

ONE LEFT.

The one babe lost is the one babe left ;  
The others are grown and gone away ;  
So cruel it seemed when first bereft,  
Yet the lost is the only one left to-day !

I watched them grow out of my long-  
ing arms,  
While each in turn lost the baby face:  
The years fled away with those win-  
some charms,  
And manhood and womanhood took  
their place.

And now they've made them homes of  
their own,  
While I by the fireside rock and  
dream :  
And, oh, I should be so all alone,  
Did not the past like the present  
seem !

But, while I am rocking, my babe  
again,  
That I lost, far off in the dimming  
years,  
I clasp with the joy that is kin to pain,  
And water my dusty heart with tears.  
—Minot J. Savage.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

JESUS BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. MEMORY verses, 67, 68.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.  
—Isa. 53. 3.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad picture is this of our Lord and Saviour standing a poor, pitiful prisoner before the high priest. After Judas betrayed him he was bound and driven through the streets to a council of the high priests and scribes and elders. They all hated him, for they knew he had power which they did not have. They were bound to have him killed, but they knew it was necessary to have some sort of trial. They tried to get false witnesses. At first they could not get any. At last two turned up. Of course, they said what was not true. Jesus bore it all silently. Finally the high priest made him answer that he was the Son of God. Then they said he blasphemed and must die. It was all so unfair, but Jesus was patient through it all.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus taken? Before the high priest.
2. Why? Because the law said he must have a trial.
3. Was it a fair one? No.
4. Who witnessed? Two false witnesses.

5. Of what did they accuse him? Of blasphemy.
6. Did they condemn him? Yes, to die.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 25.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Isa. 5. 11-23. MEMORY verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.—1 Cor. 9. 2-7.

LESSON STORY.

Woe, woe, woe! always the same story where liquors are used. There are a few cases in which the people can use it ireely without being harmed, but they are so very few when you think of the millions who suffer woe from it. The good prophet Isaiah well knew its danger and warned the people of Israel against it. But in spite of his warning the sin of drunkenness was one of their greatest. It caused them to desert God and worship idols. It made judges receive bribes, so there was no true justice. In short, it was the cause of every sin and crime that could be committed.

So is it in our own day, and as sure as it brought woe to Israel, so will it bring woe to Canada, if we do not guard against the wicked liquor traffic.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Isaiah? A good prophet of the Israelites.
2. What did he warn them against? Drunkenness.
3. Was it a common sin in his day? Yes.
4. Did it bring woe to Israel? Yes, they were made captives.
5. What does calling "Evil good and good evil" mean? Calling by pleasant names amusements or practices that we know are evil.

A BIRD STORY.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, a flock of small birds, about the size, shape, and color of paroquets, settled down in the rigging, and passed an hour or more resting.

The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors.

At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared; but toward nightfall they came back, and passed the night in the rigging. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks.

That afternoon, an astonishing thing happened. The flock came swiftly flying toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down on the deck.

The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows, but on reaching port two days later they learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Aues, you bet right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat so calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called snap-dragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her. A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench by his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could and said in a gruff tone as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and just buttoned my coat as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon as I came home the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was so glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerfully, as she went up to her brother Walter and kissed and patted him and said: "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear."

Brother Walter did not say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.