

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III. OCTOBER 17.

PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.

Acts 24. 10-25 Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
- 2. A Plain Statement, v. 17-21.
- 3. A Long Delay, v. 22-25.

Time.—A.D. 59.

Place.—The court room of Felix's palace in Caesarea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The accusation. Acts 24. 1-9.
- Lu. Paul before the Roman Governor.—Acts 24. 10-21.
- W. Paul before the Roman Governor.—Acts 24. 22-27.
- Th. Appeal to Caesar.—Acts 25. 1-12.
- F. Object of the Journey.—Rom. 15. 25-33.
- S. An answer given.—Mark 13. 5-13.
- Su. Fear not.—Isa. 41. 8-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
 - What office did Felix hold?
 - Why did Paul cheerfully answer before him?
 - How long before had Paul gone to Jerusalem?
 - What did he deny having done?
 - What could not be proved?
 - What did Paul confess?
 - What hope did he cherish?
 - For what did he constantly strive?
 - What is our Golden Text?
- 2. A Plain Statement, v. 17-21.
 - For what purpose had he come to Jerusalem?
 - Who found Paul in the temple?
 - What did he say of those men?
 - What did he challenge those present to say?
 - What did Paul admit having said?
- 3. A Long Delay, v. 22-25.
 - Of what had Felix knowledge?
 - What did he decide to do?
 - What did he say?
 - What commands did he give about Paul?
 - Who was with Felix when Paul next appeared?
 - Upon what themes did Paul speak?
 - How was Felix affected?
 - What did he say?
 - When is the convenient season?
- 2 Cor. 6. 2.
 - What will be the fate of those who reject God's call? Prov. 1. 24-25.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. Courtesy to all men?
- 2. Loyalty to conscience?
- 3. Boldness in Christian testimony?

HOW THE BABIES TRAVELLED.

Away up in Alaska, sixty miles from the sea-coast, where part of a journey was through a dangerous pass, two little babies have just made a journey. Their father and mother went there four years ago. It was a great event when this dainty little woman came into the silver mining-camp in Alaska where no woman had ever been before. A little home was made amid the snow and ice, and after a while two beautiful babies came to live in it.

These babies were welcomed by all the men, and loved by the roughest of them. The most beautiful presents that the men could procure were brought to them, and many men sent these babies presents of silver and of curiosities, who never saw them, who only just heard that there, in the Yukon mining-camp, were little twin babies. But two years ago their mamma left them when they were only three months old.

It was a sad day for all the mining-camp and for the whole district when this dear little lady died. The desolate condition of the little babies only made the men more-tender and loving, and two of the men gave up their mining work to take care of the babies. The father saw that he could only keep these children with him for a little time; that it was not right to have them growing up without any woman about them, or any home such as babies should have, and he decided last June that he would bring them to the United States. The children were put in fur sleeping-bags, which were strapped on their father's back. Every man told the father that he was

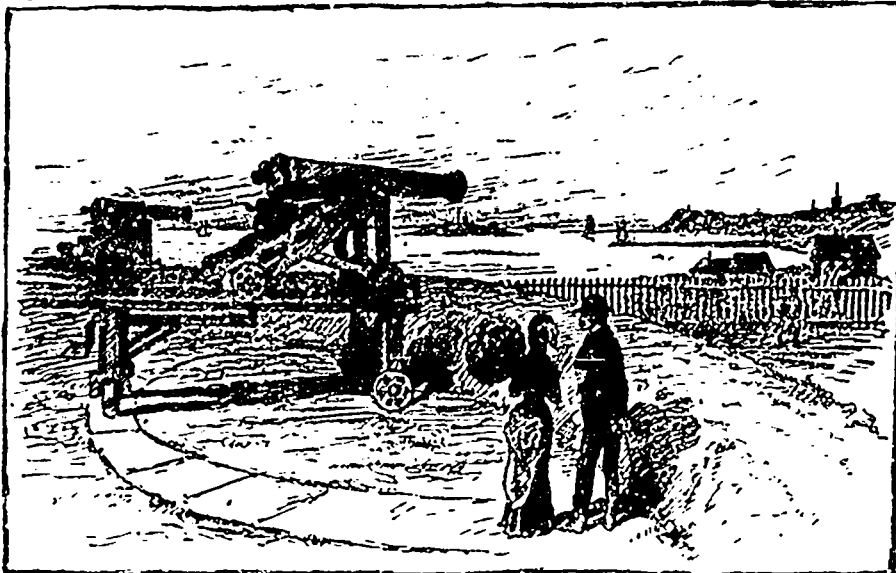
crazy to attempt to make this journey with the two babies, but he felt sure that he could accomplish it, and he did. He said that often, while going through the pass, when the cold was so bitter that it almost made him helpless, he would not hear any sound from the sleeping bags on his back, and he would unstrap them, only to find that the children were playing with the hair of the sleeping-bags or with each other, or had gone to sleep. He said it was very

