



The Birds' Farewell.

Under the maple boughs
Out in the wood,
See merry song-birds,
Seeking for food;
Some wearing black coats,
Some wearing brown,
Made out of feathers,
All padded with down.

Hopping and chirping
Together in glee,
They talk of the nests
They will build in the tree
When winter is over
And comes the warm spring.
Dear little song-birds,
Flutter and sing!

A GOOD REFERENCE

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known merchant who had advertised for a boy. But he was doubtful of his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no references to present.

"I'm afraid I shall stand a poor chance," he thought despondently. "However, I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed man of business glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well; but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed even the fingernails irreproachable.

"Ah, that looks like thoroughness," thought the merchant.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment. "Can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very good, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's face.

"I haven't any references," he repeated, with hesitation; "but here's a letter from mother I have just received. Would you mind reading it, sir?"

The merchant took it. It was a short letter:

"My Dear John: I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own.

Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go. You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be

as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the merchant, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him ten years, and now occupies a very responsible position.

"Is it a fact that you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, it is, I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer, heartily.

And John always says the best references he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—The Family Friend.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM FORETOLD.

Isa. 11. 1-10. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Isa. 11. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Coming King, v. 1-5.
2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10.

Time.—It is impossible to tell how many years Isaiah had been known as a prophet when he uttered the words of our lesson. We date the coronation of Hezekiah king of Judah about 726 B.C. (some say 724). Hoshea, the last king of the Ten Tribes, was taken captive about 723 B.C. The great invasion of Palestine by King Sargon is usually dated 711 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Messiah's kingdom foretold.—Isa. 11. 1-10.
Tu. Without end.—Isa. 9. 1-7.
W. The deliverer.—Isa. 42. 1-12.
Th. Spirit of the Lord.—Isa. 61. 1-6.
F. King of glory.—Psalm 24.
S. A peaceful kingdom.—Isa. 35.
Su. A spiritual kingdom.—John 18. 33-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Coming King, v. 1-5.
What King is here meant?
Of whom was the King to be a descendant?
To what is he compared?
Whose Spirit was to rest on him?
How is this Spirit described?
When was this prophecy fulfilled?
See Isa. 61. 1; Luke 4. 16-21.
What effect would the Spirit have on the King?
What would he not do?
How would he judge?
How would he punish wickedness?
With what would he be girded?
2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10.
What promise of peace is here given?
What further promise in verse 7?
What is said of a child and a venomous beast?
Why would no harm come to any?
What would the root (or son) of Jesse be to the Jews?
What other people would seek him?
What is said of the rest he would give?

What beautiful promise is given in verse 9?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The lowly origin of Christ?
2. That Christ brings peace on earth?
3. That Christ is a Saviour for all?

OF WRITING TO ABSENT AND HOMESICK SCHOLARS.

That teacher who wins a warm place for himself in the affections of his class, secures "right of way" for his instructions to the consciences of its members. To win that place one must convince them that he cares about them, is in sympathy with their best interests. Among other innocent and judicious methods of doing this is the writing of letters to such of them as may happen to go from home for a time on long visits to relatives, on distant journeys, or, perchance, to a boarding-school for a term or two. To every youth, such going from home gives occasion to more or less of home-sickness. At such times, says Cowper:

"With what intense desire he wants his home."

And with what intense delight he then reads a letter from his friends at home, not excepting his Sunday-school teacher! Could he speak his feelings he would say, as the late Dr. J. B. Mozley did when from home in his boyish days: "I don't want to hear any news. It is not that I want; but there is something in a letter from home that would cheer me."

This confession of childish need may show a Sunday-school teacher a simple means of linking a pupil's heart to himself, and thereby giving him an influence by which he may persuade him to enlist in the army of Christ. A grand result this, from a simple and by no means costly effort.

HOW CYCLONES FORM.

Lieut. John M. Ellicott, U.S.N., contributes to the August St. Nicholas an article on "The Cradle of Cyclones." Lieut. Ellicott says:

"To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug, and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole, and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around, and rushing, ever faster, toward the centre. At last there is actually a hollow space through the centre, around which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity towards the middle, till it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light, and full of vapour, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner

place in the air above is found. Then up it madly rushes and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common centre. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole, and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the swirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears fiercely through forests, fields and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean, and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken."

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MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.—"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."