

The Way That Father Comes.

BY J. H. EASTWOOD.

The way that father comes each night,
Home-faring from the city,
Is scanned with eager glances bright,
By Marjory and Kitty.
Twin sentries by the garden gate,
In spotless white the sisters wait—
Two tiny maids with faces fair,
With deep-blue eyes and soft brown hair.

The way that father comes they know
Must always be the right way,
Trodden a thousand times, and so
It always seems a bright way.
The quiet lane their eyes discern
Is known at every grassy turn,
And, hung with blossoms, arched with
green,
It is the sweetest ever seen ;

The way that father comes they deem
Awaits his coming only ;
Though crowds went by, the way would
seem,
Without him, sad and lonely !
It is his voice they long to hear,
His quick, firm footsteps drawing near—
It is for him alone they wait
In loving patience at the gate !

The way that father comes, we guess,
Is where new joys will find him—
An Eden for the wilderness
Of toll and care behind him !
The troubles of the day forgot,
He hastens to a blissful spot,
Where, rosy twilight growing dim,
The children soon shall welcome him.

GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the
Cousin Jack or other person for whom
we may do it may not thank us. The
dear always receives a reward, as this
little story illustrates :

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a
great pet of mine, with yellow curls
and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affection-
ate little ways. One day his cousin,
a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for
him. He told him to pull up some
weeds in the field while he finished his
story. Little Jack worked away until
his fingers were sore and his face was
very hot.

I was working in my room when a
very tired little boy came up to me.
"Why, Jackie, what have you been do-
ing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his
lips quivered, and for a moment he did
not speak. Then he said: "I've been
kind to Cousin Jack, I worked drefly
hard for him, and he never said thank
you to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for
him. It was hard lines not to have a
word of thanks after all his hard work.
But that night, when I had put him in
his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie,
this morning I was sorry that I pulled
the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has
Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have
a good feeling. It always comes when
I have been kind to any one, and, do
you know, I've found out what it is."

"What is it, darling?" I asked.
And, throwing his arms around my
neck, he whispered: "It's God's thank
you."

A FAMILY FRIEND.

"In the South Seas" is one of Robert
Louis Stevenson's last books. Mr.
Stevenson knew much of the South Sea
and its islands, and the manner and cus-
toms of the people living there. In the
Marquesas Islands the pig has developed
wonderful cleverness. He is not only a
domestic animal, but a family friend.
"Many Islanders," Mr. Stevenson ob-
serves, "live with their pigs as we do
with our dogs, both crowd around the
hearth with equal freedom, and the
island pig is a fellow of activity, enter-
prise, and sense." Says Mr. Steven-
son:

"He husks his own coconuts and—I
am told—rolls them into the sun to
burst; he is the terror of the shepherd.
Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen a pig
fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his
mouth; and I saw another come rapidly—
and erroneously—to the conclusion that
the 'Casco' was going down, and swim
through the flush water to the rail in
search of an escape.

"It was told us in childhood that pigs
cannot swim; I have known one to leap
overboard, swim five hundred yards to
shore, and return to the house of his
original owner.

"I was once, at Tautira, a pigmaster
on a considerable scale. At first, in my
pen, the utmost good feeling prevailed.
A little sow with the colic came and ap-
pealed to us for help in the manner of a
child; and there was one shapely black

boar, whom we called Catholicus, for he
was a particular present from the Cath-
olics of the village, and who early dis-
played the marks of courage and friend-
liness.

"No other animal, whether dog or pig,
was suffered to approach him at his
food, and for human beings he showed
a full measure of that toadying fondness,
so common in the lower animals, and
possibly their chief title to the name.

"One day, on visiting my piggory, I
was amazed to see Catholicus draw back
from my approach with cries of terror;
and if I was amazed at the change, I was
truly embarrassed when I learned its
reason.

