THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS

It is often quite touching to see what oung children are sent from the Old country to Canada to meet friends who ave come out before them. In the picare a little boy and girl seem to be travelng alone across the wide sea. But God ways raises up friends and provides a av for them. Every one is anxious to lp them, and though often lonely they

e never forsaken. What a yous greeting when they eet their friends again!

LITTLE LESSON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Little Mabel Owens was And what was still she had been sick for me time, and was likely to in that same condition for any days to come, which was baddest" of all, Mabel ought.

The trouble came about in e autumn when Mabel went estnut hunting, and fell om that tall tree that looked very easy to climb and sn't easy at all. Just as e daring adventurer reached t for a still higher branch, mething snapped, and bere she knew what was hapning, she struck the ground th an awful bump, and er since her knee had been ne up in a plaster case, and little girl had to lie in bed. th nothing to do but amuse rself with her eyes and gers the best she could. en, too, Mabel's mother s poor, and obliged to work help in caring for the little es, so the invalid couldn't

lp her on to recovery, and many times r throat grew parched, and her head verish, and oh, how she did long for me good things, ice-cream, and lemonade, d just then her eyes rested on some artial peaches ornamenting a white straw Il basket. "Oh! how I would like some ches!"

Mabel had asked her mother to hang the basket in her room, for she thought those peaches just the prettiest she had ever seen. But now, the sight of them only acted as a torment, for the longer she looked at them the more she wanted some real peaches, and those she knew she couldn't have, for they were too poor to buy fruit at that season.

Still, the longing was there, and turn



THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

es, so the invalid couldn't sliding down," as she exve refreshing drinks and dainty food to her eyes where she would, she only saw pressed it, that the fact was realized—she great yellow peaches, and finally, a lump, actually had what she longed forseemed to rise up in her throat, and two big, salt tears splashed down on the pillow. And just then a happy thought came to her.

"There," she said, "I'm ashamed of you, Mabel Owens! I'll shut my eyes real tight, and just pray to the Lord to make me not want those peaches."

Following that resolve, she held her eyes shut with her fingers, and said out loud: "O Lord, please make me not to want those peaches, even when my throat is very dry, and please don't let me forget that I prayed to you not to want them." which was a very queer prayer indeed; at least, so thought the doctor, as he stood in the door and heard the words.

But, being a wise doctor, he didn't let the little girl know he had overheard her appeal, for he saw she was too feverish and excited then for much talk, so he just drew his own conclusions, and decided that his patient needed something besides medicine.

After some cheerful talk and a few jokes, the doctor left, inwardly talking to himself as he drove off:

" 'Peaches,' she said. She wants peaches. Hum! rather expensive desire, that! Well I suppose she ought to have The Lord wouldn't them. put it in my heart to send them to her if he didn't want her to have them;" so, driving straight to a fruit store. a basket of the longed-for fruit was purchased, and sent on its way to give happiness to one little soul, while up above one more unselfish act was recorded for that good old doctor.

At first Mabel couldn't believe her eyes when the pretty little basket of real peaches was placed on the bed beside her. And it was not until one was peeled, and her hot throat felt the cooling fruit "just

peaches

"And to think, mother," she said, "I prayed the Lord not to let me want them. because I thought I couldn't get them, and here they come, just as though he sent them. Wasn't it very good of him, mother!"

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

Only a band of children Sitting at Jesus' feet, Fitting ourselves to enter Into his service sweet.

Softly his voice is calling, " Little one, come unto me! Stay not, though weak and helpless; Child, I have need of thee.

Take us, dear Shepherd take us Into thy heavenly fold;

Keep our young feet from straying, Out in the dark and cold.

Call us thy "Little Helpers," Glad in thy work to share; Make us thine own dear children. Worthy thy name to bear.

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THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1904.

THE WAY TO GROW.

"No more frost," said my father cheerily, as he passed through the garden to his business that bright morning.

"Then I can set out my house-plants," cried I, joyfully; and I went about it.

As I transferred a fine geranium to the flower-bed, one tall branch dropped to the ground. That branch, having been shaded and propped, was not self-supporting. Turning to a pile of dry brush, gathered in the walk to be burned, I broke a stick, trimmed it to suit my purpose, and set it deep in the rich moist soil to hold up the tender branch.

