

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find
 it not—
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
 With sword or nobler pen;
 Nay not with eloquent words or thought,
 From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
 Of a woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently, bore her part—
 Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But oh! these battles they last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on in the endless wars,
 Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
 And soldiers to shout and praise!
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought
 Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
 With splendid and silent scorn,
 Go back to God as white as you came—
 The kingliest warrior born!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XII. [March 24.]

JESUS CRUCIFIED AND BURIED.

Luke 23. 44-53. Memory verses, 46, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

What a sad day it was when Jesus was crucified! A great crowd followed outside the city gate to Golgotha, or Calvary. There were many looking on silently and sadly. There were rulers and elders making sport, and the rude soldiers mocking the holy Son of God!

There were some wonderful signs that day to show that Jesus was indeed the holy One from heaven—the strange darkness over all the land, the earthquake, and the veil of the temple torn in two parts.

We cannot understand why our dear Lord must suffer such pain and woe for us, but now at last it was over, and the Son of God had gone back to his

Father. What joy there must have been in heaven then! And what joy now to say,

"Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus crucified? On Mount Calvary.

Who were crucified at the same time? Two thieves.

What did the soldiers do? Gamble for his clothes.

What was written on his cross? "King of the Jews."

Who put it there? Pilate.

Did he believe it? No, but it was true.

What did Jesus say on the cross? "It is finished."

What did he mean? His work for us.

What did Jesus bear? The sin of the world.

For whom did Jesus die? For all sinners.

What should we do? Believe, and love Jesus.

What does he want to give us? Eternal life.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly learned.

1. J. A. at B. - - - She hath done—
2. The T. E. - - - Blessed is he that—
3. G. S. J. - - - We would see—
4. C. S. the P. - - - What think ye—
5. P. of the T. V. - Watch therefore; for
6. P. of the T. - - - So then every one of
7. The L's S. - - - This do in—
8. J. in G. - - - Not my will,—
9. J. B. - - - The Son of man is—
10. J. and C. - - - Thou art the Christ
11. J. and P. - - - I find no—
12. J. C. and B. - - - Christ died for—

FURLOUGH ON FOUR LEGS.

The children of a reading class were reciting, and as they read the teacher asked the meaning of various words. Finally the word "furlough" was encountered.

"What does the word 'furlough' mean?" asked the teacher.

There was no reply, and the teacher asked the question again. A little girl held up her hand. "Well, May, tell me what 'furlough' means."

"It means a mule," said May.

"O no," replied the teacher; "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does," said May; "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we will see about it."

The next day May brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough."

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He says to Ma, "By Jing!
 It seems that everything
 Comes on me when I've got the most to do,
 But I suppose I've got to get it through
 With; so you needn't fuss one bit about
 Him; I'll take charge of him while you are
 out."

But Ma makes him repeat all she has said
 About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
 To let him try his way
 Of watching me the day
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He puts me on a rug,
 Gives me a kiss and hug,
 Then brings in every pillow he can find,
 And piles them up in front, at sides, be-
 hind

Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he
 says.

And then he gets my picture-books, and
 lays

Them down beside me, and my blocks and
 toys,

And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the
 noise

You want to; I don't care."
 And I sit there and stare,
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 No book or toy or game
 Seems, somehow, just the same.

And, by and by, I'm through with every
 one,

And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you
 begun

Already? What's the matter, anyway?
 There's everything you own! Why don't
 you play?

Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what
 is wrong?

Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts
 some song

About "Bye, Baby, Bye!"
 And I lie flat and cry,
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He grabs me up at last,
 And starts to walk real fast,
 And talks to me, and pats my back, and
 tries

To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
 And sighs, and keeps a-looking at the clock,
 And out of window, up and down the
 block,

For sight of Ma; and when she does come
 in,

She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a
 sin!"

And Pa looks mad, and I—
 I'm glad the time's gone by
 When Pa takes care of me.