

## Two Surprises.

BY R. W. MALPIK.

A workman plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down,  
The German king, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side  
"My tolling friend," said he,  
"Why not cease work at eventide,  
When the labourer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;  
"And I am always free;  
Though I work from the time that I leave  
my bed,  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain  
In a day?"  
"Eight groschen," the man replied  
"And thou canst live on this meagre  
pay?"  
"Like a king," he said, with pride

"Two groschen for me and my wife,  
good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;  
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend  
For those who can't labour, you know"

"Thy debt?" said the king; said the  
toller, "Yea,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many  
a day,  
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy dally store?"  
"To my boys— for their schooling; you  
see  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and  
me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the  
monarch said.  
"My sisters are old and lame;  
I give them two groschen for raiment  
and bread,  
All in the Father's name."

tears welled up to the good king's eyes,  
"Thou knowest me not," said he,  
"As thou hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee."

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—  
And he heaped it high with gold—  
"When more thou needest, I now com-  
mand  
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groschen a day."  
—St. Nicholas.

We need hardly tell our readers that  
the above does not refer to the present  
Emperor.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

## LESSON VI.—MAY 9.

## PAUL PREACHING TO THE JEWS.

Acts 13. 26-39. Memory verses, 38, 39

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Through this man is preached unto  
you the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 13. 38

## OUTLINE.

1. The Saviour, v. 26-31.
2. The Promises, v. 32-37.
3. The Gospel, v. 38, 39.

Time.—Probably A.D. 46.  
Place. Antioch in Pisidia.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. Address in the synagogue.—Acts 13.  
14-25.  
Tu. Paul preaching to the Jews.—Acts  
13. 26-27.  
W. Paul preaching to the Jews.—Acts  
13. 38-43.  
Th. Jews reject the Gospel.—Acts 13.  
44-52.  
F. Message rejected.—Jer. 7. 21-28.  
S. Sin removed.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.  
Su. Forgiveness by Christ.—Luke 7.  
36-50.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Saviour, v. 26-31.
- To whom was Paul preaching?  
What did he say of Jesus? Golden  
Text.
- Why had the rulers condemned Jesus?  
What did they find against him?  
What did they do with the crucified  
Jesus?  
What did God do with him?  
Who saw the risen Jesus?

Who were some of these witnesses?  
1 Cor. 15. 5-9.  
2. The Promise, v. 32-37.  
What good news did Paul declare?  
What three passages did he quote  
from the Psalms?  
What did he say about David?  
How did he contrast David and Jesus?  
What change must pass on all save  
Jesus? 1 Cor. 15. 53.  
3. The Gospel, v. 38, 39.  
Through whom is forgiveness offered?  
Who may find forgiveness?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. There is only one way of salvation?  
2. Salvation is possible only through  
faith?  
3. All who will may be saved?

## PRIDE AND ITS FALL.

We may be forgiven for chuckling over  
the downfall of one of those disagreeable  
persons—we all have met them—who are  
constantly asserting the superiority of  
themselves, their knowledge, and their  
possessions. Enjoy with us this tale of  
a modern Waterloo.

A young botanist was showing a party  
of ladies and gentlemen through a con-  
servatory, explaining to them the prop-  
erties of the choicest plants. Among  
the visitors was a would-be-young-look-  
ing, middle-aged woman, who at every  
description volunteered the statement  
that the plants and flowers she had at  
home were quite equal to anything ex-  
hibited here, or indeed, anywhere.

Just as they were passing a giant  
cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary.  
I have a cactus at home that is still  
larger. I planted and reared it myself."

"Planted it yourself," the professor  
gently observed. "How remarkable!  
This specimen is sixty-three years old,  
and if yours is still larger—"

The woman did not stay to hear any  
more, but executed a strategic move-  
ment to the rear.



AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

## AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

There is a good deal of excitement  
when a great ship carrying, perhaps, two  
thousand souls, sails from the port of  
London or Liverpool. There are many  
last things to do—baggage and mails,  
and passengers to get on board. The  
deck is crowded, the steam pipe blows  
off, the tender drops off, a cheer goes up,  
tears of parting are shed and the great  
ship with her living freight sets sail for  
the new world.

## ONE OPPORTUNITY.

BY "EUREKA."

"Please, miss, ain't yer got somethin'  
fer a feller to do?"

Taken by surprise at the plaintive  
question, Ethel Meriton answered: "Why,  
yes; I was just thinking how nice it  
would be to have a boy fill up my wood  
box for me. And if you'll only wash a  
little of the dirt off your face, I'll let  
you do it."

