

**The Whistling Boy.**

Is there a sound in the world so sweet,  
On a dark and dreary morn,  
When the gloom without meets the gloom  
Within, till we wish we'd not been  
born,  
As the sound of a little barefoot boy  
Gaily whistling in the rain,  
While he drives the cows to pastures  
green, down the path in the muddy  
lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not  
dampened by autumn rain,  
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy  
feet are not spoiled by grime or  
stain;  
The world to him is a wonderful place  
that he means some day to explore;  
If there's time to play and plenty to eat,  
who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh  
as the drops that clear the air,  
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears  
the soul of the gloom that brooded  
there;  
And we bless the boy as he spats along  
through rivers of rain and mud,  
For the hope and cheer in that whistled  
note would rainbow the sky in a  
flood.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

- Tu. Hezekiah's great passover.—2 Chron. 30. 1-13.
- W. Cleansing and sacrifice.—2 Chron. 30. 14-20.
- Th. The feast continued.—2 Chron. 30. 21-27.
- F. Zeal and success.—2 Chron. 31. 1-8, 20, 21.
- S. A prosperous king.—2 Kings 18. 1-8.
- Su. The passover instituted.—Exod. 12. 3-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. A National Revival, v. 1-5.  
To whom besides his own subjects did Hezekiah send letters?  
What great evil befell the kingdom of Israel while Hezekiah was king of Judah?  
What did the feast of the passover commemorate?  
Where was it always held?  
Had these people been in the habit of going to it?  
At what time of the year was it held?  
With whom did the king take counsel to change the time?  
For what reason?  
Was this right?  
How far did Hezekiah's proclamation reach?  
What was the name of the last king of Israel?  
Who had overthrown his kingdom?

