

If I Could Only Know

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you"—1 Peter 5:7

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of kings:
If he who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine;
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 18.

SOLOMON'S WEALTH AND WISDOM.

1 Kings 4: 25-34. —Memory verses, 29, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honour me I will honour,
and they that despise me shall be lightly
esteemed.—1 Sam. 2: 30.

Time.—B.C. 1014.

Place.—Palestine, especially Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 4: 25-34). Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read how wisdom invites us (Prov. 8: 13-21; 32-36).

Wednesday.—Read an account of where wisdom may be found (Psalm 119: 97-104). Learn the Golden Text, Time, and Place.

Thursday.—Read of a kind of wisdom that falls (1 Cor. 1: 20-31). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read some marks of true glory (Jer. 9: 12-24). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Saturday.—Read other instances where God gave wisdom (Dan. 1: 11-20).

Sunday.—Read of a wisdom that excels (1 Cor. 2: 1-13). Answer the Questions.

QUESTIONS.

I. Solomon's Wealth, verses 25-28.

25. Did Judah and Israel keep distinct? Where are grapevines and fig trees grown in the East? What was meant by the people dwelling under these? 26. For what purposes did Solomon use horses and chariots? 27. How was the royal table supplied? 28. What animal was meant by the dromedary?

II. Solomon's Wisdom, verses 29-34.

29. To what was Solomon's wisdom compared? 30. Mention some of the people that he exceeded in wisdom. For what was Egypt renowned? 32. How many of his proverbs are supposed to have come down to us? What songs are attributed to him? 34. Mention one who sent to hear of his wisdom. Give the name of one who came in person.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We ought to be grateful for peace in our time. Fidelity will not lose its reward. We shall be remembered longest by the good we have done. It is God's blessing which maketh us to differ from others. No one is without some degree of influence. The more we have received the greater our responsibility.

OVERHEARD AT NOON ON THE LAWN.

"Say," said the Lawn Mower to the Lawn Roller, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, won't you?"

"Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day, and broke two of his teeth short off. Why don't you ask the Sickle for a pear?"

"I'd rather go to the Axe. I don't want any fruit."

"What can the Axe give you?"

"A chop, of course."

That's so—didn't think of that. If he falls you, you might go down to the garden and get a Stake. By the way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass."

"I do. I don't like the Weeds. They intruded themselves into a lawn party I was at last summer and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the mountains this summer?"

"No, I went down to the seashore to see my relatives."

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh, yes, the Rollers are famous all along the Jersey coast. You get away?"

"No, I've been right here, attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to get off this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times as it was. I hear that Hose is going to be married."

"Yes, he met one of the Faucets at a watering place up here, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself, but for lighting a lamp I think I'd rather have a parlour match."

"Ha! ha! How cutting you are!"

"Yes, that's my business."

And then, as the hired men had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work.—Harper's Young People.

the title, and dropped it, a second time he picked it up and read,

"We are travelling home to heaven above; Will you go?"

and then threw it down again. Soon after, he picked it up again and read it through, and then he thought, and finally wrote on it, "By the grace of God I will go," and he signed his name. Some months later he was killed in battle in Virginia, but he was saved by the tract.

It is often the case, when a man will not enter a church and will not listen to the preaching of the Gospel, that he will read, when alone, a tract, and that tract may be more effectual for his salvation than a sermon.—Advocate.

HOW TOM WON A SOUL.

Tom said, "It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," so he thought how he could bless others with it. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper and wrote out different texts, which he would fold and pray over and drop into the noisy street below, directed, "To the passer-by—please read."

He hoped that by this means some might hear of Jesus and his salvation. This service of love faithfully rendered went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and im-

mediately afterward a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, brightening up.

"Have yer heard as some one has got hold of one?"

"Plenty, lad, plenty. Would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul?"

"I can believe in God's word doing anything, sir," said the lad, humbly.

"And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally."

"Not me, sir. I only does the writin'; he does the blessin'."

"And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor.

"Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back; for shan't I be glad when I see him, to tell him that as soon as I know'd about him I did all as I could to serve him? I suppose yer gets lots of chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, I have neglected them; but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh! At home in the country I have a sick lad, dying. I had to come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus; I cannot bear to meet him empty-handed,' and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day, too, until the evening, when I was passing down the street, your little paper fell on my hat. I opened it and

read, 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work (John 9: 4).' It seemed like a command from heaven.

"I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-five years, my lad, and when I made inquiries, and found out who dropped these tracts into the street, and why it was done, it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much!"

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad."

"That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth o' mill she gives me most days, if she would only buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as has lots to give him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to him, and who have time, talents, and money, and do little or nothing for him."

"They don't know him, sir. Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without."—Selected.

HOLD MY THOUGHTS.

A little boy taught himself to write by copying the letters from a primer. He would ask his mamma how to spell a word, then copy the letters one by one, making a very creditable letter for a six-year-old. Finally he wanted to write long letters to his friends; and one day he said: "Mamma, dear, I want to write a real grown-up letter to auntie."

"What do you wish to tell her?"

"I want to say: 'Dear auntie, I love you. Come and see us next Sunday. I learn all my Golden Texts. The dog catches hens, and killed one. White puss gets so many mice that she coughs.' There, mamma, dear, that's what I want to say; now you hold my thoughts while I write them."—J. L. Spicer, in Picture World.

Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe

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LOST IN THE SNOW.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

This picture tells its own story. The little shepherd lad, such as they have to watch the flocks in Scotland, has become benumbed and lost in a sudden snowstorm. So he huddles with the sheep in the snow, and, let us hope, will be found safe when the morning comes, though he seems ill-prepared to endure a night's exposure on the bleak hill-side. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb protect this poor boy.

WHAT A TRACT DID.

Dr. Coke, in 1785, gave a tract to a family in Virginia named Cowles. The family numbered fourteen, and that tract was the instrumentally used in the conversion of the whole family.

A tract distributor, passing through a sparsely settled country, gave away many tracts; one of them, entitled, "Repent or Perish," was found floating in the Fraser River. Perhaps some careless hand had tossed it there. A man saw it, took it out, dried it, and then read it, and by it was converted to God.

A preacher invited a man to attend a meeting. The man refused; but he consented to take a tract. A few weeks after, he stood up in the meeting and confessed that the tract had led him to Jesus.

During the war, a chaplain was passing through the hospital, and he left in an empty bed a tract, which was a copy of the hymn, "Will You Go?" The soldier came to his bed, picked it up, read

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