

shall learn that the gratitude of our hearts to be real must not only prompt our lips to speak or sing, but our hands to do for God's glory. We will try to prove our sincere thanks by sharing with others the blessings we enjoy. Out of a full heart, therefore, let us praise the bountiful Father of all our mercies by seeking to make all His creation glad and happy in a realization of His love in the Gospel of His Son.

NOV. 1.—THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS.
—PRAISE MEETING. MATT. 21.
15-16.

Among the great crowd of people who gathered together to welcome Jesus as He rode into the city, were a lot of children. These were not the least enthusiastic of all the multitude, we may be sure. We all know how boys and girls throng to any public reception of a great man coming to their town or city. And we know, too, that the children's welcome choruses are often the most appreciated. We may be certain that Jesus saw and heard the children with pleasure and satisfaction. He was always glad to have them near him. But not only with many others. It is clear from our Bible verses to-day that "the chief priests and scribes" looked rather disdainfully upon the crowd of children, and scorned them as well as their songs of welcome to Jesus. "Hearst thou what these say?" "Sore displeased" were they, indeed, that Jesus should receive praise from such mere children. Note the answer that our Lord gave. It is not so much the matter of the song as the singers of whom He speaks. "Babes and sucklings" they may be, and because of their immaturity they are despised by the proud and priestly leaders. But not by Him! He is always pleased by "perfected praise" in His ears. We have our Lord's own statement on this matter, and if we would continue His will and do it, we must train even the little children to praise. Such verses as Psalm 78:4 are as much in force to-day as ever. What a great subject is suggested by the words "the praises of the Lord." And, do not forget that we have more reason for praise to-day than ever before. Through the wonderful love of Christ's Gospel much has been done for children in Christian countries. Heathen children do not know the comforts, privileges, and blessings that Christian children have. No other person who ever lived has been such a friend to the children as Jesus. For what He has done for us we should praise Him. But more than all we should praise Him for what He is. They called Him a King of old. We know Him as more loving and mighty Ruler than they ever did.

NOV. 8.—OUR KING.—(BIRTHDAY MEETING.) 1 Samuel 10, 24; 2 Kings 11, 12; 1 Timothy 2, 1-3

It is very desirable that our Juniors should become as familiar with November 9th as their fathers and mothers were with the 24th of May. To develop a spirit of patriotic loyalty to our Empire is one of the most laudable of purposes we can work for. And the more we familiarize our boys and girls with the principal facts regarding the Throne and Government, the better it will be for them as the coming citizens of this most important over-seas Dominion. So we advise that preparations be made some weeks ahead for this meeting, and that easy topics be assigned to a number of the Juniors, that they may prepare answers to such questions as: "When and where was King Edward born?" "How old was he when his father died?" "When did he visit Dominion?" "When and to whom was he married?" "When and where did Queen Victoria die?" "When was the King crowned?" "Why

was not the Coronation ceremony held earlier?" "How old is the King on this birthday?" "What is Queen Alexandra's age?" "Where did they live as Prince and Princess of Wales?" "Name two of the chief royal residences in England." They might well follow a brief conversation on "What constitutes a good king?" Close the study with 2 Samuel 23, 3, as the verdict of the greatest king of his age. Such a service interspersed with bright appropriate music ought to be very enjoyable and profitable to all concerned.

A Halloween Charm

The clock was striking twelve, Marie Louise counted the strokes in the dark with a shuddering surprise not unmixed with terror. The witching hour had really come—the time to try her fate and learn "for certain sure" whom she should marry.

Marie Louise had worried a good deal about this. She did not really want to marry at all. It made her gasp and choke, even to think of going away from her mother and her home and living somewhere else. But Jennie Netherall had told her that if she didn't marry she would be an old maid, and that was not to be thought of for an instant. Marie Louise was only seven years old, but she faced the inevitable with the courage of forty-and-seven.

She could not help, however, being greatly troubled over it. By the buttons on her school dress she knew that she was destined to marry a rich man. She had been perfectly happy over this until one luckless day when she heard some one say, "Billy Patterson will be a rich man one of these days. His business sense is something remarkable."