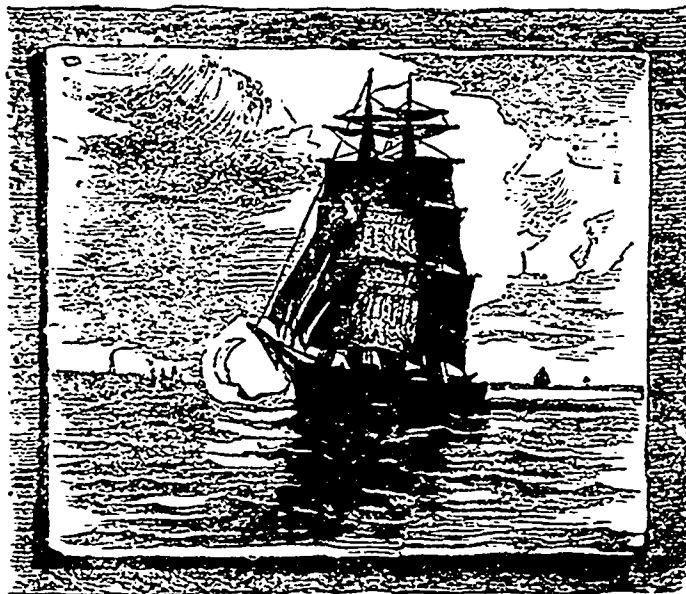
"One of the pigs had been that morn-
ing killed; Catholicus had seen the mur-
der, he had discovered he was dwelling
in the shambles, and from that time his
confidence and his delight in life were
ended.

"We still reserved him a long while,
but he could not endure the sight of any
two-legged creature, nor could we, under
the circumstances, encounter his eye
without confusion."

FAMOUS DOLLS.

A year or two ago, so it is said, Queen
Victoria gave orders that the dolls which
she played with when a child, should be
publicly exhibited and photographed.
This act has called forth the following
remark:

"The kind Queen never had a kinder
thought than this, which impelled her in
her old age to bring out these treasures
of her childhood, to give pleasure to her
little child-subjects. Many of the dolls
are dressed in the costumes worn by
English sailors and soldiers, and apart
from their association with their owner,
are interesting illustrations of history."



TIMBER SHIP LEAVING ST. JOHN.

In a small museum in the close of
Salisbury Cathedral is a doll which Marie
Antoinette dressed, while she was in
prison, for her little girl. The cus-
todian takes out of a drawer with re-
verent hands this relic of the unfortunate
queen, and removing the wrappings,
shows the gown of rose-coloured brocade,
and a court-train and hood of the same,
daintily and carefully made. It was
the last little proof of her love that the
mother gave to her child. It was given
to the museum by the present Duchess
of Portland.

In the Egyptian department of the
British Museum is a wooden doll which
was found in the sarcophagus of a little
royal princess who died three centuries
before Christ. Her baby fingers still
clapsed it when the mummy wrappings
were unfolded. This is probably the
oldest doll in existence.

TWO BOYS WHO WERE GENTLE-
MEN.

There is nothing which will make a
man angry so quick as to be told that
he is not a gentleman. But one be-
comes a true gentleman by beginning
early to practice gentle deeds.

On a crowded trolley car going out of
Boston, one evening, an old woman was
packed in the crowd in the narrow aisle
where the standing was all taken. She
was bent with age, and was very feeble.
Her shabby dress and worn shawl told of
her poverty. She carried a large basket,
and it seemed to grow heavier and
heavier as she changed it from one arm
to the other. Seated where this woman
was standing sat two persons—one whose
tailor-made clothes of expensive fabric
showed he was a well-to-do man. The

other was a ragged newsboy. Tired from
his work, the little fellow's head now
and then dropped on his shoulder, and
his weary eyelids closed.

Awaking from one of these naps, he
saw standing near him the shabby old
woman with her heavy basket, and he put
his little hand out on hers and said, very
gently, but manfully: "You must be
tired. Take my seat. I'll hold your
basket."

There was the making of a splendid
gentleman in that boy.

The other is a street-car story, too. A
twelve-year-old boy, barefooted, with
patched clothes, passed through a car to
give a message to a gentleman who was
sitting inside. As he returned, he gave
a little jump through the door, and as
he did so his bare foot touched a man's
knee, and left a little mud on it. Turn-
ing around on the platform, he raised his
straw hat and said, very politely, in a
clear tone, "Please excuse me."

