

Saviour at all, and he was earnestly seeking knowledge and peace. What special lessons do we learn from this interview? How did he afterwards defend his Lord, and what further evidence of love did he show?

Sum up the teaching of the day by showing that a true friend is one on whom we can depend in every time of need. (Prov. 17, 17). It may easily be demonstrated thus on the blackboard.

FAITHFUL

Rely on
In
Every
Need or
Danger

A faithful friend is one we can "rely on in every need or danger."

Make your final application thus:

Have } A FRIEND { in to
Be } JESUS.

—C. G. W.

Temperancetown and Whiskeyville

(Written by Mrs. Annie E. Smiley. To be spoken by twenty children, each dressed to represent the character described and carrying the implements of their trade or occupation. The ten Temperance children come to the platform together, speak their verses and then stand back in line, leaving room for the Whiskeyville children to stand and recite.)

1 This is the mayor of Temperancetown,
A worthy man of his high renown,
He is proud of his town, and well he may be,
For a more thriving town you rarely will see.

2 This is the doctor of Temperancetown,
He rides through the country, up and down,
Few are his calls for powder or pill,
For temperance people are seldom ill.

3 This is the baker of Temperancetown,
His bread is sweet, and his rolls are brown;
His trade is good, as you well may think,
For people buy bread instead of drink.

4 This is a grocer of Temperancetown,
On his face is a smile instead of a frown.
For money flows daily into his tills,
And temperance people pay grocer's bills.

5 This is a teacher of Temperancetown,
With happy face and pretty gown,
She loves to teach for her children all mind,
They are taught at home to be loving and kind.

6 This is a mother of Temperancetown,
A queen is she, though she wears no crown,
Her husband delights to sound her fame,
And her children rise up and bless her name.

7 This is a cook of Temperancetown,
She cannot tell a verb from a noun,
But she knows how to bake, to broil and to fry,
And she never puts butter in sauce or mince pie.

8 This is the butcher of Temperancetown,
His customers all pay money down;
They can afford the best of food,
For their work is steady and pay is good.

9 This woman sells fruit in Temperancetown.

Her name is Mrs. Tabitha Brown;
She sells apples, oranges, grapes and pears,
And an excellent reputation she bears.

10 This is the preacher of Temperancetown.

His hair is white, like a silver crown;
He honors his calling in all of his ways,
For he preaches the truth, and he votes as he prays.

ALL SAY TOGETHER.

O happy are we in Temperancetown,
No wonder we smile and forget to frown;
If Jesus should come to our earth to-day,
We are sure in our town He would love to stay.

1 This is the mayor of Whiskeyville.
He says 'tis his office that makes him ill;
He never feels well, though he dresses so fine,
For his head is befuddled with whiskey and wine.

2 This is the doctor of Whiskeyville,
He orders spirits with powder and pill;
With his practice you'd think his fortune was made,
But, alas! his bills are seldom paid.

3 This is the baker of Whiskeyville,
He is hurried and worried with many a bill;
The money his customers ought to pay
Goes into the saloon, just over the way.

4 This is the grocer of Whiskeyville,
His trade is light with few orders to fill;
His customers say his prices are dear,
But they mean that they want the money for beer.

5 This is the teacher of Whiskeyville,
Her pupils are Tom, and Harry, and Bill;
They loaf and play truant from day to day,
And are fast smoking and drinking their wits away.

6 This is the mother of Whiskeyville,
She lives in a shanty under the hill;
She is often unhappy, and fears for her life,
Oh, sad is the fate of the drunkard's wife!

7 This is the cook of Whiskeyville,
Her face is sharp and her voice is shrill;
She spoils her cooking with brandy and wine,
And complains that her children sicken and pine.

8 This is the butcher of Whiskeyville,
You will find his shop by the elder-mill;
His customers buy the cheapest of meat,
For when people will drink, there is little to eat.

9 This woman keeps an apple-stand,
But even her apples are second-hand;
For her customers say there is little use
To buy apples, when cider is apple-juice.

10 This is the preacher of Whiskeyville,
He tries in vain his church to fill;
And often is tempted to say with a groan
"They are wed to their idols; let them alone."

ALL SAY TOGETHER.

We are tired of living in Whiskeyville,
For our town is steadily running down hill;

If we want to win honor, fame and renown,

We must leave Whiskeyville for Temperancetown.

Different Religious Services for Boys and Girls

Suggested by Rev. W. R. Turner,
Stellarton, N.S.

1 Song Services with Stories of Songs.
2 Strong Brief Address and Competitive Singing.

3 Question and Answer Meeting and whistling songs. N.B. I have often found that the boys enjoyed whistling an accompaniment to the singing when we were without an organist. It will also help to "steady" boys who are restless.

4 Debates on Religious and Moral subjects.

5 Missionary Meetings. Series on Different Countries, etc.

6 Stereopticon.

7 Chalk Talk.

8 Patriotic Meeting.

9 Temperance and Moral Reform Meeting. "Why should we not use intoxicating liquors?" "Why should we not use tobacco?" "What rights have boys and girls in Canada and what do we owe to our country?"

10 Series on Pilgrims Progress. Each character assigned and read by different boys and girls.

11 Illustration Meeting. Each boy and girl contributes the best illustration they have heard or read.

12 A "Funny Story" Meeting. Let the leader give a talk on "Humour" and then the boys and girls may read the funniest thing they have seen in paper or magazine during the week.

Little Boy Billy

Little Boy Billy kneels up in his bed,
Tumbled curls clustering over his head;
The sun through the blind is beginning to peep,
And the twitter of birds has aroused him from sleep.

Little Boy Billy looks sturdy and sweet
In cozy white nightgown, with bare, dimpled feet;
One fat hand, supporting his little round chin,
Patiently waiting for nurse to come in.

Nurse, in the doorway, stands still in surprise
At meeting the gaze of those wide-open eyes;
But Billy explains: "I am ready, you see,
'Cause dis is my burd'ay, I've big boy of 'free."

"New knickies wiv pockets I've having to-day,
A big cake, and p'sents, and childrens to play;
So wass' me and d'ess me, and hear me my p'ayers,
Den take me to bekups wiv mummy down-stairs."

—Little Folks.

Johnny: "Tommy Smith's mother makes him go to Sunday School every Sunday."

Johnny's Mamma: "Why do you say she makes him go?"

Johnny: "'Cause he goes."—Exchange.

"He is good-natured whose nature is to do good."