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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1895.

[No. 49.]

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

THE subject of this picture is an excellent illustration of the text, "If God is for us who shall be against us?"

The Israelites and the Philistines are about to fight a battle, when from the ranks of the latter steps forth a giant, full of boasting and trusting in his huge spear and heavy armour and shield. This giant, Goliath by name, challenges any Israelite to fight him, and thus to decide the issue of the battle. But Israel is afraid, and has no match for him. We all know well how, at length, David the shepherd boy offered himself as their champion; how he was laughed at by his brethren; how he was armed by King Saul, and how he refused the armour and goes to meet the giant with only a sling and five smooth pebbles out of the brook. He put no faith in himself but in his God, and, though the giant despised him, exclaiming, "Am I a dog that thou shouldst come against me with stones?" yet the first stone that David slung hit Goliath in the forehead and slew him.

Thus the glory was to God who gave him the victory.

NIPPED.

BY ANNA BREATH.

"Light another lamp, Mary dear; the room must be more cheery against father's coming home tired and cold; and light is cheap, that's one comfort;" and mother, glancing toward the door as she spoke, drew a big armchair nearer the fire.

"Here, father," she said as a tall, handsome old man entered; "sit down and keep little Nell company while I bake the pancakes for supper."

Her grandfather held the lamp shade as Mary reached for a match. "Yes," he said; "light is cheap nowadays, when one can pump it out of the ground, but fifty years ago when I sailed the seas to bring it home it cost men as well as money."

"Tell us about it, grandpa dear," quoth little Nell. "Where did the oil grow? far away in the islands of the sea where monkeys swing among the branches and the sun shines always?"

"Nay, my lass; the sun indeed shines always, day and night, in the months that we call summer, amid the icebergs of the north, but naught grows there. The whales in the great gray waste of tossing water yield up their lives and many a man has frozen in the darkness to send light and brightness into the homes of the land."

"Whaling was hard work, gran'ther," said Mary. "Joe and I used to play with the harpoons and funny little iron spade that stand under the eaves in the south attic. Joe said always he'd be a whaler when he was a man."

"A good business it was in my time, child; one fit for a man, and many a town along this seacoast lived by it. There was many a wife said good-

bye to her husband with a brave light in her eye, knowing well the danger he would suffer; and then for a year, or for three years, maybe, if he happened to be nipped by the ice, she watched the flour-barrel and the pork-keg with an anxious eye, knowing not whether she were wife or widow.

"Good stout ships they were, heavy oak planks six inches thick over the ribs, great broad bows, to stand strong and stiff amid the shock of heavy ice. In the hold were piles of empty casks which we hoped to bring home full. We could depend on melting snow for water, but to stow away food enough to supply fifty men for eighteen months was no light task. Once we were nipped near the Greenland shore; there

we were held like the filbert in the nut-cracker for six long months, only half dim dreary light through that long winter, but that was better than the eternal brightness of the summer. But that Greenland time wasn't had after all; ducks were to be had any where on shore for the powder to shoot them, and within a mile of our boat was a real Eskimo but, where father, mother, and two children (and nice gentle children they were) lived their lives, knowing none better.

"At the front door we went down, on our knees, and crawled through a long passage on all-fours. At the farther end

dingy white ice a black streak crept into view. Up went the sails, but we were too eager to escape into open water to trust to the wind when strong muscles were aching for want of use. Forty men 'tracked' her out, as it is called, fastened by stout belts to the whale-lines aboard the ship, they pulled like mules on a towpath, singing as the long line slowly crept along. Every few rods the line of water seemed to close before us, but as we paced on bravely the way opened always, as ways always do open to push and pull. At last the good ship was herself once more, sailing like a bird, as she was meant to sail.

"A hard life it was, but good hauls we made sometimes, I'll confess, and when we came home with a full ship we know our man would have his share on every ton of oil tried out, as well as the good silver pay clinking in his pocket.

"How would you like, little Nell," the grandfather continued, twining a golden curl round his finger, "how would you like to be chained to a great whale as long as this house, and go tearing and plunging through the white foam, like the stories they tell of Neptune's car careening through the waves behind those wondrous dolphins? I've tried it, my lass, and my heart beats faster now, with fifty years lying between that minute and this.

There she blows, quoth the man in the look-out at the mast-head, and away off on the tossing waves we see a faint spurt of white foam puffed out by the monster as he rises to breathe, and overboard go the boats, six men in each, besides the harpooner, who stands in the bow, his harpoon fastened to the great coil of rope at his feet.

