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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Third Quarter. Lesson XIII, September 29. REVIEW.

TIME—From Samuel's call, B. C. 1134, to Saul's death, B. C. 1055.

PLACES—Chiefly in Judea, and in the vicinity of the place which afterwards became Jerusalem; Shiloh and Nob, the religious capitals; Ramah, Samuel's home; Gibeah, Saul's capital; Bethlehem, David's home; Adullam, Engedi, and Gath, places of David's exile; Mt. Gilboa, where Saul was slain in battle.

PERSONS—Eli, Samuel, Saul, David. THE Bible.—The divine revelation during the reign of Saul would comprise the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, and Ruth. CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—Egypt, the queen of the world; twentieth dynasty closed about B. C. 1133. Troy was destroyed by the Greeks B. C. 1184. Aeneas founded the city of Lavinium in Italy B. C. 1182, and his son Ascanius, Alba Longa in 1152.

Review.—Let the initial letters of the titles and the first words of the Golden Texts be put on the board before the school opens. Before each lesson place its number. They will stand as below:

Table with 3 columns: LESSON, TITLES, GOLDEN TEXT. Rows I to XII.

Drill the whole school in titles and Golden Texts for about five minutes; then rub out the first word of the texts. Call the title yourself, and let the school in each case give the appropriate text. When this is done, rub out the titles and call by numbers yourself, letting the school know beforehand whether you wish them to give you title or Golden Text, or both, of the lesson whose number you call.

If possible, let another man now take the lead. It adds freshness to the exercises. Deal now in word-pictures. After the word-pictures, call for practical lessons from persons selected. If they are competent, let them select their own points; if not, do this for them.

As examples of the word-pictures, (1) A large court, with a beautiful tent, and low buildings around it. An old man sleeping in one of these rooms, and a little boy in an adjacent room. The boy hears some one call to him. Name the place and the persons. (2) An aged man on a stone seat near the entrance to a city. A great battle 20 miles away. The soldiers flee away. A messenger comes with the news to the city, and the aged man falls dead from his seat. Name the old man. Why was he so affected by the news?

The Only Way. BY SYDNEY DAYKE.

Monday morning was always a busy time at the cottage. Susie got up early and busied herself bringing tubs, pumping water and putting out the line. There was usually a doubt about her getting to school. If everything went well, her mother tried hard to let her go, for it was a great trial to Susie to miss it.

The wash to-day was not a large one, and she hoped for the best. But before long, she observed that her mother looked pale and seemed not to work with her accustomed quickness. "Are you not well mother?" she asked.

"Not very, dear. I got up with a little headache, and thought I could work it off, but it does not seem to go." Susie was unusually sorry for her mother, but could not help a certain feeling of disappointment on her own account. She washed the breakfast things, got the younger children ready for school, and then went to her mother.

"Now, mother, you must stop. I'm ready to hang out the clothes and clean up." "No, dear; I think I can finish by myself. You go, it is not too late yet, and I hate to have you lose your schooling." "Come and lie down, mother," persisted Susie; "you know you are not fit to work."

And being thus urged, she was not sorry to be led away by such gentle hands. "You are a dear comfort to me, my daughter," she said, as Susie laid a cool cloth over her aching head and drew down the shades to keep out the light. "The loving words were very sweet to hear, and Susie fully appreciated them; but her face wore a woe-begone expression as she went back to her work.

"It isn't the work I mind so much," she said to herself, as she flew about in lively feet and skilful hands; "but it's so hard staying out of school this way. It's so different with other girls. Some of them don't have to do a single thing at home, and think they're very good to go to school and study. I'd like to live in a big house and have a hired girl to do all the work. Some girls don't even have to sweep their own rooms. I wonder why things are not fixed a little more evenly. Some folks have so much and other folks so little."

It was easy to see as the hours wore on that Susie thought she was one of the ones who have very little indeed. A dreary cloud obscured the sunshine with which the autumn day had opened, which seemed to cast its reflection over the indoor sky, and its shadow deepened as a drizzling rain set in, with its unpleasant consequences of the clean clothes having to be brought in undried. The children came home to dinner in fretful moods, which needed only a little home sun-

shine to dispel; but none was there, for mother was no better, and the certainty of being obliged to lose the afternoon session of school deepened the gloom on Susie's face. She returned their small petulances with frowns and fault-finding, sending them away at length in worse tempers than they had brought home. She waited on mother kindly, but without the cheery word and smile which gives grace and beauty to the lightest service, and then went through the routine of the afternoon work, with a heart doubly burdened with its weight of self-dissatisfaction.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself, as, after putting the room in order, she stood for a moment at the window watching the rain which had now settled into a steady pour. "I do believe she is coming in."

A figure well-fortified against the weather by rubber cloak and umbrella, and as big as the splashy sidewalk, and as the umbrella was raised enough to bring a bright face into view, she recognized her Sunday-school teacher.

"You out on such a day!" she exclaimed, as she hastened to seize the dripping umbrella, and relieve the visitor of her rubber cloak and shoes. In a few moments she was seated by the fire as comfortably as if the day had been a fine one.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I like to go out in the weather. I think people are gladder to see me when they don't go out themselves, and no one else comes. But I did not expect to see you for half an hour yet. Why are you not at school?"

Susie explained, and the doing so brought back all the clouds to her brow. And her teacher's face was so kind and sympathetic that she could not forbear pouring out all her troubles.

"We all have our trials, you know, dear. And we must try to be content with knowing that they are brought by the gracious hand which was cruelly wounded for our sakes."

"But," said Susie, it seems as though I had to bear the very things that are hardest for me to bear. I want to go to school, and it hurts me so to have to stay out. And I like nice things and I can't have them."

