



JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

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DINNER was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort. - *A Traveller in Japan.*

north west of Jerusalem, on the Mediterranean, south of Mount Carmel.

Find in this lesson -
 What it is to be a Christian;
 Three helps to becoming a Christian.
 One duty of a Christian.
 The joy of being a Christian.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where was Philip next sent? "To convert an Ethiopian to Christ." 2. What was the inquirer a first step? "To go to the house of God to worship." 3. What was the next step? "Reading the Bible." 4. What was the third step? "Seeking help of older Christians." 5. What did he then do? "He believed in Jesus Christ." 6. What followed when he believed? "He was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is declared of his helping us in prayer?

Rom. 8. 26. And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity, for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Ephesians 6. 18; Jude 20.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, says one of the New York daily papers, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal; and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

"I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister"

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way; but meeting only with pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it; but I'm out of sorts to day. There goes the whip; and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a score of hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot without an effort.

Early Autumn.

BY DART FAIRTHORNE.

THE country lanes are bright with bloom,
 And gentle airs come stealing through,
 Laden with native wild perfume
 Of balm and mint and honey-dew,
 And o'er the Summer's radiant flush
 Lies early Autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
 And frost flowers dance above the sod,
 While, lapsing by, the silent stream
 Reflects the hue of golden rod,
 That flower that lights a dusky day
 With something of the sun-god's ray.

The grape-vine clammers o'er the hedge
 In golden festoons; sumachs burn
 Like torches on the distant ledge,
 Or light the lane at every turn,
 And ivy riots everywhere
 In blood-red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
 Borders the fences, drifting out
 Of fustering corners, and its tint,
 As half of cheer and half of doubt,
 Is like the dear delightful haze
 Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange, wild growths are newly met;
 Odd things but little prized of yore,
 Like some old jewels well reset,
 Take on a worth unseen before,
 As dock, in spring, a graceless weed,
 Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
 Pipe low their sad, prophetic tune,
 Though airs, pulse warm, the leaves amid,
 As played around the heart of June;
 So minor strains break on the heart,
 Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
 Is spinning onward to its close,
 Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
 As in the time of op'ning rose.
 May life for all as sweetly wane
 As come the autumn-time again!

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

ON a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside. Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. He was given some supper; and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sung, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but

sent him to bed. When he was asleep they came in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant face that they determined to keep him if he were willing. In the morning they found he was only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, from which he learned the way of life. He became a great preacher and reformer, Martin Luther. Little did Conrad and Ursula think of what they were doing when they cared for this "least of these my brethren."

STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

AT the funeral of John B. Gough, Hillside, near Worcester, there stood the head of the coffin a chair, over the back of which hung a little handkerchief. That handkerchief had a story, which was related by Mr. Gough in an address at Cooper Institute, New York, in May, 1877, as follows:

"I have in my house a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me. A woman brought it and said to my wife, 'I am poor; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this. I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me, but my husband took to drinking and everything went. The piano-forte my mother gave me and everything was sold until, at last, I found myself in a miserable room. My husband lay drunk, and my heart was lying on my knees was restless, I sung, 'The light of other days has faded and wet my handkerchief with my tears.' My husband," said she to my wife, "years. He spoke a few words and gave me the grasp of the hand, and now, for six years my husband has been to me all that a band can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again. I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through that night with my tears, and I want him, when he is speaking to remember that he has wiped away my tears from me, I trust in God, for these are the trophies that make me glad."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 37.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 35-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.—John 3. 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will lead, step by step, to the light, each earnest seeker after Christ.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Philip, having preached in Samaria, was sent upon another mission, by which the Gospel would be carried to the distant heathen. As Simon Magus was an example of false conversion, so now we have an example of true conversion.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Go toward the south—i. e., from Samaria. *Unto the way* By going south he would strike the road which ran south west from Jerusalem to Egypt through Gaza. *Which is desert* i. e., the part of the road to which he was to go. *Ethiopia*—All the African lands south of Egypt, especially Nubia, Senaar, Kordofan, and part of Abyssinia. The people were black and large. The land was wealthy. *Candace*—Candace was the general name of the queens of Ethiopia, as Lathah was of the sovereigns of Egypt, and Casar of the Roman emperors. *Jerusalem for to worship*—He was a native Ethiopian, who had been converted to Judaism, and hence made a visit to Jerusalem. *Read Esaias i. e., Isaias.* He probably was reading aloud *The place of the Scripture*—Isa. 53. Perhaps suggested by the discussions he must have heard at Jerusalem about the Messiah. *Philip . . . preached unto him Jesus*—He showed how this prophecy of the Messiah was fulfilled in Jesus. *The Spirit . . . caught away Philip*—Either miraculously bore him, or led him by a sudden impulse to go away. *Acotus*—Ashdod, twenty miles north-east of Gaza. *Preached in all the cities*—On the road along the coast, as Ekron, Rama, Joppa, Lydda. *To Casarea*—The capital of the Syrian province, seventy miles

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