"He stands there steady as a statue, and as about, while the boat dances and skims over the waves, sent flying on by six strong pairs of arms. Now we come close to the great black mass, the harpooner poised for its flight. Whiz! it skims through the air and is buried deep in the monster. 'Back water!' shouts the harpooner, and the men bend to their oars for their lives, for, dashing the waves in his fury, one flip of his tail would shiver that little boat into kindling wood.

Then down he goes as though he were bound for China by the shortest cut. Out runs the line—fathoms of it, the boy standing at the side bales up water and pours it on the rope as it races out over the gunwale, or the friction would start a fire in two minutes.

"Lost to sight he is, but the line still pays out, more slowly now, now it slacks altogether: the great fish is coming to the surface to breathe. Again the harpooner stands ready, this time with a light spear in hand. It flies through the air and strikes, another! and another! The water is dyed red, churned into fury—the huge mass rolls over and over, a mighty shiver, and the grand beast is dead.

"Then for the work of towing the great prize to the ship, and there, securely fastened alongside, the men put on boots with heavy spiked soles and clamber about on the monster as though on an island. Some go into the mouth to strip off the baleen, or whalebone—the strips are ten feet long sometimes, others with the blubber-spade (that is one in the attic, Mary) cut into the blanket of blubber, tear it up in strips, and hoist aboard by means of tackle.

"Then what a time there is aboard that ship! The great boilers are started and the fat tried out; the refuse from one pot serving as fuel under another.

A curtain of sooty smoke hangs over the ship, and grease, fat, oil is everywhere; enough to drive the mother crazy. The grease is then stowed away in empty casks below, to be taken home and boiled for oil."

"And do they leave all the rest of the whale on the waves, gran'ther?"

"Yes, it feeds the bears and fishes; a whale is a regular treasure, Mary, the oil from one might be worth enough money to buy this house." The children's eyes opened wide, mother stood in the doorway, father came in through the kitchen. "Yes," he said, "whale oil bought this house, but grandfather risked life and limb to get it, and though he was the best harpooner that ever paddled the seas we mean to keep him snug in port, moored fast by chains of love."



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

was a large room with a roof sloping toward the entrance hall. All across the end ran a bed place, and a sick woman huddled at one end was coaxing a seal-oil lamp to heat some medicine for her rheumatism. Three dogs, big shaggy fellows, were in the room and a little girl no bigger than our Nell sat sewing moccasins made of deerskin. She had to keep close to the smoky oil lamp, for there was no other light in that close little hole underground.

"Pretty, did you say? if we could have seen through the dirt and smoke the colour of her skin, I might be able to say.

"By-and-bye, one day, we heard a tick, tick, in the distance and then cracking and creaking, and we knew the icy fingers were loosening their hold. Then amid the

"But, children, you must think of the real life out in the open sea, the great icebergs looming up like marble palaces, spires and pinnacles glistening, and in the heart the glow of the ruby and the emerald, the fire of the sun imprisoned there. Many a time have we cast an anchor into the mass of ice and held safe through the night—the night which is brighter at midnight than our twilight, the natives sleep, but decent white men can't. Many is the time I've longed and yearned for one good pitch-dark night.

"A hard life? yes, my lass, it was, and amid a crew of fifty men rough once there were bound to be, but lazy, sufficient, never do we see a carcase ever tossed face to Arctic weather.

Angels From the Realms of Glory.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

REFRAIN.

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in home and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1895.

FROM JAPAN.

BY J. M. M'CALEB.

This is a great country for flowers. One of the most famous is the chrysanthemum. You see its name is a very long one, and I expect many of you will have to try several times before you get it right.

There are two seasons when the chrysanthemum is in bloom—spring and autumn; but the autumn flowers are by far the most beautiful and abundant.

Japanese people are very fond of flowers, and have acquired much skill in their cultivation and training, as well as in landscape gardening.

loaded can be seen in the streets with flowers to sell. Sometimes they have a flower market, at which time they bring many flowers and shrubs of different kinds together in some street.

Like some bad people at home, these people are not always honest. Sometimes they will cut off a bunch of flowers with stems, stick them down into a pot, and make it appear that they are growing that way; but when they wither in a short time, the one that bought them finds that he has been deceived.

