

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"O, not I!" said the owl,  
And he gave a great scowl,  
And he wiped his eye  
And fluffed his jowl. "Tu-who!"  
Said the dog, "I bark  
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"  
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!  
I'll scratch any one who  
Dare say that I do  
    Feel afraid, mi-iew!"  
"Afraid," said the mouse,  
"Of the dark in a house?  
Hear me scatter—  
Whatever's the matter.  
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,  
And the bug in the ground,  
They both shook their heads  
And passed the word round.  
And the bird in the tree,  
The fish, and the bee,  
They declared all three  
That you never did see  
One of them afraid  
    In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed  
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his  
head. —*St. Nicholas.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XVII. [June 23.]

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

Rev. 21. 1-7, 22-27. Mem. ver., 3, 4, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—Rev. 21. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What great sight did John see? A new heaven and a new earth. What did he see coming down from God? The holy city. What did a voice from heaven declare? That God is here with us. What will be true when God is really with us? All will be blessed. Who can make all things new? Who is Alpha and Omega? What do these words mean? What is it to overcome? To welcome good, and put away evil. Who is the temple in the holy city? (Verse 22.) How is the city lighted? Is it hard to enter the city? "The gates shall not be shut at all." What can enter it? Nothing evil—only good."

DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read what John saw and heard. Rev. 21. 1-7.  
*Tues.* Read more about the holy city. Rev. 21. 10-21.  
*Wed.* Read still more. Rev. 21. 22-27; 22. 1-5.

*Thur.* Find a wonderful promise. 2 Cor. 6-16.

*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Sat.* Find who may get into the city. Rev. 22. 14.

*Sun.* Learn the invitation to the city. Rev. 22. 17.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power.—1 Cor. 6. 14.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The R. of J. . . . Now is Christ—
2. J. A. to M. . . . Behold, I am—
3. The W. to E. . . . Did not our heart—
4. J. A. to the A. . . . Blessed are they—
5. J. and P. . . . Lovest thou—
6. The G. C. . . . Lo, I am with—
7. J. A. into H. . . . While he—
8. The H. S. G. . . . When he, the Spirit
9. J. our H. P. in H. . . . He ever liveth—
10. J. A. to P. . . . I was not disobedient
11. J. A. to J. . . . Jesus Christ the—
12. A. N. H. and N. E. He that overcometh

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window, he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly; a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it;" and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I

helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air; and if we had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and the baby and your mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not!" cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy, soberly. "I'll never catch flies again, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

A DROP OF INK.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

He did so.

"O, mother! Who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole—has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, or a dozen, or fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*American Paper.*

AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue Ocean, Chasing your waves round in such a commotion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from their pastures deep To the little bay where I fold them to sleep;

But as fast as I drive them into the pen They toss up their heels and jump out again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the musical box."