

### The Song of the Bee.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
This is the song of the bee  
His legs are all yellow,  
A jolly good fellow,  
And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny,  
He's getting his honey;  
In days that are cloudy,  
He's hoarding his wax;  
On pinks, and on lilies,  
And gay daffodillies,  
And columbine blossoms,  
He loves a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
The sweet smelling clover,  
He, humming, hangs over;  
The scent of the roses  
Makes fragrant his wings;  
He never gets lazy;  
From thistle and daisy,  
And weeds of the meadow,  
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
From morning's first gray light,  
Till fading of daylight,  
He's singing and tolling  
The summer day through.  
Oh! we may get weary,  
And think work is dreary;  
'Tis harder by far  
To have nothing to do.

### TRUTHFULNESS.

Few people will tell a glaring lie. We usually seem to dress the devil in the livery of heaven. We ease our conscience by taking a fact as our starting point, and then let our imagination play with it a little. Our prevarication is, therefore, largely in warping the fact, and especially by exaggeration. We Americans have such a love for big things, for the novel and sensational, that we are apt to magnify that which we tell. Mr. Watson shrewdly suggested in his lecture on Scottish characteristics that this is the fundamental element of American wit. Certain it is that there is a sad lack of a conscientious desire to tell the exact truth. Our conversation is very loose. Even good men get three black crows out of something as black as a crow. The desire to project ourselves into what we tell often leads us to colour our words unduly. It is a bad habit. The habit will grow. Truth is the sacred basis of all human relations. We necessarily take each other on trust. As soon as confidence is gone the benefit and beauty of human relations is undermined. Society can no longer prosper, for suspicion and distrust will disorganize everything. Lying is a denial of the rights of man, for men have a natural right to the truth. We think the gentleman was right who said to us a few days ago: "I esteem truthfulness above everything in a man. If a person will lie there is very little nobility to appeal to in him."  
Boys, be truthful. Strangle the white lies. They are seeds that sprout black ones. Be careful in your speech to state things exactly, or you will find, when you least wish it, a lying tongue will get you into trouble. There is great virtue in the man who, as Emerson puts it, eternally stands for a fact.—Epworth Herald.

### USEFUL MONKEYS.

Geese once saved a great city, an ass opened the eyes of a prophet, and now monkeys are drafted into the ranks of useful creatures.  
The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind, says an English paper, was recently illustrated in London. In

one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure.

Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters, and took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about two hundred boys and girls.

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

### LESSON IV.—JULY 25.

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memory verses, 24-27.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4. 24.

Why can he not be served by men's hands?

What is declared about all nations?  
What has God determined for them?  
Whom ought they all to seek?  
In whom do all live?  
What poetry did Paul quote?  
What ought not the children of God to think?

How ought the true God to be worshipped? Golden Text.

At what evil had God winked?  
What does he now require of all?  
What assurance of judgment has God given?

Upon whom will judgment be passed?  
2 Cor. 5. 10.

3. The Hearers, v. 32-34.

What effect had this sermon upon the Athenians?

Who are named as believers?

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The nature of true worship?
2. The necessity of repentance?
3. The certainty of the judgment?

### HOW A PRINCESS WON HER CROWN.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

What do you know about Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a grand-duchy of the German Empire? That the Baltic Sea rolls behind these two larger and several smaller districts, and the bright waters of the Elbe river flash and quiver just beside them, and that the house of Mecklenburg

The English mail came in just then, and there was a letter for the little maiden. But you'll never guess who wrote it. Why, it was George of Britain—George III. of England; you all have heard of him. What did he wish? A queen to share his crown and splendour, and to help make lighter his cares.

