

What is Faith?

Little Mary stood on the kitchen floor,
Gazing down at the old trapdoor
Into the cellar dark and damp
She could only see a tiny lamp
At her papa's side; she knew he was
there,
For she saw him herself go down the
stair;
And now and then she could hear him
speak,
Though the voice seemed far away and
weak.

"Papa!" she called in her baby tone,
"Are you there, dear papa? I'm all
alone."

"Why, yes, little daughter, be sure I am
here;

Jump and I'll catch you, do not fear."

"Papa, it is dark, I cannot see;

Where are you, papa? Do come for me."

"No, daughter, jump; I will hold you
fast,

Come now!" and Mary jumped at last.

He held her trembling in close embrace,
And pressed a kiss on her baby face,
While a simple lesson the child he
taught,

A lesson she never in life forgot:

"My dear, that's the way to obey the
Lord;

Though you cannot see him, believe in
his word;

He will say, 'Here am I,' to every call.

Trust him, he never will let you fall!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 6.

SOLOMON'S SIN.

1 Kings 11. 4-13. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take
heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10. 12.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 11.
4-13).

Tuesday.—Read Ahijah's prophecy (1
Kings 11. 29-38). Answer the Questions.

Wednesday.—Read how wise counsel
was rejected (1 Kings 12. 1-11). Study
Teachings of the Lesson.

Thursday.—Read how a kingdom was
divided (1 Kings 12. 12-20). Learn the
Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read a warning against bad
company (Deut. 7. 1-11). Learn the
Golden Text.

Saturday.—Read how a warning was
wasted (Jer. 44. 1-11).

Sunday.—Read about idols in the heart
(Ezek. 14. 1-8).

QUESTIONS.

I. The King's Folly, verses 4-8.

4. What age was Solomon at this time?
How was his heart turned away? What
was meant by his heart not being per-
fect? 5. To what did he give his chief
interest? What was Ashtoreth? Who
were the Ammonites. What was part of
the worship of Molech? 6. What evil
was done by Solomon? 7. How did
places of worship come to be called
"high places"? What is known of
Chemos? Who were the Moabites?
8. How far did Solomon sanction idol-
atry? How was incense burned? Of
what was it the symbol?

II. The Lord's Anger, verses 9-13.

9. What warnings had Solomon re-
ceived? 10. From what do we learn
that God notes our privileges? 11.
What was to happen to Solomon's king-
dom? Who was to receive part of it?
12. Why did God show some forbear-
ance? 13. How was God's promise to
David to be fulfilled? What tribe re-
mained loyal to the house of David?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A gradual declension precedes ship-
wreck of character. Prosperity has its
dangers. Ungodly company is frequent-
ly the first step to ruin. When sin
tempts us its real purpose is disguised.
Who knoweth the power of God's anger?
The evil we do will live after us. Be
not unequally yoked with unbelievers.

HOW JOE HELPED ONE CHINA BOY.

Leu Yen worked in my family nine
years, and although he was always a
good servant, there was a marked change
in him after he became converted. He
had naturally a quick temper, but was
just as quick to acknowledge his fault.
As I passed through the kitchen into
the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I

could not but notice the happy, contented
expression in Leu Yen's face, though I
saw at a glance that the large clothes-
basket was full of tightly-rolled gar-
ments to be ironed, and that meant a
long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?"
was my salutation, and the answer came
ready and quick, "All right, Job help
me very much yesterday."

"Job help you! How was that?" for-
getting for a moment that our Sunday-
school lessons at that time were in the
book of Job.

"Yes, Job help me!" giving emphasis
to his words. "Yesterday I have big
wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work
hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix
'em big quilt on the line, put stick under
the line, hold him up, then wash more
clothes, go out, find stick blow down,
big quilt all dirt, go this way back again,
then I feel so mad, feel like I swear,
then I think of Job, how he lose all his
money, his children, all his land, get
sick, have sores all over, he never swear,
he praise God; then I praise God, bring
quilt in house, wash him clean, and
praise God all the time."—Congrega-
tionalist.

A BRAVE BOY.

