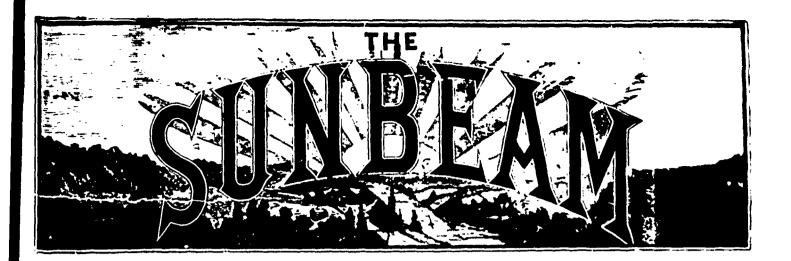
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ENLARGED SERIES-VOL. IX.)

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1888

[No. 17

MINNA'S WHAT-

THE prize was to be a lovely little red Testament with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the

Mount the best.

"I think I can get
it," said Minna to
herself; "I know
Charlie is quicker
than I am about
learning, but then
he is a very careless little boy; he'll
forget to study the
verses, and I won't
remind him."

So the days went by Both children learned the first two chapters, and said them over to mamma; then Charlie. who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbittraps and forgot a' out the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten asfar as the twelfth verse: "Thereforeall things whateoeverye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." 210.cv = "If you had for-

gotten about the



THE NEWSBOY.

prize," whispered Conscience, "You would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated a while, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever;" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's to try for the prize, Charlie won it: he had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Moss Lucy," he said as he saw the teacher take up her pen, "write Charlie and Minns Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me I would never have get that last charter learned in time."

"Ah" said Moss Lucy, 'I see some of my little people have got this lecutiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

And then under neath the two names she wrote in red ink, just the coleur of the backs: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do lye even so to them."

THE FAIRY ARTIST.

O THERE IS a little artist Who paints in the cold might hours Pictures i r wee wee children, Of wondrous trees and flowers.

Pictures of show-white mountains Touching the snow-white sky; Pictures of distant corans Where pigmy third sail by.

Pictures of rushing rivers By fairy brid es spanned; Bits of beautiful lai decapes Capied from chin-ian f.

The moon is the lamp he paints by, His canvas the vind wep me; His brush is a frez in snow flake, Jack Frost the artist's rame

- Our Little Oas.

OUR SCADAY-SHOOL PAPERS. PER TRAK | WILLEPAPE

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TORONTO, AUGUNI 25, 1888.

SENDING LOVE.

THE Sunday S had Advocate tells us that the little Indian cirls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom.

Wien a lit le frond dies the children set sparce and catch birds.

A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way: "Oh, little bird, our dear laughing eyes has gone away at the call of the great spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her and our hearts are and lecause she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to laughfree, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even awester to give it. While our dear ascended to be with him he love ! - Sel.

friends are still with us, while they can look into our eves and hear our words of leve, let us sreak then freely. Some day mother, eister, brother,-all will be gene beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, though ful, loving word while we may.

HE WASN'T DRIVING.

A PATHER and his little son were riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse To gratify the child the father placed the reins in his hand, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on they saw approaching them, at a terrific speed, a runaway team. The day ger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse to that a collision was avoided, and the danger escaped.

When all was over the little son looked to his father, and with choked utterance said. "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't was I papa?"

So often do s the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or deliverance has been vouchsafed in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

" Pur me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea to his comrades, who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any farther. I am dy it g."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes later an efficer saw the man weltering in his own blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

'Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

" No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to, but there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John? and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'peace' Will you read it?"

The efficer did as requested and found the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be af:a'd."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man "I have that peace; I am going to that ing eyes." And then they set the bird Saviour; God is with me; I want 1.0 more."

These were his last words, and his spirit

LITTLE ANNIE'S OBJECT-LESSON

Tis only good children Whom the angels call fair,

"I wish God had made me pretty," soil little Annie Spieke, who looked so deleful that Aunt Marie resolved to help the child. if she could.

That night, when Annie came home from school, her aunt said: "I am going to give you a new doll, my dear. I have two in my room, and you may choose one for your own"

Annie tripped up stairs gaily to seek her new treasure. She found the two dolls uron the sofa. The one that first claimed ber attention was exquisitely dressed in silk and velvet; dainty lase was about her neck and wrists; upon her feet were pret'y shees, and on her head a lovely hat.

B.f.re Annie had examined the dolls closely, she thought this one would be her choice for when she first glauced at the other she only noticed the dress, which was of the plainest calico, with no ornament of any kind: but when she examined more carefully, she found that the doll with the homely dress was a beautiful marble doll with real golden hair, eyes that would open and shut, dainty little feet on which she could stand alone, arms with join's which admitted many different positions-in short, the doll was a marvel of beauty, while the other, which was of rough wood, hal no grace or loveliness aside from its dress.

