

**A Thanksgiving Lesson.**

BY J. D. COWLES.

Out through the cold of a city street  
There hastened a child, alone,  
All scantily clothed was the little form;  
A garret she called her home.

She shivered, as blew the winter wind,  
With hunger her face was drawn,  
Beneath the folds of her thin, worn  
shawl

She carried a locket—to pawn.

The locket had hung o'er her mother's  
heart,  
Since the time her father had died;  
But now it must go—they could not  
starve,  
And she held it close as she sighed.

The bargain was made; meagre food was  
bought,  
And back to the garret she sped;  
And I? I had watched her and followed  
her home;  
I was restless and willingly led.

I, with one disappointment, which fretted  
me till  
I had said,—it was Thanksgiving  
night—  
I had nothing for which I could render  
Him thanks,  
Then the child attracted my sight.

She sped up the stairways, she opened  
her store  
For the dear mother-face to approve,

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21.  
THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.**

Eph 6 10-20 Memory verses, 13-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be strong in the Lord, and in the  
power of his might.—Eph. 6. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Christian's Faith, v. 10-12.
2. The Christian's Armour, v. 13-18.
3. The Christian's Duty, v. 19, 20.

**Time and Place.**—The Epistle to the  
Ephesians is the first in order of those  
written from Rome (not far from A.D.  
62).

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The Christian armour.—Eph. 6. 10-20.  
Tu. The warfare.—Rom. 7. 12-25.  
W. Our weapons.—2 Cor. 10. 1-6.  
Th. "It is written."—Matt. 4. 1-11.  
F. The enemy vanquished.—Rev. 20. 1-10.  
S. The arm of salvation.—Isa. 59. 12-21.  
Su. Our refuge.—Psalm 46.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Christian's Faith, v. 10-12.  
Wherein are we bidden to be strong?  
Golden Text.  
What is it to be strong in the Lord?  
What are we exhorted to put on?  
What is this armour called in Rom.  
18. 12?

**A LITTLE FIDGET.**

"That little Jimmy Brown is a perfect  
little fidget," said one lady to the other.  
"He is not really a bad boy, but he  
gives just as much trouble as if he was."  
Margie Lawton was Jimmy's dear  
friend, and she was sitting right in the  
room with the ladies, and could not help  
hearing this speech. She was much dis-  
turbed by it. When she had slipped  
away, to herself she thought and thought  
about it, and wondered what she ought  
to do. Should she tell Jimmy's mother?  
Should she tell her mother? What  
would be best? Presently she ran down  
to the garden fence and called:

"Jimmy! Jimmy!"  
"What?" answered Jimmy from some-  
where near the top of one of his father's  
apple-trees.

"Come over here. I've got something  
to tell you."  
Jimmy scrambled down from the tree  
at fearful risk of his neck and followed  
Margie to a bench in a far-off corner  
of the garden.

"Jimmy," said Margie, "you are the  
nicest boy in the world, except our own  
Harry and the baby."  
Jimmy nodded; it was a taken-for-  
granted fact.

"But you've got a fault," Margie went  
on.

"What is it?" asked Jimmy.  
"You are a fidget. You are not really  
bad, but you give people a great deal of  
trouble."

Jimmy had been told this very often in  
a great variety of ways, but when he  
looked at Margie's solemn face it seemed

about him who had charge of the enter-  
tainment. When it was all over she  
was calling on his mother, and Jimmy  
came into the room. The lady smiled  
at the sight of him and shook hands  
very cordially.

"This is the boy," she said, "who all  
during my concert, and all during the  
practicings, behaved himself like a nice  
little gentleman."

"That was a great encouragement for  
you," Margie said when Jimmy told her;  
"so now you must keep on curing your  
fault till it's perfectly well."

Jimmy promised to try.  
Having told you of one of his faults  
it is only fair to tell you of one of his  
virtues. One of Jimmy's virtues is that  
if he promises to do a thing he means  
to do it.

**Thanksgiving Day.**

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Dear Lord, true Lord, there is no day  
That should not a "Thanksgiving"  
hold,

For mercies more than I can say,  
Increasing as the years grow old,  
There's not a moment of each day  
That is not laden with thy love,  
Nor 'e'en a second which is short  
Of bounty from the hand above.

Do we forget? Dear patient King,  
Whose subjects err from thy com-  
mands,

Have patience yet a longer while,  
And stoop to reach the eager hands  
Held up to clasp thine own, when men—  
Grown timid—seek at last a guide,  
As they go stumbling on their way,  
From the right path, so oft aside.