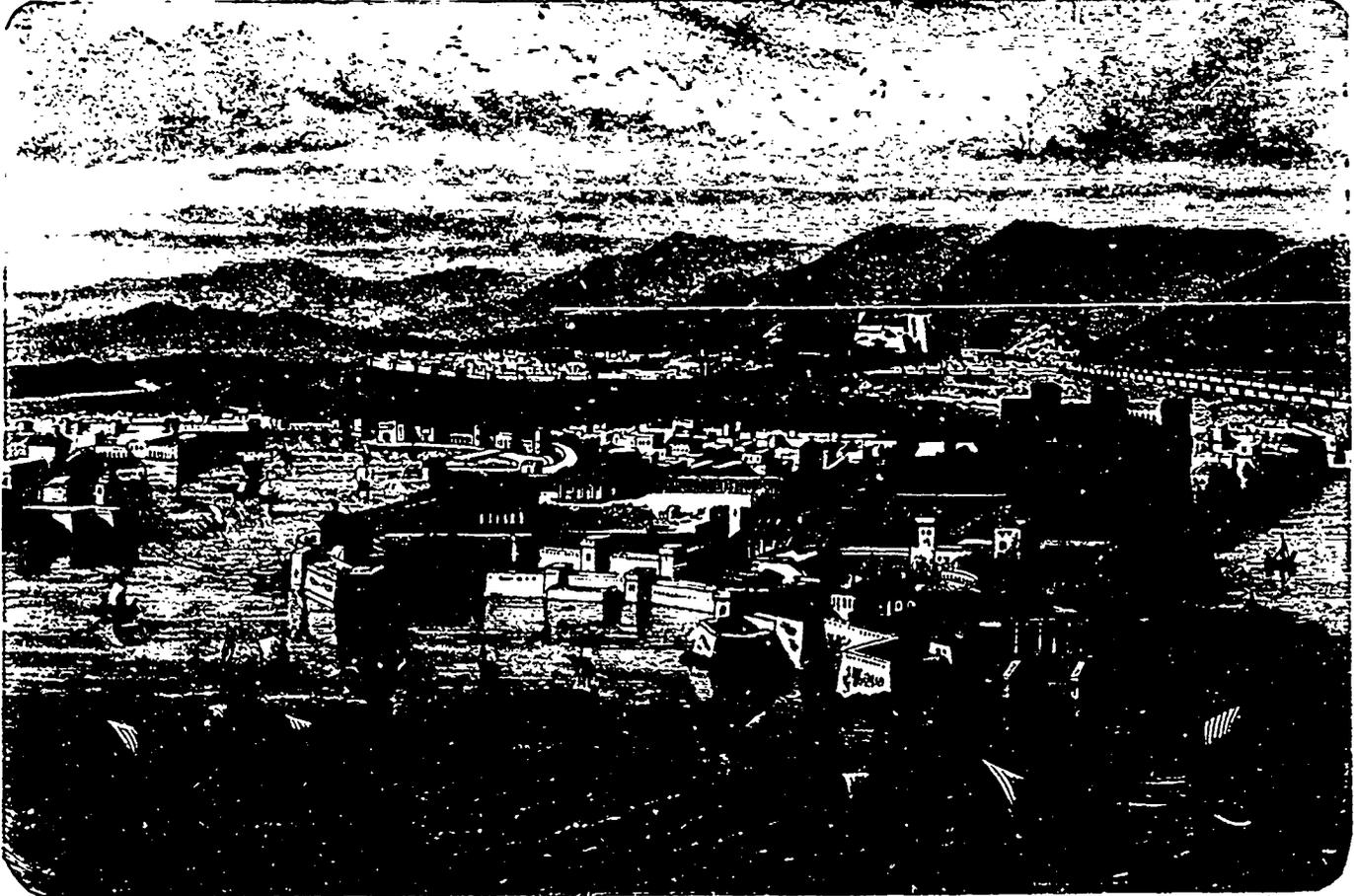
That letter that pleaded "peace is so great a blessing" won for her crown and kingdom.

You have heard how long and wisely Queen Charlotte reigned. None bore her malice.

