

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
 Hadn't been hers a week.
 One little squeeze and I sweetly spoke;
 Rosy and fair was my cheek.
 Now my head lies in a corner far,
 My body lies here in the other;
 And if this is what human children are,
 I never will live with another.

I am the book that Nancy read
 For fifteen minutes together;
 Now I am standing here on my head,
 While she's gone to look at the weather.
 My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;
 There's jam on my opening page;
 And I would not live with Miss Nancy
 Gay,
 Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
 Last night at her birthday feast.
 I am the frock that Nancy tore
 In seventeen places at least.
 My buttons are scattering far and near,
 My trimming is torn to rags;
 And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear
 I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
 When these things were brought to her
 view.
 All of us ought to be painted red,
 And some of us are not true.
 We splutter and mutter and snarl and
 snap,
 We smoulder and smoke and blaze;
 And if she'd not meet with some sad mis-
 hap,
 Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON X. [June 7.]

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 33-44. Memorize verses 41-44.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their
 trouble, and he bringeth them out of their
 distresses.—Psa. 107. 28.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who sailed with Paul toward Rome?
 Who had charge of them all? Why did
 did the voyage become difficult? What
 did Paul tell them? Did they follow his
 advice? What great wind arose? Euro-
 lydon. Did they fear shipwreck? Did
 Paul fear it? Why? What did he ask
 of God? Was his prayer answered? How
 long were they tossed about? (Verse
 33.) How did Paul cheer the men? How
 many were on the ship? What did they
 see at dawn? What happened to the ship?
 What did the soldiers want to do? What

did the centurion command? Why? Did
 they all reach the shore? Who was the
 real captain of that ship? The Lord
 Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the first part of Paul's
 voyage. Acts 27. 1-32.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 27.
 33-34.
- Wed. Read about a storm at sea. Psa.
 107. 23-31.
- Thurs. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Find where Paul speaks of ship-
 wreck. 2 Cor. 11. 25.
- Sat. Find the island of Melita on the
 map.
- Sun. Tell some one the story of the
 shipwreck.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God sails the seas with his
 children.
2. That he kept his promise to Paul.
3. That he is the same yesterday, to-
 day, and for ever.

LESSON XI. [June 14]

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 16-24, 30, 31. Mem. vs. 30-31.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of
 Christ.—Rom. 1. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul shipwrecked? What
 is the island now called? Malta. How
 did the islanders treat the shipwrecked
 men? What happened to Paul? What
 is a viper? A poisonous serpent. Who
 cared for Paul? What did Paul do in
 return? How long did he stay there?
 When did he go from there? What did
 the centurion do for Paul at Rome? How
 was he kept? Chained by one arm to his
 guard. Who did he first address? How
 long did he speak to them the second
 time? Did they believe? How long did
 Paul live in his hired house? To whom
 did he preach? To Jews and Gentiles.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about Paul at Melita. Acts
 28. 1-16.
- Tues. See what the barbarians found.
 Heb. 13. 2.
- Wed. Learn a promise that Paul proved.
 true. Mark 16. 18.
- Thurs. Find another promise Paul proved.
 James 5. 14, 15.
- Fri. Read the lesson verses. Acts 28.
 16-24, 30, 31.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Learn a song for a time of trouble.
 Psa. 27. 14.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God's way is often a hard way.
2. That he gives strength to walk in it.
3. That it is always for some good pur-
 pose.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

"How old must I be, mother, how old
 must I be, before I can be a Christian?"
 And the wise mother answered: "How
 old must you be, darling, before you love
 me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I
 do now, and always shall," and she kissed
 her mother; "but you have not told me
 yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another
 question: "How old must you be before
 you can trust yourself wholly to me and
 my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and
 kissed her mother again; "but tell me
 what I want to know."

And she climbed into her mother's lap
 and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old
 will you have to be before you do what I
 want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing
 what her mother meant: "I can now,
 without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a
 Christian now, my darling, without wait-
 ing to be older. All you have to do is to
 love and trust, and try to please the One
 who says: 'Let the little ones come unto
 me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered "yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the
 mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to
 Christ her little one, who wanted to be
 his.

A SLIPPER HOUSE.

BY MARY WHITNEY ADAMS.

Barbara had not had her new red slip-
 pers a week before she lost one of them—
 and, what was worse, she couldn't find it.
 She cried hard, but that didn't do any
 good; and mother searched high and low,
 and that did no good either. The slipper
 was lost and that was the end of it. So
 the other slipper was thrown into the bot-
 tom of the attic closet, and there it lay
 until Barbara, and mother, too, forgot all
 about it.

But when springtime came and mother
 was cleaning house, what do you think?
 Why, the red slipper was full of tiny, furry
 mice! Old mother mouse had found, as
 she thought, a nice, safe, comfortable house
 for a growing family, and there her babies
 were tucked away in the toe in a soft nest
 of bits of paper. The slipper wasn't hurt
 a bit, either; and the queerest thing was
 that, in the same house-cleaning, the lost
 slipper turned up, too. So Barbara wears
 the red slippers; and if you ask her which
 slipper was a house once for eight little
 babies, she will show it to you. There is
 a rhyme about the old woman who lived in
 a shoe, you know; and Barbara thinks her
 slipper story is every bit as interesting as
 Mother Goose's verses. Don't you think
 so, too?