Billy Patterson was the one negro boot-black of the town. Marie Louise was dreadfully afraid of him. Suppose, oh, suppose it should be Billy Patterson! Just at this stage she had a new dress, and in counting its buttons she discovered that her husband was also to be a merchant. Now, Jimmy Baggs was going to be a merchant—a candy merchant. Marie Louise could never hear him say so. This was a fresh source of woe. Jimmy Baggs was the ornament of her life. He pulled her curls. He shrieked out at her from dark corners. He threatened to set his cross dog on her, and employed all the ways of torture that a small boy delights in using on a girl just a little smaller. What if she should have to marry Jimmy Baggs! Oh, she could not bear the uncertainty! She must know, surely, if only to be enabled to summon all her fortitude for the inevitable.

The big girls were all talking of Halloween charms and spells. Marie Louise believed every word they said. From them she learned just how to find out whom you would marry. Eat an apple at midnight, then take a looking-glass and walk slowly down the stairs, looking in the glass all the time, and you would see in it the face of the man whom you would marry.

Marie Louise had gone to bed with the apple under her pillow and the looking-glass in her hand. She had kept awake hours—quite fifteen minutes—for fear lest, when the clock struck midnight, she should not hear it. And now it was striking and she was awake. Marie Louise shivered. It looked very dark and fearsome and the air was cold.

"I wish I hadn't woke up," murmured Marie Louise. "I don't believe I want to find out whom I'll marry!" Suppose, oh, suppose that Billy Patterson's black face should look up at her from the glass! Or that Jimmy Baggs should give one of his blood-curdling whoops on the dark stairway! "Oh, dear; I wish I hadn't done this," said poor Marie Louise. "Whatever you begin to be sure to carry out" was the principle on which little Marie Louise had been brought up.

She never thought of giving it up, though her heart beat in wild terror and her breath came in gasps. She ate the apple, forcing down every morsel. Then with her looking-glass she crept out of her warm bed, and started down the stairway.

A little barefooted girl creeping timidly down the stairs makes very little noise, but there was somebody below who slept with the cat, and the motion of a child. Somebody rose up and went to the foot of the stairway. By the dim moon-light shimmer of the night Marie Louise saw a face that she knew looking at her from the glass. She turned with a glad cry, "Papa, papa; it's you—oh, it's you; oh, I'm so glad." And the troubled little girl sprang into his arms, and the strain being over, gave way at last to hysterical sobs.

"Walking in her sleep," thought the father, as he comforted her and led her back to bed. He never even thought of the looking-glass in her hand, his own Halloween days were too thoroughly over.

Marie Louise did not tell, because, if you told, the result of your Halloween charms would not come true. But Marie Louise was comforted and her heart rejoiced. She could pass Billy Patterson and Jimmy Baggs without a pang.

"It's all right, whatever he does," she said. "I'm so glad that I tried that Halloween charm, for I've found out for certain that I'm going to marry papa."—B. E. Bush, in "New Idea" Magazine.

The Road to Slumberland

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?

The road runs straight through mother's arms,

Who gets the sun in slinking low;
We see it through the drowsy "Land of Nod."

To the music of lullaby,

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown ever so white,

A face washed sweet and fair,

A mother brushing the tangles out

From the sunny, golden hair.

Two little tired, tiny feet,

From the shoe and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped

At the loving mother's knee.

Some baby words that are drowsily lisp'd

In the tender Shepherd's ear,

And a kiss that only a mother can place

On the brow of her baby dear.

A little round head that nestles at last

Close to the mother's breast.

And then the lullaby soft and low,

Singing the song of rest. —Selected.

Little Harold had been directed by the teacher to write the word "folly."

"Close to the mother's breast."

"I can't," said Harold, "cause my pencil's busted."

"Why, Harold! What did you say was wrong with your pencil?"

"It's busted."

"Dear me! Children, can any of you tell what Harold means? I'm sure he hasn't used the right word."

Up went the hand of little Marjorie.

"Ah, Marjorie, dear, I thought you would know. What does Harold mean?"

"He meant that hith pencil' hith buticated."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dorothy was looking at a picture in the newspaper of a fire, when Uncle Arthur explained to her that the engines threw water on the fire to put it out, because, you know, Dorothy, water won't burn." To which she replied, "But, Uncle Arthur, hot water will burn."