

AGE.  
 girl Elsie is the best, best brother of the prettiest in the school in the little Tom have mother; but on days they have sometimes romping ball in the best, going for Miss Florence. Robbie and Tom the driver long as protector a wheel-barrow very comfortable in smoothly. Robbie et, well-behaved kick and galloping away. Father self. One after in very busy in the house.  
 king, father?  
 er.  
 ing like a drink, only it is to h."  
 ry much like- but that is no e of it. Guess  
 bring home food get so heavy,  
 he barrow, Rob Elsie must pick nk.  
 I'm the biggest swered Rob.  
 all," said Elsie pull, Elsie; i des the barrow fill it; but per or us three boy  
 give Elsie an suggested father nted all the chi uld hardly tal rest of the day efore they wen at the door of ful carriage. y the next hol all set off in fie plenty of green quite ready fo d prepared fo  
 told to wipe the fely away in it to be ready fo Elsie put her four went early were soon fast

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"  
 Poor little frightened baby!  
 The wind has tossed her golden fleece.  
 The stone has scratched her dimpled knees;  
 I stooped and lifted her with ease,  
 And softly whispered: "Maybe."  
 "Tell me your name, my little maid,  
 I can't find you without it."  
 "My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;  
 "Yes, but your last?" She shook her head;  
 "Up to my house 'ey never said  
 A single fing about it."  
 "But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"  
 "Why, didn't you hear me told you?  
 Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:  
 "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame  
 You, little one—is't just the same  
 When mamma has to scold you?"  
 "My mamma never scolds," she moans,  
 A little blush ensuing,  
 "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,  
 And then she says," the culprit owns,  
 "'Mehetabel Sapphira Jones,  
 What has you been a-doing?'"  
 —Anna F. Burnham.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 17.]

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Ex. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. 22. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the king of Egypt found that the Israelites kept growing stronger all the time, he thought he would try another way of weakening them. It was a very cruel way, but we must remember that Pharaoh was a heathen king, and knew nothing of the love and kindness of the Lord. He ordered the Egyptians to kill all the little boy babies in the houses of the Israelites. Can you not imagine that the mothers would think of plans to save their babies? Perhaps a few of them were able to keep their dear children a little while in this way, but in the end they were almost sure to be killed by the king's followers.

But God can make good come out of evil. Read the sweet story of the baby

Moses, and think when by and by you learn how Moses became the deliverer of his people, that God was watching over the innocent baby in his little ark, and that this same God watches over and cares for us to-day. Notice how the love in the hearts of the baby's mother and sister led them to work with God to save the child. If we have love in our hearts it will make us workers with God in saving and blessing others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was a cruel king? Pharaoh.
2. Whom did he order killed? All Hebrew boy babies.
3. What did a mother try to do? Hide her baby.
4. How long did she keep him hid? Three months.
5. Where did she put him then? In a little ark.
6. Where did she hide this? By the river side.
7. Who stayed near to watch it? Little Miriam.
8. Who found the ark one day? The king's daughter.
9. What did she do? She saved the baby.
10. Whom did she get to nurse it? Its mother.
11. Where did she bring up the child? In the king's palace.
12. Who was this child? Moses.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 24.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Isa. 5. 11-23. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.—Isa. 5. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

There is a word in our language that children are not often obliged to understand. It is the little word "woe" that stands at the head of this lesson. What does it mean? Something more and worse than sorrow. It means *bitter sorrow*—the kind of sorrow that has a sharp sting in it. Now, who is it that God says shall have woe? It is the one who loves strong drink and is its slave. God never makes a mistake, and when he says that woe goes with strong drink, it must be so. Yet see what a great army of men in our own land do not believe that God knows? We know there is a great army who every year go down to death and destruction through strong drink, and it must be they do not think God knows, or they would listen to him. God says in this lesson that people go into this kind of slavery because "they have no knowledge." This shows that we cannot begin too early to learn the sin and evil of strong drink.

If you will read the verses that follow our lesson verses, you will find other "woes" of which God speaks. Read these carefully and think about them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What makes woe? Strong drink.
2. What is woe? Sorrow that stings.
3. What does strong drink make? Slaves.
4. What is a slave? One who is not free.
5. Who loves to bind with chains of sin? Satan.
6. What is one of his strongest chains? Strong drink.
7. Who loves to set slaves free? Jesus Christ.
8. Whom can he make free? Those who want to be free.
9. What should all children learn? That drink makes slaves.
10. Why should we believe this? God says so.
11. Where can we learn wisdom? From God.
12. How does he speak to us? In his word.

GOD'S VOICE.

Jesus still calls little children, and sets them before us for an example. I pass on a wonderful lesson I learned from a wee one the other day. A great storm was raging. Overhead, lightning flashed in the sombre sky. Round the everlasting hills encircling us reverberated the thunder. It was a beautiful but awe-inspiring scene. In the midst of the storm a little girl asked, "What is the thunder, mammy?" "I think it is God's voice," was the answer. A terrific clap followed, and the child was seen to bow her head. I called her to my side. "Why do you bow your head when the thunder comes?" I asked in my elderly blind ignorance. "I'm answering God," was the reply, given with a crimson flush flooding from brow to chin. "An' what do you say, darling?" "I say what Samuel said," was the sweet whisper returned, "'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!'"—*Quiver*.

RULES FOR DOLLS.

A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother, lest she should hurt her.

A doll should keep away from the rocking-chairs, as the rockers may crush her.

A wax doll should avoid the fire if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden upon is sure to go into a decline.—*Picture Lesson Paper*.

He who listens to counsel has the benefit of his own judgment and of that of his friends.