

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—  
The happiest ever born;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.  
I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan—  
But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
He struck his funny-bone?  
There's sunshine in each word he speaks,  
His laugh is something grand;  
Its ripples overrun his cheeks  
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done;  
The school-room for a joke he takes—  
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry;  
He's worth a dozen boys I know,  
Who pout and mope and sigh.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. 22. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3. 21.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read what John saw and heard. Rev. 21. 1-7.
- Tues. Read more about the holy city. Rev. 21.10-21.
- Wed. Read still more. Rev. 21. 22-27.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Rev. 22. 1-11.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find who may get into that city. Rev. 22. 14.
- Sun. Learn the invitation to the city. Rev. 22. 17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What does the Lord mean when he speaks to us of life? How does he sometimes speak of it? Where does he tell us about the holy city? Where is it to be? Who will make all things new? Why is it written in parable? Because we could not understand it if told in heavenly language. What are heavenly truths like? What do the trees by the river mean? Another form of the Lord's life. What are the fruits? Love and truth, by which our souls are fed. Will there be any pain because of sin? Or any night? Who is the light of the holy city? What did John do when the angel had told him

these things? What did the angel say? What can you say about angels?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God is making ready for us a heavenly home.
2. He will also make a heaven of our earth.
3. And sin and death shall be no more.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.*

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
J. the G. S. . . . .	I am the—
The R. of L. . . . .	Jesus said—
The S. at B. . . . .	She hath—
The E. of J. into J. . . . .	Blessed is he—
E. L. . . . .	He is risen—
J. W. the D. F. . . . .	By love—
The V. and the B. . . . .	Herein is—
J. P. for His F. . . . .	I pray—
J. B. P. . . . .	Everyone that—
The C. . . . .	Christ died—
The R. . . . .	But now is—
The M. of the R. C. . . . .	I am he—
The H. H. . . . .	To him that—

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

About two hundred years ago, says a writer in Little Men and Women, a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopold was Duke of the province of Lorraine.

The Duke was very fond of animals. Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big iron chain and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

Marco was fierce, and when he swung his shaggy head out of the door of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco, having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled into the farthest corner of his hut and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the "falling off" point, when he heard a sound at the house door. He started up, and what should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold.

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the Duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this newcomer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl.

Then a strange thing happened—so strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into his shaggy face, cried joyfully: "Why, you are the Duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Will you be my friend? I need one so much!"

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That had meant, "I love you." Marco never had been loved in all his rough, bearish life—at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forests, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little lad to lie down beside him, warmed by his furry coat, and together they slept throughout the night.

In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper untouched, and, instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, he stayed to watch the bear.

Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food, but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again and hid behind a tree to see what would happen next. In a minute, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch the child out of harm's way; but the boy already had thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the hut to see this wonderful pair, and the story of the boy and the bear spread throughout the land.

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in his beautiful new home, but I think he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco.

Dear Saviour, as I lay me down to rest,  
I would lean upon thy breast;  
I pray thee keep me safe this night,  
That I may wake to see the light.  
If I no more from sleep should rise,  
May I wake in yonder skies.  
To see thee in thy glory shine  
And call thee mine, for ever mine.