

There's a Dear Little Girl Coming Home To-day.

"Oh! what do you think the angels say?"
Said the children up in heaven;
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,
She's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in;
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"God wanted her here, where his little ones meet,"
Said the children up in heaven:
"She shall play with us in the golden street!
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in;
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That glids this side of the gates of pearl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"
Said the children up in heaven:
"My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
To the home that my children live in;
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome the new little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"
Said the children up 'n heaven;
"For the dear little girl has gone to sleep!
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl!
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little girl?"
Said the children up in heaven.

"Fly with her quick, oh! angels dear,"
Said the children up in heaven."
"See—she is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven!
Ah—hush—hush—hush—all the swift wings fur!
For the King himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,
And leading her into heaven."

"HOW ALEX KINGSFORD SUCCEEDED IN LIFE."

BY MAIDA MAITLAND.

"Wanted—A boy to learn the business and make himself generally useful." So read the card that occupied a striking position between curtain and window in the only grocery store of any importance at "Eckford Corners."

It was on a Saturday night that old Mr. Walkins and his son had held a consultation as to the advisability of employing more help in their business. Time was telling heavily on the old grocer, and his long day's work had wearied him as it had never done before.

"I think, John, my son," he said, "you need some help here, now that I am growing old, some young lad to learn the business, and know your ways, to be of use to you when I am gone."

And so it came about that before young Walkins closed the store for the night, the notice we have alluded to occupied a place in the window. On Sunday, as the boys went to and fro in the village street, all stopped to read the card. "Jack Phair, the doctor's son, read it, and paused, and after some reflection, decided—

"Just the thing for me. I'll see old Walkins in the morning, and, of course, I shall have no difficulty in securing the position; and then when all is settled, I'll break it to the governor that my school days are over, and shall at last assert my independence."

And so, having satisfactorily settled the matter with himself, he went off whistling, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which caused good old Mrs. Tait to sigh at this open desecration of the Sabbath.

The next of any interest to us to consider the notice, was Fred Lambert. His widowed mother kept the boarding-house at the "Corners," and it was well known that Fred, her only son, was far from being a help to her. Having read the "want," he sat down on a barrel near by to cogitate on its attractions.

"I suppose a fellow must get to work some time," he thought. "And this is about as fine a place as any to make a start. I'm around here a good deal any way, and I'll hear and see all that's going on, besides drawing my salary. Yes, I'll look after this to-morrow."

Feeling of more importance than usual, he strolled leisurely—for Fred was never known to hurry—to his home, where he announced with a very pompous air that he intended taking the position. The little church at the "Corners" held two strangers that same Sabbath evening, but so unassuming and quiet were they that they attracted very little attention. The woman, a widow, you could see by her dress, seemed bent beneath some burden of care that left its deep impress on her sad face. Marion Kingsford had seen her loved helpmate consigned to the grave the week previous to her removal to "Eckford Corners," whither she had been attracted by the promise of work in the hop fields around. Beside her sat her only child, Alex, to whom the dying father had left as a sacred trust his sorrowing wife.

As the sweet voice of the young girl soloist rang out that wonderful invitation—

"Come ye disconsolate! Where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

the grief-stricken mother found relief and healing in the first tears she had shed since her bereavement. Those silently shed tears touched so keenly her poor boy's heart that never before had he experienced the great longing to act a man's part in the world that he might support and shield his loved one from the bitter storms of life. As the congregation knelt in prayer, only one petition went up in all sincerity from the lad's heart,

"O my Father, help, oh, help me to support and care for her whom thou hast left in my charge."

On their way home from the service to their humble abode, Alex read the notice of Mr. Walkins' want, and he immediately decided to apply for the position. It seemed that God was already answering that prayer for work. In the morning, as he hurried to the store, he found Jack and Fred occupying seats on the window sill, and some young lads of less importance standing around. Boys as a rule are unceremonious, and in a short time they were all chatting gaily.

Jack had no doubt, in his own mind, that his position in the place (the doctor's son), would secure him the coveted appointment, and Fred, although he didn't exactly say so in words, conveyed the impression that he felt his handsome face and well-dressed form would be of great advantage behind the grocer's counter.

The other lads, though anxious to be engaged, felt there were small chances of success with two such formidable rivals.