James Farrell was an orphan boy.
That is, his mother was dead, his home
was broken up, and his
father sent him to live
at a large boarding
school. Here the poor
orphan, who was shy
and timid, and had
never been from home
before, felt very lonely
among a crowd of
strange boys. When
they all went to bed
in one large room,
James knelt down by
his little iron cot to
pray to God as he had
been taught by his dear
dead mother, now in
heaven.

"Hello!" said Tom
Loker, the bully of
the school, "got a
saint among us, have
we? We won't have
any sniffing and pray-
ing around here," and
he flung pillows and
boots at poor James,
and the other boys
joined in the cruel
sport. As James took
no notice of these
persecutions, Tom took
a pitcher of water and
was going to dash it
over him; but some of
the other boys pre-
vented him. James
prayed in his heart to
his mother's God, and
felt the truth of the
words, "As one whom
his mother comforteth,
so will I comfort you."
And night after night
he continued to pray,
till the persecutors got
tired of their
one-sided game, and one of their num-
ber even came and knelt down beside
James, and said, "My mother taught me
to pray, but I was ashamed to do so be-
fore all these boys. God helping me,
I'll be a braver boy."

So through the influence of that single
praying boy, much good was done in
that school. Boys! dare to do right?
Dare to be a Daniel, to stand up for
Jesus, to confess him before men, that he
may confess you before his Father and
the holy angels.

RUNAWAY BOB.

Some years ago a young lady in a
manufacturing town in England gathered
by her personal efforts a class of poor,
rough boys into the Sunday-school.
Among them was one, the most wretched
and unpromising, named Bob. The
superintendent of the school told these
boys to come to his house during the
week and he would give each of them a
new suit of clothes. They came, and
Bob with them, and received the gar-
ments.

After a Sunday or two Bob failed to
appear at school. The teacher sought
him out, and found his new clothes in
rags and dirt. She invited him back to
school. He came, and the superinten-
dent gave him another suit. After a
Sunday or two Bob's place was again
vacant. Once more his teacher found
him and the second suit of clothes ragged
and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She re-
ported the matter to the superintendent,
who asked her to try again, saying he
could feel there was something good in
Bob. He was promised a third suit of

clothes if he would agree to attend Sun-
day-school regularly. Bob promised, re-
ceived his third suit, and entered school
once more, became interested, was con-
verted, joined the church, became a
teacher, and finally studied for the min-
istry.

That dirty, ragged, runaway Bob be-
came Rev. Robert Morrison, the great
missionary to China, who translated the
Bible into the Chinese language, giving
the Gospel to the millions of that great
Empire.

The story encourages workers to be
faithful in picking up the waifs and
children of the slums, and persevering
with the most unpromising child ma-
terial.—The Contributor.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming
out into the kitchen with a pout on her
lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she
looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be
pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake
a good deal of the night with the poor
baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on
her hat and walked off into the garden.
But a new idea went with her—"the
very time to be pleasant is when other
people are cross."



A BRAVE BOY.

"True enough," thought she, "that
would do the most good. I remember
when I was ill last year, I was so ner-
vous that if any one spoke to me I could
hardly help being cross; and mother
never got cross or out of patience, but
was quite pleasant with me. I ought to
pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on
which she had thrown herself, and
turned a face full of cheerful resolution
toward the room where her mother sat
soothing and tending a fretful teething
baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his
carriage, mother? It's such a sunny
morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would,"
said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and
the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good,"
said Maggie, "and you must lie on the
sofa and take a nap while I'm gone.
You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that ac-
companied them were almost too much
for the mother, and her voice trembled
as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a
world of good. My head aches badly
this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as
she turned the carriage up and down the
walk! She resolved to remember and
act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and
pleasant is when everybody is tired and
cross."—The Young Reaper.

The man who is holding on to a few
favourite sins, is playing hide-and-seek
with the devil.

The "Mother's Room."

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt,
You know;
And he says his house is filled with
gloom,
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy
stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best
to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can
rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves
best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a
shout?
It is mother's room, and, if she don't
mind

To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the
floor
With marbles and tops and many things
more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go,
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to
greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to
glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never
find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

It is better to believe that there is
some good in everybody, than that there
is no good in anybody.

**Christmas
is Coming!**

And we would have you keep in mind
that a good book is always an acceptable
gift, and when it is a Canadian book, all
the better. Here are some of the new-
est and best, all by Canadian authors:

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