

Stop and Think.

BY B. E. NEWFORD.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,
Stop and think.
The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;
And the man who a leader might be,
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink!
Stop and think
Of the graves where its victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and the mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
Of the death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

THESE DOGS TALKED.

I met Elizabeth going to school this morning. She was going along so sedately I looked twice to be sure it was my little neighbour.

Usually Elizabeth goes on the tips of her toes. Her hair floats back in a tangled fluff of curls, and altogether she impresses you as a whirlwind out on a frolic.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," I said. "Is your foot lame?"

"Why, no," she answered, hopping first on one foot, and then on the other, to be sure they were both in good working order. "My feet's all right."

"Then what made you go so slow?" "I was thinking of something, Miss Kate. Do you think dogs can talk? It does make me so sorry to think they can't. Joe says dogs are stupid not to talk, but Dandy isn't stupid, and I'm so bothered." And the blue eyes looked at me so wistfully I wanted to kiss her.

"I wouldn't worry over that," I said. "Of course dogs can talk. It's we who are so stupid we don't understand them that's all. They understand one another, but as we don't know their language, of course we can't tell what they say."

"Do you really think so? Did you ever see a dog talk to another one?" "Often."

"When? Oh, I wish I could." "You can if you keep your eyes open. I saw two dogs have a conversation on Fifth Avenue the other day that interested me very much."

"Oh, Miss Kate, won't you tell me about it? We can walk real slow, and I have plenty of time. I started to school early so I could have a game of tag, but I'd ever so much rather hear about the doggies."

"Very well," I said, walking along beside her, and glad of a chance to get her little fingers twined round mine. Elizabeth has beautiful hands. I don't mean they are soft and white and daintily shaped. I imagine they are very brown and fat and dimpled, but they are the kind of hands that give you loving squeezes, and are always ready to do things for you, and that makes them seem very beautiful to every one who loves her.

"Let's see," I said. "the first dog I saw was at the corner of Fifth Avenue. He was a dreadfully forlorn little dog, dirty and ragged and thin and pale. You've seen dogs like that, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Elizabeth. "I've often seen ragged, pale-looking doggies."

"That was the kind this was, and he wanted to cross Fifth Avenue very much, but the street-cars were crossing, and waggons, horses and carriages and people, and every time he tried, he grew frightened and ran back."

"Why didn't you take him over, Miss Kate?" asked Elizabeth.

"I did try, but he did not know me, and was afraid to follow when I called him."

"Poor little doggie!"

"That's what I said; but a friend was coming. A great splendid Newfoundland dog came along, his black coat shining like silk, his gold collar glittering in the sunshine, and such an air of elegance about him that every one looked at him admiringly as he stopped a moment on the crossing."

Just as he was about to go over, a low whimper greeted him, and, turning, he looked at the forlorn little doggie. I don't know what he said. I only saw him bend his splendid head and seem to whisper to the little fellow. You should have seen it brighten up. Its tall lost its pitiful droop and waved

proudly, and it cuddled up close to its big friend in such a glad, happy fashion it was a pleasure to see it, and then they started over together. The big dog looked carefully around, waited for a car to pass, ran under a wagon, around a carriage, dodged a bicycle, and then the two were safe on the other side. They touched noses politely, just as gentlemen would shake hands, and then parted, while I stowed the story of them away to tell my little Elizabeth when I would see her."

"Oh, Miss Kate, I'm so glad you told me," she cried, giving my hand a good bye squeeze. "Now I'll always know dogs do really talk and aren't a bit stupid, but just as kind and polite and as considerate—"

"As all well-bred folks should be," I laughed. "Remember, Elizabeth, I told you the Newfoundland dog was a splendid fellow. I doubt if a tramp dog would have been so polite."

What were Hilkiah and Shaphan doing?

How had the temple sunk into decay? What king showed a holy zeal in repairing it?

What did Hilkiah say to Shaphan? What book was this?

What did Shaphan say to the king about the money?

What did he show the king? What else did he do?

When the king heard the words of the book of the law what did he do?

2. Inquiring of God, v. 12-14.

What did the king command his four servants mentioned in verse 12?

