

what was stranger still, the loud ticking as he listened sounded like words, and gradually he could hear whole sentences in rhyme, something like this: "Strange you never hear me striking, telling you it's growing late! Don't you know you're very sleepy, and I've told you it is eight?"

"Dear me, how very strange!" said little Harry. "You are the funniest old clock I ever did see. I didn't know you could talk."

Then the clock replied: "Ah! you never stop to listen, though I call you every day, in the morning for your lessons, in the evening from your play. All day long I stand here calling, if you children would but heed. Sometimes when they do not listen it is very bad indeed!"

"Why?" asked little Harry. The clock went on: "Once I heard a dreadful story of a boy so fond of play, he would never hear us calling, never wanted to obey."

"Tell me all about him," said little Harry, deeply interested.

"Far away from here it happened, in the land where I was born. All the week long he played. But when rang the village school-bells, calling, calling, far and wide, and the bright-faced village children laid their games and toys aside, he was crying, pouting, scolding, 'No, he wouldn't, shouldn't, go,' till at last his gentle mother, grieved and weary, left him so."

"What a very naughty boy!" said little Harry.

"Loud the kitchen clock was calling, 'Hurry, hurry, do not stay!' But he didn't stop to hear, singing, dancing through the meadows without thought of care or fear. Now the bells had all done tolling, they had closed the schoolhouse door, still he seemed to hear that ticking even louder than before. Then he looked behind—oh, horror!—and his very heart stood still, for the kitchen clock was following, jumping, bumping, down the hill!"

"Oh, how dreadful," said Harry.

"Louder, louder, came the ticking; faster flew the frightened child—stumbling, falling through the hedges, over thorns and brambles wild!

"I'd like to have seen 'em," said Harry.

"When at last all worn and tired, the poor

child could run no more, then he saw that he was standing just before the schoolhouse door. Ah, how glad he was to enter and to study with the rest, for the ticking would not follow if he only did his best!"

"I'm glad he got rid of the horrid old thing!" said little Harry.

"Ah, but he had learned a lesson! When the bells rang loud and clear, who of all the village children was so quick as he to hear? And whatever he was doing, at his work or at his play, when the clock struck he would listen, glad and ready to obey."

"Why, my dear little boy, here you are asleep on the stairs and the clock striking nine!" Little Harry sat up and rubbed his eyes, and looked very hard at his mama, and then at the clock; but the steady old timepiece was looking as it always did, and ticking as soberly as ever.—The Child's Hour

Jesus' Return to the Father

All this year we have been studying the blessed life of Jesus. We began last January with the story of His coming to earth. We have seen Him preparing for His great work among men. We have watched Him going about doing good in so many ways. Now we have come to the time when Jesus is to go back to heaven. In the last Lesson of the Quarter we shall see Him ascending to His throne at God's right hand. But before this, we shall have the story of the sufferings He endured out of love to us. The Lesson Topic for the Quarter, is JESUS' RETURN TO THE FATHER:

1. Teaching whom we are to love.
2. Commanding us to watch.
3. Promising rewards to the faithful.
4. Receiving a token of love.
5. Appointing a memorial of Himself.
6. Surrendering Himself to His Father's will.
7. Condemned by Caiaphas.
8. (Special Temperance Lesson.)
9. Pronounced guiltless by Pilate.
10. Crucified by His enemies.
11. Risen from the dead.
12. Ascending into heaven.
13. The wonderful, wise, mighty, everlasting Prince.