



BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

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At Cogoleto, a small fishing town about fourteen miles west of Genoa, we were shown the house in which Columbus was born. It is now a poor tavern, but bears the Latin inscription to the following effect: "Traveller, pause! Here Columbus first saw the light. For the greatest man in the world how small a house was this! There had been only one world. There are two," he said; and it was so."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 40.] LESSON II. [Oct. 9.

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memory verses, 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—Acts 9. 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

CIRCUMSTANCES.

The churches now had rest from persecution, the Jews having too many troubles of their own to attend to, so that Peter was able to leave Jerusalem for a short visit among the churches which had been formed in various parts by those scattered by the persecution.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Lydda—A city of good size in north-west Judea. *Kept his bed eight years*—Showing the difficulty of curing him. *Lazary*—Lazary's. *Saron*—Sharon, the fertile and beautiful plain in which Lydda was situated. *Joppa*—A large seaport city, now Jaffa. Here Jonah embarked when told to go to Nineveh. *Ta bitha*—Aramaic (i.e., the common language of the people) for Dorcas, which is Greek. Both names mean "a gazelle," the symbol of beauty. *In those days*—While Peter was at Lydda. *Nigh to Joppa*—About ten miles. *Peter put them all forth*—That he might be alone in prayer.

Find in this lesson—

The power of Jesus Christ.
What is true Christian life.
How to be remembered after we are dead.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where did Peter go after Paul had left Jerusalem? "He went on a visit to the churches." 2. Name two of the cities he visited. "Lydda and Joppa." 3. What did he do at Lydda? "He healed Aeneas, who had been sick of the palsy for eight years." 4. What did he do at Joppa? "He raised Dorcas to life." 5. What kind of a woman was Dorcas? "She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Where is he said to sanctify the heart and life?

Galatians 5. 22, 23.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

2 Thessalonians 2. 13.—But we are bound to give thanks to God alway for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, for that God chose you from the beginning unto salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

GIVING FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

WILLIE—See what Uncle John gave me. Susie—Ten cents! Now, you'll have fifteen cents to put in the missionary collection this afternoon.

Willie—Indeed, I'm not going to give all of it. I want some for myself. Five cents is enough.

Susie—But, Willie, you'll get some more, and we ought to give all we can to help the poor little children in heathen lands.

Willie—Are the heathen children so very poor?

Susie—Some of them are; but it is not the money they need so much. They don't know anything about Jesus, and need some one to teach them about him and help them to live good Christian lives.

Willie—How can our money help them, then?

Susie—By paying for Bibles, good books and papers for them to read, and in helping the good men and women who give all their time in teaching them.

Willie—Do you think my fifteen cents would buy a book or paper for some little boy or girl?

Susie—Our teacher said it would pay for a Sunday-school paper for a whole year.

Willie—It would be nice to know that some little boy or girl, away off in Africa or India was reading a paper that my money paid for. I'm going to give the fifteen cents, and I know I shall feel happier.

The Roots of the Roses.

BY ALICE CAREY.

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild;
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child:

Though day by day, as it closes,
Both darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright, red roses,
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on its bosom
The vest that is bright and new;
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things to her
Come to us here, my child!

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

LITTLE DOROTHY MADE HIM GO.

WHAT gentleness and kindness in the treatment of dumb animals will accomplish was demonstrated by a striking incident that happened on Prairie avenue yesterday morning.

A large truck-horse, harnessed to a heavily-loaded express waggon, had "become balky." The load had over-taxed his strength, and in spite of the savage blows that his enraged driver dealt him he refused to move. The man finally tried the experiment of striking the horse's front knees, but it was without effect. The animal was entirely discouraged under the treatment, and attempted to lie down in the harness.

The occupants of several of the neighbouring houses were indignant witnesses of the driver's cruelty. He was warned that his action would be reported to the Humane Society, but the threat failed to stop him.

Finally, little Dorothy, the 13-year-old daughter of a Prairie avenue home, stepped out into the street.

"I'll start your poor horse," she said, and going up to the poor animal she stroked

his neck, and brushed the snow and mud from his eyes. The horse seemed to recognize a friend in the little girl at his side. He raised his big nose up to her face, rubbed it against her shoulder, and then, at her command, settled down in the harness and gave a resolute tug at the heavy load behind him. It failed to move.

"Try again," coaxed the little girl, holding the bridle. There was a straining of straps and a creaking of wheels, and then the horse patiently started on his way, apparently unmindful of the deep ridges on his back and legs raised by his owner's brutality.

The little girl is a member of the Juvenile Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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