



JOHNNIE'S PUNISHMENT.

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BY FAITH WAYNE.

"She's not my father or mother! I don't have to obey her," said Johnnie Hayes one day in a surly tone, as he refused to remain after school in punishment for raising a titter among the scholars by pinning a handkerchief to the coat of one of the boys. But he went home feeling very uncomfortable. He was afraid his father and mother would hear of his bad behaviour; and, then, too, he was mortified because the scholars heard Miss Parvin reprove him and request him to keep his seat at the close of school, at which he had openly rebelled.

He decided as he tossed restlessly on his pillow that night that his teacher had served him very badly, and that he would "fix her for it." And sad to relate, the beautiful morning found him in possession of the same ugly spirit.

He went to the school-house early the next day, and with a revengeful smile he drew upon the blackboard a very homely picture of his teacher, with a rod in her hand and spectacles on her nose.

"Who's that, Johnnie?" said one of his schoolmates, entering as he finished it.

"Why, it's Miss Parvin; I want her to see how ugly she is," he replied with a frown.

"She don't look like that," the boy said.

"She will, though, if she keeps on scolding a fellow whenever he has a little fun."

"I wouldn't do that, if I were you. It'll hurt her feelings."

"Feelings! humph! Teachers have no feelings." Johnnie replied with a contemptuous curl of his lip.

When Miss Parvin entered the school-room her eyes fell at once upon the picture on the blackboard, but she made no remark. It remained there all day, for she watched that no one should wipe it off. She knew very well whose work it was, for Johnnie was her most rebellious pupil; and then, too, his guilt was written on his downcast face.

When school was over, she called the boy to her.

"I want you to tell me why you did this, Johnnie," she said, laying her hand upon his thick dark curls, and pointing to the blackboard, while a few scholars tiptoed back and listened curiously. But the boy hung his head in sullen silence.

"I know you did it, because I have not another scholar who would be so disrespectful."

Johnnie blushed. It was not pleasant to hear himself so badly spoken of. At

home he was called a good boy. He was very fond of his parents, and obedient to them. But he is one who thinks a teacher is entitled to no rights as regards the correction of the children under her care. Indeed, he looks upon her as a sort of necessary evil, born into the world purposely to give little folks hard lessons that she might have the pleasure of keeping them in at recess or after school, and to make herself disagreeable generally.

"I don't know why you won't love me, Johnnie," Miss Parvin added by and-by, as she sat down with a heavy sigh.

The boy looked up in astonishment: the idea of loving a teacher had never entered his mind.

"It is not an easy lot to be a teacher, I am very weary at night and want to be released from the care when school hours are over quite as badly as you wish to run off to your play. So you see it is no pleasure to have to keep you in. But, Johnnie as wearisome as my life is, I thank God every night that I have this way of keeping a dear little brother from starvation, for we have no parents."

"I didn't know you had a brother," Johnnie exclaimed, in his surprise forgetting his anger.

"Yes, he is a cripple and never leaves the house unless I get home in time to wheel him out in his chair, and when I have to stay here late, poor Willie misses his airing."

Johnnie's face softened, and he said with a puzzled expression in his big black eyes:

"I should think you'd want to go so badly that you'd never keep anybody in after school then."

"I must do my duty to you, for your parents have placed you under my care."

"But I am sure my father and mother would excuse you if you didn't keep me in any more. It would be awful mean in anybody to think you ought to stay and make that little fellow miss his ride!" said Johnnie earnestly, forgetting that he had been in fault, so touched was his heart with the story of the poor child pining for the sunlight and fresh air.

Miss Parvin smiled and kissed Johnnie's upturned face, and then quite accidentally his glance fell upon the picture on the blackboard, and with a deep blush he sprang toward it and with a quick flourish of his hand it disappeared.



A HEBREW THANKSGIVING.

"Forgive me, Miss Parvin, it was wicked to do that. But I'll never keep your brother from his airing again." And Johnnie kept his word.

A HEBREW THANKSGIVING.

A good many boys and girls perhaps think that thanksgiving is a Canadian or American festival. It is much older than that. It dates back to the Old Testament times, when the children of Israel, over three thousand years ago, presented thank-offerings to the Lord. They came before him with the first fruits of the field and flock, and with rejoicing and gladness presented their offerings unto God. These were some-

times called wave offerings, because they were waved to and fro, probably in order to show that the sacrifice was made to the Lord of all the four parts of the world.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

(The fourth Sunday in November is observed as "Temperance Sunday" in many churches.)

Prov. 4. 10-19. Memory verses, 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not—Prov. 1. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Right Way, v. 10-13.
2. The Wrong Way, v. 14-17.
3. The End of the Ways, v. 18-19.

Time.—Solomon, to whom these words are attributed, reigned over the united kingdom, according to common chronology, from 1015 to 975 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Temperance lesson.—Prov. 4. 10-19.
- Tu. Companionship.—Prov. 13. 5-20.
- W. The mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-7.
- Th. The way of sinners.—Prov. 1. 7-19.
- F. A path of woe, Isa. 5. 11-23.
- S. Bad and good fruit.—Gal. 5. 16-26.
- Su. The two ways.—Psalm 1.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Right Way, v. 10-13.
  - What is our Golden Text?
  - What is the result of following wisdom?
  - What does science say about this?
  - Who are our leaders in right paths?
  - What is the meaning of verse 12?
  - In what ways may we take fast hold of instruction?
  - How should we treat good advice?
  - Why?
2. The Wrong Way, v. 14-17.
  - Into whose way should we not go?
  - If urged to do wrong, what should we do? Prov. 1. 10.
  - What four things are we advised to do?
  - What reason is given for this advice?
  - What is the food and drink of wicked men?
  - What do you understand by the "bread of wickedness" and the "wine of violence"?

Thanksgiving in the Old Home.

BY MARGARET K. HANOVER.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill  
The wee brown house is clinging;  
A last year's nest that is lone and still,  
Though it erst was filled with singing.  
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet,  
And their thrilling childish laughter,  
And merry voices were sweet, oh, sweet!  
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings, one by one,  
From the nest's safe shelter flying,  
Went forth in the ehen of the morning sun,  
Their fluttering pinions trying;  
But out as the reaping time is o'er,  
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,  
They haste to the little home once more,  
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,  
With a hand the dim eyes shading,  
And the flush of girlhood tints again  
The cheek that is thin and fading;  
For her boys and girls are coming home,  
The mother's kiss their guerdon,  
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,  
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,  
The skies of youth above them,  
The blessing of God on the happy group,  
Who have mother left to love them.  
They well may smile in the face of care,  
To whom such grace is given;  
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer  
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son,  
With a heart that's brimming over,  
She's tenderly blending two in one,  
Her boy and her boyish lover,  
And half of her soul is left away,  
So twine the dead and the living,  
In the little home wherein to-day  
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,  
And small heads bright and golden,  
The childish laugh and the childish frown,  
And the dimpled fingers folden,  
That bring again to the mother-breast  
The spell of the sunny weather,  
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,  
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,  
The cries of pain and passion,  
Over this lull in the eager strife,  
Love hovers, Eden-fashion,  
In the wee brown house were lessons taught  
Of strong and sturdy living,  
And ever, where honest hands have wrought,  
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

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3. The End of the Ways, v. 18, 19.
  - To what is the path of the just likened?
  - What is the way of the wicked like?
  - Do wicked people ever try to make others like themselves?
  - What should be the judgment of Christian people concerning alcoholic beverages?
  - Concerning those who make and sell them?
  - Concerning those who "drink in moderation"?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To heed good counsel?
  2. To shun wicked ways?
  3. To imitate good examples?