"I suppose," said Miss Vernon, "it is natural we should think our own troubles the heaviest, for we know their weight and sting as we cannot know that of others."

"But there are plenty of people who don't seem to have much trouble," said Susie. "Now, there is Laura Randall. She lives in such a beautiful house and goes riding in a carriage, and she is the only child, and her mother indulges her in every way."

"Yes," said Miss Vernon, "I went in to see her to-day. I saw her looking out of the window with a face as doleful as yours," with a smile, "and when I got into the house I really thought she had far better reason for looking doleful than you have. Her mother, you know, is a woman of fashion, and Laura sees very little of her. The big handsome house was half darkened and so quiet that every footfall and every word seemed to echo forcibly through it. Not a merry voice or a laugh, or a child's step to be heard there. Laura said she had nothing to do, and nobody to speak to. I found it rather hard to cheer her up, you may be sure."

"Poor thing!" said Susie. "I called to see Emily Grant, too," went on Miss Vernon. "Yes, she is another girl I think I'd like to change with," said Susie. "Her mother's always nice, and I am sure her home is cheery enough. Emily hasn't been to school the last week," she added.

"No, if I do not know when she will go again, if she ever does," said Susie. "Why, Miss Vernon!" exclaimed Susie. "She got a hurt last winter on the ice."

"Yes, I remember." "It was a terrible little of at the time, but she had some domestic troubles with it since. She has become suddenly much worse and it is now feared that she is threatened with hip disease, and may be a cripple for years, possibly for life."

Susie was shocked and surprised. "That is a terrible thing," she said, shaking her head soberly. "What could you say to her, Miss Vernon?" "Only what I say to you, dear, that the Master chooses all our sorrows for us, and that he chooses in tenderest love and in highest wisdom. It only remains for us to bow meekly to His blessed will for us."

"But don't you think," asked Susie, as after a short silence her mind drifted back to her burdens, and the thought of the undried clothes suggested the sorrowful prospect of another day out of school, "that some of us might hear other troubles better than those we have?" "That is not for us to say, Susie. You will never have a chance of showing how you could bear the trials of others. Your own way may seem rough, but it is the way the Lord has laid out for you and you will find that the opportunities you have of brightening the lives of others by your loving care and sweet ministrations will surely make your way smooth."

The children were flocking in with their demands on Susie, and her friend arose to go, adding: "Don't spend time, dear, thinking how well you might have performed duties which have never fallen to you. The only way in which you can ever bless others and glorify God is by a life given cheerfully and heartily to the duties which surround you." Selected.

General Quacks. "Yes, it says," said a big-fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth \$40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay \$10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays," and Dr. H.—laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

Men Out of their Element.

Even so did Pitt hold up his hands in consternation, after a talk with Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. Even so did a Secretary of State declare that Nelson was the greatest fool he ever talked with. You must take a man upon his proper ground, you must measure his strength where his strength lies. The Duke of Wellington was not an impulsive soul, who could get up from the dinner table, draw his sword and swagger about the room bragging that he was to surpass all the soldiers of antiquity, as Wolfe did in Pitt's presence. We wonder not that the minister held up his hands on Wolfe's departure, with words to the effect, "Must we trust our army to that idiot?" Yet the great duke, long after Waterloo, paid a large sum to get back a letter written by him on the evening of the battle, which letter he instantly burned, saying that when he wrote it he was the greatest ass in Europe. I fancy that, had we seen the letter, we should in so far have agreed with the great but by no means exemplary duke.

There is the streak of the fool in the evening of the battle, which letter he instantly burned, saying that when he wrote it he was the greatest ass in Europe. I fancy that, had we seen the letter, we should in so far have agreed with the great but by no means exemplary duke.

What more awkward than the swan waddling on shore.—Longman's Magazine.

God Bless the Babies! What a world this would be without them. What a souring and curdling up there would be of the milk of human kindness for want of an outlet, if there were no little cherubs to caress and be foolish over. Often and often when entering with some mingling, the great hall of a new place, my heart has leaped up at the sight of a tiny woolen bootee, a very rainbow of hope, lying on the waxed floor, while the sight of a wrecked tin train, with an engine without funnel or wheels, has been as welcome as a cart of invitation to a young lady.

God bless the baby! It is a better tonic than all the bitters ever advertised. The baby has a mission and fulfills it; it has an object in life and accomplishes it. If ever it becomes necessary to thin out the population, I hope the process will not begin at the small end of the human race, for I affirm and maintain that there is not one baby too many in the whole world.—Sel.

A Father on High. During a violent earthquake that was shaking city to ruins, men and women in the greatest alarm and terror were trying to flee somewhere for safety. A young man, as he hurried along, saw a serene and aged woman unmoved and placid. "What, my good woman," asked the young man, "are you not terrified and alarmed?"

"No," she replied, "certainly not; I rejoice that I have a Father on high who can shake the world, and that he can take care of me."

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble, and could obtain no sleep. One night his little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed, when she suddenly called out amidst the darkness, "Father! father!"

"What is it, my darling?" he asked. "Oh, father, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand!"

He reached out, and took her little hand firmly in his own. At once she was quiet and comforted. She felt that a loving father was near her, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again. That father felt that his little child had taught him a valuable lesson. "Oh, my Father in heaven, my Saviour and my God," he cried, "it is dark, very dark in my soul! Take my hand. So he turned to Jesus, and trusted in Him, and he had a sweet feeling of peace come over him. 'This is all I need,' he said; 'Jesus, my Saviour, keeps hold of my hand.'"

Punctilious Traveller.—Now, what ought little boys to say when a gentleman gives them a nickel for carrying a satchel? Small Boy—"I ain't carrying a satchel!"

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all the Throat and Lung Affections, and a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow creatures by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by enclosing a stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 151 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 4-1-10-10

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