

the reference.) It is not a crown representing merely outward worth; but inward. It is the worth of character, not cash. Hence put:

Conqueror's
Righteousness
O
W
N

Now the question is: will such a crown be mine. Notice that you have three letters left. They are O-W-N. What word do they spell? (Explain.) Yes, we may make this crown our o-w-n. But how? Paul speaks of a contest. There are racers. Life is a race. There are fighters. Life is a fight, etc. Whichever way we look at it these three little letters tell the story. This Conqueror's Crown of Righteousness will be my o-w-n only if it is w-o-n. It has to be won. To win I must do my best. God will help me; but He will not do my work for me. I may win! I want to win! By God's help I shall win! Make the Crown your O-W-N.

Aug. 26.—"Storms." Matt. 8, 23-27; Ps. 56, 3.

Both these references to-day show us the need of Trust. Only as we trust in God will we Triumph. If we trust and do not believe. Then make the lesson this week illustrate the truth that Trust Triumphs. On the board put:

TRUMPHS!

R
U
S
T

In elaborating the truth by story or precept you will have no difficulty in making clear the statement embodied in this finished acrostic which we have not room to work out in detail:

TRUMPHS!

Reliance on God's help
Under all trials
Strengthens us
To endure.

Scripture Biography is full of illustrative material to make this a most interesting and profitable study.

SEPTEMBER.

Thought for the month—"Our Likeness."

It is well to keep the general Monthly Topic in mind all the time. During August the thought was Power. The month's meetings should not close without a review of the teaching illustrated in Nature and in Human Experience, viz., that only as God works in these life and growth. The power of God about us brings abundant harvest to the earth. The power of God within us is absolutely needed for the harvest of the soul. This month's topics are all centered in God. They are intended to show the Juniors how high and holy God's thought for them is, and how that thought may be realized by them. Take for instance the following and see how this idea is plain:

Sept. 2.—"The image of God." Gen. 1, 26, 27.

What a sublime thought of the origin of man is given here. There is no other conception of man's origin and nature that elevates him as this does. Man by God, made like God, made for God, how high were His thoughts for us when we were created. Just here we wish to remind the teachers of a danger. It is that the children will reverse this Scripture and in their conceptions of God make Him after their own image. We must be careful to teach that God is a Spirit. To many of the little ones God is simply an infinitely enlarged man. Take care. Another point of danger. Many children, perhaps the most, are taught that they have a soul. Better will it be for the

teacher to give them the thought that each one is a soul. "Have you a soul?" "I am a soul and have a body." This was the question and answer propounded and given in the case of a sceptic and a devout Christian man once. It gives us a better truth than the too prevalent one that the body is the most important part. Not the body with a soul; but the soul with a body is the best way to put it. So say "I am a soul" rather than "I have a soul," in explaining this topic to the children. The likeness of man to God is within him rather than without. As God is a Spirit, so He made us to be like Him in our spirit. Not that God look like us; but that we have the same and desire and love like Him. This is the wise teacher's work. Let the children look at themselves from God's point of view rather than look at God from their point of view as is too often done. So will grave errors be prevented, and the loftiest desires of the youthful heart will be cultivated toward God for holy character and devoted Christian living.

Sept. 9.—"The Image Hidden." Rom. 3, 23.

The awful influence of sin is here declared. Why is it that so many people are willing to continue unlike God in character and conduct? The answer is found in the one word "sin." The spirituality that God desires in us is blurred and defaced by sin. What is sin? Do not let the children think that sin is "a little thing." Nor let them think of sin simply as certain acts that are placed in the inventory of sins. Sin is wrong thought of God, wrong relations to God, wrong purposes, wrong desires, in short,—anything that puts me into wrong attitude toward God is sin. Anything that hides God from me, anything that makes me less like God, anything that puts God and me into estrangement is sin. The pity of it that our young people are so anxious to have the whole inventory of "sins" drawn up for them that they may look at the catalogue and see if this, that or the other thing is there, and if not then they may do it. What poor weak Christians this style of living makes. What does God think of it? What will God think of me if I do it? What will the result of this be on me in my relations to God? These are the style of questions we would have our children learn to ask in all the practical affairs of life. God wants me to be like Him. I want to be like Him. I will endeavor to be like Him. Anything that makes me unlike Him I will refuse. Such thoughts are not "too deep" for the girl or boy. They are essential to permanence of moral goodness, and for lack of them many adults are at best but weak vacillating mortals. Sin is an awful thing indeed. And because it makes me unlike God, unable to enjoy God, unfit to be with God, useless before God, we should hate and avoid it in every instance. Be thorough in teaching the children of sin and its effects. Not hell in destiny as much as hell in character is most to be shunned.