Visiting my garden after an absence of or four weeks, I noticed with

pleasure that the drooping branch of my geranium had quite outgrown its support, standing self-reliant in the sunshine, covered with flower-buds. Bending down to pluck away the dry brush which had done its duty, I saw, with wonder, that it had life, and was putting forth one or two tender shoots.

"Look here, father," I exclaimed, "only see how this dry stick is growing." "So it is; it has taken root. Where

did you get it?"

"From that heap of dry brush which lay in the walk the day I set out my plants."

"Those were the rare shrubs we thought quite winter-killed. Was there anything that might have been a root to your stick ?"

"Yes, there was a kind of dry hook at the end which I set in the ground." "You have saved a rare plant which I

thought was lost; we were too hasty in thinking it quite dead. I hope, my son, you will learn a valuable spiritual lesson from that dry stick, now changed into a tender budding branch."

"What lesson, father?"

"Help others and you will help yourself. I once knew a man who feared he was so spiritually dead that he had no reason to hope he had a spark of life. After drooping and despairing for months, his pastor induced him to forget himself, while trying to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. He went to work, and the first thing he knew, he was rejoicing in the sunshine of God's love. Ever since he has been trying to grow himself by lifting others up to blossom in the sunshine."

That lesson, sweeter than the fragrance of my geranium blossoms, was a lesson

for life.

HOW CARRIE AMUSED HERSELF.

"Anna, I have just received a note that compels me to go to town at once. I shall have to leave you and Carrie alone a little while. I am sorry I let nurse and Mary go out, but it can't be helped now," said Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, mamma, please take us with you,"

begged Anna.

"No, dear. Carrie is croupy. I dare not take her out. Be a good girl, and don't let Carrie get into mischief."

After mamma left, Anna began to read "Alice in Wonderland." She read very well for a little girl only eight fears old. Presently, Carrie came to her, and said:

"Please 'muse me, Anna."

"Oh, amuse yourself. I want to read." "May I 'muse myself how I like?" "Yes, yes! Don't bother me.

Carrie ran to the parlor with her horse and cart, and took down from the cabinet the whole set of lovely china figures Aunt Mildred had sent Anna at Christmas,

Just as mamma returned a crash hurried her into the parlor.

"Oh, Anna!" she called. "Your beautiful figures! Why did you let Carrie come in here?"

When Anna saw the ruin, she burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"You naughty, naughty girl!".

" Ain't naughty," declared little Carrie "You said I might 'muse myse'f how I liked. Me gave the little dollies and doggies a ride. Old waggon tipped over that's all."

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"That is so, mamma," said Anna honestly. "I was reading and wouldn't even look at her. I'll never tell Carrie to amuse herself again; nor read when I ought to

look after her.'

"AS JESUS DOES."

He had We'll Percy was a little blind boy. never seen his mother's face, but her footstep was easily distinguished by him; and My de her voice was as music in his ear. He never saw the birds or flowers, but yet he learned to love and delight in them far more than most children who have perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual. For almost always it is found that when one door of knowledge is shut the other senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great delight in listening to others. His mother treasured up many little incidents from her reading and observation, and in leisure moments told them to her dear blind son, lted l One day she saw a strange lamb brought bove home, for they were then living in the country, and on inquiring she learned all its history. The foolish little thing had aughly got through a hole in the fence where its 1. J. big mother could not follow it; had wan-2. P dered away into dangerous rough roads; 3. J. been torn by brambles and frightened by 4. T strange dogs; and, at last, when almost dead by fear and cold, had been found by the shepherd and carried back to it sorrowing mother. All this she told to Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does When we wander into sin he goes out to seek and to save us; and when he finds he takes us up in his arms, and brings home rejoicing.

Little Percy, although he was blind had got, you see, spiritual vision or sou

sight.

Myra is a sincere little Christian; then is no doubt of that. But still she doe push the balls just a little bit at croquet She doesn really know she is doing in her eagerness, but the boys notice i Now our boys think so much of Myra the they usually say nothing about this little habit of hers, but the other day I ove heard one of them say, "Myra cheats I guess all girls do." Now, dear girls never let the boys say that of you.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

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lent my dear dolly, and what do you think?

ev gave her no victuals; they gave her no drink :

hey left her uncovered all night in the Iv dear little dolly, not quite a year old!

