. *This parable*—No mere statement could have taught as much as the three parables that followed, two of which are in this lesson. *Leave the ninety and nine*—Not wholly uncared for, however; under-shepherds were always employed. Remember that the background of this little story was much more familiar to Jesus' hearers than to us. *Wilderness*—Uncultivated, grassy plains. *Go after*—If he had loved less, he might have sent a servant. *Layeth it on his shoulders*—He does not scold or punish, but soothes and helps. *Rejoicing*—This gives a wonderful glimpse of the infinite love of God. *Just persons, which need no repentance*—There are none such, but many were, and many still are, self-righteous, and over such neither the Good Shepherd nor the "angels of God" can rejoice. *Pieces of silver*—Little coins, with the image of an owl or a tortoise worth eighteen cents a piece, but with much greater purchasing power in those days. Women wore them as a sort of mental fringe upon the forehead. We are God's coins. *Light . . . sweep*—"Patience and diligence and minute observation" are as greatly needed in the salvation of souls as are the more aggressive traits of the average revival. *I had lost*—Through her own carelessness. The sheep had wandered away, but it was through negligence that the coin rolled into the dark corner. The Church is never altogether without blame when souls are lost from its holy precincts.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *Lost Man Found*, vers. 1, 2. Who sought Jesus to listen to his teaching? Who found fault with Jesus because of this? What did these men say? What similar charge was made against St Peter? See Acts 11. 3. Whom did Jesus come to seek? Chap. 19. 10.
2. *Lost Sheep Found*, vers. 3-7. What parable did Jesus speak to the fault-finders? What did he say about seeking a lost sheep? What about the joy of finding it? Who would be called to share the joy? Whom does Peter liken to lost sheep? 1 Peter 2. 25. What finding of the lost causes joy in heaven? Over whom is there less rejoicing? Whom did Jesus not come to seek? Chap. 5. 32.
3. *Lost Money Found*, vers. 8-10. What treasure had the woman of the parable? How much did she lose? What did she do when she learned of her loss? What when she had found the lost piece? Where also is there joy over finding the lost? (Golden Text.)

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What complaint against Jesus was made by the scribes and Pharisees? "This man receiveth sinners." 2. What two parables did he tell in justification of his course? "The lost sheep and the lost coin." 3. What did the Good Shepherd do? "Went after that which was lost." 4. What did the woman do when she lost her piece of silver? "Sought diligently till she found it." 5. What did they both do when they found that which was lost? "Rejoiced with their friends." 6. Repeat the Golden Text: "There is joy," etc.

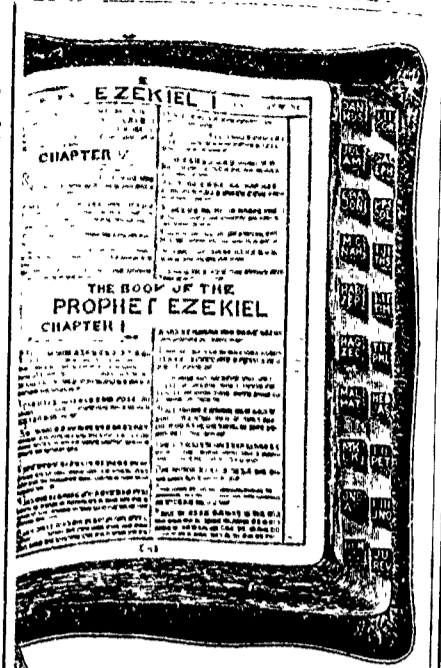
**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—God's love to sinners

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

4. What are the chief benefits included in salvation? They are the forgiveness of sins, regeneration or the new birth, and sanctification. What is the forgiveness or remission of sins? The penitent sinner who believes in Christ is freely pardoned, his punishment being remitted or not inflicted. There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.—Rom. 8. 1.

**Tangle-Thread.**

If you find that you like to have your way a good deal better than you like to have your mother to have hers; if you pout and cry when you can not do as you please; if you never own that you are in the wrong and are sorry for it—never, in short, try with all your might to be docile and gentle—then your name is Tangle-Thread, and you may depend you cost your mother many sorrowful hours and many tears. The best thing for you to do is to go away by yourself and to pray to Jesus to make you see how naughty you are and to make you humble and sorry. Then the old and soiled thread that can be seen by your mother in your life will disappear, and in its place there will come first a silver, and by-and-by, with time and patience and God's loving help, a sparkling and beautiful golden one. And do you know of anything in this world you would rather be than somebody's Golden Thread, and especially the Golden Thread of your dear mamma, who has loved you so many years, who has prayed for you so many years, and who longs to see you gentle and docile, like him of whom it was said, "Behold the Lamb of God?"



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