



THE GINGERBREAD DOG.

HE was not made of gingerbread. He was a live Newfoundland dog, with large brown eyes, and a loud but not savage bark. His name was Typhon.

The children called him Typhe; and little Mary used to sing around the house, at the top of her voice, "Old Typh-ee is the *goodest* dog that ever ran a race."

Typhe grew up with the children, and loved fun and frolic as well as the merriest of them. He would eat any thing from their hands, and expected a share of whatever they had. Molasses gingerbread sometimes formed part of their luncheon, and Typhe would often tease, in dog-fashion, for a bite.

His taste for the sweet morsel increased as he grew older; and at last it came to be a regular thing for the great dog to find his way into the dining-room after supper, and beg for a piece of gingerbread.

Gently wagging his graceful tail, he would march close up to his mistress, and look at her with a smile (so Susie said). Then he would scratch the closet-door, and, as a last resort, he would give a short, loud bark, which Joe called "speaking."

The family were so much amused at Typhe's devices to get gingerbread, that the poor fellow often had to go through with them all, before he got what he asked for.

Like Mary's little lamb, Typhe often followed the children to school. One day they called him into the schoolroom, and got him up on a bench. Then, while Joe kept him quiet with gingerbread, Lucy tied a sun-bonnet on his head, and Susie pinned

a shawl about him, and completed his costume with a bright necktie, which was very becoming.

There he sat, patient and good-natured, while all the children were having a good laugh at his expense. Joe said that Typhe was laughing too, for, although he made no noise, he opened his mouth, and showed his teeth, and seemed greatly pleased.

HIDDEN AND SAFE.

ONE morning a teacher went to the school-room and found many vacant seats. Two little children lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school, gathered round the teacher and said, "O, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease and mourn the death of your dear little friends, and you fear you may be taken also. I know of only one way to escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about the hiding place;" and read Psalm xci., 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl glided up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted up as she said, "Oh, I know, you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide?"

Yes, this the only true hiding place for old, or young, for rich, for poor—all. Do any of you know of a safer or a better?—*Old and Young.*

TRIALS are medicines which the great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust in His skill, and thank Him for His prescription.—*Newton.*

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

ONLY a wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor,
'Mid a pile of neglected playthings
Which litter the whole room o'er,
Two little fat arms lying
Over a curly head,
And smiles which awaken the dimples
Parting the lips so red.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken
And a terrible crack in her head,
And her cheeks washed as white as a lily,
That once were so rosy and red.
Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining;
Poor fellow! no wonder you wail!
I wonder what mischievous fingers
Fastened that cup to your tail!

It was only that wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor;
And nurse stands aghast at the litter
Which covers the whole room o'er,
Well, pick them up patiently, nurse,
Over and over again,
E'en though that bundle of mischief
Will make all your labour but vain.

Better a home with a baby,
And a floor all littered with toys,
Than one that is empty forever
Of childish prattle and noise.
So here's a kiss for the darling!
On forehead, and mouth, and chin,
And wherever I find a dimple,
I'll smuggle the kisses in.
—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1171.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.

A PRAYING MOTHER.

1 Sam. I. 21-25. Commit to memory verses 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. 1 Sam. I. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Promised to the Lord. v. 21-23.
2. Presented to the Lord. v. 24-28.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For what did Hannah ask the Lord? For a little boy.

What did she promise the Lord? That she would give the child to him.

Why did God answer Hannah's prayer? Because she believed in him.

How did Hannah keep her promise? She brought the boy to Eli.

Who was Eli? The priest of the temple.