

Our Brother's Keeper.

Is thy crumb of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy,
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Safe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill.
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

THINGS EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW.

A word for you boys—a most practical, sensible word—we quote from an exchange. Perhaps you are bewailing the hard lot that keeps you from school this fall. Cheer up! According to this writer's standard, you have plenty of chances to be one of the world's giants, after all, or, better, one of God's giants: "I believe," says a Southern writer, "in schools where boys can learn trades. Peter the Great left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from stern to stern, from hull to mast; and that was the beginning of his greatness.

"I know a young man who was poor and smart. A friend sent him to one of those schools up North, where he stayed two years and came back a mining engineer and a bridge-builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton-factory, and is getting

a large salary. How many college-boys in Canada can tell what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, why you take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water and what out of water?"

"How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the yaster—the top of the wheel or the bottom—as the wagon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind, and the cow eats grass from her, and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?"

"There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most college-boys. They do not want it; they are too busy, and have not got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors."

SUSIE'S NAME.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

She was writing it in a schoolmate's autograph album, with her painstaking little hand—"Susie I. Martin"; but there was a tiny frown on her white forehead as she finished.

"I don't think it's nice to give girls family names," she said. "When folks

ask me what the middle letter of my name stands for, I always wish I could say 'Isabel,' or 'Ida,' or 'Irene,' or some of those pretty names. 'Susie Ican Martin' is such a queer, plain name. One of the girls, when I told it the other day, just laughed. She said she knew about 'Achan,' because she'd read about him in the Sunday-school lessons, and he was a curse to the camp; but she had never heard of 'Ican' before. I wish it hadn't been my great-aunt's name."

"It wasn't really," answered grandpa, looking at her with a sober smile as if his thoughts carried him far backward, and he saw another little girl in her place. "She was just 'Susie Martin,' and we gave her the other name afterwards, but she liked it. She was my sister, you know, and I thought her the sweetest and dearest one a boy ever had, though she didn't have pretty dresses or white hands like yours we were too poor for that.

"We had gone to the West and taken a little place that we hoped to make into a market-garden, but the second year father was taken down with chills and fever, and mother was so crippled with rheumatism that she could scarcely move about. Susie and I had to take care of them and do the best we could, and it was a pretty hard year, I can tell you.

"But Susie was a perfect sunbeam; she wouldn't look on the dark side of anything. Father used to look at her, and say between a laugh and sigh that she had 'courage enough in her small body to stock a farm.' It was needed that spring and summer, for of course

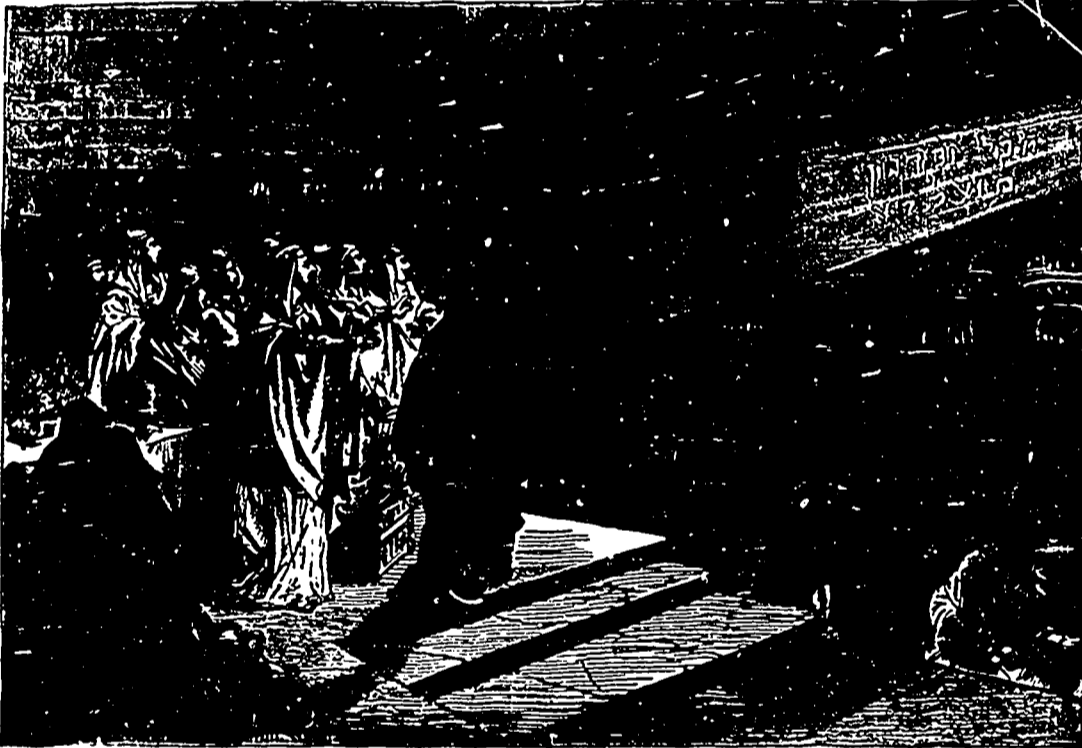
brave, unselfish girl. She wasn't a bit like Achan, for she brought a blessing to the camp—a great big blessing.