There was another lad with the in-
stincts of a gentleman. There is an
old proverb that "Fine feathers do not
make fine birds." Neither does a proud
heart or bold manners make a gentle-
man; and such, many times, come to
disgrace. Paul says: "Let him that
thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he
fall." But the boy who keeps his heart
gentle and pure, and lives according to
the Golden Rule—doing unto others as
he would desire them to do unto him—
will grow up to be a real gentleman, and
will not need to fear overthrow.—S. S.
Advocate.

KEEP THE WORDS OUT.

"I don't want to hear naughty words,"
said little Charlie to one of his school-
fellows.

"It does not signify," said the other

boy, "that they go in at one ear and
out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie, "the worst of it
is, when naughty words get in, they
stick, so I mean to do my best to keep
them out."

That is right. Keep them out, for it
is sometimes hard work to turn them
out when they once get in.

THE BARRED DOOR.

Last autumn, when I was spending a
few holidays at Elle, in Fifeshire, I
walked some distance, one evening, into
the country. Just after dark, as I ap-
proached a small cottage at the roadside,
I heard a painful cry, and presently saw
running toward me a little girl in a
state of great agitation and alarm. Be-
fore I had time to inquire the cause of
her distress, she called out: "The door's
barred! the door's barred! Come and
help me! come and knock!"

"Are your parents not in?" I replied.
"Yes—but they're in bed, and the
door's barred. Come and knock."

"Oh, yes," I said; "I'll do that." And
I went with her, and was quite prepared,
if need be, to spend a long time knock-
ing. But my first knock brought the
mother, who opened the door with a
smile; and the timid little girl, who evi-
dently feared she might have to spend
the night outside alone in the darkness,
ran in past her, and was safe.

Oh, how I have wished that I might
see girls and boys as anxious to get into
the heavenly home as that little girl was
to get into her earthly one! And how
gladly I should help any of them at the
door of that home, at which, if we knock,
it shall be opened to us!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 10.

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 22. 17-30. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let
him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul the Persecutor, v. 17-21.
2. Paul the Persecuted, v. 22-30.

Time.—59 A.D.

Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

M. Paul's defence.—Acts 21. 40 to 22. 11.

1u. Paul a prisoner at Jerusalem.—Acts
22. 12-21.W. Paul a prisoner at Jerusalem.—Acts
22. 22-30.

Th. Before the council.—Acts 23. 1-11.

F. Conspiracy against Paul.—Acts 23.
12-24.

S. Confidence in God.—Psalm 27.

Su. Christ's word of comfort.—Luke 21.
10-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Saul the Persecutor, v. 17-21.
Where and to whom was Paul speak-
ing?How had a riot been aroused?
Who saved Paul from the mob?
What had Jesus told him in a vision?
Why did Paul think the Jews would
believe him?Was Paul sincere when he was per-
secuting Christians?Where did Jesus say he would send
Paul?

2. Paul the Persecuted, v. 22-30.

What did the mob say when they
heard about the Gentiles?

What did they do?

What did the chief captain order?

How did Paul escape scourging?

What did the chief captain say of his
own citizenship?

What did Paul say?

What did the chief captain do the next
day?

What is our Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where do we learn in this lesson—

1. That the ways of the Lord often
thwart our best-intended desires?2. That the true worker for Christ ever
remembers his mission?3. That firm faith in Christ brings
quietness of mind?

A curious gift has been made to the
Natural History Museum at Soletta. It
is a bird's nest constructed entirely of
steel. There are a great many watch-
makers at Soletta, and in the vicinity of
the workshops there are always the re-
mains of the springs of watches, cast
aside. Last summer, says The News,
a watchmaker discovered this curious
bird's nest, which had been built in his
courtyard by a pair of water wagtails.
It measures ten centimetres in circum-
ference, and is made solely of watch-
springs. When the birds had fledged
their brood, the watchmakers secured
their unique nest as an interesting proof
of the intelligence of birds in adapting
anything which comes within their
reach.

Every Epworth League
should have a copy of the
**Junior League
Hand-Book...**

Devoted to Junior League
methods of work

By Rev. S. T. Bartlett
Authorized by the General
Epworth League Board

Price, 35 cents

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Metropolitan Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COLTRES, Montreal, Que.

B. F. HUMPHREYS, Halifax, N.S.