

Wanted!

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day;
Now, while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
O, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labour:
The fields are broad and wide,
And harvest waits the reaper
Around on every side;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in his service holy
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen,
Wanted! young eyes to see,
Wanted! young hearts to answer,
With throbs of sympathy,
While on the wild waves sighing
The strange, sad tale is borne,
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn.

Wanted! the young soul's ardour;
Wanted! the young mind's powers;
Wanted! the young lips' freshness;
Wanted! youth's golden hours,
Wanted to tell the story,
To watch the glad sunrise,
To hail the coming glory,
To seek and win the prize!

Come! for the Saviour calls you!
Come! for the work is great!
Come! for the hours are hastening!
Come! ere it be too late!
Come, and be burden bearers
With him, your glorious Lord;
Come, and be happy sharers
In his most blessed reward.

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.****STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.****LESSON IX.—AUGUST 30.****ABSALOM'S DEATH.**

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT

The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—Psalm 1. 6.

Time.—B.C. 1023, about three months after Absalom was proclaimed king.

Place.—Mahanaim.

CONNECTING LINKS.

David, old and bowed with grief, and walking barefoot, went out of the city that he had founded. He had to bear the pain of parting from valued friends, and, worse still, the revilings of an old adherent of Saul's family. Absalom reached Jerusalem soon after David left it. Yielding to Hushai's advice, Absalom waits awhile before pursuing David, who gained the shelter of a fortified town—Mahanaim. Then the Jordan is crossed and the fatal battle is fought.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read David's anxiety for Absalom (2 Sam. 18. 1-8.) Answer the Questions. Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read Absalom's defeat and death (2 Sam. 18. 9-17). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read David's grief (2 Sam. 18. 19-33.) Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read David's return (2 Sam. 19. 9-15.) Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read the prospect of the ungodly (Psalm 52).

Saturday.—Read about honouring parents (Matt. 15. 1. 19). Study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read some wise words to the young (Prov. 4. 14-27).

QUESTIONS.

1. The Anxious Father, verses 24-30.

24. How did David show his interest in the battle? 25. Who told him that a messenger was coming? How did he know that the army was not beaten?

26. Who reached the king first from the from Ahimaaz? 28. What prevented him from going to the king? 29. What wrongs had David suffered from Absalom? How did he show his strong affection?

II. The Lost Son, verses 31, 32.

31. Who was Cushai? How did he prepare the king's mind for bad news? 32. In what delicate way did he hint at Absalom's fate? Why could he speak more freely than Ahimaaz?

III. The Hopeless Sorrow, verse 33.

33. Where did the king seek privacy? How did he show his intense grief? Was his wish a wise one? What made him lose all interest in the victory?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Parents think of children away from home. Their intimacy with wicked advisers causes anxiety and fear. When we have no knowledge of the doings of absent ones we are influenced by their mood. No man is safe out of Christ. Would our friends have that we were previous history. When young people get into trouble, it is not they who suffer safe?

to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn.

**A MARKET CROSS.****A MARKET CROSS.**

In many old English towns will be seen a Market Cross like that shown in our cut. Frequently a group of stalls for the sale of farm produce is constructed around it, but often the market is in the open air. Before the days of newspapers all proclamations and announcements were made at the Market Cross. At St. Paul's Cross, London, sermons were preached, and sometimes in the stormy days of persecution the martyrs were burned in this public place. In the very heart of London, in front of Charing Cross Station, is a restoration of one of those ancient crosses. A strange relic of the past in one of the most busy scenes of the crowded present.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, sitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying

DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement.

"Humphrey, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphrey was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let me see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out how."

Humphrey soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason; and after some time—thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done—Humphrey Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane and grass, has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale: In 1867, some children were play-

ing near the Orange river, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before. A neighbour, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to some one else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid \$2,000 for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.

The Departed.

Hush! Blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
Forever on his breast,
O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unsevered.

For them the wild is past,
With all its toil and care,
Its dry sirocco blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.
Them the Good Shepherd lead:
When storms are now rife,
In tranquil, dewy meads,
Beside the fount of life.

Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb,
The light of by-gone years
And shadowing years to come.
Their voice, their touch, their smile—
Those love-springs flowing o'er;
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us—Jesus wept.
But soon at break of day
His calm, almighty voice,
Stronger than death shall say:
Awake—weep not—rejoice.

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