

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS M'CULLOUGH.

You sit down snug and quiet,
A book upon your knee,
A wonder book that tells about
The lands across the sea;
And then a strange thing happens:
You do not leave your chair,
But as you read about these lands
It seems that you are there.

You see the queerest people,
They talk a language new,
The buildings are not those you know,
The streets are strange to you;
But you are never frightened,
It's pleasant to be there,
For you can always quickly come
Back to your rocking-chair.

It does you good to journey
In such an easy way,
To learn about the big, big world,
And how it looks to-day.
This way a child should travel,
The road is very fair;
It's safe and best for little ones,
To go by rocking-chair.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 21.]

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Deut. 34. 1 to 12. Memorize vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.
—Exod. 33. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Moses had finished writing the law, and it was put in the side of the ark to be kept holy and safe. He knew that he must die, for the Lord had called him home. He had done a great work, and now Joshua was to lead the people over Jordan. Moses spoke a song and a blessing before the people, and then the Lord called him up into Mount Nebo, and showed him all the land of Canaan with the river Jordan between. The Lord made his eyes clear and strong to see it all, and told him that this was the land he had promised to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes," he said. "But thou shalt not go over thither." So God took his faithful servant home to rest after his great labours, and the angels buried him in a valley in the land of Moab. Perhaps the Lord knew that the people would think too much about Moses' grave, and wish to come back to it, so he did not tell them where he had buried the great lawgiver of Israel. Though he was so old, the Bible says that his eye was not dim and

his strength had not begun to leave him. After his death the people mourned for him for thirty days, and then Joshua, the son of Nun, whom the Lord had called to take Moses' place, became the leader of Israel.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Moses going now? To be with God.

What had he finished? The work God gave him to do.

Where was the law placed? In the ark.

What did he do before he went away? He blessed the people.

Where did God call him? Up into Mount Nebo.

What did Moses see? The land of Canaan.

What did God do then? He took him to heaven.

Who buried Moses? The angels.

How long did the people mourn for him? Thirty days.

Who became the new leader? Joshua.

What was the work given to him? To take the people into Canaan.

What do we see all through this story? God's love to his people.

LESSON XIII. [Sept. 28.]

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God.
—Deut. 8. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The G. of M.. Give us this—
2. The T. C.... Thou shalt love—
3. The T. C.... Thou shalt love thy—
4. W. the G. C.. Thou shalt have—
5. The T.....Enter into his—
6. N. and A....Let us—
7. J. T. C.....For thy name's—
8. R. of the S.... Blessed is that—
9. The B. S.... And as Moses—
10. The P. L. M.. This is of a truth—
11. L. and O. G...For this is—
12. The D. of M..The Lord spake—

CARRYING STONES AT THE BOTTOM.

The children had become expert divers and swimmers in their long summers by the lake shore, and spent most of their waking hours on the water or in it. The boats were always in use, and merry, laughing, splashing children kept the water round the pier in commotion at all hours suitable for bathing. One small, sun-browned maiden seemed able to live under water like a veritable mermaid. She was fond of challenging the others in contests in the way of carrying a stone and walking on the bottom with it; but they could not equal her, and gave up the attempt.

"Ho, you can't do it!" she cried in triumph.

"Don't want to!" called back a sturdy little fellow. "What's the use of stayin' down at the bottom carryin' loads, when you can have lots more fun on top swimmin' in the sunshine? 'Tisn't worth learnin'!"

The little philosopher was right. It isn't worth doing anywhere; yet we spend many a day in bearing burdens at the bottom of our sea of troubles, when we ought to be cheerily breasting the waves on top, where the blessed sunshine can reach us.—*Wellspring.*

TOMMY'S LESSON.

I thought that when a boy was old enough to have a slate and book to go to school he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way that he wanted to; so I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over, and scratched my arm, and broke my slate, and tore my clothes; so I had to go home to mamma. She said: "Ah, Tommy boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that." And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, 'cause I didn't go.

A school-teacher, on seeing a young scholar misbehave, said to him: "I'm sorry that you did this, because I had formed a very good opinion of you." The boy went home and confessed to his mother that if he had known what a good opinion his teacher had held of him he would not have done wrong. Had this teacher said, "I've had my eye on you for some time, and now I've caught you," the boy would simply have been confirmed in his suspicion that no one expects a boy to do anything but the wrong thing. It ought to be a simple matter to show a child or a man that our first impulse toward him is that of trust rather than distrust; and when one has gone wrong he will be better helped by our showing that we appreciate the fact that he has gone wrong in spite of the good we believed him capable of, rather than in accordance with our suspicions of him.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow:

"What's your father's name?"

"Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."