

"FRITZ."

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

Has anybody seen my "Fritz"?
 You may not think him pretty,
 But he's the dog that I love best
 In country or in city.
 His hair's a sort of grizzly gray,
 And not so very curly;
 But he can run like everything,
 And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well;
 And sometimes when I call,
 He only sits and wags his tail
 And does not stir at all.
 But the reason why he acts that way
 Is very plain to see;
 Fritz doesn't know that he's my dog—
 He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
 'T would be just like him, now,
 To think that I'm the one that's lost,
 And with a great bow-wow
 To go off hunting for his boy
 Through alley, lane, and street,
 While I am asking for my dog
 Of every one I meet.

HOW LITTLE JAPS COUNT.

The little Jap was busily engaged in counting the knuckles of his left hand with the forefinger of the right.

He had gone over them several times when a companion asked him what he was doing.

"I am counting the days to Christmas," replied the little Jap, with a smile. "You know some of the months have more days than others, and I am counting the days and adding them together."

The Jap's companion seemed puzzled, and asked: "How do you do it in that way?"

"How do you do it?" asked the Jap, instead of answering the questioner.

"Why we," replied the little New Yorker, "have a rhyme—

"Thirty days have September,
 April, June, and November."

Those are the short months, and the others are long."

The Jap had never heard of that, because he had not been away from Japan very long.

"We count on our knuckles," he said. "The knuckles are the long months, and the spaces between them the short ones. The first knuckle is January (long), and the space next to it is February (short); and so on to the knuckle of the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December. See?" he asked, smiling up into the earnest face.

"I see," replied the little New Yorker; "but how many days is Christmas off,

anyhow?" his companion's meaning being not altogether plain.

"As this is the last week in July," replied the little Jap, running over his knuckles rapidly, "Christmas is—let me see—just one hundred and forty-seven days off."

MAMMA'S LETTER.

Mamma had been away two months, and home was forlorn to the children left behind. Aunt Emily took care of them, but though she tried hard, she couldn't take mamma's place.

Every two or three days little letters came, first for Herbert, then for Hilda. Herbert read his easily, and always offered to help Hilda. She said yes, to please him, but she spelt the letter out herself afterwards.

They were cheery letters, telling about the beauty mamma enjoyed. Perhaps, if she had told how hard it was to be sick, the children wouldn't have got strange notions.

How, no one knows, though every one knows how quickly bad feelings grow. Hilda and Herbert made up their minds that since mamma and papa were away, and they were lonely at home, they wouldn't try to be good. They would just live along till better times came.

They stayed home from school, they wouldn't study, they wouldn't keep their playthings in order. In short, they grew very idle and unhappy.

Poor Aunt Emily couldn't hide the trouble, and Herbert's letter told mamma, anyway.

"Hilda and me are waiting for you. We won't be good again till you come."

Then mamma wrote a long letter. She told how hard it was to be away, and what a comfort her children's love was. Love, she said, would make them do what she would like if she were home.

Herbert read the letter aloud. He read every word, though it made queer feelings in his heart.

"Why are you crying, Baby?" he asked, very loud, to keep from crying himself.

"I'm so sorry," sobbed Hilda.

"You'd better show it by being good, then; I shall!"

Aunt Emily's letters were so happy afterwards that mamma got well much faster.

That is how we can love Christ best; by doing his will while we wait.

"IS THAT YOURS, TOO?"

A Norwegian gentleman of rank was one day walking about his estate, when he met a stranger who asked him to whom the castle belonged.

"To me," said the rich owner, somewhat proudly.

"And these fields and woods, sir?"

"Yes; and the village in the distance, and the hills yonder—all are mine."

"The stranger lifted a hand, and pointing upward, said. "And heaven, sir—is that yours, too?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [Oct. 3.]

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.
Acts 21. 1-15. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.—Acts 21. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To what city did Paul come in his journey?

Whom did he find there?

What woman had probably preached the Gospel there?

How long did Paul and his friends stay?

Where did the ship stop at last?

How did Paul and his company travel then?

To what city did they come?

What good man lived there?

What do you know about Philip?

What did his four daughters do?

Who gave them power to prophesy, or teach? The Holy Spirit.

What prophet came there from Judea?

What did he tell Paul?

Why would Paul not turn back? How knew the Lord had called him.

MY LESSON.

To go straight on when God calls.

To trust him to take care of me.

To put his work above everything else.

LESSON II. [Oct. 10.]

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.
Acts 22. 17-30. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How was Paul received in Jerusalem?

Why was the joy soon turned to mourning?

What did the apostles advise Paul to do?

What excuse did the Jews make for seizing Paul? Acts 21. 28.

What unlawful deed did they do?

Who put a stop to it?

Where was Paul taken?

Who gave him permission to speak?

What story did Paul tell?

How did the Jews receive it?

What order did the captain give?

Why was it not carried out?

What right had a Roman citizen? Not to be punished before being tried and found guilty.

What did the captain call the next day?

IN TIME OF DANGER—

Stand firm, trusting in God.

Never be ashamed of the right.

Do not be afraid; God knows.