

THE CLOCK'S SONG.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

Summer or winter, day or night,
 Dry or rainy, cloudy or bright,
 Going for years in just one place,
 Never a frown on its honest face,
 The little clock says contentedly,
 Over and over to you and me:—
 "Tick! tick! tick!" But it means I
 know:—
 "Don't—go—too—fast—nor—too—slow;
 Go—where—you're—put—grumble?—
 nay!
 Do—your—du—ty—ev—'ry—day!"

Busy the hands of the little clock,
 Never stopping to joke or talk;
 Telling the time with never a miss,
 For the jump-out-of-bed and the good-
 night kiss!
 "Tick! tick! tick!" Hear the warning
 tone—
 Not for me nor you alone;
 The "Tick! tick! tick!" says to every
 one:—
 "There's—time—for—play—and—time
 for—fun!
 To—be—happy? But—one—way:
 Do—your—du—ty—ev—'ry—day!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
 ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

JOASH, THE BOY KING.

2 Kings 11. 1-16. Memorize verses 10-12.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

When the righteous are in authority, the
 people rejoice.—Prov. 29. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did the Lord send to reign over
 Judah? How old was he? Who was his
 father? Ahaziah. Who destroyed all the
 other sons of Ahaziah? Athaliah, a wicked
 woman. How was she related to them?
 She was their grandmother. How was the
 little prince saved? How long was he hid-
 den? Where? Who taught him about the
 true God? Jehoiada, the high priest. Who
 was then reigning? Athaliah. What did
 Jehoiada do when Joash was seven years
 old? Whom did he show to the officers?
 What plan did he make with them? What
 was done to Joash? Was there rejoicing?
 What did the queen do? What was done
 with her? Why was she slain? Because she
 had slain others.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find how the king of Judah died.
 2 Kings 9. 27, 28.
 Tues. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 11.
 1-16.

Wed. Find who Athaliah was. 2 Kings 8.
 26.
 Thur. Learn the Golden Text
 Fri. Read how the young king was made
 welcome. 2 Kings 11. 17-21.
 Sat. Find a picture of a good king.
 Prov. 29. 8.
 Sun. Tell the story of little Joash to an-
 other child.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. The house of the Lord is a good place
 for a child.
 2. He may learn there how to rule him-
 self.
 3. And then he will be ready to rule
 others.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE.

2 Kings 12:4-15. Memorize verses 9-12.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

We will not forsake the house of our
 God.—Neh. 10. 39.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who built the golden temple in Jerusa-
 lem? How long was it in building? Seven
 years. How old was it when Joash was
 king? What did Joash wish to do? What
 did he say to the priests? Did they do what
 he wished them to? Whom did the king
 speak to then? What did Jehoiada do?
 What did he make? Where was it set?
 Who counted the money after it had been
 given? Who paid the workmen? The over-
 seers. Did anyone reckon with the over-
 seers? Why not? What made them faith-
 ful? Love to the Lord and his house.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the beginning of the
 temple. 1 Kings 6.
 Tues. Find how it was finished. 1 Kings
 8. 54-56.
 Wed. Find how God blessed it. 2 Chron.
 5. 13, 14.
 Thur. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 12.
 4-15.
 Fri. Learn the Golden Text
 Sat. Read what David said about the
 Lord's house. Psa. 122.
 Sun. Read a song written for the temple
 choir. Psa. 148.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. If we love God we shall love his house.
 2. We shall suffer if we see it fall into
 decay.
 3. We should do all we can to build or
 repair it.

The little one made a beautiful answer
 without knowing it. "What! kiss such a
 homely man as papa!" said the mother in
 fun. "O, but papa is real pretty in his
 heart," was the reply.

MISSIONARY GOLD.

Dr. E. R. Young tells the story of a con-
 verted Indian named John Sunday, who
 at a missionary meeting made an address
 which he closed as follows:

"There is a gentleman I suppose now in
 this house. He is a very fine old gentle-
 man, but he is very, very modest. He
 does not like to show himself. I do not
 know how long it is now since I saw him,
 he comes out so little. I am very much
 afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time
 when he ought to be about doing good. His
 name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here
 to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron
 chest? Come out, Mr. Gold! Come out
 and help us to do this great work, to preach
 the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr.
 Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself
 to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look
 at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does
 a great deal of good in the world while
 you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold!
 just think of your active brother, Mr.
 Copper. Why, he is everywhere. He is
 flying about doing all the good he can. Be
 active like him! Come out, Mr. Gold! Do
 come and help us in this good work, and if
 you really cannot come yourself, well, do
 the next best thing you can—that is, send
 us a bank note."

THE STORY OF WHISKERS.

My name is Whiskers. I am a mission-
 ary cat. I think you could tell that just
 by looking at me. I wouldn't hold my head
 up so if I wasn't. No; I'd hold it down
 and be ashamed. I learned to be a mission-
 ary cat from hearing the young people at
 our house say so much about it. I can tell
 you they are good missionaries, and are
 always talking about those boxes that stand
 on the mantel. Nearly every day they
 drop a penny or nickel, or perhaps a dime
 into them that they made or saved.

Fred—he is our biggest missionary boy
 —taught me to stand right up on my hind
 legs, and to nod my head as though I were
 bowing. The other day one of his uncles
 came. Fred said: "Uncle, I have the
 smartest cat you ever saw. You just lay a
 nickel down in front of him, and he'll
 stand straight up." His uncle laughed,
 and laid down not a nickel, but a dime. Of
 course I didn't understand about the
 money, but at the sign from Fred I stood
 straight up. Then Fred said: "Here's a
 dime, Whiskers. Do you want it to go
 into the missionary box?" Of course I
 bowed my head as he had taught me. How
 his uncle laughed when I did that! Then
 Fred sang out: "Ten cents for the Little
 Workers' Special, from Whiskers, the mis-
 sionary cat! Hurrah for you, Whiskers!
 and into the blue box went the dime. Of
 course I felt proud, and I am waiting for
 some more dimes. Won't you come up to
 my house and see me stand up for some?"