

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

BY HAROLD FARRINGTON.

One wore the finest ruffles,
And the daintiest little hat,
The sweetest bit of laces,
And ribbons and all that.
Yet so very impolite was she,
So cross—and such a frown!
The people never noticed
The beauty of her gown.

Another little maiden
Had on a calico;
She hadn't any ruffles,
And not a single bow.
Yet her manner was so lovable,
No one would ever gress
This little maiden didn't wear
The costliest of dress!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
J. the G. S.	I am the—
The R. of L.	Jesus said—
The I. at B.	She hath—
The E. of J. into J.	Blessed is he—
E. L.	He is risen—
J. W. the D. F.	By love—
The V. and the B.	Herein is—
J. P. for His F.	I pray—
J. B. P.	Everyone that—
The C.	Christ died—
The R.	But now is—
The M. of the R. C.	I am he—
The H. H.	To him that—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

SENNACHERIB'S INVASION.

2 Chron. 32. 9-23. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.—2 Chron. 32. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Have you sometimes wondered why very good people have many great trials, while others who are not good have few? Hezekiah was a good and faithful king, and

the Lord showed, by bringing a great enemy to his gates, and then destroying him in answer to Hezekiah's prayer, that it is better to have great trials, if we overcome them by faith, than to have none. Sennacherib, the heathen king of Assyria, seemed to have such belief in his own power that he sent boasting messages to Hezekiah, telling him to get ready to become the slave of Assyria. There was only one thing for Hezekiah to do, and that was to go directly to his God and tell him all about it. And his friend, the prophet Isaiah, did the same thing—they "cried to heaven."

Then the word of the Lord came to Isaiah. God had a message to give to the king. He said he had heard the prayer of Hezekiah, and he promised to lead the Assyrian king back by the way he came, "for I will defend this city," he said, "for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

That night the angel of the Lord went over the sleeping camp of the Assyrians, and there was no sound, but in the morning a hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers lay dead upon the field. Then Sennacherib turned his face toward Nineveh, and never returned to fight against Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was a great boaster? Sennacherib, king of Assyria.
2. To whom did he boast? To Hezekiah, king of Judah.
3. What did he threaten? To take Jerusalem.
4. What did Hezekiah do? He prayed to his God.
5. Who prayed also? Isaiah the prophet.
6. What did Hezekiah say to the people? Golden Text.
7. What did God promise? To defend Jerusalem.
8. Who came to the Assyrian camp that night? An angel.
9. What happened to the army? Death fell upon it.
10. How many died? One hundred and eighty-five thousand.
11. What did Sennacherib do? He went home.
12. What soon happened? He was slain by his sons.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then always felt hap-

pier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, which never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them.'"

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.

A CONSTANT SONG.

There were two birdies, so the folks say,
Who sat on a tree one bright autumn day;
And one was as thankless as thankless
could be.

The world might be fair, but what cared
he?

And one looked up to the sky above,
And sang such a song of grateful love
That it thrilled the hearts of the passers-by,
And made them, too, look up to the sky.
And thank the Giver of all good things—
For he who is grateful always sings.

AN ABLE CRITIC.

An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work, says East and West, maintains that his most valuable critic is his son—a boy of twelve.

"He knows little about drawing," says the artist; "but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene, and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

"He surveyed it a minute, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said, 'The people are all right, but where's the dog?'"

"The dog? I inquired. 'What dog?'"

"Any dog," he said, in a tone of pity for my dulness. 'Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?'"

"When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in."