



ARK OF THE COVENANT.—SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 3.

JESUS' FOLKS.

BY HELENA CLENDENEN.

Little Charlie S. was taking his first railroad journey—at least the first he could remember. It was such a sultry mid-summer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy; no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things that he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep; and, being a manly little fellow, he would not disturb her. "I can't ask anything," he thought; "everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk!" Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out: "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma, but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice: "Mamma, mamma, you must wake up now! here's where Jesus' folks live!" When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ-child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed, but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found

pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

A LITTLE HERO.

Sammy was a brave little fellow. Some one met him on the road, carrying a basket of blackberries.

"Where did you get such nice berries?" he was asked.

"Over there, sir, in the briars," was the answer.

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't say anything about the briars in my feet."

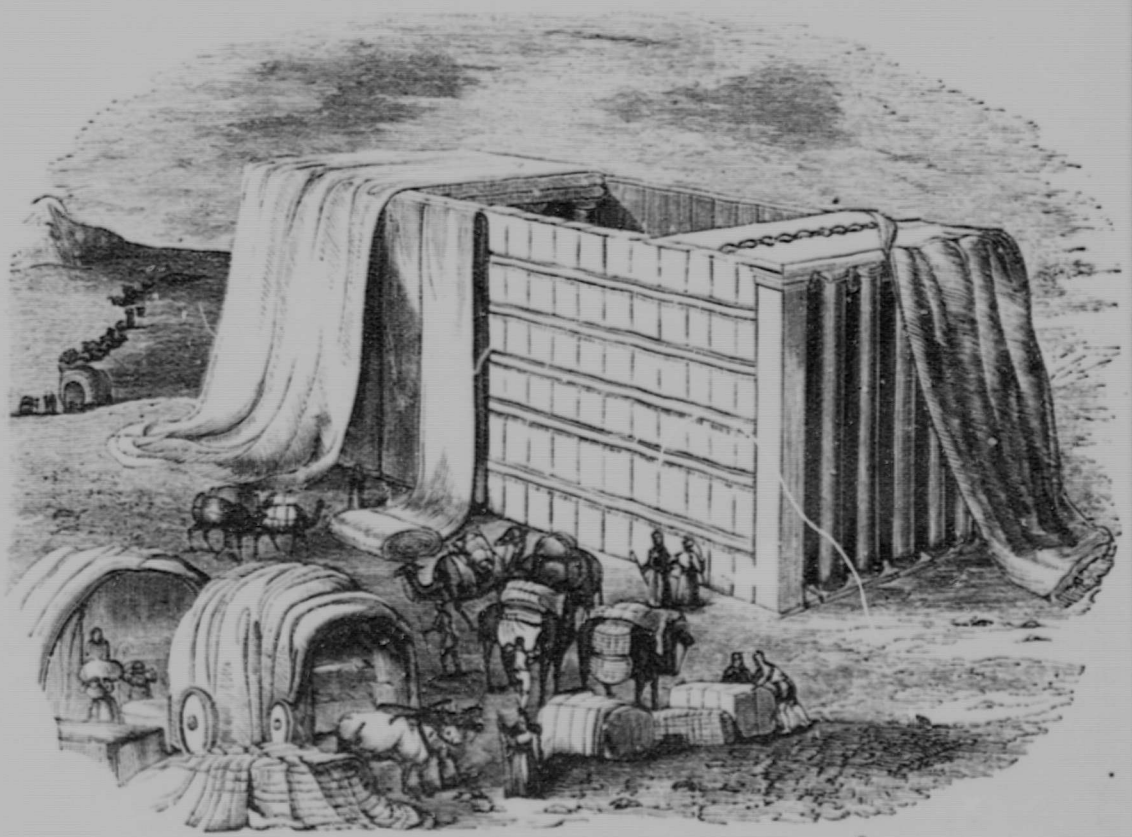
Sammy was glad to help his mother, even though he hurt his feet in doing so. When he grows up to be a man I am sure he will take splendid care of his mother.

NOW.

Sing a song of hope, dear,
Sing it all the way,
In the early morning,
At the close of day.
Thou art but a child, dear,
And thou canst not see;
But the loving Father
Knows and pities thee.

Pray a prayer of faith, dear,
Pray with morning light,
In the weary noontide,
In the silent night.
Kneeling by God's altar
There will come one day
Grace to bear thy sorrow—
Hope to light thy way.

Speak a loving word, dear,
Speak it, do not wait;
There will come a time, dear,
When it is too late.
Life has much to bear, dear,
But the bitterest pain
Comes when loving thoughts, dear,
Spoken, are in vain.



THE TABERNACLE.—SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 3.