

ABOUT FATHERS.

When fathers jump up and they holler,
 "Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"
 And hustle you round by the collar,
 And waggie their canes and stamp,
 You can laugh right out at the riot—
 They like to be sass'd and dared;
 But when they say, "James," real quiet—
 Oo—oo that's the time to be scared!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 24.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. G. I. - - - Come, and let us.—
2. Dan. in B. - - - Daniel purposed in—
3. The H. in the F. F. Our God whom—
4. The H. on the W. God is the—
5. D. in the D. of L. The Lord is—
6. The N. H. - - - A new heart—
7. E.'s great V. - - I will put my—
8. The R. of S. - - Whosoever will let—
9. R. from C. - - The Lord hath done—
10. R. the T. - - - The Temple of God—
11. E. the B. - - - Be strong, all ye—
12. P. through the S. Not by might, nor—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [Oct. 1.]

JOY IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Psalm 122. Memory verse, 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me,
 Let us go into the house of the Lord.
 Psalm 122. 1.

A LESSON TALK.

The people of Israel went to Jerusalem each year to worship God at the time of the great feasts. God said in his law that they should do this. You may find it in Exod. 23. 14-16. It may be that David wrote this beautiful hymn to be used when the people came to worship at these feasts. David was glad when the time came to go to the house of the Lord. He could worship God in his own house, to be sure, but God has said that we must go to his house and worship him there, and David was glad, because he loved to obey God.

The city of Jerusalem is the picture given to us by God of the heavenly city. It was a beautiful city, and the Bible tells us in glowing words of the beauty and glory of the city of God above. It was a holy city. It was the place to

which many people from distant places went to meet and praise the holy God. It was the city of the King, and he ruled his people with love and kindness. Not only is Jerusalem a picture of the holy city above, but also of the true Church of God in this world. Do you love the Church of God? Do you feel glad when the time comes to go to the church? Do you love to sing God's praise? Are you glad to pray to him? David says, "They shall prosper that love thee."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- Who was David? A good king.
- Where did he live? In Jerusalem.
- What holy house was in Jerusalem? The temple.
- What did God command his people to do? To worship there.
- What did David say made him glad? To go to the house of God.
- Why did he love it? Because it was God's house.
- Who is always found in his house? The holy God.
- For what should we learn to pray? For the peace of God's house.
- When should children begin to go to church? As soon as they are old enough.
- Who are the happy and blessed people? Those who love God's house.
- What does God love to have us seek? The good of his church.
- What is the best way to seek it? By being good ourselves.

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE.

When the big snow came, Robbie put on one of his father's old overcoats and worked his way round to the front door, where he knocked with all the noise he could.

When his mother came to the door, he made believe that he was a beggar, and in a whining voice asked her for some bread. But, of course, his mother knew the little rogue at once. She laughed over his funny appearance, but she looked sober, too.

"I can't bear to see my little boy make fun of the beggars, even in play," she said, as she looked straight into Robbie's eyes. "Poor people! It is all so real and so dreadful to them, especially this kind of weather." She had talked until there were tears in Robbie's eyes; and when a sure-enough beggar came to the door an hour later, oh, what a heap of good things to eat Robbie gave him!

There wasn't any make-believe in that.

WHEN PLANTS SLEEP.

An interesting feature of plant life not generally known is that all plants have not the same hours for rest. Some trees sleep in the daytime and grow at night, whereas others sleep at night and grow in the daylight. For this reason some trees may be safely removed at night without even their leaves wilting. It is said also that flowers cut at night last longer than those cut in the daylight.

SPECKLY'S TRIUMPH.

"Of all the obstinate hens I ever did see, that Speckly is the worst," declared Mrs. Betty Chipley, who had been engaged in a novel kind of warfare for several weeks with her unmanageable fowl.

Speckly was determined to bring forth a brood of chickens in the house, while this resolve did not meet with favour on the part of Mrs. Chipley. "I'm not going to have hens settin' in my house," Mrs. Chipley would declare, day after day, as she drove Speckly forth with the soft end of the broom. Opposition had no effect on the resolute Speckly. When she was driven forth at one door she immediately appeared at another, or came flying and sputtering through an open window, only to be again ejected before she could conceal herself under the bed, which was her choice of spots for incubating purposes.

Speckly finally disappeared, and Mrs. Chipley felt confident that the hen had stolen her nest away and would in due time appear with a family brought into life in some more appropriate hatching place than any part of the house would have been.

Three weeks and one or two days passed, and Mrs. Chipley, who had kept a record of the time of Speckly's disappearance, began to expect her return.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipley were at the breakfast table one morning when Mrs. Chipley suddenly paused, with her coffee-cup half-way to her lips, and said:

"Where does that peepin' sound come from? I've heard it two or three times this morning, and—"

They left the kitchen and went into the sitting-room, the peeping sound having come from that direction. They stood still in the middle of the room and listened. The sound was repeated, and Mrs. Chipley stared in all directions trying to locate it.

Suddenly she sank into a chair and exclaimed: "Well, for pity's sake, Henry Chipley, look up there!"

Mr. Chipley looked in the direction indicated by Mrs. Chipley's forefinger, and beheld two or three downy yellow heads peeping out over the top of a bookcase that reached almost to the ceiling of the room. A railing several inches high surrounded the top of the case, effectually concealing Madame Speckly; but it was evident that she was up there.

"Did anybody ever see the beat of that?" said Mrs. Chipley, when her husband had brought a stepladder and removed Speckly and six peeping chicks from their lofty elevation. "Now, that sly trollop of a hen has watched her chances and sneaked in there when I've been out, and flown up there and laid her six eggs and set on 'em chucklin' all the time to think how she was gettin' the advantage of me, and was havin' her own way. She's sneaked down likely when I've been out milkin' and got somethin' to eat; but she hasn't come down very often, for she's nothin' but skin and bone—poor thing! I don't know but I admire her perseverance after all."