"O! I choose Miss Calic Dress," said Annie, at once taking possession of her new 122891170

"But," said Aunt Marie, "look at this beautiful silk dress and velvet cloak and the hat."

"Tae cloak and drass are pretty, I know," responded Annie; "but those things don't make the doll."

"Neither," said Aunt Marie, "do rosy cheeks, bright eves, and soft hair make the little girl; and if a child has a cross and selfish spirit, no matter how fair are the form and face that clothe it. God and the angels and the pe p'e around her will look upon her with tut little pleasure; but if she has a sweet and loving spirit it will shine through the homeliest features, and many will delight in her. A beautiful spirit, no matter how uncomely the body in which it is dressed, will as surely be prized as your doll is prized, in spite of her faded calico."

Annie was an apt pupil, and never forgot Augt Marie's comforting lesson, but ever after sought for the bast beauty, which is never denied to the earnest seeker-beauty of heart. - Every Other Sunday.

A MOTHERS DIARY.

Monning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender,
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze
Baby "en a bender?"
All the spools upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harness strings all drawn across,
Ought to make one smile.
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue,
(How these char as will dwarlle)
For I rather think—lon't you—
Baby "is a swindle?"

Non! A tangled, silken floss
Getting in blue eyes.
Apron that will not keep elean
If a baby tries!
One blue shee untied and one
Underneath the table.
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys,
Well as they are able;
Baby in a high chair, too,
Crying for his diener.
Spoon in mouth, I think—don't you—
Baby ' is a sinner!"

Night! Caairs all set buck again,
Blocks and spools in order;
One blue shoe beneath the mat
Tells of a marauler;
Apron folded on a chair,
Pland dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little fat knees crinkled;
In his crib, and conquered, too,
By sleep, blessed evangel.
Now I surely think—don't you—
Baby "is an angel?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1490] Lesson X.

[S-pt 2

THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN

Num. 13, 17 33. Commit to memory vs. 50.33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. Numbers 13, 30.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Spies.
- 2. Their Report.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where were the children of I-rael now? Very near Canaan.

What were they afraid to do? To go in and take the land.

What did the Lord tell Moses to do? To send spice into the land.

What were the spies to do? To bring back a report of all they saw.

How many men were sent? Twelve, one from each tribe

How long were they gone? Forty days. What did they bring book with them? Some fine fruits from Canan.

What did they say of the land? That it Moses, was besetiful and fruitful. Why

What call they say of the people! That they were many and strong.

What effect did their report have? It frightened the people.

What did they forget? That God is stronger than man.

Which of the pies believed God's word Ca'eb and Joshua

What did they tell the people? That they were well able to take the land.

Why did they say to? Because they trusted God.

What did the people refuse to do? To believe and obey God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PROPLE.

Salan will tell you -

That the way to heaven is long and hard.

That there are many enemies in the way.

That you will never be able to overcome them.

Hear what God says -

'The Lord your God, which goth before you, he shall fight for you.' Deut. 1, 30.

DOCTRINAL SUGGRSTION. - Forgetfulness of God.

CATRCHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Joseph! Jacob's beloved son, whom his brothers hated and sold for a slave

Who were the Twelve Patriachs? The twelve sons of Jacob, and the fathers of the p. cple of Israel

BC 1490] LESSON XI

[Sept. 9.

THE UNBILLIEF OF THE PROPLE

Nam. 14. 1 10.

Commit to mem. 14 2 %.

GOLDEN TEXT

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief. Heb. 3, 19.

OUTLINE

- 1. Unbelief.
- 2. Faith.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who murn used against Moses and Aaron?
The children of Israel.

What did they wish? That they had stayed in Egypt.

What did they say the Lord had done? Brought them there to dia.

What did they want to lo? To go ba k to Exept.

With whom were they finding fault? With the Lord

What did they propose to do? To choose a new captain

What captain had God given them?

Why did Moses and Asom feel troubled? Because the people were reballing against God.

What did they do? They prayed to the Lord.

Who spike to the people again to Joshua and Caleb

What did they say the Lord would do? He'p the children of Israel.

To whom had he promised help? To his own people.

Why could not the Cansanites expect his help? They worshipped idels.

What did the people try to do? To stone Joshus and Caleb.

When are people unwilling to hear about Gol? When they want their own way.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PROPLE.

Do you sometimes feel like fretting and worrying? Then say to Satan, "I will trust God,"

John Wesley once said that he would as some date to curse and swear as to fret and worry.