with contemptuous ease the feeble dykes which the Japanese fishermen and rice planters had built to defend their low-lying homes.

THE HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD, D.D.

"Ma'am, can I go in there?" asked a little deformed girl of a genteelly dressed lady, one Sunday morning just



OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

funny the constant amusement they found in playing with this hair.

After three weeks of journeying through cold and over rough roads the father at last reached the seacoast, and the babies are now safe with their relatives in Minnesota.—Outlook.

WHERE JAPAN'S EARTHQUAKES ARE BORN.

The north-east coast of Hondo, the largest of the Japanese islands, extends nearer than other land to the tremendous submarine hole in the earth's crust known as the Tuscarora Deep. This is the deepest part of the ocean so far as men know; it is almost as deep as the topmost peak of the Himalayas is high. Throughout its hundreds of miles of width and breadth there are submarine volcanoes. The seismic philosophers think that through some volcanic upheaval in these depths earthquake vibrations were transmitted along the ocean bottom to the shore, and a sudden rise of the water's level sent the tidal wave on its errand of destruction. The earthquake shocks, which travel at a rate of speed varying from two to twenty miles a second, reached the shore first.

as she was about to enter the portal of a fashionable church.

"Ma'am, can I go in there?"—at the same time gently pulling the lady's dress, and turning up to her own a pitifully pleading face. For a moment the lady was a bit disconcerted. That face was so sallow, and her clothes were so shabby, and her poor little body was so crooked. But, instantly recovering herself, she said to the little girl, "Yes; you may; come, go with me." Then, taking the little one by the hand, she led her into the church, and into her own pew.

Deeply interested in all she saw and heard, our little friend was especially impressed with the music, and particularly by the singing, to a wondrously sweet tune, of the familiar hymn, beginning—

"And must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?"

Presently the lady felt a vigorous pull at her dress, and with an eager whisper the little one exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am! did you hear that?" Just at that moment the choir was singing—

"Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,

with tears, "I am going to be just as beautiful as that lady up there."

"In heaven, you mean?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you hope to go there?"

Fixing her large, eager eyes on the face of the inquirer, the child, with a voice thrilling with emotion, exclaimed: "And, ma'am, don't you suppose Jesus died for just such crooked ones as me?"

In just about one year from that time that little girl had gone where, in God's good time, "soul and body shall Christ's glorious image bear."

Thank God for a religion that is to redeem both soul and body—the poor crooked body hardly less than the sinful soul itself. The mortal part may here be dwarfed, miseducated, ugly, but, ultimately, fashioned like unto Christ's own glorious body, it shall rise to where—

"Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every form, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine."

BITS OF FUN.

Attorney (to witness)—"You were born in Anno Domini 1840, I believe, Mr. O'Brien?" O'Brien—"The year is right, yer anner, but of was borren in Oireland, sorr."

"Did you thank Mrs. Nabor when she gave you a piece of cake, Bessie?" "No, mamma, it was the last piece on the plate, and I knew there was no chance of getting any more."