When I was a boy, about your size, my mother sent me to a neighbour's house one spring to buy some sweet potatoes for seed. On top of the half-bushel they looked very nice, but beneath they were rotten and so bad there was scarcely a good, sound potato in the whole pile.

The chrysanthemum cannot be grown very well from the seed. I am a little disappointed in learning this, as I had promised a dear friend in Lexington, Ky., to send her some seed by mail.

There are many other flowers—such as the cherry-blossom, the lotus-plant, the hydrangea, and the lily—that I could tell you about, but I cannot speak of them in particular now.

But as I expect to write you again before long, I will not write any more now. Don't forget that long name mentioned at the beginning, and be sure you pronounce it correctly.

THE PANTHER.

The jaguar, or American panther, is found in South America. The North American panther is known as the cougar. The real panther is found perhaps only in Africa, though these three classes closely resemble each other.

The panther is very strong and of a daring nature. The Spanish settlers were much troubled by the jaguars entering their enclosures and carrying away their cattle and sheep.

“NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF ALONE.”

THERE were to be public exercises at school next day. Sara Barnard was telling her most intimate friend of the lovely new dress which she had to wear.

“I suppose I'll be the only girl in an old dress,” Mary said, with a sigh. “Father's been sick so long that he could hardly afford me a new dress just now.

Sara looked thoughtful all that evening, and at last she went off for a long talk with her mother.

When the girls met at school next day, Mary saw to her great surprise that Sara was wearing her old dress.

Sara laughed at her astonishment. “You see,” she said brightly, “that you are not the only one without a new dress after all.

Mary's face brightened and her confidence rose. She was a timid little girl, who seldom did herself justice, although she was the most thorough student in the room.

That day, however, Sara's constant friendliness and her bright smile, and, more than all, Sara's old dress, made her lose her self-consciousness, and she did marvellously well.

“It is all owing to you, Sara,” she said, as she kissed her friend; “the thought that I was not the only one here with an old dress made me forget myself.

Sara smiled, but it was a long time before Mary learned that Sara had proposed the little sacrifice herself.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN FEATHERS.

MANY years ago, when I was a little child, I lived with my parents in a large, rambling old house in the tropics. This house was also the bank of the place.

My father was devoted to animals of every sort. A list of the various odd specimens he possessed, ranging from an electric eel to a quite untamable tiger cat, would fill a volume.

On New Year's Day—I think it was in 1858—very early in the morning my father, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by a strange noise in his room.

My father, wondering at the sight of his feathered friend, got up with the intention of taking him back to his perch and, if

possible, of discovering what had disturbed him. The owl seemed much pleased when my father got up, and began to hop back the way he had come, looking round now and then to see if he was followed.

We all felt what a very rare and striking proof this was of the bird's sagacity. For, in order to enact the part of a watchdog, he had had to find his way about what was to him a quite unknown part of the house, to get to my father and conduct him to the scene of the robbery.

Junior Song.

We are fighting for our Saviour,
We are fighting for our King;
We shall surely be victorious,
We shall trophies to him bring.

CHORUS.

No, we never, never, never will give in.

Never shall we be defeated,
Never will we run away,
Never will we flinch or falter,
Till we win the well-fought day.

We the foe will face, and bravely
Stand against his shots and darts;
Forward, onward, upward pressing,
Winning many sin-stained hearts.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 15, 1895.

UNDER OBLIGATION.—Galatians 3. 24.

The religion of Jesus Christ consists of two parts—a system of doctrines to be believed and a code of laws to regulate our lives. We are to receive the doctrines by faith, but the requirements of the law are to be obeyed in the daily life.

A question may arise what law is meant. Suppose we decide that the ceremonial law is meant. What is its design? The answer is, to lead us to Christ.

Take the other view. We regard the law mentioned as the moral law, that which is contained in the Ten Commandments. None will dispute their holy, pure character.

God and the Right.

BY DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

PUTTING OFF FROM SHORE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"HAS Walter come in, Susan?"
"No, ma'am, not as I knows of: I ain't
heard the front door."

"Very well, Susan; put out the lights and
go to bed. I will wait until he gets home."

The maid-of-all-work went off to see that
the windows were fastened for the night, and
the back door bolted.

"It's a cryin' shame 'bout that boy," mut-
tered Susan; "he don't give his poor mother
an hour's peace. If he was mine, I 'low I'd
lam him well."

