



THE THRUSH.

The Thrush.

"Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill."

"I play to please myself, albeit ill;
And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
My singing pleases all the world as well."

—Montgomery.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough.

Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carols clears his furrowed brow.

—Robert Burns.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 977.] LESSON XI. [June 11.]

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.
Eccles. 12. 1-7, 13, 14.] [Mem. verses, 13, 14.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Duty of Youth, v. 1, 2.
2. The Trials of Age, v. 3-7.
3. The Certainty of Judgment, v. 13, 14.

Time.—About B.C. 977.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Remember"—Keep God in mind. "Evil days"—After a life of sin, old age is an evil. "No pleasure"—A life without God is a life without happiness. "Be not darkened"—The brightness of youth is compared with the darkness of age. "Clouds return"—When troubles come in quick succession. "In the day"—Verses 3-6 are a partial description of old age as a ruined house or mill. "Keepers of the house"—The hands trembling in old age. "Strong men"—The bowing knees. "Grinders"—The teeth. "Those that look"—The eyes. "Doors shall be shut"—The

lips and ears by which man communicates with the outer world. "Rise up"—The old are apt to awake at the slightest sound. "Silver cord"—This verse is a picture of death. "Spirit shall return"—The spirit is with God to await the judgment. "Fear God"—After all his seeking after pleasure, this is the conclusion. "Into judgment"—At the day when Christ shall come.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What is here taught—

1. Concerning the privileges of youth?
2. Concerning the results of study?
3. Concerning the duty of man?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When are we admonished to remember our Creator? "In the days of our youth."
2. When the body has ceased action, where will the spirit go? "Unto God, who gave it."
3. What is the whole duty of man? "To fear God and keep his commandments."
4. What shall be brought into judgment? "Every work, whether good or evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The final judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Are there more gods than one?
There is one God only—the living and true God.

Deut. 6. 4.—Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord.

How many persons are there in the Godhead?

In the Godhead there are three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God.

PHILIP, seven years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightedly about his school triumphs "what is your relative rank in your class?" "I—I don't know what you mean, uncle." "Why, I mean where do you stand in your classes?" "O! In the reading class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desk, and in the 'rithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench."

Old Priest Pine.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE pine-tree is a grim old priest
Wrapped in his sombre cloak,
He preaches sermons every day
For all the forest folk:
The thrushes help him celebrate
Sweet evensong when day is late.

The winter winds confess to him
The wicked deeds they rue,
The primrose kneels at his rough feet,
And counts her beads of dew;
His voice is solemn as the seas,
All night he chants soft litanies.

Young spring laughs in his dark old face,
And trims his shaggy hair
With fresh green knots, and tries to make
Him see that she is fair:
But still unmoved he will not break
His meditations for her sake.

In sun or storm, in heat or frost,
Beneath dawn's rosy light,
Or when the silver evening star
Points the dark way to night.
"Be strong," he says, "be strong and true,
Then nothing ill shall conquer you."

I heard him preach on Christmas morn
Before the bells awoke,
And full of solemn joy he seemed,
And in deep tones he spoke,
And sent the frosty winds away
With messages of holy day.

"Be true, be true," he swayed his head
To keep time to his words,
And on his dusky shoulder sat
A choir of Christmas birds.
"Be strong, be strong, be strong and true,
Then Christmas joy shall bide with you!"

ON TORONTO BAY—A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH GORDON.

THE shortest sermon I ever heard was preached by the shortest preacher I ever saw; and it was not on Sunday nor in a church, but on Monday, in a small steamer plying between Toronto and the Island.

Ever since the boat left Church Street wharf I had been amused by hearing a high-set voice asking questions, one after another, as fast as the little tongue could go. Nothing could be seen from our point of view but a great hat of fine brown straw, which covered it like a tent, underneath which an edge of white skirt showed, and from it peeped a pair of tiny slippers.

