



RABBITS.

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Our picture shows a grown-up rabbit and five little bunnies. How pretty their eyes are, and their long, sleek ears! They are very gentle, affectionate animals and make very nice pets. They are very fond of sweet, fresh clover, and it is a sight that boys and girls always seem to enjoy to watch the rabbits as they nibble with such evident pleasure the green clover and grass. Though rabbits always have long ears, those of the rabbits in our picture are unusually so, for they belong to that species that some little boys call the "long ears."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 44.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 6.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12: 1-7.] [Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Earnest prayer is always answered, but often in unexpected ways.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

From the description of the progress of the Church, we now turn to some of the dangers assailing her.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

About that time—That Saul and Barnabas were sent to Jerusalem from Antioch with alms. Herod—Agrippa, king of most of Palestine. His full kingdom lasted only three years. James—Son of Zebedee. In prison—Probably in the tower of Antonia, adjoining the temple area. Quaternions—Bands of four. Easter—The Passover, called "days of unleavened bread," because no leaven was allowed in their houses. Houses with two chambers—Each band bound to a soldier. Behead, the angel—This must have occurred between three and six o'clock in the morning (see verse 18), the hours of changing the guard. First and the second ward—i. e., Guards; the guards who were sleeping with him; the outer guards. Rhoda—Our Rosa. Came to Assarion—They always ask: "Who is there?" before opening the gate. It is his

angel—His guardian angel (Matt. 18: 10), whom they thought had come in his form. They were astonished—Not at the fact that their prayers were answered, but at the strange and wonderful way. Departed—It was not safe for him to remain where was a well-known resort of the disciples.

FIND IN THIS LESSON—

What to do in trouble.

What kind of prayers are answered.

How God sometimes answers prayers.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What trouble now came upon the Church? "Herod beheaded James, the brother of John." 2. What more did Herod do? "He put Peter in prison." 3. What did the Church do? "They prayed without ceasing for him." 4. How was their prayer answered? "An angel was sent to release him."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why are these called the Moral Law?

Partly to distinguish them from ordinances concerning Jewish ceremonies; but chiefly because they contain in substance all the moral duties of men.

MAKING AN EXPERIMENT.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

LET us make an experiment. Here is a boy ten years old who has never used tobacco.

"Charley, will you help us to make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it into your mouth, chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold death-like perspiration. Put your fingers on his wrists. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and with the mixture bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if you are not very careful you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the chemist's, begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle.

Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some rare one) which, taken into the mouth of that ten year old boy and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.

No devotee of the weed has ever graduated at the head of his class at Harvard, or any other college where statistics have been preserved, notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of college students are smokers.

The Mission of Boys.

BY L. A. OBEAR.

FROM out the ranks of noble men,
Who firm for truth and right have stood,
They are being called, as years go by,
To "come up higher" and dwell with God.

Their vacant places who shall fill?
With wealth, and tongue, and pen, who'll stand,
And bid the tides of ill roll back,
That hasten to engulf the land?

We are pressing on to fill the ranks.
The world needs brave men for the fight
That is waging still from age to age,
For evermore 'twixt wrong and right.

With purpose true, and courage high,
Where they have fallen we will stand,
Till righteousness and truth prevail,
And earth become Immanuel's land.

WHAT SHE COULD DO.

SUSAN BOLLES was a plain, quiet sister of a beautiful, brilliant girl.

At school Lena, at the head of the class, rattled over French verb or Roman history which she had committed to memory in an hour, while Susan pored over them in vain. It is true that Lena forgot her lessons as fast as she had learned them, but she had a faculty of displaying every scrap of knowledge in a way which won her notice and applause.

The whole school regarded her as a genius, and was proud of her poems and essays. She was the coming George Eliot or Tennyson, they boasted. They were not aware, what was nevertheless the fact, that there was a close resemblance in the ideas and words of the last book which she had read.

Susan also at first laboured over poems and stories of Italian brigands, but failed utterly, and finally acquiesced in the opinion of the school girls that she was a dunce.

"Susan," said the teacher, "is no linguist, no musician, no mathematician. It is difficult to determine in what her talent lies."

But Susan's keenness of observation and her warm heart made her a helpful child. It was Susan who saw that her father's gloves needed mending, and who darned them so neatly; it was Susan only who knew how to make dry, crisp toast for her mother when she was ill; it was Susan who handled the baby more skillfully and tenderly than any one else. No scrap of knowledge about the ordinary affairs of life was too trifling for her to learn.

"Susan," said Lena, contemptuously, "will be an admirable cook, seamstress and nurse." She felt that she herself was born for something higher. But when one of the scholars cut an artery one day, it was Susan who quietly made a tourniquet and stopped the bleeding till the doctor came.

"You have saved her life, child," he said. "How did you learn to do it?"

"I saw it in a book," she said, modestly. She pored over books which taught of the care of the house, children, or the sick. These things she could remember.

"I am a dunce, but I may be of some little use," she thought.

As time passed, her quick observation, her tact and kindly sympathy made Susan a practical, useful woman, and gave her a charm of manner which gathered about her hosts of friends. Lena was always showy, superficial and helpless. As she grew older she missed the applause which had followed her in youth, and grew bitter and ill-tempered.

We give this sketch of two real characters for the benefit of girl readers, who, because they have mediocre abilities as

scholars, begin to fear that they have a low, mean part to play in life.

The alert, tender, domestic woman of the homely wisdom which enables to be helpful to the body and soul of who come near her, is one of the most useful of God's ministers in the world. *Youth's Companion*.

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean, one who has the biggest and best toys, or who has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for the secret." "Well," said the king, "what will you give?"

So the magician took the boy into another room. He wrote something with white substance on a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

A DRIVER had been over-ardent in his worship of Bacchus, and ultimately fell asleep. On awaking and finding himself alone in his harmless wagon, he looked rather surprised, and exclaimed, "Well, I've either lost a team or stole a wagon!"

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