

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE A PROCTOR

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

Little Helen, whom I shall call this girl
—for I do not like to tell her real name—
did not want to pray before she retired to rest.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?"
asked her mother.

"No," said Helen; "you and papa give
me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked
her mother.

"It's my papa's house; he lets me live
in it."

"Where did the wood come from to
build it?" asked her mother.

"From trees," Helen answered; "and
they grow in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who
gave the rain to water them? Who gave
the sun to warm them? Who did not
allow the winter to kill them? Who kept
them growing from little trees till they
were big enough to build houses with?
Not papa; not man. It was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and
then said: "Papa bought nails to make it
with."

"What are nails made of?" asked
mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen; "and men dig
iron out of the ground."

"Who put the iron in the ground, and
kept it there safe till the men wanted it?"
asked the mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from the carpet-
men," said Helen, drawing her small foot
across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the
wool to make it from?" asked the mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said
the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses
good enough for us? For your dress, I
see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool.
The best thing we can get is their cast-off
dresses. Where did the lambs get such
good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said
the little girl. "It is you that gives me
bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But," said her mother, "the flour we
got from the shop-keeper, and he bought
it from the miller, and the miller took the
wheat from the farmer; and the farmer
had it from the ground. Did the ground
grow it all of itself?"

"No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew
it. The sun and the rain, the wind and
the air, are his, and he sent them to the
cornfield. The earth is his, too. And so
God is at the bottom of everything; isn't
he, mother?"

"Yes," said her mother, "God is the
origin of every good and perfect gift we
enjoy."

The little girl looked serious; she looked
thinking. "Then, mother," she said at
last, "I can't make a prayer long enough
to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his for-
giveness for?" asked the little girl's
mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not
feeling grateful and trying to put him out
of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

THE DOLL'S DRESS.

Ella was dressing her doll. She turned
over her box of choice scraps. There were
bits of scarlet merino, some bright buttons,
gay feathers, dainty silks, and a large roll
of green satin that would make basque and
overskirt. She smoothed the soft, shiny,
fabric in her fingers and then took it to
sister Martha, who would cut it out for her.

"How strange," said Martha, while she
busied herself with the scissors, "that any
thing so smooth as this could be made from
the mulberry leaf!"

"The rough, coarse mulberry?" asked
Ella.

"The very same; the silk-worm feeds
on the coarse, rough leaf, growing larger
and larger as each leaf is eaten up. By-
and-bye, from the nourishment which the
mulberry leaf has supplied, he spins the
silk that men at last weave into satin.
Time and patience; Ella, never forget that
with time and patience the mulberry leaf
becomes satin."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 25.]

SALUTARY WARNINGS.

1 Peter 4. 1-8. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto
prayer. — 1 Peter 4. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What apostle besides Paul wrote letters
to Christians?

How many of his letters are in the
Bible?

To whom was this one written?

Who were these "strangers"?

Where were they? 1 Peter 1. 1.

What had Peter probably taught them?

Why did they still need to be taught?

Were they in greater danger than we
are?

Who suffered temptations for our sakes?

What do we need to resist temptations?

The mind of Christ.

What will this mind lead us to do?

Why should we be sober and watchful?

What covers many sins?

Where may we get love?

I MAY HAVE—

The mind of Christ,
The sober, watching spirit,
The mantle of love,
If I want them.

LESSON X. [Dec. 5.]

CHRIST'S HUMILITY AND EXALTATION.

Phil. 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also
in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2. 5.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How was Paul called to preach at
Philippi?

What did the Church become there?

What is the law of Christ's kingdom?

If we have received comfort from love,
what should we do?

What does love cause us to be?

What kind of a mind had Jesus?

How did he show his lowly mind?

How did he show his loving mind?

How did he show his peaceable mind?

How has he been exalted?

What does true lowliness do? Lifts up,
or exalts.

What shall every tongue yet confess?

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER TO YOURSELF.

Jesus had a lowly mind. Have I?

Jesus had a loving mind. Have I?

Jesus was a peacemaker. Am I?