



HOUSE-SPARROWS.

Go, Learn a Trade.

I'll sing you a song to-night,
And every word is true;
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentleman, 'or you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working; don't be fooled—
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shrink,
Who think that it would crush their pride
If they should go to work,
Take off your coat (your father said),
And find some honest maid
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1490.] **LESSON IV.** [July 28.

JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

Num. 10. 29-36. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.—Num. 10. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. Companionship, v. 29-32.
2. Leadership, v. 33-36.

TIME.—About B.C. 1490.

PLACES.—The wilderness of Sinai and the region northward toward the east of the peninsula.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Book of Numbers, from which our lesson is taken, gives us, besides two censuses and many detailed laws and ordinances, the history of the children of Israel from the second year of the exodus to the beginning of the fortieth year. The invitation to Hobab was probably given soon after the northward journey of the people was begun.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Journeying to Canaan.—Num. 10. 29-36.
- Tu. The guiding pillar.—Num. 9. 15-23.
- W. Jehovah's promise.—Exod. 6. 1-8.
- Th. Remembering the way.—Neh. 9. 5-12.
- F. Loving-kindness acknowledged.—Isa. 63. 17-14.
- S. The almighty keeper.—Psalm 121.
- Su. "He leadeth me.—Psalm 23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. **Companionship, v. 29-32.**
Where did Moses say that the Israelites were going?
Whom did he invite to go with them?
What was his invitation? (Golden Text.)
By what other names is Hobab known? See Exod. 2. 18; 3. 1.
What did he reply?
What entreaty did Moses utter?
Why did he thus urge Hobab?
What promise did Moses make to him?
What wise words should we heed in our choice of companions? Prov 13. 20.
2. **Leadership, v. 33-36.**
Whence did they start, and how far go?
What mountain is here meant? See Exod. 3. 1.
What leadership had they in this journey?
What token showed the Lord's presence?
How did this cloud appear by night? Num. 9. 15, 16.
What sign had they when to go or to stop? Num. 9. 17-22.
What said Moses when the ark removed?
What when the ark rested?
Under what leadership may we always be safe? See Psalm 23. 1, 2.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- What are we taught in this lesson about—
1. The choice of companions?
 2. Following God's leadership;
 3. Relying on God's care?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Moses say to Hobab? Golden Text: "Come thou with us," etc.
2. What advantage did he say Hobab would be to the Israelites? "Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes."
3. Did Hobab go? He did; and shared in the promised blessing.
4. What was carried in the march? "The ark of the covenant of the Lord."
5. What did Moses do every morning and evening? Prayed for God's presence?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The goodness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you mean by the word sacrament?
I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I HAVE made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., what right have you to sit about—as lazy as a cat—and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves. Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed-over-and-over air of in the house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good natured fashion, to "give them a lift, and take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me this is just a "fair divide."

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up, and to earn the money

with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of house-work off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two youngest ones followed his example right along.

Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too—full of fun and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them.

All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to day one of those boys is president of a college, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician;" while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Colorado, and a member of the city council.

I tell you: Boys who are good to their mother and sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now, I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be; and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.

GLADSTONE AND THE POOR BOY.

THE rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the muddy cross-walks, his face had become familiar to many of the passers-by. The clergyman asked him if anyone had called on him during his sickness. "Oh, yes!" replied the boy, "Mr. Gladstone came to see me."
"Mr. Gladstone?" exclaimed the rector.
"What Mr. Gladstone?"
"Why," said the boy, "the only Mr. Gladstone."

So the great English premier could find time, amid all the onerous duties of public life to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a dirty sweep. All the attractions of aristocracy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcasts. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems so noble and Christ-like as this simple incident.

MOSAIC WORK?

How many of you have seen mosaics and know how they are made? The storerooms of Rome and Florence are full of them, and there are many to be seen here in our own land. Would you think that they were made out of bits of stone, some bright and sparkling, like the precious stones, others dull and commonplace, if you look at them singly? Yet each has its own place in the perfect whole which the artist is copying. We are each of us making a mosaic of our life; and whether they are attractive or not depends on the use we make of the material—the trials, duties, and pleasures of our every-day life. We are to look constantly to Christ, our perfect pattern, as day by day our lives go on; and if our bits of life be bright with pleasure or sad with trial, each has its place.



A BIRDS' NEST.

BIRDS' NESTS.

BIRDS' nests, all boys will know, are not always to be found high up in some tree. Some birds build their nests on the ground, others on some low-growing tree, while the great eagle builds her nest high up on some rocky ledge or mountain eyry. The majority of birds, however, choose the protecting branches of some stalwart tree for the site of their home. Very different in shape and material are the nests of the various kinds of birds, but every nest, large or small, is a positive proof of the neatness and industry of its little inmate. One strange site for a bird's nest was discovered by a gentleman some years ago. A couple of busy little birds built their nest in an old tin letter-box in his garden. In a short time the nest seemed to be deserted as cobwebs had formed over the entrance. After a few days the gentleman discovered that the bird-family had only moved a short distance away, but had chosen a warmer situation for their nest. The old letter-box faced the north and was too cold for the young birds in the frosty spring evenings, so the old birds had made a new nest in an old glue-kettle that was tied to the branches of a pear tree. Here they seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and by-and-by four healthy little young ones flew away out of the new nest.

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