"I'll wash—and be glad to, miss.  
Say," he continued, as she came to the  
door to bring him a towel, "do folks  
hire clean boys quicker'n they do dirty  
ones?"

"Certainly," was the smiling answer.  
"Guess I'll try an' keep clean. Do  
you know, I've been tryin' fer somethin'  
to do fer a month, an' you're the first  
one as has said a kind word to me; an'  
I'd 'bout give up."

"That is too bad. Suppose you come  
here every morning and evening, fill up  
the wood box and carry in some water.  
I'll give you five cents a day."

"Do you really mean it, miss? O,

hooray! I'll come; you bet your life  
I'll come. Shall I come to-night?"

"Yea. Now tell me your name, and  
you may go."

"My name's Jem Fletcher, an' I'm  
ever so much obliged, miss."

"I wonder if I ought to do it," she  
soliloquized after he had disappeared.  
"I can ill spare even five cents a day,  
but perhaps it is the little chance for  
direct service to the Master that I prayed  
for. I'll not let it slip by."

The evening before, Ethel Meriton had  
gone to the bare little bedroom, which  
was the only place she could call her  
own, with the "blues." On her knees  
she had sobbed out: "O Father, what  
is the use of trying? Life is nothing  
but one round of drudgery. I meant  
to do so much for thee, Father, and I  
have been a Christian six months and  
haven't done one thing that I know of.  
O for an opportunity to do just one little  
thing to 'lift up'!"

Every day for a week Jem came to do  
his work. One morning he said: "Say,  
what do you wear that thing for?"

"That is my Epworth League badge,  
Jem, and I wear it to show that I am  
trying to be a Christian and want to  
help others to be."

"Now I know why you're so good.  
I've heard about them Christians, and  
they're always good. What are they  
called Christians for?" he burst in.

"O Jem, don't you know?" She sat  
down on the step, baking spoon in hand,  
and, while he stood before her with  
wondering eyes, she told in a simple,  
graphic way, the story of the Chris-  
tchild. When she had finished he  
abruptly walked away. "Miss Meri-  
ton," he said when he returned that  
evening, "it looked funny for me to  
walk off so sudden this morning; but I  
wanted to think about it. Do you mean  
that Jesus wants me to be good, and that  
he's goin' to give me one of them man-  
sions if I will; and that he loves me and  
wants me to love him?"

"Yes, Jem; that is just what I mean."

Street Church and listened to the solemn  
words: "James Wesley Fletcher, I bap-  
tize thee in the name of the Father,  
Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

She went home with a song of thanks-  
giving in her heart, and that day she  
wrote in her journal: "I thank God that  
he has given me the privilege of 'lifting  
up' one of his little ones."

Jem started to school in September,  
and if you should meet him to-day you  
would never imagine him to be the same  
Jem who said that cold March morning,  
"Please, miss, ain't yer got somethin'  
fer a feller to do?"

## BITS OF FUN.

"Papa, what is a veterinary surgeon?"  
"One of those fellows at the Pension  
Office, my son, who examines the veter-  
ans for pensions."

Teacher—"What is a synonym?"  
Boy—"It's a word you can use in place  
of another when you don't know how to  
spell the other one."

Even when a man begins a remark by  
saying, "I've half a mind," he would  
quickly resent anybody's saying, "Every-  
body knows that."

Mr. Suburb—"My neighbour has a big  
dog that we are all afraid of. What do  
you advise?" Lawyer—"Get a bigger  
one. Five dollars, please."

Extract from a sentimental letter:  
"Last night I sat in a gondola on  
Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in,  
and life never seemed so full before!"

Good Samaritan—"Don't you know  
better than to drive that poor horse up  
hill so fast?" O'Connor—"Up hill, is  
it? Oh! sir, the nag's blind, and he  
can't see it!"

Judge B. fell down a flight of stairs,  
recording his passage with a bump on  
every step until he reached the bottom.  
A servant ran to his assistance and,  
raising him up, said:

"I hope your honour is not hurt?"  
"No," said the judge, sternly, "my  
honour is not hurt, but my head is."

"How will you have your eggs  
cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of  
them?" inquired the cautious customer  
with the brimless hat and faded beard.

"No."  
"Then cook them with a slice o' ham,"  
said the customer, greatly relieved.

"So George is going to give up his  
place again, is he? What is the trouble  
this time?" asked the father.

"He complains that the hours are too  
long," the mother answered.

"H'm! I guess George would like to  
work from twelve to one, with an hour  
off for luncheon."

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