Some of the questions asked by the voice were so original that I thought I would move round and see what was to be seen on the other side of the big hat; so I sat down on the other side of the lady, and looked on one of the loveliest child faces I had ever seen. But, O, such a delicate-looking mite! features perfect, eyes of softest hazel, and rings of silky brown hair curling all around the blue-veined forehead.

I was wondering how long the fragile little body would stand the wear and tear of that voice, when the boat touched at the Wiman Baths, and a big policeman came on board and walked towards a vacant seat beside the child. The little one looked around, then turned to the lady, and put a little hand in hers.

"You need not be afraid of the policeman, darling. You are a good boy. It is only bad boys who are afraid of policemen."

"O!" said the child with a bright smile. And when the big policeman sat down beside him he turned up the beautiful face to him and asked:

"Are you a policeman?"

"Yes," answered the man, looking down at him kindly.

"Why are you a policeman?" was the next question.

The policeman gave a puzzled laugh, but did not seem to have an answer ready. So the child helped him by asking:

"Is it 'cause you like to be a policeman?"

"Yes," said the man. Then, as if afraid of any more questions, he took out the key of the patrol box and a pair of handcuffs, and began to explain that they were to put on bad boys when he took them away.

"You won't take me away," said the little fellow, bravely, looking him straight in the face. "I am a good boy."

"No, my boy, I won't take you. When

do you belong to?" asked the big man, still smiling at the mite.

"I belong to Jesus," said the child. The big policeman got very red in the face, and rising hurriedly, jumped on the wharf at Island Park.

So you see, dear children, that the sermon was only four words. Could any of you preach it?

PETRIFIED FORESTS OF ARIZONA.

BY CHARLES S. LUMMIS.

THE nearest point to the petrified forest is the little station of Billings, where there is only the scantiest accommodation for the traveller. Only a mile south of the track, one may see a low, dark ridge marked by a single cotton-wood tree. Walking thither (over a valley so alive with jack-rabbits that there is some excuse for the cow-boy declaration that you can walk clear across on their backs) one soon reaches the northern edge of the forest, which covers hundreds of square miles. Unless you are more hardened to wonderful sights than I am, you almost fancy yourself in some enchanted spot. You seem to stand on the glass of a gigantic kaleidoscope, over whose sparkling surface the sun breaks in infinite rainbows. You are ankle-deep in such chips as I'll warrant you never saw from any other wood-pile. What do you think of tree chips that are red moss-agate, and amethyst, and smoky topaz, and agate of every hue? Such are the marvellous splinters that cover the ground for miles here, around the huge prostrate trunks—some of them five feet through—from which Time's patient axe has hewn them.

I broke a specimen from the heart of a tree there, years ago, which had around the stone pith a remarkable array of large and exquisite crystals; on one side of the specimen—which is not so large as my hand—is a beautiful mass of crystals of royal purple amethyst and on the other, an equally beautiful array of smoky topaz crystals. One can also get magnificent cross sections of a whole trunk, so thin as to be portable, and showing every vein and "year ring," and even the bark. There is not a chip in all those miles that is not worthy a place, just as it is, in the proudest cabinet; and when polished I know no other rock so splendid. It is one of the hardest stones in the world, and takes and keeps an incomparable polish.

A New Pansy Book.

Twenty-Minutes-Late.

By . . .

Mrs. Isabella M. Alden

(Pansy).

Cloth, Illustrated, 70c.

We have just placed upon the market this new story by a writer whose name is known and loved by many thousands in Canada.

The book is uniform with our well-known Canadian Copyright Edition, the previous volumes of which are

1. Eighty-Seven. A Chautauqua Story.
2. Judge Burnham's Daughters.
3. Aunt Hannah, Martha, and John.
4. Miss Dee Dunmore Bryant.
5. A Modern Exodus.
6. Her Associate Members.
7. John Remington, Martyr.

We have a complete list of Pansy's books, with portrait of the author, which we will gladly mail to any address on application.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HURSTIS, HALIFAX.