

The Sunday-School.

THIRD QUARTER,  
LESSON XIII.—Sept. 27.

REVIEW.

READ PSALMS 8, 19, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The Lord is my light and my salvation.* Psa. 27: 1.

The lessons of the quarter center around four great characters, Samuel, Saul, David and Jonathan. Take up one by one these heroes and ask the class to describe their characters. Saul was modest, trustworthy, brave. He became jealous, suspicious, disobedient, moody, violent, murderous. Thus discuss Samuel, David Goliath, Jonathan, Abner, Joab, Ish-bosheth, Eliab, etc.

As each character is reviewed, write the descriptive adjectives upon the class blackboard, or, if you have no blackboard, upon a large sheet of paper in view of the class.

When the list is completed, review it a second time in reverse order. First cover it, and ask the class what person of the quarter's lesson was notable for intercessory prayer; for musical power; for fits of religious frenzy, and the like. Then restore the list, and, following the adjectives in order, ask the class to give incidents illustrating each; as, "When did David show himself merciful?" "When did Jonathan prove his courage?" "What was the beginning of Saul's disobedience?" In this way you will cover the ground twice, and also gain a conception of the characters as a whole.



SCATTERING DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"That's a Canadian dime. I can't take that," said the post office clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin, and then at her unstamped letter perplexedly.

"Here's a dime — I'll change with you," said a young woman standing by.

"Oh, thank you!" said the little one gratefully. "I ran all the way to get mamma's mail in time—and it would have been too late if I had to go back."

"How thoughtful that was," I said to myself. "How few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a child; and yet how little it costs, and how much it often means."

A little later in the day, it so chanced that I met again the young woman of whom I have spoken. It was at a restaurant at the noon hour, in a hurried, crowded throng.

"Dear me, isn't it warm?" sighed a flushed, nervous looking girl near me, to her companion.

"Won't you take this fan," said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo, the speaker was the angel of the stamp! I was very much interested in the young woman by this time, and ensconcing myself comfortably in my corner, took more time to my meal than was necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindness and consideration.

"This is the last order of Indian pudding," said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly dressed girl, as she sat down a steaming plate before her neighbor, the young woman whom I was observing. "Oh, dear!" murmured the girl, disappointedly.

"Won't you take this! I would exactly as soon have something else for

dessert." Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred.

"That young woman is worth her weight in gold," I said to myself as I rose to go. "I wonder when I shall ever see her again."

It was months before I did see her again. This time it was at a reception. I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was not ten minutes before I saw her talking to a shy, unattractive looking girl in a corner, and introducing her to her friends. Nor was this all I noted. As I left I heard her saying something to the soloist of the afternoon, to which the reply was: "You tell me that you have enjoyed my singing. I want to tell you how much I have appreciated your telling me so." The sparkling eyes and animated face attested the appreciation.

These three brief occasions were all upon which I ever saw "the angel of the stamp," and yet how fraught they were with acts of friendliness and consideration! At the end of such a life how manifold must be the good deeds placed to the account.

The giving of ourselves because we can no more help giving than the flower can keep unfolding its petals, or the rose exhaling its fragrance, this is Christliness indeed; it is the most potent of all levers for bringing about that blessed day "to which the whole creation moves."—*The Standard.*



PAY OR PURGATORY.

While staying lately with some of my family at the lovely French watering-place of Cambo, in the Lower Pyrenees, we drove one day across the Spanish frontier to the little town of Urdax, where we picnicked on the hillside in the midst of grand mountain scenery. On our way back we stopped at a little inn, recommended by our driver as the only clean one in the neighborhood, to obtain hot water and make tea. While waiting there I espied on the table a booklet, which I found to be a Spanish religious tract. Its title meant, "The Work of the Sacred Expiation," and it set forth the origin and objects of a Roman Catholic association.

A Spanish priest a few years ago, moved with compassion for the many poor people who die, leaving no relatives or friends to provide for the release of their souls from purgatory, has instituted this society (at first on a very small scale) for securing that a certain number of masses should be said with this intention. This charitable thought had found wide acceptance, and the society had rapidly increased in numbers, so that now many thousands of members are enrolled not only in Spain, but in Portugal, France, Belgium, Austria, Argentina, Uruguay, etc., and in England, too! The tract earnestly appealed to its readers to join in this pious work, stating that the minimum subscription is only five centimes (a half-penny) per annum!

What a picture of Roman Catholicism! How unspeakably sad that multitudes of our fellow-ines, in the loss of a dear relative or friend, have no other hope for them than that by the expenditure of much money on masses, aided, perhaps, by almsgiving and penitences, they may succeed in somewhat curtail-

ing the hundreds of years these would otherwise have to spend in atoning for their own sins by enduring the torments of purgatory. What a contrast to the "sure and certain hope" which many of us have as regards our loved ones gone before, for whom we "sorrow not as do the rest, which have no hope," but rejoice in the assurance that they are "with Christ, which is far better." Is it any wonder that in France and Italy and other Roman Catholic lands the people flock to Protestant funerals and are deeply moved as they listen to words of divine comfort and hope based upon the New Testament declarations as regards "the dead who die in the Lord," or that they remark on the contrast between such teaching and the gloomy, hopeless ceremonial of a Roman Catholic funeral?—*The Christian, London.*



THE HONEST TRAVELLER.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening on the "Greed of Gold," and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine-looking, intelligent man about forty years old.

"Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?" he asked.

This was his story:

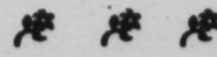
He was the travelling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveller on Sunday evening, and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that night a letter to the firm for which he was travelling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

"And," said the manly man before he left the minister, "last night I slept with a sense of peace and security such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined—I shall starve before I sell another drop of liquor. God help me!"

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of his church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

"I am in need of just such a man,"

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."



Special From Norwich, Ont.

The recovery of Mr. Norman Batty, Hardware Merchant, one of Norwich's oldest and most successful citizens, has excited much comment. For years Mr. Batty has been an unceasing sufferer from Catarrhal Asthma, and although no end of time and money was spent relief was not obtained until Mr. Batty commenced using Catachzone treatment which perfectly cured him. Two months' treatment, price \$1. Small size 25c. Sold by all druggists, or by mail from Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.



LOOK UP AND KEEP CLIMBING.

A small boy began to climb a very high ladder that reached to a scaffolding upon which some men were working. When he had almost reached the top of the ladder he turned and looked down. Seeing the great distance to the ground, he began to grow pale, and perhaps would have fallen, had not a man on a scaffold seen him and called to him in a friendly way, "Look up, Johnny, look up! and keep climbing!" When we grow faint and dizzy, and are ready to

Ayer's

Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a

Hair Vigor

hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.

"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling, and also restored the natural color."

MRS. E. G. K. WARD, Landing, N. J.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Poor Hair

WANTED!

A man to represent "CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES" in the Town of Fredericton and surrounding country, and take orders for

OUR HARDY SPECIALTIES

in Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Seed Potatoes, &c.

Stock true to name and free from San Jose Scale. A permanent position for the right man on either salary or commission.

Stone & Wellington,

FONTHILL NURSERIES,

Oyer 800 Acres.

TORONTO, - - - ONTARIO.

fall back into old sinful ways, let us take as our watchword, "Look up, and keep on climbing."

In canning fruit, especially cherries, currants and berries, it sometimes happens that there is juice left over. Heat it and can it carefully, or put it hot into clean bottles, stop with new corks and seal with wax. It makes a welcome drink mixed with ice water.

To Know Is to Prevent.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Heaven is not a stranger's country, but our Father's house.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.