They were still awaiting Mr. Walkins' leisure, who was busily engaged with a railway magnate of New York, when an old man drove up to the door with some bags of grain he wished to dispose of. Having made a satisfactory bargain with young Walkins, he was ordered to throw off his load at the door. The old man returned to do as he was bidden, and made two or three unsuccessful attempts to lift the heavy bags. Alex, who was standing with his back to the old man, did not perceive the trouble, until, hearing Fred banteringly exclaim, "Try it again, old man," he hurriedly turned to seek an explanation for the remark. Taking in the situation at a glance, with a bound he was beside the waggon.

"Let me have an end," he said, in his hearty, boyish way, and the poor, over-taxed old man very gruffly accepted the proffered help. When all was unloaded the old man drove off without as much as "thank you" to his assistant. As Alex once more joined the boys, it was Jack who twitted him with, "Much you got for your trouble from the sulky old duffer."

"Some abuse and dirty clothes," Fred added, in an exasperating tone. As Alex was still busy rubbing the dust from his clothes, Mr. Walkins approached the window, and throwing it open, inquired:

"What is your name, my boy?"
"Alex Kingsford," was the reply.
"Are you looking for the position in my store?" was his next inquiry. Be-
Jug answered in an anxious affirmative, Mr. Walkins continued:
"Very well, Alex, go right to work. My son will give you something to do, and we'll talk of wages later."

As Alex, hardly believing it possible he was awake and not dreaming, walked into the store, the other boys departed with feelings quite indescribable. When Mr. Walkins returned to his desk to resume the conversation with Mr. Lam-

den the latter interrupted his remark by inquiring:

"Excuse my curiosity, Walkins, but will you tell me why you chose that lad so readily out of such a number without conversation with any of them?"

"Did you not notice the old man," was the reply, "who was greatly in need of assistance a few minutes ago? Out of that group of boys, this Alex was the only one who offered any help."

"Well, yes, I did notice that," Mr. Lumsden remarked, "but don't you consider that a very small thing from which to make such a hasty selection?"

"Not at all. That simple act is a good indication of the lad's character, it suggests a kind heart, a lack of laziness, and a willingness to perform a disagreeable duty if required. I shall be greatly mistaken if this lad does not prove a success."

Ten years have passed since then, and we take the train now instead of the stage when we go to "Eckford." You drive up the old familiar street, but hardly recognize it, so improved has it become. As we reach the corner where Mr. Walkins' store once stood, we find an immense warehouse, and over the door in newly-painted letters we read:

"WALKINS AND KINGSFORD."

Thus, by his own efforts, under God's blessing, Alex Kingsford's prayer was answered, for now his widowed mother presides over a cosy little home some little distance from the noise and bustle of the town.

Over the door of the room that Alex calls his "Den," hangs a beautifully illuminated card, bearing the words, "Do with thy might what thy hands find to do."

"That," he was wont to say, pointing to the card, "is the secret of my success in life."

SELF-RELIANCE.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."
"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it two hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration. 'No.'

"I hesitated, then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next!' And I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well!'

"Why," whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!''

"Why didn't you say 'Yes' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson: you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all he world says 'No,' your business is to say, 'Yes,' and prove it."—Ram's Horn.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 15.

GOD'S BLESSING UPON SOLOMON.

1 Kings 9. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it—Prov. 10. 22.

Time.—Perhaps about B.C. 992.

Place.—Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 9. 1-9).

Tuesday.—Read how wisdom benefits (Deut. 4. 1-10). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Wednesday.—Read the conditions of prosperity (Deut. 11. 13-21). Learn the Golden Text, Time, and Place.

Thursday.—Read a list of God's blessings (Deut. 28. 1-14).

Friday.—Read how God's warning was fulfilled (2 Kings 25. 1-10). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read how the heathen would reproach Israel (Jer. 22. 1-9). Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Sunday.—Read the gain of godliness (Psalm 112). Learn the Memory Verses.

QUESTIONS.

I. A Promise, verses 1-5.

1. When did the vision of this lesson take place? 2. How did God appear to Solomon at this time? 3. Were the king and people as faithful now as when the temple was dedicated? How did God signify his acceptance of the temple? For what did he chiefly value it? 4. Mention some of the good points in David's character. 5. On what condition would God establish Solomon's throne?

II. A Warning, verses 6-9.

6. When were the Israelites cut off? Can a parent's goodness free the child from the right to be good? 7. What warning was given through Moses? 8. How was the temple high? What would its ruin witness to? 9. How did the Israelites take hold of idols?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Delay in answering prayer is not denial. God's house is sacred. There is no respect of persons with God. Only by obedience to God can we secure permanent success. Sin brings shame. The greater our privileges the worse our punishment if we abuse them. We ought not only to learn from our own past but from God's dealings with others. The severest chastisements spring from love.

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