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said the mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"Here's an apple, Johnnie." "Thanks, ma'am. Now please gimme one for my little sister." "Certainly. How good of you to think of your little sister." "Yes, ma'am; if I didn't she'd keep a-teazin' me for mine."

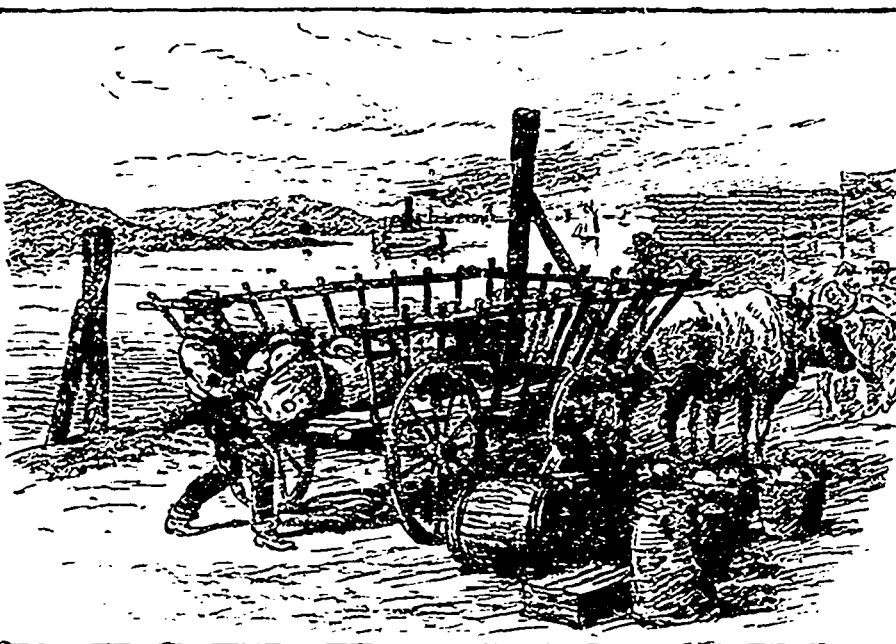
A little boy in Saratoga not long ago came rushing in from outdoors, crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as lief the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down."

The minister was a great hand-shaker—shutting down like a vice. He shook a boy's hand, as he said: "I hope you are pretty well to-day." With tears in his eyes, the boy answered, "I was till you shook hands with me."

Tangle—"Marie, you're making a terrible noise on the piano. What is it you are trying to play?" Mrs. Tangle—"Why, it's the 'March of the Old Brigade.'" Tangle—"March, is it? I thought it sounded like somebody walking on the piano."

An Irishman was asked why his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering. "Faith," replied he, "there is something in the air of Ireland, and I dare say if an Englishman was born there he would do the same."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wonderfully like some Christians! There is motion, but no progress."



RIVER-LANDING ON THE ST. JOHN.

They were mild for quaky Japan, and it was not until half-past eight in the evening, an hour and a half later, that the slower-moving waves of water were announced by portentous booming sounds. Only four miles away from the coast fishermen were unaware of the presence of any extraordinary wave. But when the on-moving volume of water reached the steep sides of the sea bottom and mounted up to the shallow places, the wave grew to a height of twenty to fifty feet, and hurled itself into the inlets and bays of the hapless land, overwhelming

And every form, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine."

At the close of the service the lady asked the little girl, "Did you specially like that hymn, my dear?"

"Oh, yes!" said she. "I enjoyed it very much."

"And can you tell me why?" said the lady, in the gentlest manner possible.

"You see," said the child, at the same moment pointing to a very lovely lady who had just occupied an adjacent pew, "you see," she said, her eyes swimming

Every Epworth League should have a copy of the **Junior League Hand-Book...** Devoted to Junior League methods of work

By Rev. S. T. Bartlett

Authorized by the General Epworth League Board

Price, 35 cents

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUMPHREYS, Halifax, N.S.