

MY PA AND I.

My pa, he didn't go downtown
Last evening after tea,
But got a book an' settled down
As comfy as could be.
I'll tell you I was offul glad
To have my pa about,
To answer all the things I had
Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are
And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
And waien will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
Instead of sometimes blue?
And why a bean will grow a bean,
And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray?
And then my pa got up an', Gee!
The offul words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sent me off to bed.

Council Bluff's Nonpariel.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 10.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-50. Memory verses 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not my will, but thine be done.—Luke
22. 42.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! what a sad midnight hour was that which Jesus and his disciples spent in the garden of Gethsemane. They had slowly wended their way there after the Last Supper.

Jesus was exceeding sorrowful. He knew all he had to go through, and it was a great struggle. With his human feelings he shrank from so hard a thing. He felt the need of prayer. So he asked his disciples to watch and pray with him while he advanced a little farther into the shadow of the garden. He returned to

his disciples three times, and was grieved to find them sleeping each time. Then when he knew that the betrayers were at hand he told them they could sleep on now. The hour of prayer was over. He had entreated God to spare him this dreadful trial. But if not he would do his will. He entirely submitted. Then Judas, followed by a rough crowd, came and kissed his Lord, and in that way let the soldiers know which one he was. Then they took him prisoner.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus and his disciples go after the Last Supper? To the Garden of Gethsemane.

2. What hour was it? About midnight.

3. What did Jesus ask? He asked his disciples to watch and pray with him.

4. Where did he go? A little beyond them to be alone.

5. What did he find? His disciples asleep three times.

6. What did he then say? To sleep on, for his betrayer had come.

7. How did Judas betray him? With a kiss.

8. What did they then do to Jesus? Took him prisoner.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

JESUS BEFORE CALAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. Memory verses, 67, 68.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—
Isa. 53. 3.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad picture is this of our Lord and Saviour standing a poor, pitiful prisoner before the high priest. After Judas betrayed him he was bound and driven through the streets to a council of the high priests and scribes and elders. They all hated him, for they knew he had power which they did not have. They were bound to have him killed, but they knew it was necessary to have some sort of trial. They tried to get false witnesses. At first they could not find any. At last two turned up. Of course, they said what was not true. Jesus bore it all silently. Finally the high priest made him answer that he was the Son of God. Then they said he blasphemed and must die. It was all so unfair, but Jesus was patient through it all.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus taken? Before the high priest.

2. Why? Because the law said he must have a trial.

3. Was it a fair one? No.

4. Who witnessed? Two false witnesses.

5. Of what did they accuse him? Of blasphemy.

6. Did they condemn him? Yes, to die.

GETTING READY BEFOREHAND.

"Have you learned your part of the dialogue for next week, 'sonny?'" Gilbert's mother asked him one afternoon.

"I know some of it already, mamma," Gilbert answered readily; "and, anyway, I don't need to begin to learn it so soon. Why, it's most two weeks before I'll have to speak it."

"It is less than two weeks, my dear."

"But, mamma, it's so easy! It won't take me more than a day to learn it."

"But even if that is so, Gilbert, it would be better to take the time now, when you are sure of having it. If we expect to do anything well, we must get ready for it in time, even though it does seem to us very easy."

"You needn't worry, mamma," Gilbert said, in his most grown-up manner; "I'll learn it in time."

But, somehow, the days slipped away faster than Gilbert realized, and when, on Wednesday of the next week, his teacher asked him to stay after school to practice the dialogue, he was not at all sure that he knew his part.

"I'm disappointed, Gilbert," Miss Marston said, closing the book at last. "I was sure you would know your part, and here I've had to prompt you at almost every line. We will practice it again tomorrow, but I'm afraid it is too late to learn it thoroughly. You, remember, I told you that we could not have more than two rehearsals, and you promised me that you would learn it at home."

Then Gilbert really began to study his part; but, as his teacher had said, it was too late to learn it thoroughly, and the shortness of the time made him nervous; and so, when he stood in his place on Friday afternoon, the words would jumble themselves in his mind and on his tongue, till Fred Lathrop, who had the other part in the dialogue, stumbled in his lines and almost failed.

It was several weeks after this day, which Gilbert never liked to remember, that his father sat one evening looking over a bright-colored seed catalogue.

Little Rob, when he saw what was going on, began to laugh gleefully. "Just think, Gilbert," he said, with a funny little chuckle, "pa's getting ready for his garden now, when there's some snow on the ground. Isn't it funny?"

Gilbert looked up from the example he was working to say, wisely: "That's what people ought to do, Rob. If you're going to do anything well, you must begin in time."

Just then Gilbert happened to catch a twinkle in his mother's eyes, and he stopped suddenly in his little sermon, and grew very red. Then he went on bravely, with a half smile on his flushed face: "That's the truth I've told you, Rob; and I ought to know, because I've tried the other way."