

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,  
Says "Good-night" to the big folks all,  
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,  
Laughs with glee through the lighted  
hall;  
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,  
Robin is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,  
Slips her hand through the soft, brown  
hair;

Thinks of the future, all unknown,  
Speaks aloud in earnest prayer:  
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!  
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"  
Asked the boy, in wondering tone.  
"How will they look if they come here,  
Watching me while I'm alone?"  
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;  
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,  
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."  
Robin, waiting for nothing more,  
Cried and looked with a pleased sur-  
prise,  
Love and trust in his eyes of blue:  
"I know, mamma! They're just like  
you."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 10.  
THE LIFE-GIVING STREAM.

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water  
of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about a garden and a river.  
Gen. 2. 8-17.

Tues. Read of the same garden and river.  
Rev. 22. 1-5.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. Ezek. 47.  
1-12.

Thur. Find a verse about a tree. Psa.  
1. 3.

Fri. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.

Sat. Read about the river in the Psalms.  
Psa. 46. 4, 5.

Sun. Find what Jesus says about the  
water of life. John 4. 13, 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What picture is found three times in  
God's Word? Where? What kind of a  
picture is it? What does it teach us?  
Where does the river flow from? How  
does it grow as it flows? Who was show-  
ing Ezekiel heavenly pictures? What

does "the angel of the Lord" often  
mean? The Lord himself. What was  
he doing? What did he make the prophet  
do? How deep was the stream at first?  
The second time? The third time? And  
how deep after that? What grew on the  
banks? What can you tell about the  
fruit? About the leaves? Where did  
the waters go? What did it do? Can  
you describe an irrigated farm or gar-  
den? What do water and sunshine bring  
forth?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. A heart that is like a desert may become a garden of the Lord.
2. Wherever the heart is willing, there the river of life will flow.
3. When all hearts are willing, our earth will be a heaven.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 17.

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-20. Memorize verses 16, 17.  
(Temperance Lesson)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he  
would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read a prophecy of Isaiah. 2  
Kings 20. 17, 18.

Tues. Find a verse about taking Judah  
captive. 2 Kings 24. 1, 2.

Wed. Read a story about three of the  
princes. Dan. 3.

Thur. Read how the king of Babylon lost  
his mind. Dan. 4.

Fri. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 1.  
8-20.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Read the captive's psalm. Psa.  
79.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did Nebuchadnezzar, king of  
Babylon, carry away from Jerusalem as  
captives? What can you say of some of  
them? What did the king of Babylon  
want to do? What did he want them to  
learn? Why did he want the wisest of  
them to become still wiser? That he  
might use their wisdom for his own pur-  
poses. What four princes were the flower  
of them all? What new names were  
given to them? Belshazzar, Shadrach,  
Meshach, and Abed-nego. Who was the  
wisest of the four? What did he ask of  
the prince who had charge of them?  
Could he grant this request? What did  
Daniel ask Melzar to do? Did he do it?  
How did he find them at the end of ten  
days? What is a straight path to honor?  
Temperance.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The way to true honor is not through a king's favor.

2. It is not alone through great learn-  
ing.

3. It is through a faithful following  
of God's way.

TRIGG'S WISH-PLAN.

It was pretty cool, I can tell you, down  
at the sea-shore; and at the "Sunflower  
House" the people all huddled together  
on the southern porch, to get in the sun  
and to get away from the breeze.

"Chickadees, don't you sit here and  
shiver," cried a gay young mother. "Run  
down to the beach with your hoop and  
baby-carriage; make your feet fly, and  
you'll soon be warm enough. I'll be along  
presently, as soon as I give baby his  
bath."

Off went the little people; but Trigg's  
head was so full of what her ears had been  
taking in, that I do not think Angelina  
Clementina had a very comfortable ride in  
her small carriage.

"I'm glad mamma sent us away, Ben,"  
said the child, with a pathetic look in her  
eyes. "Mrs. Denny was telling about a  
poor girl that had worked in a store and  
supported her mother, and how weak and  
tired she was, and I 'most cried."

"Crying wouldn't do her any good,"  
said Ben, with a superior air; "better try  
something else."

"What could I try?" asked the matter-  
of-fact little girl, and Ben immediately  
changed the subject. But Trigg was not  
to be turned aside. "I've a great mind  
to try the wish-plan," suggested Trigg  
timidly. "Don't you know Mr. Pollard  
told us once that if we kept on wishing  
good to people something would come of  
it?"

I'm afraid Ben didn't put much faith in  
this, but being an amiable fellow, he  
agreed to the little sister's plan; and  
when Mrs. Denny and her husband came  
down to the water's edge, there sat two  
sober little figures, baby-carriage and hoop  
behind them, eyes cast down, lips screwed  
up.

"What are you two about?" she cried.  
Ben drew a long breath and got up.  
"There, Trigg," he said, "I've wished  
myself 'most to sleep. I'm going after  
shells now."

But something did come of the wish-  
plan, after all. It put the idea of wishing  
into the big people's heads, and when they  
all got to wishing, they tried to have what  
they wished for, and so poor Lucy Caskie  
was invited down to the sea-shore, to be  
Trigg's guest; and she never knew, any  
more than little Trigg did herself, that all  
the ladies at the Sunflower helped to pay  
her board.

But the red crept into her white cheeks,  
and she was stronger all the year through,  
all from that wish-plan of Trigg's.