

ON GUARD.

You have a little prisoner;
 He's nimble, sharp, and clever;
 He's sure to get away from you
 Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
 More trouble in an hour
 Than you can stop in many a day,
 Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears;
 He says, "That isn't so."
 And uses many ugly words
 Not good for you, you know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
 And chain him while he's young;
 For this same dangerous prisoner
 Is just your little tongue.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON X.—December 3.

NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Neh. 4. 7-20. Memorize verses 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.
 Watch and pray.—Matt. 26. 41.
DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.** Read the lesson verses slowly and carefully. Neh. 1. 7-18.
- Tues.** Read what Nehemiah did one night. Neh. 2. 11-15.
- Wed.** Find who some of Nehemiah's enemies were. Neh. 2. 19.
- Thurs.** Read about the wise and foolish builders. Matt. 7. 24-29.
- Fri.** Notice that God thinks about his people. Jer. 29. 11.
- Sat.** See who fights with the true soldier. Verse 20.
- Sun.** Read hymn No. 462.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did the king tell Nehemiah to do?
 To go to Jerusalem. How long a journey
 was it? Eleven hundred miles. What did
 he tell the people when he came there?
 That he was going to build the walls.
 How did they feel? Very glad and happy.
 What were they ready to do? Work
 with him. Who tried to stop them?
 Their enemies. What did they do first?
 Laughed at them. What made them angry
 after a little? To see the work going on.
 What did they do then? They came to
 help the builders. Who heard they were
 working? Nehemiah. What did he do?
 He prayed to God. What more did he
 do? He set men to watch. What did
 the other men keep right on doing?
 Working. How did they work? With

sword in hand. When will God save us
 from our enemies? When we "watch
 and pray."

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. We have enemies too—our sinful
 hearts, and Satan—always near.
 2. What we have to do—"make our
 prayer unto God."
 3. He heard Nehemiah, and he will
 hear us.

LESSON XI.—December 10.

READING AND OBEYING THE LAW.

Neh. 8. 8-18. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that hear the word of
 God, and keep it.—Luke 11. 28.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.** Read about a great Bible-class.
 Neh. 8. 1-12.
- Tues.** Read the lesson verses. Neh. 8.
 8-18.
- Wed.** Find when and where the law was
 given. Exod. 20. 1-17.
- Thurs.** Learn what Jesus said about the
 law. Matt. 5. 17-21.
- Fri.** Read about the law in the heart.
 Deut. 10. 13-21.
- Sat.** Find how much the law was worth
 to one man. Psa. 119. 72.
- Sun.** Learn a beautiful prayer. Psa.
 119. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did it take to build the wall
 around Jerusalem? Fifty-two days.
 What did Nehemiah call? A great meet-
 ing. Where was it held? In the street by
 the water gate. What did the people do
 at this meeting? They prayed to God and
 worshipped him. Who read the law of God
 to them? Ezra and the Levites. Why did
 some of the people weep when the law was
 read? They knew they had not kept the
 law, and were troubled. What did Nehe-
 miah and Ezra tell them? To be com-
 forted and to comfort others. What did
 Nehemiah say was their strength? "The
 joy of the Lord." What did the people
 then want to do? To hold a thanksgiving
 feast. Who had long before told the Jews
 about such a feast? Moses. What was it
 called? What do we have that reminds
 you of this feast? Our own Thanksgiving
 Day.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. The law of God is very precious.
 2. God wants us to treat it with rever-
 ence.
 3. When we hear and keep it we are
 happy.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into
 the muddy gutter; his hands and face
 were black, his mouth wide open, and
 sending forth sounds not the most musical.

A rough hand lifted him up, and placed
 him against the wall. There he stood, his
 tears making little gutters down his be-
 grimed cheeks. Men as they passed
 laughed at him, not caring for a moment
 to stop and inquire if he were really hurt.
 Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded
 him with their insults. Poor Loy, he
 hadn't a friend in the world that he knew
 of! Certainly he did not deserve one;
 but if none but the deserving had friends
 how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart
 prompted her to stay and say a word to
 the boys who were joking their companion
 and laughing at his sorrow. Then she
 looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad
 against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?"
 He removed one black fist from his eye,
 and looked up. He recognized her. She
 had taught him at the Sunday-school.
 "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him
 examined, then taken to the hospital.
 Afterwards she visited him kindly and
 frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one
 night. A dwelling-house was in flames,
 the engine had not yet arrived. The in-
 mates would not be rescued. A boy
 looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "Oh, she
 lives here!" then he climbed up the
 heated, falling stairs. He fought against
 the suffocating smoke. He hunted about
 until he found what he sought. She had
 fainted, was dying, perhaps. No! he
 would save her. Five minutes of agoniz-
 ing suspense, and she was safe in the cool
 air. The bystanders were struck with
 the intrepidity of the boy. He only
 walked away muttering: "She didn't
 turn away from me when I was hurt." O
 friends, the stone looks very rough, but it
 may be a diamond.

BED-TIME.

Three little girls are weary,
 Weary of books and of play;
 Sad is the world, and dreary,
 Slowly the time slips away.
 Six little feet are aching,
 Bowed is each little head;
 Yet they are up and shaking
 When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
 Just for a minute or two;
 Then, when they end their clatter,
 Sleep comes quickly to woo.
 Slowly their eye are closing,
 Down again drops each head;
 Three little maids are dozing,
 Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever;
 Night after night they protest,
 Claiming they're sleepy never,
 Never in need of their rest.
 Nodding and almost dreaming,
 Drowsily each little head
 Still is for ever scheming
 Merely to keep out of bed.