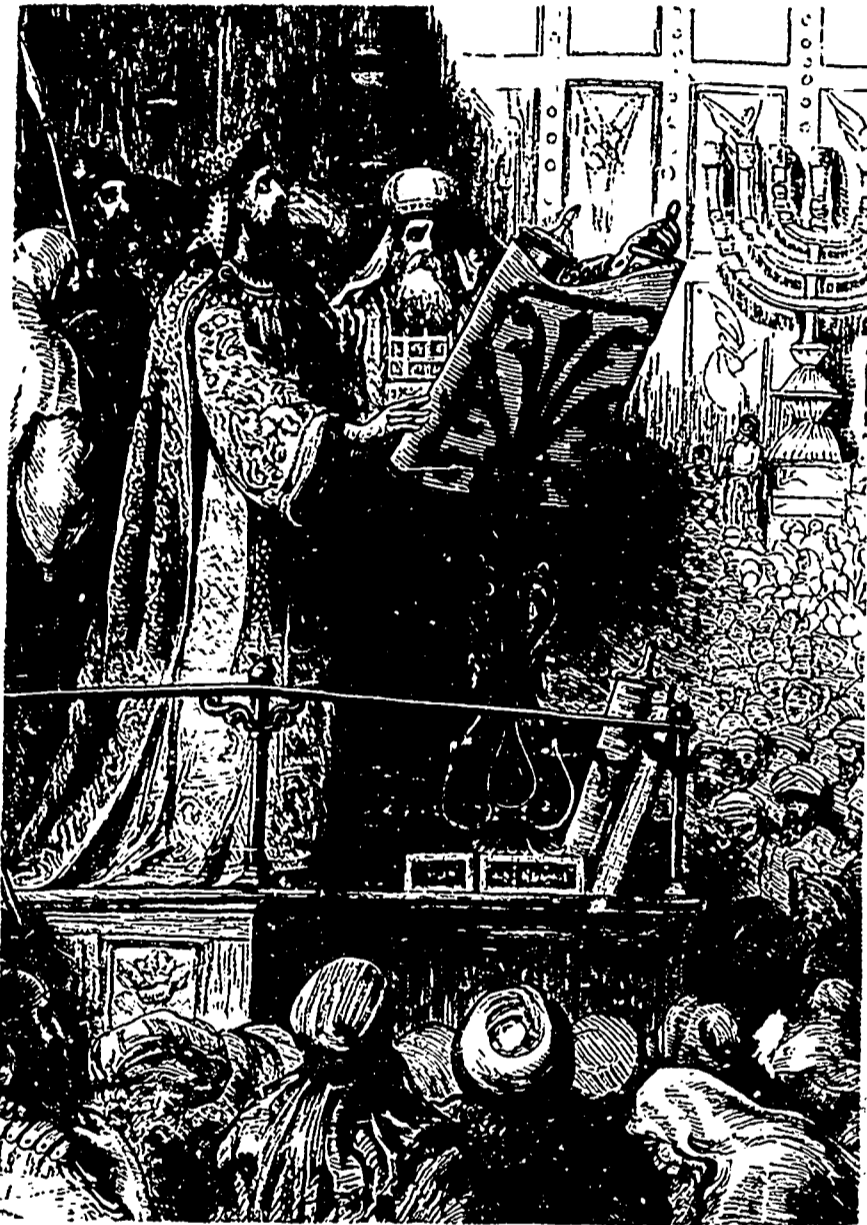
What reason did he give?

To whom did they go? Whose wife was Huldah?

Are there any other prophetesses mentioned in the Bible?

3. God's Answer, v. 15-20.

What did God say about his written word?



READING THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND.

2 Kings 22. 8-20. Memory verse, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.—Psalm 119. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Book of the Law, v. 8-11.
 2. Inquiring of God, v. 12-14.
 3. God's Answer, v. 15-20.
- Time.—About 622 B.C.
Place.—Jerusalem, the capital of the kingdom of Judah.

HOME READINGS.

- M. A good king.—2 Kings 22. 1-7.
- Tu. The book of the law found.—2 Kings 22. 8-20.
- W. Effect of the book.—2 Kings 23. 1-8.
- Th. Putting away evil.—2 Kings 23. 15-25.
- F. The law in the heart.—Deut. 6. 1-13.
- S. Hear, learn, and fear.—Deut. 31. 7-13.
- Su. The perfect law.—Psalm 119. 7-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Book of the Law, v. 8-11. What is the Golden Text?

Why did he say he would bring evil upon Jerusalem?

What had he observed in the behaviour of the king of Judah?

What message did he promise him?

How did Josiah die?

Did this break God's promise?

What did the messengers of Josiah do?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. God's word studied curiously?
 2. God's word studied penitently?
 3. God's word heard with comfort?

CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

I cast myself down, I know not how, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears. . . . So I was speaking and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house, a voice, as of a boy or girl. I knew not, chanting and oft repeating: "Take up and read; take up and read." . . . I arose, interpreting it to be no other than a command from God to open the Book and read the first chapter I should find. . . . I seized, opened and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell—Rom. 13. 13-14: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." No further would I read; nor needed I, for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.—St. Augustine's Confessions.

The Coming of His Feet.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of his feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Taborlight of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of his feet.
—Independent.

A delegate to a young people's convention being asked what his occupation was, said, "I am a cheer-up-odist!" Not a bad business for the rest of us.

Fathers and Mothers

Have you watched the faces of the children at Christmas, as you handed them a bright new book? If so, why not see that face brightened oftener by an occasional presentation of one of the many beautiful volumes that are now being issued. Do not wait until the child has a liking for pernicious literature; commence with good picture-books, read them the stories, and as they grow up they will appreciate and thank you for your efforts. Peruse carefully the subjoined list.

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