

## ALWAYS GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
Under the rain and snow,  
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
When the bough springs to and fro?  
How do you pass the time away  
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?  
"What! do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
With scales that glisten so?  
In and out of the water-grass,  
Never at rest, I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheeks all aglow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?  
"Ho! do you not know?  
I grow."

Always growing! by night or day  
No idle moments we see;  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say,  
In the goodness of God  
We grow!

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII. [March 21.]

CHRISTIAN SELF-RESTRAINT.

1 Cor. 9. 19-27. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every man that striveth for the mastery  
is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9. 25.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What change did Saul's conversion make  
in him?

What did the proud Jew become?

How did he try to win the Jews?

What did he show the Gentiles?

How did he treat the weak?

For whose sake did he deny self?

What are we all running?

What are those who run an earthly race  
striving for?

What are they willing to do?

What is the race Christians run?

Who will try to hinder?

What is one of our enemies?

What must we put down?

What must we be to deny self?

CALLED TO THE RACE.

"Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye."

## FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The word of God grow and multiplied.  
—Acts. 12. 24.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

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|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. C. A.             | While he blessed—     |
| 2. The H. S. G.      | They were all filled— |
| 3. A M. C.           | The promise is unto—  |
| 4. The L. M. H.      | His name, through—    |
| 5. The B. of P. & J. | There is none other—  |
| 6. T. and F. G.      | Man looketh on the—   |
| 7. The P. O.         | We ought to obey—     |
| 8. The F. C. M.      | Be thou faithful—     |
| 9. The D. D.         | They that were—       |
| 10. The E. C.        | Then Philip opened—   |
| 11. S., the P., C.   | This is a faithful—   |
| 12. C. S.            | Every man that—       |

## AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rang. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one; "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented, but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I musn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "If I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

Was not that a noble answer? Think about it, children, when you are asked to do wrong.

## A SPIDER.

"Oh, mamma!" screamed Ethel. "Oh! oh!"

"What is the matter?" said mamma, running towards Ethel, who was still screaming loudly.

"A spider; a spider!" cried Ethel.

Mamma brushed the spider from Ethel's dress and taking her in her lap wiped away her tears, saying,

"My little girl should not be afraid of a spider. Most of them are quite harmless, and very likely they are afraid of you."

Ethel was still sobbing and mamma continued to hold her.

"Did you ever watch a spider spinning his web?" asked she.

"Oh, yes, mamma. He runs up and down, up and down," said Ethel.

"Yes, my dear; the spider can spin a beautiful silk rope of over four thousand threads in a very short time. Would you not think it a great thing to be able to make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And he has eight eyes," said mamma.

"Perhaps he wonders how you can get along with only two."

"Some spiders are affected by changes in the weather," continued mamma. "There was once a man shut up in a prison who noticed that at the approach of rain all the spiders in his cell disappeared and that as soon as they appeared again the rain ceased. You must not think the spiders caused the rain. They were affected by the state of the atmosphere."

"This man also observed the actions of the spiders at the approach of cold, and once when the armies of his country were about to surrender because the ice on the rivers was breaking up, he knew by the conduct of the spiders that more cold was coming and sent word to the commander to hold out a little longer and he would be able to cross the rivers on the ice. He did so, and was enabled to conquer the enemy."

## WHAT JOY REMEMBERS.

"REMEMBER, dears, don't go to the meadow-*lot* to-day." That is what Joy's mother said as she kissed her and Robert good-bye.

Isn't it queer that as soon as she had gone both these little people wanted to go to that very *lot*?

They went to the swing in the barn, but they kept thinking what beautiful dandelions grew in the meadow.

Pretty soon Joy said, "I know a lovely way to tell the time with dandelions."

Robert ran to pick some great yellow beauties.

"These are not the kind," said Joy. "You can't do it 'less they are all feathers. There are some right down in the meadow-*lot*. Maybe there are some on this side of the fence."

When they got to the fence they found all the dandelions as yellow as gold, but on the other side, just out of reach, there were some of the silver balls.

"Robbie, you stay here and I'll just climb through and pick a few. Mamma wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

But Robert wouldn't be left alone, so through the fence they both went.

"Now, watch, Robbie," said Joy when they had picked their hands full. "What time is it? One—" But before she could blow the silver feathers there was a strange sound. Was it thunder? What made that pounding noise?

The children sprang to their feet and saw a great black creature coming straight toward them. They never knew how they climbed through the fence just in time to escape those cruel horns, nor how they managed to drag their trembling little selves up the long hill.

Joy and Robert are grown up now and have little children of their own, but they remember just what their mother said to them as she tucked them into bed after their bread-and-water supper that night: "Remember, dears, there is always a good reason when there is a 'must not,' whether you know what the reason is or not."