



THE STONING OF STEPHEN.—To illustrate Lesson for August 28.

A Sweet Apple.

BY C. I. J.

"MAMMA!"—"Yes, darling, I hear you."
"I was down by the gate, you know,
Kating that big, red apple
You gave me a while ago.

"And what do you think I saw there?
You never can guess, you see:
The funniest little beggar!
Why, she wasn't as big as me!

"She was dirty, you know, and so ragged,
And her face was so thin and white,
And she looked and she looked at my apple
Just as though she would like a bite.

"And she kept on a watching my apple
Just as hard as ever she could;
And she looked so awfully hungry
That it didn't taste half so good."

"Well, and what did you do, my laddie?"
"Why, I waited a bit, and then
I gave her a piece of the apple,
And it tasted all right again!"
—Children's Work for Children.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 57.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 7. 54-60, 8. 1-4. Memory verses, 57-60.
GOLDEN TEXT.

He kneeled down, and cried with a loud
voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.
—Acts 7. 60.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that bear the cross shall wear the
crown.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our last lesson we left Stephen arraigned
before the great council for blasphemy. He
defended himself in a powerful speech (Acts 7.
2-53), at the close of which our lesson for to-
day begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Out to the heart—The original means sawn
wooden. They were intensely enraged. *Saw
the glory of God*—In his own future home,
and God's goodness amid all the evil around
him. *Jesus standing*—Not sitting, as usually
represented, but standing, as if rising to help,
defend, and welcome Stephen. *Behold, I see,*
etc.—This is exactly what Jesus had foretold
to this same Sandhedrim a few years before.
Stopped their ears—As if unwilling to hear
such things. *Cast him out of the city*—They
were forbidden to have executions within the
city. The place was in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
close under the temple walls, at the
foot of the Mount of Olives. The witnesses—

The false witnesses. (Acts 6. 11, 13.) They
were obliged to cast the first stone. (Deut.
17. 6, 7.) *Young man's . . . Saul*—After-
wards Paul the Apostle. He was probably
thirty four or thirty five years old at this
time. *Calling upon God*—"God" is in italics,
showing that it is not in the original. He
called upon the Lord Jesus. *Saul was consent-
ing*—By his vote, and by aiding the execu-
tion. *Devout men*—Jews, not Christians,
who thus protested against the murder. *Haul-
ing*—i.e., Hauling, dragging forth.

Find in this lesson—
How God changes hindrances to helps.
Where Jesus is now.
The way to treat enemies.
The true name for a Christian's death.
What we should do for the gospel.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great preacher arose in the Church?
"Stephen, a man full of the Holy Spirit, of
wisdom, and of power." 2. What was done
to him? "He was arrested, and stoned to
death." 3. What vision did he see? "A
vision of Jesus in heaven, standing by the
right hand of God." 4. What did the ene-
mies of Christ do? "They caused a great
persecution of Christians." 5. What was
the final result? "Paul was converted, the
truth spread far and wide, and the number
of disciples greatly increased."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does the Spirit perform for the
Church?

He calls and qualifies men, from time to
time, to preach the word and administer the
sacraments; makes their preaching effectual
to the conversion of sinners and the edifica-
tion of believers; and is present as the repre-
sentative of the Lord Jesus in all the ordi-
nances of public worship.

Acts 20. 28; 1 Thessalonians 1. 5; John
16. 7.

Acts 13. 2, 4, 6. 10. 1 Peter 1. 12.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

It was a cold morning in March, in Chi-
cago. A little old man stood on the corner
of Clark and Randolph Streets selling
newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up
and down trying hard to keep warm, and
his voice was hoarse with cold, and passers-
by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him;
but one about thirteen years old, rather
better dressed than the rest, after looking
at him for a few moments, walked up to
him and said, "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was mak-
ing fun of him, but the boy began to call
out, "Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a
clear voice, which attracted so many cus-
tomers that in a little while the old man
sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner,
but the boy would take nothing, and went
off with a smiling face.

AN HONEST BOOTBLACK.

ONE evening a gentleman, who gave his
name as Harrison, of Freeport, Ill., was
hurrying down Broadway, at about five
o'clock, carrying a valise, and when on the
Canal Street crossing, a large, well filled
envelope fell from his coat. A lame boot-
black, named Danie' McCarthy, better
known in the neighbourhood as "Limping
Dan," picked it up, and running as best he
could after the loser, cried: "Say, mis-
ter!" The man glanced in the direction of
the call, and seeing the boy's blacking kit,
gruffly said, "I don't want a shine." The
boy, however, exerted himself, and stopping
in front of the man, held up the envelope
saying, "Mister, you dropped this."

