



NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

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DEAR me! don't the people in this wagon seem glad to get a drink? Well, I suppose we can all understand that, as there is hardly anything that tastes so good as a drink of cool water when one is thirsty. The little girls look as if they could hardly wait, for they have driven a long way and the day is warm, but they are waiting patiently and without a word, like well-behaved children, until mamma and grandma have had theirs, because you see there is only one cup. The horses, too, poor creatures, are enjoying it as much as anyone.

STINGY DAVY.

DAVY was a very pretty little boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy. "Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just the least bit."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would ever think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want something I have," he said to himself. "If I had just a gingersnap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house; for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly. "O Davy!" said Fannie, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking of course his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fannie. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from her window; and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly alone.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 7.

THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Acts 4. 19-31. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They spake the Word of God with boldness.—Acts 4. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit gives courage to speak and power to do.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our last lesson we left Peter and John on trial before the Sanhedrim. After Peter had finished his address, the apostles were sent out of the room, while the council consulted together as to what they should do. Not daring to punish them for a good deed, and with the people on their side, the council recalled the apostles and tried to silence them by threats.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Answered—The command of the Sanhedrim. *To their own company*—Of Christians assembled in the city, and probably praying for these imprisoned disciples. *God, which hath made heaven, etc.*—And therefore able to grant their request. *Who... hath said*—In the second Psalm. *People imagine vain things*—Things they were unable to do, and vain; useless if they could do them. *Jesus, whom they had anointed*—i.e., made King and Messiah, which was done by anointing. *whatsoever... thy counsel determined*—God controls even bad men. He is never frustrated in his plans. *Grant unto thy servants*—They did not ask freedom from persecution, but only strength to do their duty and spread the gospel. *The place was shaken*—As on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came down in power. It was the token that their prayer for help was answered.

Find in this lesson—

One quality all need in order to be good. What we should do when others tempt us to do wrong. What we should pray for most.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did the Sanhedrim do to Peter and John? "They forbade them to preach, and then let them go." 2. What was their reply? (Repeat verses 19 and 20, beginning with, "Whether it be right," &c.) 3. Where did they go when released? "To the assembly of the disciples." 4. What did they all do? "They prayed with one accord." 5. For what did they pray? "For boldness to speak, and for the power of Christ to be with them." 6. How were they answered? "They were filled with the Holy Spirit, the source of courage and power."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

35. What was the Spirit's work of inspiration?

He moved and guided the writers of the Bible so that they truly recorded the truth of God.

Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Peter 1. 21.

2 Samuel 23. 2; Acts 4. 25, 28, 25; 2 Timothy 3. 16.

Castle Mountain.

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

CASTLE Mountain! I could dream Wide-awake with such a theme; Children, may I dream for you, May I tell you how it grew, Looking like a castle old, Built for kings and warriors bold? Could you see its lofty dome, It would seem a palace home; Gazing on its battlements, You might say a "king's defence;" You might think the walls inside Picture-hung and beautified; You might look for lofty doors, Rich and tessellated floors, Where the royal guests advance, Where they feast and where they dance; You might fancy thrones were there, Where sweet music filled the air; You might think of lamps of gold Shining 'neath the arches old.

But no king of earth we know Built the mountain crowned with snow. He it was who made all things, Older, richer than the kings; Not a servant did he call, Not a craftsman to the wall; He commanded, and it rose Till it stood in grand repose; Not a hammer-stroke was heard, Not a living voice or word; Deep and broad he laid the rocks, Lifted without hands the blocks; It was built for us to see And adore his majesty.

In a Rocky Mountain pass Stands the mighty, towering mass; You could never climb the wall, Only there the snow-flakes fall, And they weave a crystal crown Flashing in the sunlight down, Or they feed the torrent spray Singing down their rocky way; As I dream I think I hear All their voices, soft and clear: "We are children of our King, Whose we are and whom we sing; Here he dwelleth in the light, Here he reigneth on the height; We are going to the sea, There to tell his majesty All the kingdoms are his own, Ocean deep and mountain throne."

AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

THE common eagle is a bird of wonderful keen sight. At a height of eighty yards it can see a grass mouse or a stoat; and having once located its prey, it will swoop down with the speed of an arrow, and rise with its victim in its claws. Mrs. Wilmot, the superintendent of the Canadian fish hatcheries at Newcastle, Ont., told me the following story about an eagle: "A pair of eagles built their nest near our house, well up in a large pine tree, year in and year out for many seasons. One autumn the cold weather set in earlier than usual, and the smooth parts of the stream that ran by our house were frozen. But the eagles still remained in the big pine, save when they flew abroad for food. One morning as I sat by the window looking out in the direction of the pines, I noticed one of the birds leave the tree and poise directly above a rough part of the river which was frozen. Then he went down like a bolt and disappeared under the water. I watched with great interest to see what he would fetch—watched one, two, three, four seconds; but he did not appear. This was something so unusual that I became intensely interested. I stood at the window half a minute, watching where the bird disappeared; and then, sure that something had happened to him, I snatched my hat and ran down to where lay my little boat. After some difficulty I managed to get into the open water, and then pulled to the spot where the eagle had gone under. Looking down I saw the bird, with his wings partly extended, and held fast to the bottom in some unaccountable way. With a grappling hook I drew him out. Judge of my surprise when there came to the surface, besides the eagle, an enormous salmon. It was for this splendid prize that the eagle had made this plunge. Of course, he buried his strong, sharp talons in the side of the fish; but when he wanted to rise he could not lift his prey. Neither could he withdraw his talons from the salmon's side; and so he perished. The fish weighed a trifle over thirty pounds."

GOING AFTER FIRE.

"TELL us a story," grandma, please! Jonnie, "of when you's a little girl."

"Yes, grandma; or when you lived in the woods, and heard the bears howl at night," said Edna. "I wish I could see one— a real live one."

"I never saw but one live one," said grandma, "and that was one morning when I ran over to our neighbours to borrow some fire."

"Borrow fire!" cried the children together.

"Yes," laughed grandma. "You know so long ago they didn't have any matches. There were none made then. If we let our fire go out, we had to borrow some. Mother usually covered up a heap of big knots deep in the ashes over night. On raking them open in the morning, there would be a bed of coals to begin the day."

"But one night, late in the fall, the knots did not burn, and there was no fire to get breakfast. I was the oldest—about as big as Edna. Well, mother pinned a woollen blanket over my head with a thorn, for we didn't have many pins. Giving me the little iron fire-kettle, she bade me to be spry, for the children were hungry."

"Well, I got my kettle full of bright coals, with a blazing knot on top. I ran off through the frost, the wind keeping the coals and knots all ablaze."

"When I got about half way home I heard a crackling through the thick bushes. Almost before I had time to stop, a great black bear ambled out into the rough, narrow road. I was so scared that I dropped my kettle flat on the ground and stared at him. And he stared at me, sticking his long nose out toward me, sniffing and snuffling."

"But he didn't like the smell of the burning knot, and the next moment he leaped out of the path and went crashing off through the bushes."

"I didn't stop for the coals, but, scooping the knot into the kettle, I fled toward home in a great panic. A little time after that, father and Mr. Noble, our neighbour, caught the bear in a trap, and father had a coat made out of his skin."—*Our Little Ones.*

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