



INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

## CONTRASTED PICTURES.

THE pictures above are at once an example and a warning. The boy who is so eagerly at work in our first picture is pretty sure, as the proverb says, to become rich, while the slothful boy near the tree is equally certain to come to grief. Then, too, the messenger lads in the accompanying picture, who are wasting their time when they ought to be at work, will surely come to poverty; while the boys in the school, diligently bending over their books, are in a fair way to make their mark in the world. The little story which follows contains its own moral:

A merchant had arrived at his office as early as seven o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 1760.] LESSON X. [March 11.

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Memory verses, 12-14.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28. 15.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Vision, v. 10-12.
2. The Voice, v. 13-15.
3. The Vow, v. 16-22.

TIME.—About B.C. 1760.

PLACE.—Bethel, anciently called Luz.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

1. Isaac and Abimelech (Gen. 26. 1-11). 2. Isaac's prosperity (Gen. 26. 12. 33). 3. Jacob obtains the birthright blessing (Gen. 27. 1-40). 4. The anger and threats of Esau (Gen. 27. 41-45). 5. The departure of Jacob (Gen. 27. 46; 28. 5).

## EXPLANATIONS.

"Went out from Beersheba"—He left his home in fear of his brother, whom he had cruelly wronged. "Lighted upon a certain place"—Came, apparently accidentally, to a place which was made famous by his visit. "A ladder"—Probably a flight of stairs. "How dreadful is this place"—How full of awe. "Gate of heaven"—Better, "Gate to the heavens." There was no such thought in Jacob's mind as in ours when we speak of heaven. "Set it up for a pillar"—Almost all people in earlier barbarism mark their places of worship by the erection of pillars. "That city"—This does not mean necessarily that a city, in the modern sense, existed at Bethel at this time. "Poured oil"—A token of consecration. "The tenth"—To be offered in sacrifice.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That God has revealed himself to man?
2. That heaven is nearer to us than we think?
3. That we ought to both serve and worship God?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Jacob? "The grandson of Abraham." 2. What did he see in his dream at Bethel? "A ladder from the earth to heaven." 3. Who were ascending and descending upon the ladder? "The angels of God." 4. What was God's promise from the top of the ladder? Golden Text: "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee." 5. What did Jacob say? "Surely the Lord is in this place." 6. What vow of Jacob should we make? "The Lord shall be my God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's communion with man.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is Christ a prophet?

In revealing to us, by His Word and Spirit, all truth concerning Divine things and our salvation.

## THE NEW DRESS.

ALICE found an old woman one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered, "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered the poor old woman.

"A black woollen?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon wear out," answered she.

"I want a dress to last me a thousand years or more," said the old woman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice drawing back; for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that," said she.

"I will ask my mother," said the girl much puzzled, "if she knows what dress will suit you, and perhaps she will buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, my dear child," said the old woman.

"My father's rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to dress like a King's daughter."

"The old woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself. "She talks so queer! I

don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud—"something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the old woman; "wear it when or where you may, it will always keep white and shining." "Oh!" was all Alice could say.

"And you," added the old woman, "could have one too; and you would not out grow it; the dress would let itself out to suit you always."

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought out for you and me, dear child," said the old woman, tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the children of God, the Great King, and live in his palace forever. Should you not like this, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. Will he give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

## Give the Very Best to Jesus.

Give the very best to Jesus.

Bring him youth's bright, laughing hours, Bring its song, and bloom, and fragrance,

While his loving kindness shows'r's;

Bring him deep and strong devotion,

When life gains its rounded prime;

Bring the garnered wealth of harvest,

In the quiet autumn time.

## CHORUS.

Give the very best to Jesus,  
Give the very best to Jesus;  
Only the best, the very best,  
Give the very best to Jesus.

Give the very best to Jesus,

All the freshness of the morn,

All the day's unwearied service,

By his mighty grace upborne.

Love that hallows ev'ry duty,

Faith that in the darkness sings,

Praises from the heart outflowing,

Gold to crown him King of kings.

Give the very best to Jesus,

Precious gift! himself he gave!

Is there aught too good to yield him,

Since he died our souls to save?

Let us lay our dearest treasures,

Humbly, gladly at his feet,

For our best will seem but little,

When we see his face so sweet.

## THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

BY DR. BONAR.

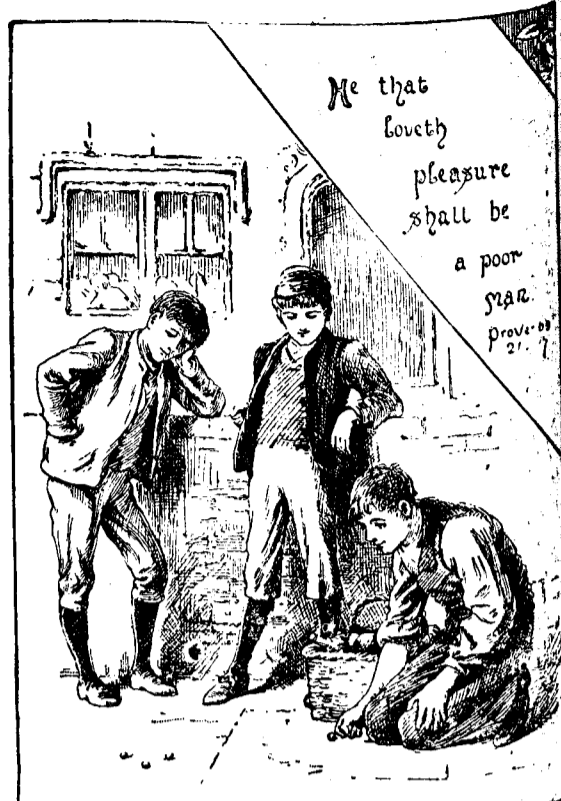
It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferers bent over him, he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed:

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I could remember! Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and to his mother he dictated a letter full



PLAY VERSUS STUDY.

of Christian and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young! Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervour of the dying soldier!

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