Mrs. Lockett heard this covert piece of
advice, but took no notice of it, except to
shake her head mournfully. The day was
past when a whipping could be thought of for
her refractory boy, who was now a tall, well-
grown fellow of fifteen.

Just when this son had begun to resist his
widowed mother's authority she could not
tell, perhaps he could not have told himself.
She had been poor and hard-worked, and
there were five younger than Walter to
be fed and clothed and looked after;
and so she did not realize, as the weary
days went by, that little by little he was
straining the leash of her authority until it
was ready to snap.

In fact, the break came that very night.
Mrs. Lockett sat in her chamber, or walked
up and down the floor, for hours before she
heard the latch-key turned in the front door.
Again and again she had prayed aloud in the
intensity of her feeling, that God would show
her what to do, and now her mind seemed to
be made up.

"Walter," she said, opening her door when
she heard his footfall on the stair, "please
step here a minute; I want to speak to you."

The boy came slowly, as if half-minded not
to heed the request. "Well," he said, in a
surlly tone, standing in the doorway, "what
do you want, mother?"

"I want you to come in and sit down; I
have something to say to you."

"I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," he
muttered.

"What I have to say will probably wake
you up," she said, quietly; "come in."

Walter threw himself into a chair near the
door, and his mother continued: "You think
I am going to scold you, or question you, or
beg you to lead a different life; you are mis-
taken: I have tried these plans, and failed.
Only to-night at supper time, I told you not
to leave the house, and you flatly refused to
obey me. Now, my son, nobody can live in
my house and not render me respectful
obedience: it is due to the other children that
I insist upon your ceasing to live with us."

She might well say that Walter would
wake up! He felt stunned for an instant, and
then furiously angry.

"What do you want me to do?" he said,
roughly.

"Why should you ask me, my son? Have
you shown any willingness to do what I
wanted you to do? You will have to find
work, of course; something to support your-
self. I invite you to stay with me until you
succeed in finding a job."

There was a little silence, and then Walter
said, "Is that all you have to say?"

"Not quite," she answered, and now her
voice trembled, and the tears poured like rain
over her cheeks. "You are angry now,
over her checks. "You are angry now,
Walter, and you would not receive my
affection kindly, but I want you to remember

that I love you devotedly, my son; that I am
always ready to help you in any way that
you will ask of me, even while you are living
away from me, and that it would give me joy
like that the angels feel, if you should make
up your mind to come back to me, as a true
and obedient son."

Walter did not reply: his eyes were
smarting with tears that he would not shed;
the lump in his throat almost choked him,
and he was tempted to submit. But he had
been chafing at his mother's authority for
more than a year, and was sore and resentful.

She came up and kissed him quietly on the
forehead. "Good-night, my son," she said;
"I had hoped that you would ask my for-
giveness first; but I see I must ask yours:
I surely must have failed in my duty to you
somewhere, or this behaviour would have
been impossible to you."

Walter got up and left the room without a
word, and the next day began what proved
to be a long and disheartening search for
work. His mother helped him in this effort
as much as possible, and maintained a kind
and friendly attitude to him, but as he made
no advances toward being reinstated upon his
old relation, she kept him steadily to her
intention that he should now undertake his
own support.

Far away to the north, in the dark waters
of the Polar Sea, rides a gallant sealing
vessel, with tall spars and iron-shod bows,
her lower timbers roughly hacked by battles
with the ice. There was no ice in sight at
present, but a chaos of water-mountains
tumbling and swirling like giants at play.

The deck of the sealer was an active place;
orders were being shouted and responded to
by hurrying, tramping feet; chains were
rattling, and the rigging creaked dismally as
the wind roared through it.

"It's going to blow a sneezer, lad," said a
grim old sailor to a young hand beside him,
but before the words were fairly out of his
mouth, he was responding to his captain's
order for service, with a ringing "Ay, ay,
sir!"

The boy was left standing hard by the
backstay, alone, for a little while, watching
his first fierce storm at sea, when suddenly
the captain's voice came booming along the
deck, "Away aloft, and reef topsails."

The boy looked about him, there was not
an unoccupied hand on deck except himself;
clearly he must go up.

For weeks of smooth sailing he had been
practising going aloft, but as he looked up
now at the sailors working away at the stiff,
heavy sails, they seemed about as big as cats
in a tree-top, and it is small wonder if his
heart failed him. Yet go he must.