Things You Have Often Seen Yet Never Seen

A house fly. A breakfast roll a plank walk. A floor paint. A town pump. A horse hide. A single nail. A machine run. A pin point. A chimney sweep. A boot polish. A pillow sham. A boat hook. A stone step. A sardine box. An apple turn over. A carpet tack. A night fall. A day rise. A bed spring. A man pull up a river. A cough drop.

Did You Ever Hear

A cherry blow? A tree bark? A fence rail? A wagon tongue? A lemon sauce? A stocking yarn?

Teddy, the Unready

I know a funny little dog,
Whose mistress calls him "Teddy,"
And when she wants to take a walk
That dog is never ready.

She's just a tiny little maid,
And fairly worships Teddy,
And so to tease her I inquired
Why he was so un-ready.

She gave me an indignant glance
And fidgeted the last fellow,
Says she, "He ain't no red-dog,
He's just a kind of yellow."

The Wiseness of Lady Belle

"I guess horses don't know much,"
Ellie said, thoughtfully.
She was on the front seat with Uncle
Colin. Aunt Faith and little Hop o'
Thumb were on the back seat.

Suddenly Uncle Colin pulled the reins
and said, "Whoa, Lady," and there
they were stopping right in the middle
of Nowhere—not a house anywhere
near, not even a store or a schoolhouse.

"Why, what are you stopping here for,
Uncle Colin?" cried astonished Ellie,
and Hop o' Thumb echoed, "Toppin'
here for?" from the back seat. Even
Aunt Faith looked surprised.

"For you to get out," answered Uncle
Colin, calmly. "We cannot take her any
further, can we, Lady Belle? Not a
young person that says horses don't
know much—"

"Oh!" laughed Ellie, as if she understood.
But she hopped out and ran up
to the big gray nose and reached up on
tiptoes to rub it.

"I'm sorry I said it, honest I am,
Lady," she said. "You know something
now, will you let me ride the rest of the
way to town? She's bowing her head,
and Uncle Colin says I may!" And
Ellie came running gaily back and climbed
up on the front seat again.

A little way ahead there was quite a
steep hill—a "steepish" one, Ellie said.
Lady Belle crept down it very cautiously,
picking her steps with the greatest care.
She would not even near the bottom.
"Mercy! what a slow coach—oh, I
forgot! Excuse me, Lady Belle. But,
honest, I could run down such a little
hill as this is, even if 'tis icy—an I've
only two legs 'stead of four!" Besides,
Lady Belle's got 'creepers' on her boots,
hasn't she, Uncle Colin?"

"Yes, but they need sharpening. We'll
go to Shoemaker Ben's, Lady Belle.
Then we'll see!"

"Ho!" laughed Ellie, "Lady Belle
won't know they're sharp. That's what
I meant by saying 'honest' didn't know—"
"Mercy!" she said, but her little red
mittened hands over her mouth and laughed
again.

"Whoa, Lady!" began Uncle Colin
solemnly. Then he relented. "No, you
needn't this time. We'll go on and show
this young person in another way that it
ain't horses that don't know much."

In front of the blacksmith's shop there
was a very slippery place indeed, and it
seemed to Ellie that Lady Belle hardly
moved at all, she crept so slowly over it.
But when all four of her shoes had been
'sharpened,' and they were starting
away, horses that did fly over that long
slippery stretch of road! How she didn't
creep—mercy, no!—but held her head
high in the air and pranced along as
merrily as you please, not in the least
afraid of slipping! Just as if she knew
her shoes had been sharpened.

"Why, believe she does!" thought
Ellie aloud. "I believe she knows it as
well as I do!"

And just that minute it almost seemed
as if Lady Belle turned her pretty gray
head and winked one eye at Uncle Colin!
—Farming World.