

**Teacher and Taught.**

BY O. F. ORNE.

The frost-bound earth of winter,  
Crisp beneath my footsteps rung;  
From withered boughs, full lonely,  
A few brown leaflets hung.

Beneath the gnarled old branches  
That once so proudly spread,  
A tender little maiden  
Broke a milk-white loaf of bread.

"What are you doing, Annie?"  
I cried, with hasty sign;  
And her violet eyes she lifted  
In mute surprise to mine.

Lightly her golden ringlets  
She shook back from her head;  
A smile her rose-lips parted—  
"I'm helping God," she said.

"You're helping God! Why, Annie,  
What sort of help is this?  
God needs no help of any  
Or every child of His."

"Why! Don't you 'member," cried she,  
In quick, astonished way,  
"What you told all the peoples,  
Last Sunday, yesterday,

"When you stood in the pulpit,  
And from the great book read,  
And turned the broad leaves over,  
And wide the covers spread?"

"You read—God hears the ravens,  
And feeds them when they cry;  
He doesn't make birds worry,  
But lets them sing and fly,

"And watches little sparrows,  
If they fall upon the sod;  
He feeds so many—so many—  
That I'm just helping God."

Then her voice rang out a summons,  
Clear, and shrill, and sweet,  
And she strewed the crumbs by handfuls  
On the ground about her feet.

Down from the spreading branches  
A hundred rushing wings  
Winnow the air with music,  
As her call to the banquet rings.

Up to the wide blue ether  
Their joyful notes arise,  
While the sweet child smiles and listens  
Like a babe of Paradise.

Just helping God: I, shamefaced,  
Murmured, I thank thee, Lord;  
From the mouths of babes and sucklings  
The wise are taught thy word.

The love of the heart is living:  
The gift of the heart is love.  
Who loves and gives with a child's sweet  
Faith  
Is helping the Father above.

**NOBLE SACRIFICE.**

*Pearson's Weekly* tells a story of a telegraph lineman who has to his credit as brave a service to a comrade as a soldier might render on the field of battle. A few years ago two men were at work upon a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken, and they were repairing the damage.

The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backward. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." As he spoke a wire did break. Both men, hanging together, were in danger of being precipitated to the track below. "Well, mate," said Bill, "one of us has got to drop. It's a big drop to make, but as you're married and have three children, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer."

Another wire broke. One more might drop them both. Bill made up his mind. "Good-bye, mate," he said to the other.

"Good-bye," answered his companion, the tears running out of his eyes.

Bill dropped. It was a fall of forty feet. He fell among some rough stumps of bushes, and rolled down an embankment. Then he rose, and called up to his companion:

"I'm all right, mate! I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow reached it and had told his story, he fainted away. The doctor found that he had broken both his arms and one of his ribs; but his brave action had very likely saved his companion's life.

**HERE THEY COME!**

Here they come, tramping from the sea, tramping from the mountains, tramping from the lakes! Can't you hear it, the music of young feet, pattering home to be on hand for school when September opens? No music in the world like the tripping of young feet, so full of the life that keeps the rest of the world young, laughs down its groans, smiles away its scowls, puts push into its lagging, rheumatic limbs, makes it hopeful, and under bright fluttering banners leads it forward to new victories. Here comes a quantity of this young life into the Sunday-school the first Sunday in September, so earnest, bright-eyed, wide-awake. How will you meet it? In a half-hearted, listless way? Be on a level with your opportunities. Meet life with life. Meet smiles with smiles. Be that wise, skilful potter who knows when his material is plastic, and moulds these souls with loving hands, with consecrated hands, with hands back of which are divine hands of strength, hands that can work, and hands that can—wait!—S. S. Journal.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

**LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 13.  
DAVID'S GRATITUDE TO GOD.**

2 Sam. 22. 40-51. Memory verses, 47-50.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. 22. 2.

Time.—At the close of David's first great series of victories. This would place it after 2 Sam. 8.

Place.—Jerusalem.

**CONNECTING LINK.**

Toi, King of Hamath, sent a message of congratulation to David on his victory over Hadadezer (2 Sam. 8. 9, 10). This is referred to in verses 45 and 46 of to-day's lesson.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read a strong Deliverer (2 Sam. 22. 1-18). Answer the Questions.

Tuesday.—Read safe trusting (2 Sam. 22. 26-39). Learn Time, Place, and Connecting Link.

Wednesday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 22. 40-51). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read joyful trust (Psalm 71. 15-24). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read God's favour enriching (Prov. 10. 22-32).

Saturday.—Read confidence in God (Psalm 23). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read thankfulness (Psalm 116.)

**QUESTIONS.**

I. Success, verses 40-46.

40. What two classes of enemies had David to contend with? 41. To what did he owe his victories? 42. Why was the prayer of David's enemies not answered? 44. What strife in the nation had God healed? Had David any influence over heathen nations? 45. Did people learn to fear him? 46. What picture does he give of people coming to submit to him?

II. Gratitude, verses 47-51.

47. How did he contrast God with the

heathen idols? What did he mean by calling God his rock? 48. What wrongs of David's had God set right? Could David have united the whole nation himself? 49. From what special enemy had God delivered him? 50. Where did David propose to give thanks to God? What does St. Paul prove by this statement? 51. What great promise had David in mind in looking over his life? What is peculiar about the use of his name here?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

God provides the means by which we succeed? He controls the influences that work against us. The glory of our triumphs should be given to God. We should so view our past as to be strong in faith for the future. In Christ we have a fortress always safe and always within reach. When saved ourselves we should try to bring others into the same happy service.

