



**A LITTLE PATIENT.**

THERE was a hush in the hospital ward, for the attending physician had just told nurse Smith that little Robbie Dean could not live another hour. The sweet child, with sunny curls and face of death-like pallor, lay upon his little cot as motionless as if the soul had already left the body tenantless. The operation had been skilful enough, for the wisest physicians had endeavoured to save the life of the child, but all in vain had been their counsels together. It was seven months now since the wasted little form was first laid upon the cot, and all in the ward had learned to love him, from gentle nurse Smith, to the burly man in the cot opposite, who wished for nothing in those first days of hospital life, when both limbs were amputated, but to turn his face to the wall and die.

"If the child has any relatives, send for them," said the physician, "he cannot live longer than one hour."

The nurse brushed the tears from her eyes and answered softly, "He has no one, he says. His mother died of a broken heart seven months ago, and his father is a drunkard. When he first came, I said to him, 'where is your home, little one?' and he answered, 'In heaven; mamma is there and she said Jesus would come for me, and I am waiting for him.'"

The physician brushed the tears from his own eyes. "He need not wait much longer," he said.

Deathbed scenes are too common in hospital life to attract special attention, but this was an exceptional case, for everybody had learned to love Robbie.

The burly man opposite hid his head in his pillow; he had heard the physician's verdict and was ashamed to show his grief. The Christ-like child had gained great influence over the Godless man.

Suddenly the weak hands stirred and the great brown eyes opened once more. Every voice was hushed in the ward and every ear was strained to listen.

"I am here, Robbie," said the nurse. The pinched face lit up and he held out his wee hands, "I want to rest," he said, and tenderly the nurse lifted him in her arms. As his eyes roved over the cots where the sick and wounded lay, an inexpressible sadness came over his features, and as if to impart to them a dying message of love he said, "Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now." As the last words fell from his lips the weak hands dropped to his side, the eyes closed in death, and another little one, of whom the master said, "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not, had entered the fold.

The man who had lived a life regardless of God's laws, rose from his cot in after days to serve his Lord and Master. The weak and tempted boy, who yielding to sin was brought low and faced death with degraded soul, left the hospital resolved to begin a new life. The physician was more gentle in his rounds and spoke oftener of the great Physician, while the nurse, at her post of duty, thought often of Robbie, and herself resolved to come nearer to Jesus.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

**LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.**

REVIEW.

Read Psalms 1 and 23; Lessons 1 and 4.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. — Psalm 119: 105

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

The teachings of God's Word and the examples of God's people will guide us safely through life.

**QUESTIONS.**

SUBJECT. AIDS TO A TRUCK LIFE.

**I. From the Poet's Watchtower (Lesson 17.)**

- What two kinds of people are described in Lesson 1?
- What are good people like?
- To what are bad people compared?
- How can we be like the good?
- What four men have we learned about this Quarter who belong to this class?
- What will become of the enemies of Christ?
- Who is our rightful King?
- What two books teach us about God?
- Should we study both?
- Which should we study more?
- What is the Golden Text?
- What do we learn about God's care in Lesson 4?
- Do we all need to be forgiven?
- How may we be forgiven?
- What blessings come from it?
- What are some of the blessings from God's house?
- What two verses show how much the Psalmist loved it?
- What reasons for praise do you find in Lesson 7?
- How does God illustrate his love for us?

**II. From the Example of Holy Men of Old (Lessons 8-11.)**

- What four young men are described in these lessons?
- To what country did they belong?
- In what country did they live?
- At what age?
- How did they show that they loved and trusted God?
- How did God show his favour to them?
- What lesson of temperance do they teach us?
- What vision did God give Daniel?
- Did the others have anything to do with it?
- How were three of them tested?
- What did God do for them?
- What great trial was sent to Daniel in his old age?
- Was he faithful?
- Are God's promises just as sure to us?

**THE GIRL TO BE AVOIDED.**

BY RUTH ASHMORE.

SHE is the girl who takes you off into one corner and tells you things that you would not repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret," and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother, and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows, and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl that persuades you that slang is witty, and a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your

as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.

**A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.**

VERY strange notions abound among the Chinese, and we study their singular ways and habits with a great deal of surprise. In nearly all things they are in their "place of life, being on the exact opposite side of the earth from us. Among the strange habits of this strange people, the following facts will be read with interest:

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than his father proceeds to write down eight characters or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month and year of his birth. These are handed by his father to a fortune teller, whose business is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune teller describes the good and evil which the boy is likely to meet with in after life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and avert the other.

In order to understand the value of this document we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve hours to our twenty four. Beginning with 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., which is their first hour, their names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of animal at whose hour he is born, it is obvious that it would never do to send a rabbit boy to the school of a tiger school-master. Hence the necessity of consulting the pat-tsz of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion. — *The Quiver.*

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**SIR WALTER'S HONOUR.**

(Continued from first page.)

The scant pretence of such defence  
Is weak to bear thee through!"

"Would God I were a man! I trow  
My hand a thrust should deal."  
(Out spake Carow) "and thou shouldst know  
The temper of my steel!"

"Tush, boy!"—Sir Lewis jeered in wrath,  
"Let go thy puny wrest!  
—I wot the fledgeling eaglet hath  
The daring of the nest!"

"Ho, forward! Sturdy musketeers!  
Aside the stripling fling!  
—Bold lad be he who interferes  
With orders from the king!"

(And ere Sir Walter turned about,  
And ere the truth he wist,  
They drew the linked iron out,  
And clasped it on his wrist.)

"Have off with him. Beshrow me, how  
Young malapert doth frown!  
But minding of his mother now,  
Will cool his courage down!"

"Sir Lewis!"—and the boy Carow  
Fast clenched his fist—"thy son  
Will blush with shame, some day, to name  
The deed which thou hast done!"

(To be continued.)