### A HARDENED CONSCIENCE.

There is in Sing Sing penitentiary an old man who has been imprisoned here for nearly a quarter of a century. His hair is gray, and his once erect and handsome form is bent with age and the effect of toil. He was once a brilliant leader in the gay set of his native city, in which he was a popular and envied member. In the zenith of his success he suddenly fell—became a defaulter to a large amount, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary. In conversation with me, he said: "My term will soon expire, and I will be free. I have but a few years now left, as I am an old man, but those years I will spend in warning the young men against following in the path of sin. I will tell them above all things to keep the conscience plastic, for if once hardened, they are lost. I do not believe that I would

be here to-day," said he, "had I heeded the voice of conscience that spake to me in my boyhood. When I committed my first crime I was but twelve years old. I broke open my little brother's toy bank, and I stole the contents—only a few dimes—but that act hardened me so that sin became easier ever afterwards. Had I heeded the voice that spoke to me when I pried open the little tin bank, and triumphed over that temptation, I do not believe that I would have become the defaulter that impoverished a dozen families and placed me here to spend my life in disgrace and toil. Ask every poor, doomed convict in these cells why they are here," said he, "and they will say as I do, that it was allowing the conscience



IN THE DAYS OF ST. PAUL.—ATHENS VIEWED FROM THE PIREUS.

### OUTLINE.

1. The Theme, v. 22, 23.
2. The Sermon, v. 24-31.
3. The Hearers, v. 32-34.

Time.—Close of A.D. 52, soon after the events of the last lesson.

Place.—Mars' Hill (or the Areopagus), the meeting place of the Council of Athens.

### HOME READINGS.

- M. The new doctrine.—Acts 17. 16-21.  
Tu. Paul preaching in Athens.—Acts 17. 22-34.  
W. The mighty God.—Isa. 40. 9-17.  
Th. Incomparable.—Isa. 40. 18-26.  
F. The true God.—Jer. 10. 1-12.  
S. God is a Spirit.—John 4. 19-26.  
Su. Judgment by Christ.—2 Cor. 5. 1-10.

### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Theme, v. 22, 23.  
To whom did Paul preach this sermon?  
In what place did he preach?  
What did he say to the Athenians?  
Why did he thus conclude?  
Whom did he preach to them?  
What was the great theme of Paul's preaching? 1 Cor. 1. 23.
2. The Sermon, v. 24-31.  
Of what is God to be declared the creator?  
Of what is he Lord?  
What is said of his dwelling?

is the oldest reigning family in Europe? All very good; but I know a pretty story about the Duchy of Strelitz. You want to hear it? Well, it isn't any secret, so I may as well tell it you.

Years ago, as story-tellers say, the Princess Charlotte was born in Strelitz. Now, although a princess, she had set her daily tasks, and learned to read and write and spell, and, I have been told, mend her own stockings, too.

She had a wonderfully sweet voice, and so fine was her singing that even Haydn praised her; but this did not make her proud, nor vain of that gift the good Father had thought wise to bestow upon her.

The horrors of war the young princess thought dreadful, and her wise little brain pondered its wickedness so long that one day she set herself to write a letter to a noble prince. She wrote it beautifully, using great care in dotting every "i" and crossing all her "t's"; for she had been taught to do well her task, whatever it might be. Her maids said 'twas a favourable wind that bore it.

Some time after this the Princess Charlotte and others were chatting gaily in the Strelitz garden. In their happy, girlish talk, some one asked merrily, "Whom, think you, shall we marry?" and Princess Charlotte laughed, "Guess who'll take such a little princess as I am!"

to become hardened in early life." It takes only a very slight influence to make a lasting impression upon so sensitive a thing as the human heart. The little bird that walked upon the plastic clay of the river bank uncounted ages ago left a track which may be seen to-day in the solid stone. The delicate fern leaf which fell from its stalk years ago may be traced to-day with all its network of veins in the cloven slate and quarried coal of the mountains. So it is with the heart in childhood; when tender and easily impressed, traces are made for lasting good or evil. Early temptations that gain mastery make eternal marks in the character as deep as the tracks of the little bird in the rock, never to be effaced.

### A FACTORY BOY.

At ten years of age a certain boy began to work in a cotton factory. His hours were from six in the morning to six at night. Out of his first week's wages he bought the "Rudiments of Latin." At sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace. Then he went to the university. He died in Africa. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name was David Livingstone.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.