**THE BOY DISCIPLE.**

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

It was so much later than he had intended, when Joel awoke next morning, that without stopping for anything to eat, he hurried out of the city, and took the road by which the Master had made such a triumphal entry a few days before. Faded branches of palms still lay scattered by the wayside, thickly covered with dust.

All unconscious of what had happened the night before, and what was even at that very moment taking place, Joel trudged on to Bethany at a rapid pace, light-hearted and happy.

For six days he had been among enthusiastic Galileans who firmly believed that before the end of Passover week they should see the overthrow of Rome, and all nations lying at the feet of a Jewish king. How long they had dreamed of this hour!

He turned to look back at the city. The white and gold of the Temple dazzled his eyes, as it threw back the rays of the morning sun. He thought of himself as he stood that day on the roof of the carpenter's house, stretching out longing arms to this holy place, and calling down curses on the head of his enemy, Rehum.

Could he be the same boy? It seemed to him now that that poor, crippled body, that bitter hatred, that burning thirst for revenge, must have belonged to some one else, he felt so well, so strong, so full of love to God and all mankind.

A little broken-winged sparrow fluttered feebly under a hedgerow. He stopped to gather a handful of ripe berries for it, and even retraced his steps to a tiny stream he had noticed farther back, to bring it water in the hollow of a smooth stone.

He did not find Rehum at the place where Buz had told him to inquire. His father had taken him to his home, somewhere in Samaria.

Joel turned back, tired and disappointed. He was glad to lie down, when he reached Bethany again, and rest awhile. A peculiar darkness began to settle down over the earth. Joel was perplexed and frightened. Finally he started back to Jerusalem, although it was like travelling in the night, for the darkness had deepened and deepened for nearly three hours, and the mysterious gloom made him long to be with his friends.

His first thought was to find the Master, and he naturally turned toward the Temple. Just as he started across the Porch of Solomon, the darkness was lifted, and everything seemed to dance before his eyes. He had never experienced an earthquake shock before, but he felt sure that this was one.

He braced himself against one of the pillars. How the massive columns quivered! How the hot air throbbed! The darkness had been awful, but this was doubly terrifying.

The earth had scarcely stopped trembling, when an old white-bearded priest ran across the Court of the Gentiles.

his wrinkled hands, raised above his head, shook as with palsy. The scream that he uttered seemed to transfuse Joel with horror.

"The veil of the Temple is rent in twain!" he cried,—"The veil of the Temple is rent in twain!"

Then with a convulsive shudder he fell forward on his face. Joel's knees shook. The darkness, the earthquake, and now this mighty force that had laid bare the Holy of Holies, filled him with an undefined dread.

He ran past the prostrate priest into the inner court, and saw for himself. There hung the heavy curtain of Babylonian tapestry, in all its glory of hyacinth and scarlet and purple, torn asunder from top to bottom. No earthquake shock could have made that ragged gash. The wrath of God must have come down and laid mighty fingers upon it.

He ran out of the Temple, and towards the house where he had slept the night before.

The earthquake seemed to have shaken all Jerusalem into the streets. Strange words were afloat. A question overheard in passing one excited group, an exclamation from another, made him run the faster.

At Reuben's shop he found Jesse and Ruth both crying from fright. The attendant who had them in charge told him that his friends had been gone nearly all day.

"Where?" demanded Joel.  
"I do not know exactly. They went out with one of the greatest multitudes that ever passed through the gates of the city. Not only Jews, but Greeks and Romans and Egyptians. You should have seen the camels and the chariots, the chairs and the litters!" exclaimed the man.

A sudden fear fell upon the boy that this was the day that the One he loved best had been made king, and he had missed it,—had missed the greatest opportunity of his life.

"Was it to follow Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth?" he demanded eagerly.

The man nodded.  
"To crown him?" was the next breathless question.

"No; to crucify him."  
The unexpected answer was almost a death-thrust. Joel stood a moment, dumb with horror. The blood seemed to stand still in his veins; there was a roaring in his ears; then everything grew black before him. He clutched blindly at the air, then staggered back against the wall.

"No, no, no, NO!" he cried; each word was louder than the last. "I will not believe it! You do not speak truth!"

He ran madly from the shop, down the street, and through the city gate. Out on the highway he met the returning multitude, most of them in as great haste as he.

Everything he saw seemed to confirm the truth of what he had just heard, but he could not believe it.

"No, no, no!" he gasped, in a breathless whisper, as he ran. "No, no, no! It cannot be! He is the Christ! The Son of God! They could not be able to do it, no matter how much they hated him!"

But even as he ran he saw the hill where three crosses rose. He turned sick and cold, and so weak he could scarcely stand. Still he stumbled resolutely on, but with his face turned away from the sight he dared not look upon; least seeing should be knowing what he feared.

At last he reached the place, and shrinking back as if from an expected blow, he slowly raised his eyes till they rested on the face of the dead body hanging there.

The agonized shriek on his lips died half uttered, as he fell unconscious at the foot of the cross.

A long time after, one of the soldiers happening to notice him, turned him over with his foot, and prodded him sharply with his spear. It partially aroused him, and in a few moments he sat up. Then he looked up again into the white face above him; but this time the bowed head awed him into a deep calm.

The veil of the Temple was rent indeed, and through this pierced body there shone out from its Holy of Holies the Shekinah of God's love for a dying