

HIS IDEA.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

"What are you going to be, dear Jack, when you're quite grown up?" I said.
"Will you be a lawyer, like papa; Or a soldier, like uncle Ned?"

He shook his curly head and smiled,
Then answered: "I think it is queer
Papa wanted to be a lawyer,
When he might be a pioneer.

"A pioneer, dear laddie?" I cried.
"Why, how brave and bold you must be!

But if you roam, you must come back home,
Your poor little mother to see.

"Oh, I'll not go far away," he cried:
"I can do it as well at home.
I don't think when I'm a pioneer
That I shall care to roam.

"I should think that a pioneer," he said,
With calmly smiling eyes,
"That a pioneer would have to do
Something 'r other with pies."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 17.]

FRUITS OF RIGHT AND WRONG DOING.

Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

A LESSON TALK.

There are two kinds of people in the world now, as there were when Malachi lived. One kind do not care to serve God. They say it is no use to keep his law, and they sometimes seem to be happy and to prosper.

The other kind fear God and speak to one another about him. Sometimes they have sorrow, and they grow weary with long labour, and wish for the time to come when their Lord and Master will take them to be with him. It often seems to us that the wicked people have very good times, but that is because we can only see a little way. Malachi could see a long way, for God opened his eyes, and he saw that in the end the people who fear God are the happy people.

Elijah the prophet, of whom Malachi speaks here, means John the Baptist. He had something else to say about him in the third chapter. Is it not wonderful that this prophet, living four hundred years before Christ, could foretell his coming so perfectly?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What can God see and know? Our most secret thoughts.

What do the wicked think? That it is no use to serve God.

What do good people do? Talk to one another about God.

Where does God keep their words? In his great book.

What will he do some day? Take them to be with him.

What does he call them? His jewels.

What is coming some day for bad people? A day of trouble.

Does God want them to be troubled? No; but they choose it.

What should children choose? To love God and follow him.

Whom did God say he would send? Elijah the prophet.

Who was meant by this? John the Baptist.

What did he come to tell? That Jesus was coming.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 24.]

CHRIST'S COMING FORETOLD.

Isa. 9. 2-7.

Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

Think of all the different names of Jesus you know. There are some in this lesson which perhaps you have never heard. Will you try to put them away in your memory to keep always?

Isaiah the prophet, who lived seven hundred years before Jesus came, knew that he was coming, and tells of it in this lesson. He knew that the world was in darkness without Jesus, "the Light of the world," and looking far down the coming ages he said that the people who had been in the dark now saw a great light. That light was Jesus, and the beautiful names by which he calls him show how great was the light. The names all mean something very beautiful. Count them in verse 6 of the lesson, and try to find out what each one of them means. Though he was a child Isaiah said the government should be upon his shoulder, and that it should grow larger and stronger all the time. The most mighty king that ever lived has to come to the end of his power some day, but the kingdom and power of Christ go on growing forever. No wonder Isaiah calls him "Wonderful." Learn all of these names, and try to make each one mean something real and blessed to you.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Isaiah? A prophet of the Lord.

When did he live in this world? About seven hundred years before Christ.

What was he able to tell the world? That Christ was surely coming.

What did he say people in the dark saw? A great light.

Who was this great light? Jesus, the Light of the world.

Upon whom has the light shined? Upon all who have heard of Jesus.

What should we help do? Send the light to those who have not seen it.

How did Jesus come to the world? As a little child.

What is his kingdom? A kingdom of peace.

How long will it last? Forever.

Who may come into it? Any one who will.

When should we come into it? As soon as we hear of it.

THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me," she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk," cried Dollikins joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice; and you forget to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more?" It makes my head ache.

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins; I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother."

"DOD, ARE YOU DOWN HERE?"

Fred was afraid to go down-stairs into a dark room for a plaything. He said to baby Harry, "You go down: you know God will take care of you."

On his chubby little hands and knees, down he went, creeping into the dark room, encouraging himself and drawing comfort from the confiding question: "Dod, are you down here?"