Her color how faded! It rained where

she lay; she had for a pillow a wisp of wet hay;

To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?

My own little dolly, not quite a year old.

t to Now, swallow it, doll -this little white

Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will; had We'll no more be parfed for love or for

gold. and My dear little dolly-not quite a year old.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER. IX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XIII.-JUNE 26.

REVIEW. GOLDEN TEXT.

isure Wherefore God also hath highly exought ited him, and given him a name which is a the bove every name.—Phil. 2. 9.

ed all Titles and Golden Texts should be thorhad oughly studied.

re it 1. J. V. T. and S. . Without faith it—wan 2. P. C. and C. . . Thou art the—

..... For even Christ-D. C. T. B. P. . . . Then said Pilate-

ont to 11. C. C. Christ died— ids u 12. C. R. Now is Christ—

THIRD QUARTER.

UDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

> LESSON I .- JULY 3. THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

Kings 12, 12-20. Memorize verses 12-14. GOLDEN TEXT.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an ughty spirit before a fall.-Prov. 16, 18 THE LESSON STORY.

Samuel, the good prophet and ruler of rael, told the people that they would fall to what kingdom do I belong then?" The a man to teach donkeys not to talk.

into great troubles if they had kings to rule over them. They had been ruled by three kings, Saul, David, and Solomon, Saul had ended badly, and so had Solomon; David alone had been faithful. Now Solomon, after a wonderful reign of forty years, had been laid in the tomb of his fathers, and his son Rehoboam was king in his stead. Rehoboam went to Shechem to be anointed king, and all Israel came there. Among them was a man named Jeroboam, who a prophet of the Lord had said should be king over ten tribes of Israel some day. He had fled to Egypt to live until King Solomon, who had tried to kill him, should no longer reign. Now he became the leader of Israel, and when they wanted to ask the new king if he would not lighten the burdens that his father had made so heavy, Jeroboam was the one to be spokesman for all the rest. Rehoboam was not wise like his father, or good, like his grandfather. David, so he took three days to answer that question, and took counsel, first of the old men, and then of the younger men of the princes of Israel. The old men gave wise and kind fidvice, but the young men told him to be cruel to the people, and make their burden a hundred times heavier. He told the people this, and then they turned their backs upon him and would not be ruled by him. Only Judah, the tribe that lived in and around Jerusalem, stood by the foolish young king.

QUESTIONS BOTH THE YOUNGEST.

How long was the kingdom of Israel one? Until after the death of Solomon. Whose sins gaused a division? The sins of Solomon and Rehoboam. What were the two kingdoms then called? Israel and Judah. Where was Judah? In and around Jerusalem. Why did the other tribes rebel? Because of the cruelty of Rehoboam. What had they asked of him? To make their burdens lighter. What did he say? That he would make them much What did he try to be? A great king like his father. Who became king over Israel? Jeroboam. Was he a king's son? No. Who was he? The son of Nebat, a servant of Solomon. What would have prevented all this trouble? Kind words.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ANSWER.

The king of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then taking an orange, he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little The king took a coin from his pocket and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," said the girl. "And

girl colored, for she did not like to say the "animal kingdom" lest his Majesty majesty should be offended. Then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in his own image," and she said, "To God's kingdom, sire," The king was deeply moved. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

WRONG INSIDE.

When the face of a watch is wrongthat is, it does not show the right timethe fault is not in the face and hands; they only show that something is wrong inside: the mainspring is broken, or something else is the matter.

When we see a boy with a very red face, and his eyes flashing with anger, we do not lay the blame on his face, for we know very well there is something wrong inside of him which makes his face wrong.

If we see a girl sitting idly with her hands folded, when she ought to be helping her mother, or a boy in the street fighting or in the cupboard picking and stealing, we don't blame the hands, for we know there is something wrong besides the hands: the mainspring is wrong.

When we hear boys or girls speaking lies or other evil words or foolish words, we don't conclude that it is only their tongue that is out of order. We know that the trouble is worse than that; it is a great deal deeper down. We are sure that the heart is wrong.