"Trust ve in the Lord forcer."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of unbelief.

OATECHISM QUESTIONS

When a Pourabl! The cruel king of Egypt, who refused to let God's people go, and was drowned in the Rod Sea, with his army.

Who can Moses! The deliverer and lawgiver of the children of Israel, who led them through the wilderness.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Is not that a sweet name for a band? But it is not as sweet as the story of the band itself, which Mrs. Thackwell of Dehra, India, tells us in a note just received:

"The children in our European congregation have formed a little missionary society called 'The Star in the East.' As the star in the east led men to Christ, so may this little band be the means of leading many to Jesus. I am going to have two flower-beds laid out in our church compound or yard in the shape of stars, and the Star in the Rast Band are to plant flowers in them and thus help to beautify the house of God. They also hope to support a child in Miss Pendleton's school."



THE FAMILY DOG.

I AM thinking to-night, as I lie on the rug, | dead," said the big boy. By the bright flashing firelight all sheltered and snug,

Of the many past days over which I gaze With the pride and the praise Becoming a family dog.

While piercing winds blow, and, half-buried in snow,

My old cheerless kennel, deserted, may go, I can but recall a bleak night long ago, When I was no family dog.

Twas a pitiful plight, unable to fight 'The merciless mastiff, who conquered me quite,

I was ready to perish with starving and fright,

When in tones soft and clear

A new voice caught my ear,

And a kind, coaxing whistle proclaimed a friend near.

How I sprang to the side of a tall, mufiled cloak,

And by barking and fawning my gratitude spoke,

As in at the door, to wander no more, I was ushered—the family dog.

Little then did I know how I ever could show A grateful return or a favour bestow; But gratitude ever will watch for a way, And so it has often turned out with old Tray.

Fred and Flora well knew I was faithful and true.

school;

And with eager delight Again hailed them at night,

Their escort as exact as if working by rule. But my heart trembles still

With undying thrill

Of joy which no future can ever impair.

At the touch of the collar my rough neck shall wear-

A token of love which for me they will bear, While I am the family dog.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A LITTLE boy was sailing a hoat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The loat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy sail, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It unit over your ankles, and I ve te n in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry har all the way home for you; but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats; and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I'm not, only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

THANKSGIVING JOE.

Joe was born one bright Thanksgiving morning, and it may be the spirit of the day fell upon the tiny boy, for he has always had a glad, sunny, thankful spirit. If the day is fine, Joe says, " What a splendid day to sail my kite," or to go nutting, or to do some other plasant thing. If the day is stormy, Joe whistles and smiles as he thinks what a fine time this will be to work in his "shop."

Does some one want him to leave his play or work to do an errand, Joe cries out, gayly, "Just the thing! You see, I'd like to have a change."

Thankful Joe! He's rich because he thinks he is! He has a happy time because he thinks he does! And very likely he will never find out that he's a poor boy, and ought to be miserable, because there are so many things he never has had, and may be never can have!

Now, at this very Tnanksgiving time, For I carried their basket each morning to Joe will be jubilant over his good home (a bit of a house), and his nice dinner, (pumpkin pie in honour of the day); and his new cup, and poor little stock of toys.

And just round the corner Archie Wilson will be fretting because they don't have nuts and misins for dessert besides the plum-pulding and pies, and wishing he could have things like other boys! Archie has everything money can buy, still he is the poor boy, and Joe is the rich boy!

What makes the difference?

KEEP SINGING.

WE had a servant once who always used to be singing-whether outside the door whitening the steps, whether washing the linen, cleansing the tea-things, or cooking the dinner, she would be constantly singing or humming over something. I said to her one day, " Botsy, what makes you sing

"Well," she answered, "I think it keeps bad thoughts away; and if I didn't sing sometimes I should get so low-spirited shouldn't know what to do with myself!"

A good deal of philosophy in Betsy; because you know that boys, if they have to go through a church-yard at night, always begin whistling to keep their spirits up.-Spurgeon.

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE

I READ one morning on the sand, And written by a childish hand, A truth the billows cannot teach, A truth past human wisdom's reach-God is love.

It seemed a very angel's trace, God's foot-print in that lonely place: It brightened up the sea and sky, And glad I was I could reply-God is love.

And much I thanked my little friend. Who thus her joyous creed had penned: And may she know for evermore The truth she wrote upon the shore-God is love.

Tae ti le will come again to-day, And wash that lovely print away; But death and hell connot erase The charter of that child of gracs-God is love.

WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when perple put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place their money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alica. auntie, I was thinking about my soulwhether it is safe; I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her auntie.