

PA'S IGNORANCE.

Most every day, when I'm at school,
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals,
And the presidents and kings,
And then at night, when I ask pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along,
And says, "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round, just like a ball,
And that's there's nothing down below
It's standing on at all.
I ast pa if she told the truth.
He read his paper through,
And put his foot upon a chair,
And said, "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and tried
To make us think no angels walk
Along the other side,
And so that night I ast my pa,
And all he said was, "Oh,
Don't bother me about such things;
I'm busy—I dunno!"

I used to kind of somehow think
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.
Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.

—Simcoe Reformer.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XIII. [June 28.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord shall deliver me from every
evil work, and will preserve me unto
his heavenly kingdom.—2 Tim. 4. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.

1. P's F. to E.... Remember the words
2. The R..... Now is Christ—
3. The L. of L... Love worketh no—
4. P's J. to J.... The will of—
5. P. A. If any man—
6. The P. A. P... The Lord stood—
7. P. B. F. I will fear no—
8. P. B. A. Having therefore—
9. The L.-G. S.... For as many as—
10. P's V. and S... Then they cry—
11. P. at R. I am not ashamed—
12. P's C. to T.... There is laid up—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 5.

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10. Memorize verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and
serve him only.—1 Sam. 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember what we were study-
ing just before last Christmas? Our les-
sons were in the Old Testament, and we
were studying about Samuel. You will
never forget little Samuel, whose mother
let him go and live in the temple, and
whom the Lord called three times in the
night, and spoke to him as he would
to a prophet. Samuel grew up to be a
prophet and a priest and a judge. When
he was old his sons took his place. They
were not as good as their father, and the
people were not happy. They began to
long for a king. While the nations around
them had their kings to lead them to bat-
tle and to rule them at home, the Israe-
lites had only judges and priests. They
forgot that the Lord was their King.
When they talked with Samuel about it
he said nothing, but prayed to the Lord
about it. The Lord told him to listen
to the people, and let them have a king if
they wished for one. "They have not re-
jected thee, but they have rejected me, that
I should not reign over them," said the
Lord. He also told Samuel to show them
what troubles would come upon them after
they began to have kings to rule over them,
what taxes they would have to pay to en-
rich the king, and how their sons and
daughters would be taken to serve them,
and their fields and cattle also. Samuel
told them these things, but still they said,
"Nay; but we will have a king over us."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What little boy lived in the temple?
Samuel.

What did he do? He helped Eli, the
high priest.

What did he hear one night? The Lord
calling him.

What did he become? The judge and
high priest.

Who became judges after him? His
two sons.

Were they good men? No.

What did the Israelites want? A king.

Whom did they ask about it? Samuel.

What did he do? He prayed to the
Lord about it.

What did the Lord tell him to do? To
give them a king.

Whom had they rejected? The Lord
their King.

What did he say they would have?
Many sorrows.

OUR LITTLE DOT.

A writer in the New York Sun
describes a scene which he witnessed
late one evening in the streets of St.
Louis. A group of gamins were hanging
about an old gray-haired woman, shab-
bily dressed, who carried a large pack-
age under her arm. The writer of the
sketch followed, thinking to say some-
thing at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman
was begging to be let alone. By and by
she sat down on a doorstep. Then the
young arabs gathered thickly about her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you
off."

"Open the bundle, and let's see what
you've got."

When there was a moment of silence,
she replied: "Boys, come closer round
me. I've got something here to show
you."

They crowded up to her, and she re-
moved the newspapers which concealed
the object she was carrying, and held it
up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among
them, it would not have scattered them
more quickly. What do you suppose it
was? A piece of board about three feet
long by a foot wide, painted white, and
on it, in white letters, the epitaph:

OUR LITTLE DOT.

Died October 17, 1886.

It was the headstone for a child's
grave, such a headstone as only the poor
and lowly erect over the grave of a loved
one. Out of pity for her poverty and
sorrow, the painter may have done the
work for nothing.

The boys could read, and, as each read
for himself, he turned and vanished in
the darkness. The last one to go took
off his ragged cap and said: "We didn't
know it, aunty; please excuse us."

A FOUR-FOOTED MAIL-CARRIER.

A letter-carrier tells about a dog that
was a letter-carrier too, though the Gov-
ernment did not pay him for his work.
His master lived two blocks from his near-
est neighbour, so that when the postman
took a letter to him he had to walk four
blocks out of his way. Soon the dog—he
was a little yellow dog—learned to know
the postman's whistle and would come
bounding down the road to get the mail.

He would take it in his mouth and carry
it proudly home. Never once did he drop
it or stop to play. He would be as dis-
appointed when there was no mail as if
the letters were written to him. If he was
late, he would come tearing along and in-
sist on the postman's going back to the
corner and giving him the mail there, so
that he might have the joy of carrying it
the whole way.