Recognizing his property, a change im-
mediately spread over his countenance as
he gazed upon the shivering cripple before
him and asked his name. He then took
him to a clothing store near by, and paid
for a coat and vest for the boy, after which
he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, say-
ing: "My boy, that envelope contained a
large amount of money. When I come to
the city again I shall be glad to see you."

To the officer he said he had sold some
property on Long Island, and that the en-
velope contained the proceeds—\$1,600 in
cheques and \$600 in bills—which he had
just drawn from the bank, and in his haste
to get to Jersey City, where he was to take
the train, he must have placed the envelope
between his inside coat and overcoat instead
of in his pocket.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"I SHOULD like," said Miss Harson, the
governess, "to have some one tell me what
animal is almost indispensable to man in
hot and dry countries."

"I know," cried Clara, "it's the camel."
"The very creature, and in many re-
spects it is one of the most interesting and
wonderful of animals. It is called the
'ship of the desert,' because it safely navi-
gates the sandy sea where other animals
would perish beneath the burning sun.
The Arabs value their camels very highly."

"What funny looking creatures they
are," said Edith, looking at a picture which
Miss Harson had just shown. "They are
so dreadfully high! Do people have lad-
ders to climb up on their back?"

"No, dear," answered the lady, "I
never heard of a camel ladder. The camel
kneels to receive its burden."

"How tall is a camel, Miss Harson,"
asked Clara. "It looks almost as high as
a house."

"Not quite," was the reply, "but as a
camel measures seven feet from the ground
to the top of the hump, and the saddle
with its cushions add a foot or two more,
it is easy to see that a fall from such an
animal's back is no trifling matter. Be-
sides the cushions with which the saddle is
provided, it has a long upright piece to
which the rider can cling to prevent his being
thrown off. But the safest way of sitting
is to cross the legs in front and grasp the
pommel with both hands."

"I shouldn't think," said Clara, "that
any of it would be very comfortable."

"It wouldn't suit our ideas of comfort,"
replied Miss Harson, "and I am sure that
three people of my acquaintance, with their
governess, would be dreadfully sea-sick if
they tried this style of riding."

"Sea-sick on a camel?" The girls could
not understand this.

"Of course," said big brother Malcolm,
with a knowing air, "it's a ship, you know
—the 'ship of the desert.'"

"I wonder if the baby camels are
pretty?" said Edith.

"Young camels are described," said Miss
Harson, "as being funny, helpless little
objects, and at first have to be watched
like a human baby. A little camel does
not gambol and play like other young
creatures, but is just as grave and quiet as
grown up ones, and it looks just as melan-
choly as though it could see all the loads it
would have to carry during its life."

"The camel is described as ill-tempered
and revengeful, and there is a story told of
one who had been unmercifully whipped by
his driver. One night the man retired to
his tent leaving his cloak outspread over
the wooden saddle, and this is what hap-
pened. During the night he heard the
camel approach the object and after satisfy-
ing himself by smell that it was his mas-
ter's cloak, and believing that the man was
asleep beneath it, he lay down and rolled
backward and forward over the cloak and
suddenly much gratified by the smashing of
the saddle under his weight, and fully per-
suaded that the bones of his master were
broken to pieces. After a time he arose
contemplated the disordered mass and
walked away. Next morning, at the usual
hour for loading, the master presented him-
self to the camel. The disappointed animal
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A TIRED WOMAN FINDS REST.

THE car was crowded with business men
returning from their offices down town. At
Twenty-seventh street a shabbily dressed
woman entered. She carried an infant on
her left arm and bore on her right arm
a heavy market basket to which an old
child clung while his mother dragged both
him and the basket along. Of course the
men were busy with their papers and
none looked up at the poor, tired woman
took her stand in the aisle.

But in the forward corner was a well
dressed young man who did glance up from
his book. He saw the shabby woman, re-
sistently, and, with a bow as courteous,
he would have bestowed upon a Fifth
avenue belle, proffered her his seat.

With a grateful look the woman tried
to get into the seat. But with infant and
basket and the older child crowding upon
her she found some difficulty in doing so.

"Let me take your basket," said the
young man.

And he held the heavy basket, restrain-
ing the other child by a kind word and
quiet pat on the cheek, until the tired
mother had settled herself as comfortably
as possible.

It was true kindness, for the woman
looked as if she had had no other rest all
day long. The young man was Edward
Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Jour-
nal*, of Philadelphia, and he was carry-
ing out in a practical way the gospel of
fulness that he is continually preaching.

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