Seed-time and harvest come again,  
And yet again upon the earth,  
Oh, Lord, who dieu that we might live,  
Let heart of man give glorious birth  
To thoughts of prayer, and praise, and  
love.

For thee, who, come the storm or  
shine,  
Doth ne'er forget the wants of those  
Whom thy dear blood made ever thine.

Gather the harvest of our prayers—  
The harvest of our gratitude—  
For life, and all that makes it sweet,  
For health and strength, for air and  
food,

And let the incense of this day—  
Set thus apart for joy and praise—  
Burn in our loving hearts through all  
The year's gift-crowned days.



AN ONTARIO FARM VIEW.

And then by the bedside she dropped,  
while they said:  
"We thank thee, O God, for thy love."

And I? Ah, I learned a lesson that  
night,  
Which time can never remove;  
And I too, as I knelt by that old broken  
door,  
Said, "I thank thee, O God, for thy  
love."

**INTERESTED IN THE BIOVOLE.**

Every one who visits Central Park,  
New York, knows how tame the squirrels  
are. A gentleman was riding a bicycle  
through the Park; all at once he felt  
something run up the outside of his leg  
and jump into his coat-pocket. He put  
his hand in the pocket, and immediately  
the something jumped out and ran under  
his coat. Out popped a little gray nose,  
and then the head of a squirrel. The  
squirrel was not at all distressed by his  
novel ride. He settled down comfort-  
ably and went splining around the  
Park under the rider's coat. The  
squirrels sit in the road, and watch the  
wheels coming in innocent amazement,  
and the wheelmen have to turn aside to  
avoid them. "One morning," says a  
writer in The Outlook, "I was walking  
along a mountain trail, and a squirrel  
came out of the bushes just in front of  
me, and looked at me with a most in-  
quisitive expression. I was evidently  
as much of a curiosity to him as he was  
to me. He kept just in front of me for  
quite a distance, and then perched on  
top of a boulder and watched me pass,  
seemingly to say, 'I guess you are harm-  
less. I can trust you to play in my  
yard.'"

Who is our enemy?  
What is his character? 1 Peter 5. 8.  
What is said of our foes in verse 12?  
Can we alone successfully contend  
against them?  
Who will help us, and how? 1 Cor.  
10. 13.  
2. The Christian's Armour, v. 13-18.  
What is our duty during the evil day?  
What shall be our duty at the end?  
What shall we have gift about us?  
How is this stated in 2 Cor. 6. 7?  
What is our breastplate?  
How is it mentioned in Isa. 59. 17?  
What should we wear on our feet?  
How is this illustrated by Isa. 52. 7?  
What is our shield? And its use?  
What should be on our head?  
What is our sword?  
What is the first duty named?  
What does this show? Our need of  
divine help.

How should we pray?  
From whom should we pray?  
What other duty is named?  
Against what must a soldier watch?  
How should we watch?  
What is Christ's command? Matt.  
24. 42.

What is Paul's exhortation and its  
reason? 1 Thess. 5. 5, 6.

3. The Christian's Duty, v. 19, 20.  
For what special grace does God ask  
prayers?

What does he mean by the phrase "an  
ambassador in bonds"?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That there is an evil spirit?
  2. That we need protection against his  
wiles?
  3. That we can have power to with-  
stand him?

much more serious to him than it ever  
had before. His own face grew very  
red, and he hung his head.

"I don't care," he said; "I can't help  
it."

"Oh, yes, you do! Oh, yes, you can!  
You have to help your faults. I fidget  
some, too. But mother says I must re-  
member that people have got nerves."

"Pshaw!" said Jimmy. "I can't re-  
member them."

"You must. You must try. I'll tell  
you, Jimmy," Margie lowered her  
voice. "I guess you'd better say it with  
your prayers."

"How?" asked Jimmy.

"Why, don't you know, in the 'help  
me' part. I put my faults in there, and  
it makes them a lot easier. And then,  
of course, you can say them separately  
any other time of the day you like. It's  
much the best way."

"I know it," said Jimmy. For hadn't  
his mother told him all about those  
things ever since he was little, and didn't  
he go to Sunday-school besides?

"All right, then," said Margie. "I  
hope you'll soon be cured."

That night, Jimmy, to his mother's  
surprise, added something new to his  
prayers.

"Oh, Lord," prayed Jimmy, "help me  
not to be a fidget and give as much  
trouble as if I was bad. And please  
help me to remember everybody's  
nerves."

Soon after this there was to be a chil-  
dren's entertainment, in which Jimmy  
was to have a part. It took a great  
many practicings to get ready for it, and  
those practicings were times of great  
danger for Jimmy. Margie watched him  
with much anxiety. It was one of the  
two ladies whom she had heard talking

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