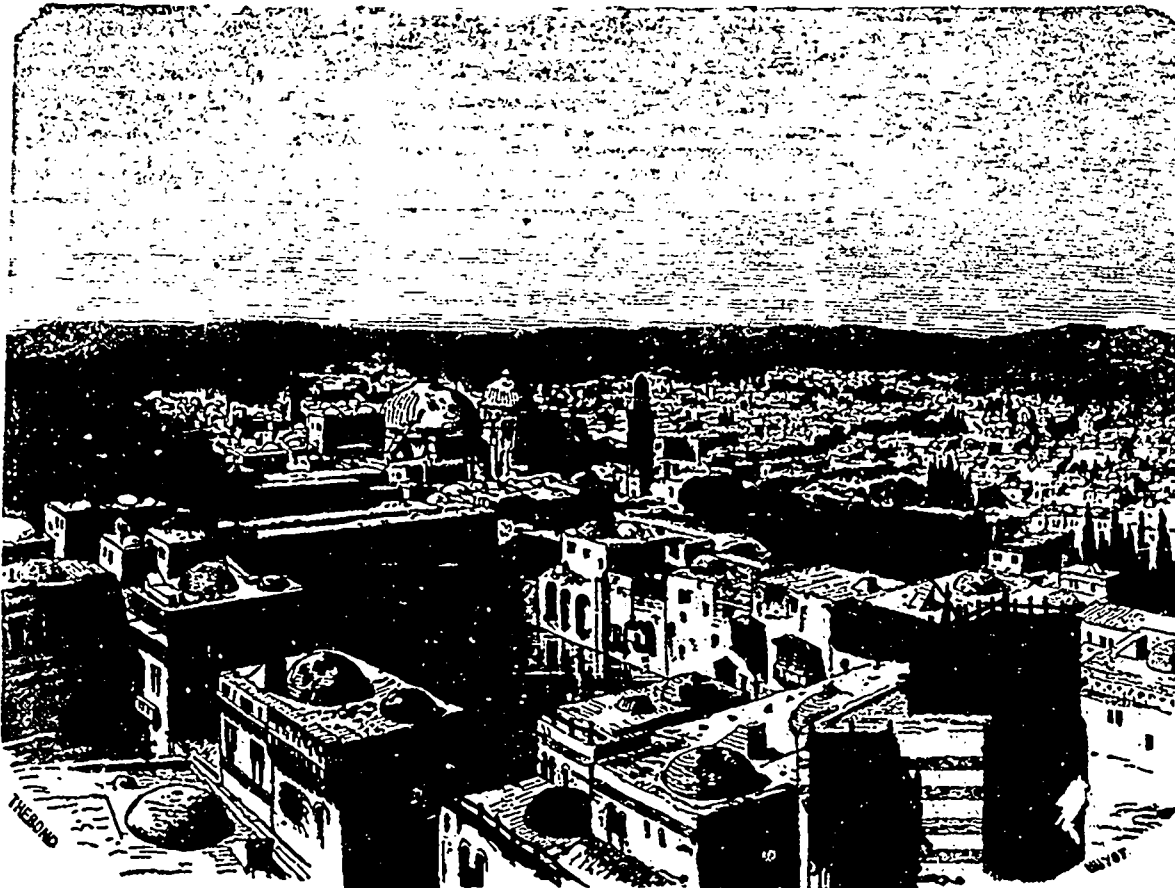
**A CLEVER PIG.**

In the United States the hog is apt to be very mischievous in fields and gardens, the ring being seldom used. The following ludicrous account of outwitting a trespassing pig was communicated to one of the journals:  
"A farmer was greatly annoyed by his neighbour's pig getting into his field and harvesting on his own account. The farmer had diligently searched for a defect in the fence, but failed to find one where the pig could by any possibility enter. So he concluded to watch, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the trait enter the end of a crooked hollow log, which made part of the fence, one end being in his field, and the other in that of his neighbour.  
"After driving the burglar out, he changed the position of the log, so that both ends were in his neighbour's field, and watched the result. Soon the pig came along, and went through the log as usual, but upon searching for potatoes he found only pasture grass. So, after some little delay, he seemed to arrive at the conclusion that he had not gone through the log at all, so he went through again, and upon emerging into the pasture-field seemed more mystified than ever. But after a more protracted search for potatoes than ever, he seemed to conclude that, owing to some

I thought you might send us something for a surprise. "Hans Brahm.  
"P.S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well."  
Katrina's eyes filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it, she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said: "Whatever his parents may be, this child-faith must not be destroyed." That evening after dinner she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.  
It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ-child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten-dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. She told him that his letter had been received, and that Jesus had sent one of his servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.  
Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and he had not yet found work.  
As the weeks went by another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina, "that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."

**A PLAN OF SUBTRACTION.**

When I first knew Robert Race he was a healthy young fellow, standing well in society. He had a good house, good clothes, a good business, and had just inherited fifteen thousand dollars.  
I did not see him for nearly twenty years. I found him feeble in health, lame, blind of one eye, shabby, and without home, business or money.  
He would have been in the poorhouse, had not a cousin paid his board at a small farm-house.  
"How is this, Robert?" I asked.  
"Why are you so poor?"  
"It is all an example in subtraction," he said. "I took time from my business to spend in bar-rooms and pool-rooms. I took money from my business and from my capital for drink and tobacco, for gaming and treating. It was all take, take, take away, and never any adding. And with late hours, strong drink, idle habits, it was all take, take, take from my health and good standing; and so here I am, ruined. Subtraction is a poor rule to live by," said Robert Race.



POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

**THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.**

In the heart of the city of Jerusalem is the great pool shown in our text. According to tradition, it was created by King Hezekiah for the supply of the city during the siege. It was fed by an aqueduct from a source without the city walls. Portions of this aqueduct can still be traced. On one side is the Mediterranean Hotel, on the other a lot of shops and restaurants. When the Editor visited the city, the post-office and telegraph office both overlooked this pool. They have since been removed to a new building. It seems to carry one back well-nigh twenty-five hundred years to the reign of King Hezekiah. It is now a foul, unwholesome pool, not fit even for washing in, much less drinking.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.**

**LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.**

**HEZEKIAH'S GREAT PASSOVER.**

2 Chron. 30. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into his sanctuary.—2 Chron. 30. 8.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A National Revival, v. 1-5.
2. The Invitation, v. 6-9.
3. The Response, v. 10-13.

**HOME READINGS.**

M. Hezekiah's good beginning.—2 Chron. 29. 1-11.

**2. The Invitation, v. 6-9.**

Who were the priests?  
What was the first part of Hezekiah's message? "Turn again," etc.  
What promise did he make them if they returned to God?  
What had become of their fathers and their brethren who had so greatly trespassed?  
What did Hezekiah exhort these people to do? Golden Text.  
What promise did he make them?  
Had he any foundation for such a promise?

**3. The Response, v. 10-13.**

How far did the posts go?  
Why, probably, did they not go all the way?  
What harsh treatment did they receive?  
What people came humbly to Jerusalem?  
How did the inhabitants of Judah feel?  
Who worked on their hearts?  
Did many come to the feast?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. A godly ruler?
2. An earnest exhorter?
3. An obedient people?

He was an earnest minister, and one Sunday, in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, he said: "The Hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains, made a drop of water; which made you, made the grass of the field; which made me, made a daisy!"

blunder of his own, he had not really gone through the log, so in he went again, and out into the pasture-field. But this time he stood still as a statue for about half a minute. Slowly the bristles began to stand erect along his back, and, with two or three tremendous sniffs, he set off at the top of his speed for the house of his owner, and never afterwards could be induced to approach that place."

**THE FAITH OF LITTLE HANS.**

The following touching story, told by a writer in Harper's Young People, is about a letter found by one of the clerks, a young German girl, in the Dead Letter Office, at Washington.

The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven." She tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet, written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out.

Here is the translation:

"Dear Jesus: I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I'm going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat; and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.  
"Nobody knows I am writing to you.

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