

of Jesus who have ever lived have walked in it. Yes, and Jesus himself walked in it.



2. Make tree bearing fruit, and another cut down. Or, show a fair, beautiful apple, and a small, knotty one. These stand for two kinds of people. Every child is like a little tree. Little trees bear fruit, as well as large ones. It does not take long to tell what kind of fruit a tree

bears. The owner of an orchard goes to look at his trees. He finds one bearing good fruit like this; a little way off is one which bears small, poor fruit, like this. He says, "Cut down that tree." In our lives are the fruits of the good Spirit, or of the evil spirit. Print on board some of the fruits of the good Spirit—love, joy, peace, etc. Let children name some of the fruits of the evil spirit—hate, anger, envy, etc. Which of these fruits are fair and sweet? Which are hard and sour? Which do you want to have on your life-tree? Teach that all the trees, big and little, belong to God. How sad to be "cut down," sent away from God.

3. Tell the story vividly of the two men who built houses, and the trouble that came upon the foolish man who built upon the sand. Teach that serving mammon, loving self best, walking in the broad way, are all building upon the sand. Every child has begun to build the house of the soul. If it is self which rules in the house, then be sure that house is in danger! The storms are coming—temptation, trial, sorrow, and the self-house will not stand. But a great, strong Rock named Jesus is ready upon which we may build. No storm can move that Rock. Let love rule in the house you are building, and then it will never go down. Seek, love, obey God, and your soul-house will stand forever.

Lesson Word Pictures.

You can look ahead and see that strait gate in the city's walls. How narrow the passage-way! Measure the width of it—just wide enough for the admission of the soul. Now look back and see the long file of pilgrims coming up to the gate and seeking admission. What if each unworthy passion that those pilgrims would take into the city should suddenly break out and take shape in a big bundle! There they still go, but how changed the aspect of many! What a pack of avaricious old Money-bags has on his back! And he thought he could squeeze through the strait gate! The slanderer, too, has suddenly grown big, but he will be hopelessly jammed in that narrow way. A third mar, swollen with his unholly appetites, meant also to get in, but the rum-barrel he is loaded with somehow catches in the strait gate and narrow way, and he must go back. It would be very acceptable to them if these pilgrims could get in, for beyond the strait gate and the narrow way is the city of life and light, joy and peace, safety and heaven; God's favored city. Do you see that other gate in another city's walls? Such a pretentious, handsome, broad gateway! Such crowds as pour through it! Money-bags and Slander and Appetite all run for it, and easily go through. An abundance of room in that wide avenue for all enormities, but beyond is retribution, destruction, death.

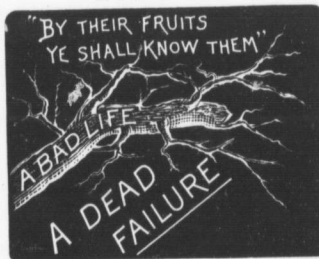
Such innocent-looking lemps of sheep-skin as are coming toward the door of the fold, carrying their heads very low, humble and pacific! But do you notice the sinister turn of their black eyes, rolling within their

white, woolly rim? What a long, strong spring there is to their legs! What a hoarse bark they have instead of a mild bleat! What ugly rows of sharp, white teeth they show! They are all sneaking toward God's house. Wolf, wolf, wolf! How tell them? You look out of your window and see a thorn-bush. Are you ever expecting to pick grape-clusters from it? And the thistle-plant that is there—will it ever deliver to you pulpy figs?

There will be rain to-night, and much mischief with it. You can foretell that by the black cloud swelling above the trees. The wind going by is damp with vapor. The stream throwing its arms around that rock, will rapidly swell and roughen before morning. It will not, though, sweep away that rock, and still less the house upon it. Yes, it has come! The storm is here! There are wild charges of rain vexing and swelling the river. The water presses against that rock. The wind drives upon that house on the rock. It is all to no purpose. The rock budes not. The house is undisturbed. But what of a house upon the sand? The wind and the rain are still making their charge out of the black, swollen clouds. The river, as if a wild beast, rushes upon the house. It forces in the doors, the wind pushing also. The waters press against the posts at the corners. The structure shivers as if in fright, whirlwind and flood driving harder. There is more trembling. There is more rushing. Every thing collapses, and away goes in a whirl the wreck! It is the tumbling of character not founded on the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Blackboard.

BY J. B. PHIPPS, ESQ.



EXPLANATION. A bad and useless life is like a dead limb of a fruitless tree. It is a dead failure. Has your life borne fruit for the Master's use?

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION. Draw a wall with a door in it, the door closed. Write on it the words, "My Life." The door of heaven will not be closed to any one arbitrarily. It is the life we lead here that will shut us out, if that life is bad.

DIRECTIONS. Draw the limb with brown chalk, lightened up with a little red; the words, "A Dead Failure," of red, touched up with yellow.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 25.

HOME READINGS.

M. Lessons I. II. Matt. 2, 1-23.
Th. Lessons III. V. Matt. 3, 1-17.
W. Lessons V. VI. Matt. 4, 1-25.