The fact was, the rapidly increasing dark-
ness, the volumes of spray dashing over the
ship, and the confusion of passing and re-
passing sailors kept the captain from recog-
nizing the new hand: but—

"His not to make reply,
His not to reason why,
His but to do—"

And, alas! it seemed only too certain that
it would be his to die, also; for when only
half-way up, a fresh squall struck the vessel,
she heeled over, and losing his grip of the
icy cordage, the poor lad fell into the sea,
striking the rail as he fell.

"Man overboard!" bawled the captain;
but the grim sailor, who had a strong liking
for this latest apprentice, had already buckled
on a life belt, put the rope's end into a com-
rade's hand, and was in the water himself.

There seemed but a slim chance that the
bold rescuer should be able to pick up the
stunned boy, but by God's mercy he did, and
placed him safely in the crib lowered to
receive him, climbing up himself by the stout
hawser, with a nimbleness you would not
have thought possible in so clumsy-looking a
creature.

But storms pass, even in Polar seas, and
the ship was now sighting "the country," as
sailors call the sealing ground, or rather the
great ice-pack dotted with millions of black
seals and little yellow "puppy" seals.

The boy, however, was not aloft, gazing at
the exciting spectacle, as he had intended to
be. Instead, he was lying weak and suffering
in his bunk below, and by him sat his grim
sailor.

"I don't think I'll ever make port again,
Gerlach," said the boy's weak voice, "and I
want you to take a message to my mother."

The sailor nodded dumbly. In his opinion
Walter Lockett was fast making for that port
from which no bark has ever put back.

"Tell her," said the boy, trying to rally his
strength, "that she must not grieve at send-
ing me away. It was the only thing that
made me see what it was to have a home and
a mother. When I left her I had a rough
time; each master that I took service under
was harder on me than the last. I had to
obey them on the spot, and for their interest,
not mine. Oh! how often I called myself a

fool for thinking it hard to obey my mother's
gentle voice, never raised against me, but
always speaking in love, and for my good. I
soon saw that God had given me that good
mother as the best thing that even he could
do for me, and I had been too low-down a
fellow to see what a chance I had until I
lost it."

"Why didn't you go back, lad?"

"I made up my mind to go back, but I was
foolish enough to want to do something fine
first. I liked well enough to think of going
back to her, after I had made a man of my-
self, but you see that was part of the same
proud, foolish spirit."

His voice sank away, and his comrade was
dumb; he did not know how to speak the
tenderness he felt.

"You must tell her," he began again, "that
God heard her prayers for me. When he
found he couldn't do anything with me as
long as I thought I could do for myself, he
just laid me out in this old bunk, and there I
had to learn my lesson. She'll know what I
mean; she tried to make me give up trusting
myself, and leave it all to her Saviour. Well,
that's it, Gerlach—that's what you are to tell
her; and that every hour now I say the little
prayer she wrote in my Bible:

"O Saviour! I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And thy exceeding love."

"Here, Sam! call the surgeon, quick,"
cried the sailor, for he thought the boy had
taken his prayer to the other side of the river
of death.

But he had only fainted, and, do you know,
not many days after they had him out in the
sunshine, on deck, and in a few weeks he was
able to be up all day. For life does not
easily yield the fort in youth, and it begins
to look now as if Walter would be able to
carry his own messages, and so, perhaps,
help those little brothers to learn without
such hard schooling, that next to loving and
obeying God, the sweetest service on earth
(and indeed it is of the same piece), is loving
and obeying mother.

HOW TO BECOME A RUNNER.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JR.

RUNNING is one of the best of exercises
for the whole body. It rounds out a hol-
low chest, drives the oxygen into the
farthest air-cells of the lungs, wonderfully
increases their capacity, and develops the
leg, thigh, stomach, and waist muscles.
But it must be learned just as skating,
swimming, and bicycling have to be
learned, and there are two things that
must be kept in mind by the learner. The
first is—whether in sprinting, distance, or
cross-country running—to run entirely on
the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the
track, "Get up on your toes!" By strik-
ing on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of
natural spring-board, the runner takes a
longer stride, and the spring that he gets
enables him to lift his foot more rapidly
and repeat the stride more quickly than
the runner who goes flat-footed. As length
and rapidity of stride are what give speed
in running, it follows that a flat-footed
runner can never be a fast one. Another
reason against pounding away flat-footed
is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle,
knee, and hip is jarred and may in time be
injured.

