

THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY W. J. ATKINSON.

"O mamma, who is the man I see
 Away far-off in the moon up there?
 Was he once just a little boy like me
 With arms and legs and curly hair?"

"And mamma, why is his face so bright?
 And where does he stay all day?
 And why does he only come out at night
 When I have to come in from play?"

"Does he have to look at each tiny star
 To see if the lamps are lit?
 And why do they twinkle and jump and
 jar?
 Don't you think his burners fit?"

"Or don't he use burners, mamma, at all
 In his house up there in the sky?
 I guess he just pushes a thing in the wall
 Like papa and you." And a sigh

Came from the wearied and wee chubby
 lad
 As he climbed on his mother's knee,
 And whispered, "Mamma, if I'm not a
 bit bad,
 Can we go to the moon, you and me?"

"And why"—but the rest I did not hear,
 'Twas said too low for a stranger's ear;
 For Morpheus had gently kissed his brow
 And the wondering child was sleeping
 now.
 Caledon, Ont.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON V. [May 4.]

THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

Acts 11. 19-30. Memorize verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of the Lord was with them:
 and a great number believed, and turned
 unto the Lord.—Acts 11. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember that after Stephen's death the Jews were very cruel to the Christians so that many went away from Jerusalem and wherever they went they talked and preached the Gospel of Jesus. Antioch in Syria was a heathen city, but the people were more kind to Christians than the Jews were. Barnabas went there to preach, and so many became Christians that Barnabas went to Tarsus to ask Saul to come and help him. Tarsus was the place where Saul was born. He came willingly, and for a year the little church grew in the beautiful old city of Antioch on the seashore. It was here that the disciples

were first called Christians, and they still keep that name.

Saul and Barnabas went to Jerusalem once that year. They were to carry money from the Christians of Antioch to the poor Christians of Jerusalem, because there was a famine and food was very scarce. Though they were far away and strangers, the Lord's love made them one. It is always so with true Christians; it is a joy to them to help one another.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who drove believers out of Judea? The cruel Jews.

What did this help do? Spread the good news.

Where did some go? To Antioch.

Where is this city? In Syria, by the seashore.

Who went there to preach? Barnabas.

Whom did he get to help him? Saul.

What did they do there? They started a church.

How long did they stay? One year.

Where were disciples first called Christians? In Antioch.

Who were in need of help? Poor Christians in Jerusalem.

Who sent money to them? The Christians in Antioch.

What did this show? A spirit of real love.

LESSON VI. [May 11.]

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12. 1-9. Memorize verses 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

There had been a time of peace at Jerusalem, for the Jews had trouble with the Romans and forgot to persecute the disciples of Christ. But another Herod, as cruel as the others, had become king, and he had killed James, the brother of John, and now wished to kill Peter, so he put him in prison and set sixteen soldiers to guard him.

The disciples prayed every hour for Peter, and the night that Herod was to take his life, though he was sleeping between two soldiers, and bound with two chains, he was set free. An angel came and waked him, struck off his chains, and led him out into the street, and away from the prison. When the angel had left him he went to the house of Mary, where the disciples were praying for him. He knocked and a girl named Rhoda came to ask who it was. When he said "Peter" she was so glad that she forgot to open the gate, but ran to tell the others. But Peter still knocked, and when they had let him in he told the wonderful story of the angel's visit. We do not see the angels that lead us through danger, but we may be sure that the Lord sends them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the new king of Judea? Herod Agrippa.

Was this the one who killed the babies? No; it was his grandfather.

Whom did this one kill? James, the brother of John.

Whom did he put in prison? Peter.

Who kept guard over him? Sixteen soldiers.

How did he sleep? Chained to two soldiers.

What were the disciples doing? Praying for Peter.

How did God answer? He set Peter free.

In what way? An angel brought him out of prison.

What became of his chains? They fell off.

Where did he go? To the house where his friends were praying for him.

Who watches over all his children? The good God.

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

Annie was saying her prayers; Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bed's side.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading; "it's as flat as a board and hard as a stone. I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.—*Early Days.*