"So when they talked of giving you her name, I wanted you to have it all—the way we used to call her. But if you don't like it"—

"Oh! I do! I do!" interrupted Susie, eagerly. "I didn't know it had such a meaning to it. Why, grandpa, it seems like—I can't tell what I mean—but like a something to live up to."

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candle-stick upon the palatier of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loos'd, and his knees smote one against another. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit



DANIEL IN BABYLON.

we couldn't carry out our plans about the garden, and it was hard to make plans that we could carry out. Mother would often say to some of our projects, 'Children, I don't believe that you can carry that out.' But Susie was always prompt with her answer: 'Oh! yes, I'm pretty sure we can. I can,' until we all laughed at the words so often on her lips.

"Then one dreary day I sprained my ankle, so that, though I could hobble about the place, I knew it would be some days before I could do my accustomed work.

"Now, what are we to do?" I said dolefully. "I can't go to town for anything, and there's no end of work to be done. And that grass in the meadow across the pond, that the man said I might have for our cow if I would take it away, will have to go to somebody else, though poor Bess needs it."

"Don't you worry, Ben. You take care of your poor foot, and I'll take care of the things," said Susie, pityingly; 'I can.'

"In and out of the house she went, attending to this and that, and then we missed her. I had begun to wonder what had become of her, when I saw a queer green object that seemed to be sculling across the pond. As it came nearer I finally caught a glimpse of Susie's sun-bonnet behind it, and understood that it was a boatload of grass that she was poling across. How she managed it I never really could tell, but she seemed to have a way of managing most things. It was in those days that we began to call her 'Susie Ican,' and the name clung to her always. Better times soon came to us, but I never forgot her as she was then—dear little sunburned,

of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. And this is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is the interpretation of the thing: Mene: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Peres: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

LESSON NOTES.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 31.

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.

Acts 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mighty Name, v. 1-7.
 2. The Saving Name, v. 8-12.
 3. The Victorious Name, v. 13, 14.
- Time.—June, A.D. 30, immediately following the events of the last lesson.
Place.—Solomon's porch and the hall of the Sanhedrin, Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The boldness of Peter and John.—Acts 4. 1-12.
Tu. The boldness of Peter and John.—Acts 4. 13-22.
W. Resort to prayer.—Acts 4. 23-31.
Th. Fear not.—Matt. 10. 24-35.
F. The only name.—John 3. 9-19.
S. The corner-stone.—1 Peter 2. 1-10.
Su. No other foundation.—1 Cor. 3. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Mighty Name, v. 1-7.
Who suddenly came upon the apostles? Over what were the priests, captain, and Sadducees "grieved"? What did they do with the apostles? What time of day was it? How had the people received the apostles' word? How many became disciples? What gathering occurred the next day? Whom did the council summon before them? What questions did they ask the prisoners?
2. The Saving Name, v. 8-12.
What spirit possessed Peter? Concerning what were the apostles examined? What explanation of the cure did Peter give? What did he say about a rejected stone? Through whom alone could men be saved?
3. The Victorious Name, v. 13, 14.
Over what did the council marvel? With whom had the apostles kept company? What did the council think of the lame man's cure?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The only way to be saved?
 2. The secret of Christian courage?
 3. That good men may expect opposition?

During the delivery of an address on the liquor traffic, the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, made the following statements: "The liquor shops of the city of Boston placed side by side would reach for eight miles. The annual expenditure on liquor in the United States amounts to seven hundred million dollars (\$700,000,000), and the total value of church property three hundred and thirty-four millions." Many Americans must think with a few deceased philosophers that the true method of becoming immortal is "to keep the marrow moist."

Shut your grog-shops, open your schools, and God knows what flashing jewels you may yet dig out of the neglected ores at the very bottom of the unwrought mine of the modern world!

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