The second point for a runner to observe
is his method of breathing. Breathe
through both the nose and mouth. Nearly
every boy when he first begins to run has
the insane idea that all the breathing must
be done through the nose. There was
never a greater mistake. When a boy
runs his heart beats much faster than it
does ordinarily, and pumps out just so
much more blood. All this must be
aerated or purified by air from the lungs.
The oppression that one feels when begin-
ning to run is due to the lungs demanding
more air for the extra quantity of blood
which the heart is sending out. Nature
has looked out for this and provided a way
by which air can be furnished to the lungs
very rapidly. It is a very simple way, and
consists of merely opening the mouth.
Breathe, then, through the nose in ordi-
nary life as much as possible, but when you
are running or exercising violently open
the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid
breaths, not gulping it in through the
mouth alone, but letting the mouth and
nose have each their share.

Take as long a stride as possible, but
without overbalancing the body. Bend

the body slightly from the hips; for if it
be held too erect the stride will be short-
ened. Let the bent arms swing easily and
naturally a little above the level of the
hips, swinging out and back with every
stride. This keeps the muscles loose, pre-
vents them from becoming tired so easily
as they would if held rigid, and balances
the body better. Take especial pains to
keep the body from being stiff; let it
swing as easily and lithely as possible. In
sprinting the stride is shorter and more
rapid than in long-distance running, and a
sprinter usually runs with body thrown
farther back, in quite different form from
the long, easy lope of the distance runner.
—St. Nicholas.

Procrastination.

WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do:
I'll be great and good and noble and true,
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor;
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now,
And so the years pass on.

When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime.
My time is now full of studies and play;
But I really mean to begin some day;
But I'm only a little child now,
And so the years pass on.

When I'm a woman, a gay maiden said,
I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now,
And so the years pass on.

Ah, me! sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,
I've kept putting off the time to do good
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
But I'm an old woman now,
And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right.
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

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tities last year for presentation to their
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To the Merciful.

AMONG the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honour and revere
Who, without favour, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Longfellow.

No troubles are so great that they can-
not be built into the steps of the staircase
by which souls mount up to heaven.



DAVID AND JONATHAN

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES I: JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1062.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 15.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 32-42. Memory verses, 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Peril, v. 32-34.
2. The Token, v. 35-40.
3. The Vow, v. 41, 42.

TIME.—B.C. 1062.
PLACE.—Probably near Gibeon, in the tribe of Benjamin.

RULERS.—Saul still king.

HOME READINGS.

- M. David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20. 32-42.
- Tu. The friendship begun.—1 Sam. 18. 1-5.
- W. Jonathan's care for David.—1 Sam. 19. 1-7.
- Th. David in danger.—1 Sam. 20. 1-10.
- F. The covenant.—1 Sam. 20. 11-23.
- S. Saul's anger against David.—1 Sam. 20. 24-31.
- Sa. David's lament for Jonathan.—2 Sam. 1. 17-27.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Peril*, v. 32-34.
Who was in peril and why?
Who sought to aid him, and why?
What peril did Jonathan thereby incur?
What did he do, and how did he feel?
What is the supreme test of human love?
John 15. 13.
How has God shown greater love toward me? Rom. 5. 6.

2. *The Token*, v. 35-40.
Where did Jonathan go in the morning?
What command did he give to his attendant?
What did he say as the lad found the arrows?
Of what were these words a token? Verse 22.

- Who only knew why they were spoken?
What did Jonathan do with his weapons?
What aiding token have we of Christ's love? 1 Cor. 11. 24, 25.
What says the Golden Text of our best Friend?
3. *The Vow*, 41, 42.
Who suddenly appeared when the lad was gone?
How did the friends greet each other?
What blessing did Jonathan give to David?
What was the covenant made by them? Verses 13-17.
What covenant has God made with his people? Heb. 8. 10-12.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. Courage in danger?
 2. Loyalty to a promise?
 3. Fidelity to a friend?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was David's friend? Jonathan, the son of Saul.
2. What did he do for David? He pleaded for him with Saul.
3. What did he do when he found Saul was determined to kill David? He gave him warning of danger.
4. What did Jonathan and David make? A covenant of faithfulness.
5. Who is our Friend, more faithful and greater than Jonathan? Jesus Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The communion of saints.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Repeat that prayer as we generally use it: Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

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