If a watch does not show the right time, we take it to a watch-maker, and he puts a new mainspring in it, and then it goes all right; the face and hands show the right time, and it ticks properly. And so it is that the only cure for naughty words and deeds and evil habits and tempers is a new heart, and for that you must go to the only One who can give it.

A CHANGED MAN.

A missionary writing from Nagasaki, Japan, gives the following account of the examination of a candidate for baptism: "Baptism requires repentance and faith. What evidence can you offer that you have repented and believed?" "Why, I used to worship idols very earnestly, and now I have thrown them all away and will only worship the true God." "Will the water of baptism wash your sins away?" "No, my sins are in my heart." "What will wash your sins away?" "The blood of Jesus Christ, shed on the cross." " Who applies that blood to your heart?" "The Holy Spirit of God."

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey how to talk. What we want in this country is



THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

Every little step I take Forward in my heavenly way, Every little effort make To grow Christ-like day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers, Even little tears which fall, Little hopes, and tears, and cares-Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this, That my Saviour, loving, mild, Knows the children's weaknesses, And himself was once a child.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

BY EMILY L. BLACKALL.

Ned threw his schoolbag on the hall table, tossed his hat toward the ceiling, not waiting to see where it landed, rushed into his mother's room, and taking her cheeks what you need to know, in order to write good and useful man.

between his chubby palms, gave her several hearty kisses.

"I say, mother dear," he began, "Professor Grant hasn't a bit of mercy on a fellow. What do you think of his telling me to write a composition about a bird called the Argus? Just as if I knew anything worth writing down about any bird! But he'll never let any one off; so I've got to try it. But you'll help me-won't you please? That's a good mother."

"Well, sit down, dear, and take breath, and we will think over the matter. Professor Grant knows pretty well what to expect from his boys, and isn't likely to tell them to do what is impossible."

"But, you see, it seems easy to him, because he knows nearly everything," Ned replied, the glow on his cheeks beginning to cool a little.

'I think, Ned," said his mother, "that I can help you to help yourself; and that is always the best kind of help. In the library you will find books that will tell you

your composition. You have just had good play, and there are yet two good hours before tea time. Take your memor andum book and make notes of what you find about the Argus, in the volumes which I refer, and at tea we will tal further about it. But before you go, te me please, under what heading you wi look for knowledge about birds ?"

"Oh. I know that, of course, that's or study-Ornithology-though haven't studied it in books. Profes just talks to us about it. He says learn ing rightly about such things makes believe more in the goodness and wisdor

The sound of the tea bell found Ne still in earnest search for facts, and hi note-book that he placed beside his plate fortified him for the promised talk.

"I haven't so many eyes as the Argu of mythology, but I can see a chance 'look on,' " said mother, with a significan glance at Ned, as she took her seat.

"We can trust him not to use h notes without permission," replied father "But where do you find your bird ! To us about him, Ned."

"It is the Argus Pheasant," bravely b gan Ned, "and is found in Sumatre Siam, and other East Indian island There are no feathers on the sides of i neck and head; but the male bird has el gant plumage, and his tail feathers as very long; the two middle ones measurin about four feet. The wing feathers ar adorned with a great many spots that loo like eyes. His voice is plaintive and no harsh. The Peacock belongs to the san family of birds; the spots on their wing making a strong resemblance between the Argus and the Peacock. The Argus take its name from a mythological person that name. He was the son of-can't look at my notes a minute ?"

"Yes," said mother and father, in on

"Thank you," said Ned, as he pr proceeded to read-" Argus, the son Zeus and Niobe, is said to have had a hu dred eyes, some of which were alway awake. He was enormously strong, as Juno appointed him to watch over I transformed into a cow. Mercury sle Argus, and Juno used the eyes of Argu to decorate the tail of the Peacock, which as I said before, belongs to the family which the Argus pheasant is a type."

"I hope you will soon have another composition to write, Ned," said h mother, rising, " for you have taught us a by your research."

Arthur Jones is a bright boy seven year old. He goes to Sunday-school, and loves his books. He studies the lesson and he answers his teacher's question nicely. I think Arthur will become

A