

Do Your Best

Have you failed to-day, good heart?
 'Tis no cause for sorrow;
 Try again; the clouds may part—
 Perhaps may part to-morrow.
 If you are a brave, strong man,
 You will do the best you can.
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold?
 That's no cause for sighing;
 One bright hour doth oft unfold
 Many a year's denying.
 Be not weary or downcast,
 "Patience holds the gate at last."
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man;
 Wear no golden fetter,
 Do the very best you can,
 And you'll soon do better.
 Every day you do your best
 Is a vantage for the rest.
 Don't complain; every gain
 Is making your best still better.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missy; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you all those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on to two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

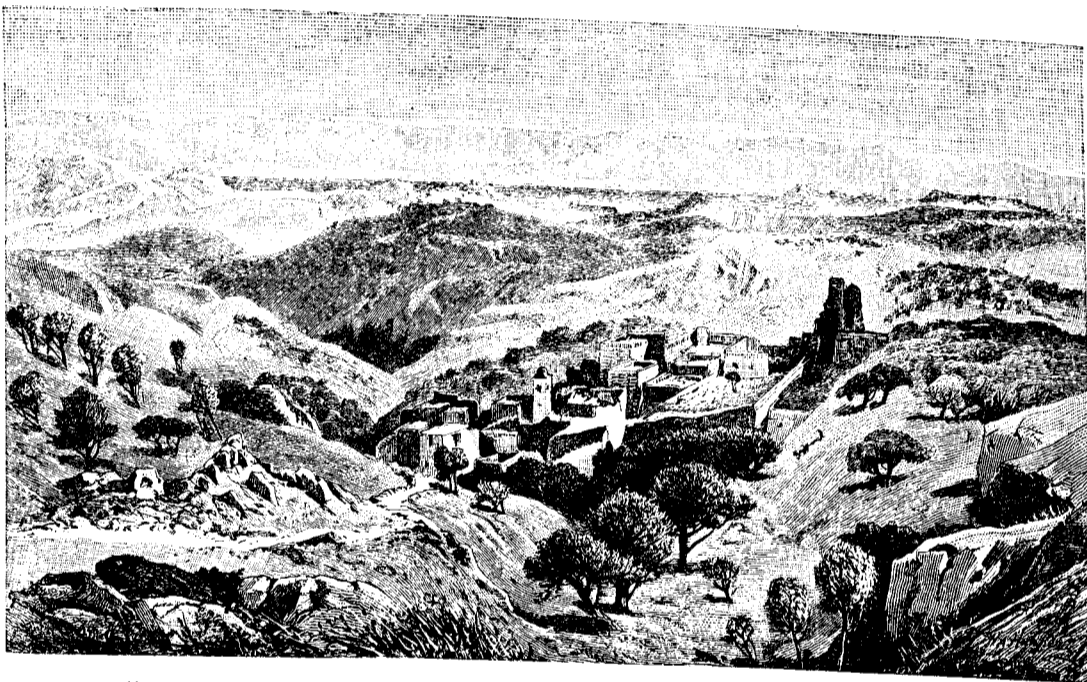
LESSON VI.—AUGUST 9.

DAVID'S VICTORIES.

2 Sam. 10. 8-19. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear.—Psalm 27. 1.
 Time.—About B.C. 1034.



BETHANY, "WILDERNESS OF JUDEA," DEAD SEA AND MOAT, FROM TOWER ON MOUNT OLIVET.—See Story.

Places.—1. Rabbath, the capital of the Ammonites. 2. A plain surrounding the city of Moab. The plain was inhabited by Reubenites; the city belonged originally to the Moabites, and afterward fell into their hands. 3. Hamath, a Syrian metropolis, not far from Damascus.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 10. 8-19). Answer the Questions. Tell in your own words the Lesson story.

Tuesday.—Read a song of victory (Exod. 15. 1-11). Fix in your mind Time and Places.

Wednesday.—Read a story of God's care (1 Chron. 18. 1-13). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read about trust in God (Psalm 144). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—See how God delivers (Psalm 18. 32-50).

Saturday.—Read how to praise for deliverance (Psalm 34). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the soul's warfare (Eph. 6. 10-20).

QUESTIONS.

I. The Lord's battle against Ammon, verses 8-14.

8. Where was this battle fought? By whom were the Ammonites aided? How did Joab secure an advantage over them?

9. What was the plan of battle chosen by the enemy? How did Joab arrange his forces? 10. State what you know of Abishai? 11. What agreement did Joab make with Abishai? 12. Why was great courage needed? What

would make the Hebrew soldiers brave? Did Joab count upon God's aid? 13. Which branch of the armies was the first to flee? 14. What caused the Ammonites to give up the fight? Why did Joab not follow up the victory?

II. The Lord's battle against Syria, verses 15-19.

15. What did the Syrians do after their defeat? 16. What led Hadarezer to engage in the conflict? 17. Why did David go with the army in person? Where was the battle fought? Name some of the results that followed this great victory. What became of the alliance between the Syrians and the Ammonites?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A suspicious spirit will cause us to injure our friends. It takes courage to be faithful to do hard things and suffer painful ones. For love of country and home and life people will do and dare. Our chief reliance should be upon God. It takes bitter experience to teach some people wisdom. Ruin will be the fate of all who oppose Christ and His cause. Are we on the safe and winning side?

THE EARL OF SHAPTESBURY'S NURSE.

Few knew of his unhappy childhood, and the teaching of his faithful old nurse, of whom to the last he would speak of as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although every one knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of the remarkably interesting volumes of his life.

And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but largely engrossed in public life; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, named Martha Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his growth and strengthening with his

strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a child-like faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.—The Quiver.

Messages From Home.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

Oh, the wind comes over the hills this morning—

Straight over the hills—from home;
 I catch the scent of the pointed firs,
 As the ardent spring within them stirs;
 And the sweet, low things of the woodland send

A message kind to their exiled friend,
 Telling how gladly they're adorning
 The wood—no corner or crevice scorned
 Under the sun-filled dome.

The streets are empty, the town is sleeping,
 The air is quiet and clear;

But heavy wheels and hurrying feet
 Too soon will banish the silence sweet;
 The breeze and the hour will depart—
 I will house their messages in my heart;

There, closely held in its loving keeping,
 They will set its pulses with gladness leaping,
 Though the day break dark and drear.

A breath divine o'er my soul is sweeping—

I wait in glad amaze;
 It fans my faith to a living flame,
 Putting my doubts and fears to shame;
 Heaven seems so real, so blest, so near!

There is no place for doubt or fear,
 Or care to come with their stealthy creeping;

Far, far away is the voice of weeping,
 And all my soul is praise.

O breath of heaven, beneath thy power
 Again I consecrate

My little life to Him who gave!
 The storms will beat, the tempests rave;

Again the cares of earth will press,
 But I am strong 'gainst strain and stress—

Strengthened and stayed by this still hour
 And the message from Home. Oh, priceless dower,

It was well for thee to wait!

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