

AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft  
 Deep in the dusky wood;  
 Swing thee low and swing aloft—  
 Sleep as a papoose should;  
 For safe in your little birchen nest,  
 Quiet will come and peace and rest.  
 If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,  
 And the owlet hoots in the tree;  
 And the big moon shines on the little child  
 As it slumbers peacefully;  
 So swing thee high in thy birchen nest,  
 And swing thee low, and take the rest  
 That the night wind brings to thee.

Father lies on the fragrant ground,  
 Dreaming of hunt and fight,  
 And the pine-trees rustle with mournful  
 sound  
 All through the solemn night;  
 But the little papoose in his birchen nest  
 Is swinging low as he takes his rest,  
 Till the sun brings the morning light.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
 IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verse, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and  
 stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23. 32.

THE LESSON STORY.

How many good things to eat God in  
 his kindness has put on this earth! What  
 a lovely world it is we live in! We have  
 all seen the big ripe grapes on the vines.  
 How rich they are and how good to eat!  
 But what a pity when man takes these  
 beautiful grapes, crushes them all up,  
 sometimes in not a very clean way, and  
 then lets the juice turn sour! Also the  
 lovely rosy or yellow-skinned apples. We  
 know how good they are to eat, but when  
 they are crushed like the grapes and  
 allowed to rot they are no longer a health-  
 ful food. In the same way rye and bar-  
 ley when put to their proper use make  
 good, wholesome food, which makes people  
 healthy and strong, but when allowed to  
 decay and fermented into whiskey and  
 beer it is no good as a food, and indeed  
 does the body a great deal of harm.

How sad that these good products of  
 nature should be turned to such a wrong  
 use. For when they are made into wines  
 and liquors they are poison that destroys  
 not only the bodies but the souls of the  
 people. That is the dreadful part, for  
 their use nearly always leads to all sorts  
 of misery and unhappiness. It is unsafe

to touch the beautiful sparkling liquid,  
 for although it looks so pretty it can do  
 you more harm than the bite of a serpent  
 or the sting of an adder. If we never  
 touch it it cannot get any power over us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Are grapes, apples, rye and barley good for one? Yes, they are good food.
2. When they are rotted and made into liquors are they good food? No, they are a poison.
3. Will they do the body harm? Yes, and the soul also.
4. What brings about more sorrow and wretchedness than any other thing? The use of intoxicants.
5. What does "intoxicants" mean? That which takes away our reason and makes us like beasts.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I.—APRIL 1.

THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.

Matthew 7. 15-24. Memorize vs. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not  
 hearers only.—James 1. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

If we would only do all the things  
 Jesus tells us to do in his wonderful Ser-  
 mon on the Mount we would be good  
 Christians. It is exactly what he did  
 himself, for he was full of love and charity  
 to all men, and even his bitterest enemies  
 he tried to help. Of course he preached  
 against the evils of his day, and de-  
 nounced those who did wrong. Two of  
 the great sins of his time were "greed"  
 and "hypocrisy." These words mean,  
 first, a love of getting more than one's  
 neighbor or of coveting what he has, and  
 the other word means pretending to be  
 good when secretly one is not. Hypocrisy  
 is a dreadful sin, for it is so false.

Christ likens people who know how to  
 be good and have heard the right way to  
 live to either the wise or foolish man. If  
 he does the thing he knows to be right he  
 is like the man whose house is on the rock.  
 Neither floods nor storms can make it fall.  
 His character is strong. But if he does  
 not do what he knows to be right his char-  
 acter has no foundation, and like the  
 house on the sands can be easily swept  
 away.

It is most important to build our lives  
 on Christ's teachings and promises.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. To what is a Christian's life likened? To a tree.
2. What do trees produce? Fruit.
3. How shall we know a Christian? By the fruits, or character, of his life.
4. What is hypocrisy? Pretending to be good when one's heart is bad.
5. How does God judge? By the motives of the heart.

THE STAG BEETLE.

(See fourth page.)

The largest British beetle is that known  
 as the stag beetle, which is sometimes two  
 inches or more in length. It is of black  
 or dark-brown color, and lives in the  
 trunks of trees by day, and flies about at  
 night. Our illustration shows one of these  
 giant beetles. No wonder that pussy looks  
 terrified at her unexpected encounter with  
 this queer-looking beetle. "Is it an enemy  
 or friend," pussy is wondering, and so she  
 timidly puts out her paw. These stag  
 beetles are very strong, and can pinch  
 the finger pretty hard, though they will  
 not do so unless provoked. Pussy had  
 better be careful, therefore, or she will  
 have her paw squeezed more tightly than  
 is pleasant in the stag beetle's manner of  
 handshaking.

POLLY'S MIRRORS.

Polly has to scour the spoons every  
 Saturday. That is all that mother asks  
 her to do, and it does not take much  
 time; but Polly has always dreaded it so  
 long beforehand, and grumbled so while  
 she rubbed them, that it seemed like very  
 hard work indeed. Every week it was  
 the same old story, and you would think  
 that the little girl was asked to clean the  
 family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday mother heard her  
 laughing all by herself in the kitchen and  
 asked her what she was doing. "Making  
 mirrors, mother!" shouted Polly plea-  
 santly. So mother came to see. Polly  
 was rubbing away on a spoon, and when  
 it grew quite bright and shiny, sure  
 enough, there was a little mirror in the  
 bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly  
 reflected there, with very fat cheeks and  
 very small eyes and no hair. When she  
 moved her head her cheeks grew thin and  
 her eyes as large and round as an owl's.  
 How Polly did laugh! Then she scoured  
 another spoon, and soon there was another  
 tiny looking-glass, and another queer little  
 Polly as funny as the first. When she  
 had twelve of these droll little mirrors,  
 her work was done, and she was surprised  
 to find that it was only play after all.

A Sunday-school boy went into the  
 country to spend his vacation, a visit that  
 he had long looked forward to with  
 pleasure. He went to help the men har-  
 vest. One of them was an inveterate  
 swearer. The boy, having stood it as long  
 as he could, said to the man: "Well, I  
 guess that I will go home to-morrow."  
 The swearer, who had taken a great lik-  
 ing to him, said: "I thought that you  
 were going to stay all summer." "I  
 was," said the boy, "but I can't stay  
 where anybody swears so. One of us  
 must go, so I will leave." The man felt  
 the rebuke, and said, "If you will stay,  
 I won't swear;" and he kept his word.