

Our Juniors

Jack o' Lantern

A pumpkin it sat 'neath a pumpkin leaf
And sighed to itself: "I shall die of grief."

I long to arise to the higher sphere
For which I am destined, as 'twill appear
Some day, I trust."

"Ah, pumpkin, my dear! what is this I hear?

I think your philosophy's out of gear
To long for a time for the which you're not

Prepared. Wait a while in this homely spot;
Don't mind the dust,"

"But gather the light from the Summer skies

And watch for the sun till with golden dyes
He stains your green coat to a brighter hue

And under the stars you can drink the dew."
Thus sang a bird;

And then in the light of the glad June morn'

She flew to her mate o'er the fields of corn.

The pumpkin considered her kind and nice,
And took her remarkably wise advice;
But hardly knew

While watching the glories of sky and earth

How he was increasing in weight and worth

Till reapers with sickles had cut the corn,

When pumpkin was ruthlessly drugged and torn
From where he grew,

And thrown in a cart with a motley crowd

And jostled with pumpkins both meek and proud;
Then tossed in a corner beside a fence,
To wait in an agony of suspense
Grim Fate's decree.

And some of his fellows were slain and fed

To rattle. Our pumpkin he quaked with dread.

It chanced that two urchins, about their play,

Did find him reining there one fine day.
Said one: "D'ye see

"That pumpkin? Oh, ain't he a beauty? My!

We'll make Jack O'Lantern of him, and I

Will hang him a top of a tree and tell
The folks; an' they'll think that the comet's fell
And lit, you know."

They halloved the pumpkin, and on the skin

They carved a face with a horrid grin;
Inside they then lighted a "tallow dip";
Then up in a tree to the very tip,
They hung him. Oh!

'Twas true he was frightened at first;
but then

Just think how the people admired him
when

The candle was lighted. But, after all,
Suppose Jack O'Lantern should have a fall.

Not one would mind!

While thus meditating, a bird did poise
Herself by his side. "Ah! you've found
the joys

Of which I did prophesy once, my friend.
I trust your felicity 'll have no end."
"You're very kind,

Dear Madam. I've found, as I wished, a
sphere;

Much higher—aye, dryer—it would appear;
And yet—oh! and yet—I could die of
grief

I long so to sit 'neath my pumpkin
leaf."

"You're sad to-night,

"My friend. Can it be that he only sings
So high who is born with the gift of
wings?"

Then, thoughtfully chanting her tender
lays,

Afar through the Indian-Summer haze
She took her flight.

—Selected.

Weekly Topics

NOVEMBER 21.—HOW TO LIVE WITH
OTHER PEOPLE E.—1 Pet. 3. 8, 9.
(Suggestive Thoughts).

1. The duty of life we believe is to be
victorious.

2. Every good thing, every noble thing
must be won.

3. The tongue is the castle of courtesy.
1 Pet. 3. 10.

4. Be courteous not only to friends but
also to foes. 1 Pet. 3. 9.

5. We are to seek peace, to pursue it,
and not merely to allow it.

6. We often give least courtesy to those
for whom we care the most.

7. True love is not moved by the hope
of gain.

8. The small courtesies sweeten life;
the greater ennoble it.

9. What is the golden Rule?

NOVEMBER 28.—FROM CEYLON TO
NEWFOUNDLAND. (Missionary Trip.)

On the long voyage home from India
we had a great deal to talk about. We
had seen many different countries, and in
most of these the name of Jesus Christ
was known to very few. When we saw
the suffering and the sin and the sorrow
there we were glad that we had been born
in a Christian country. I think we all
felt, too, that we wanted to tell these
people, especially the girls and the boys,
about the Gospel.

We were all glad the day that we came
in sight of Newfoundland. The boys
cheered, and then we all sang 'God save
the King,' and 'The Maple Leaf.' In a
few hours the steamer was at the dock at
St. John's, and we were on dry land again.

We were very much interested in the city
of St. John's, but what we all liked to see
most was the orphanage, which our Su-
perintendent said was the only Canadian
Methodist Orphanage in North America.

The deaconesses in charge showed us all
over the building, and in the evening our
Superintendent gave a talk to the chil-
dren, telling them about our trip and the
boys and girls we had met. The children
were very much interested, and asked all
sorts of questions. Before we left New-

foundland we visited some of the mis-
sions of our Church. There are many of
these scattered along the coast of the
island. The people of the little villages
are mostly fishermen and their families,
and they were very kind to us. We went
out in their boats, and on Sunday
attended service in one of the little
churches.

We learned during our visit to New-
foundland that the missionaries there are
doing as great a work as those in China
or Japan.

Before we left Newfoundland, we made
a trip to Hamilton Inlet in Labrador. We
thought that the missionaries here must be
very lonely, but he said that the people
were kind to him, and that he was very
busy and very happy. The only time that
he was lonely was in the winter when for
months the boats did not come in, and it
was impossible to get any mail, or any
news of the outside world.

We will never forget the talk that our
Superintendent gave us as we returned on
the boat. He reminded us that we had
been in different countries since we had
left Canada, and that we had seen many
missionaries of our own and other
churches. These men and women were
serving God by trying to teach the people
of Him and of His love to men. But he
said not to think that we had no share
in the work, because we were not mission-
aries. Every person has a part to do, and
it is not where but how we do our work
that makes it great in God's sight. We
cannot all be missionaries, in the foreign
field, but we can be missionaries in heart.

—A. D. S.

DECEMBER 5.—PROMISE TO THOSE
WHO OVERCOME.—Rev. 3. 12.
(Consolation Meeting.)

By giving out slips of paper on which
may be written where each promise is
found, some memory work could be ac-
complished during the week preceding
the Consolation Meeting, and the promises
repeated in response to the Roll Call.

1. Promises to the good. Psa. 84. 11;
Isa. 3. 10.

2. Promises of spiritual blessing. Psa.
26. 10, 24; E. Ph. 1. 4; Gal. 6. 16.

3. Promises of justification. Rom. 5. 1;
1. 9; 8. 1; Tit. 3. 7.

4. Promises of sanctifying grace. Psa.
84. 19; Phil. 4. 13.

5. Promises of Divine teaching. Psa.
7. 17; Psa. 32. 8.

6. Promises of Victory over the world.
Jno. 16. 33; Jno. 17. 15; Gal. 1. 4; 6. 14;
1 John 5. 4; 5. 5; 4. 4.

7. Promises of victory over the devil.
1 John 2. 14; 5. 18; Jas. 4. 7.

8. Promises of strength and courage.
Isa. 12. 2; 43. 3; Psa. 29. 11; Psa. 33. 24;
Job. 11. 15; Zech. 10. 12; 2 Cor. 12. 9;
2 Tim. 1. 7.

DECEMBER 12.—A PICTURE OF HEAV-
EN.—Rev. 22. 1-5.

What the Bible says about heaven is
just as true as what it says about every-
thing else. The Bible is inspired. So
what we are taught about heaven comes
by inspiration. What has been, and is
now, one of the strongest feelings
in the human heart? Is it not to
find some better place, some lovelier
spot than we have now. The brightest
home on earth is empty as compared
with the mansion in the skies. On
the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives
of the fishermen are in the habit of going
down to the seashore at night and singing
sweetly some beautiful hymn. After they
have sung they listen, until they hear
brong back by the wind across the
water, the second verse sung by their
brave husbands as they are tossed by the
gale—and both are happy. If we listen
we, too, might hear some sound, some
whisper borne from afar telling us that
there is a Heaven which is our home.