

SEPT. 5.—ARMOUR WE MAY WEAR.
Eph. 6. 10-17.

1. How may we be strong? v. 10.
2. How can God's power make us mighty?
3. What is "armour" for?
4. What does "stand against" mean?
5. Against whom must we stand? Why?
6. What kind of a spirit in us will help us "stand"?
7. How many pieces can you find in the lesson that are included in the Christian's armour?
8. Is there any armour for the back? Why not?
9. If a Christian does not "withstand in the evil day," what may he expect?
10. If he bravely fights against everything that is evil, will he be delivered, and how?
11. Think of some of the great victories that the brave soldiers of God have won, and win your own. Don't forget "praying always," and "watching," if you would do good fighting in the army of the Lord.

SEPT. 12.—CONTENTED ALL THE TIME. Phil. 4. 11, 12.

1. Paul is speaking of worldly possessions.
2. He had not all that others had.
3. But he had no ambition to be a rich man.
4. He was in the way of duty for Christ.
5. He knew that his Master was pleased with him.
6. So did not trouble about gratifying his bodily appetites.
7. He was content with enough, and did not seek abundance of earthly goods.
8. The reason was that he would sooner serve Christ and go hungry than deny Him, and live richly.
9. The secret of all is in v. 13. There is the true Strength.
10. Why are so many of us discontented with what we have?

Victor's Victory

BY LOUISE MULKAINER.

Victor and his mother were having a confidential chat. Mothers cannot always be with their boys, and this mother had been seriously pondering, with some secret twinges of heartache. She must be blind or deaf to allow herself to believe that the boy was not daily exposed to much that was contrary to the teaching of a Christian home.

Would the virtue of that teaching be strong enough to cope with evils which, perhaps, had become definite habits of those with whom he must daily mingle? The best way to secure satisfaction of mind was to talk with the boy.

"Victor," she said, "sometimes when out walking, I hear the boys, at play on the streets, using bad language, and that has caused me to wonder if your companions at school sometimes swear, too." She paused. Victor looked into his mother's eyes steadily for a moment or two. She was waiting for the answer, which he knew he must supply.

"Yes, mother, some of them do," at last, he said.

"Do you, sometimes say bad words, too?" was her next question.

Victor looked again at his mother, with the same thoughtful expression in his brown eyes. For a moment he hesitated; then he said, slowly, "Yes, mother—sometimes."

"Oh, Victor, mother feels very badly!"

He heard the anguish in her tone. "Well, mother," he blurted, seeking to justify himself, "I don't want to, but when other boys say bad words they keep coming up in my mind; and, somehow, I say one before I know it."

"But Victor," said the father, who had been listening to the conversation, "the crows fly over your head, but you do not need to let them light on you. What would you think of me if I should swear just because I hear other men doing so?"

"Oh, but then, you're a man," said the little lad, impulsively.

"The remedy lies in making up your mind that you will do right, my boy. Boys may do that, as well as men," said the father.

And then the mother spoke.

"Best of all, if you ask God, He will help you not to say the naughty word when it comes into your mind; then, after a while, it will never find room in your thoughts. Will you remember,

don't say those bad words any more, now."

"Thank God," said the mother, "but keep on praying, my son, for we can never be good without His help."

And that mother went back to her work with the words, "My prayer is helping me," ringing in her thoughts. Only that day she had felt almost overcome with the burden of the petty detail of life, and the added weight of greater cares. She had prayed, but with a heart of stone. But now she had received a message. God was helping—had helped—and would help. And then she prayed, "believing."



"MIND YOUR FINGERS"

every night, in your prayer, to ask God to help you to conquer?"

"Yes, mother, I will," was the answer. Now, Victor was a manly little fellow, and when he made a promise his mother knew he would keep his word.

In this family the children had the old-fashioned habit of praying at the mother's knee, before retiring for the night. One evening, some weeks after, when Victor had finished his prayer, which had included the petition, "Keep me from saying bad words," he lifted his head, and looked earnestly at his mother. Then, in his simple, childlike way, he said:

"Mother, my prayer is helping me. I

Nine Generations of Preachers

Heredity and environment are often used in these days as excuses for wasted lives, but they may be equally applied the other way. A striking instance of this truth was given at the anniversary meeting of the Sheffield Mission by Dr. James Moulton, when he mentioned that he was the son of a Methodist preacher, and that his grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were Methodist preachers. Thus his children are direct descendants of nine generations of Methodist ministers.