

ANGELS' FOOTPRINTS.

Every little kindness,
Every deed of love,
Every little action
Prompted from above;
E'en a cup of water
In His great name given—
These are angels' footprints,
Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice
Made for others' weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal;
E'en a word of kindness
To misfortune given—
All are angels' footprints,
Leading up to heaven.

Then let angels lead us
Wheresoe'er they would;
Ever let them teach us
What is for our good.
May they cross our pathway
When from heaven they roam!
Let us follow after.
Footprints leading home.

DOLLY'S MEDICINE.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

One day Dolly's papa came home with a great many bundles in his arms. "Are they yours?" asked Dolly, dancing about.

"They are your medicine," said papa; "the doctor sent them," untying the strings.

"But I can't swallow such big things," said Dolly; and then the happy little girl screamed with delight.

For there were a little red wheelbarrow, a rake and hoe, and the 'cutest watering-pot painted green, a shovel and some funny-looking seeds.

Papa told Dolly to come to the window. A man was putting rich black earth on two long flower-beds.

"They are to be yours, Dolly," said papa.

Dolly clapped her hands. She wanted to begin making her flower-beds right away. So she filled the watering-pot, put her rake over her shoulder, and set forth.

Oh! the good times she had! Her cheeks grew red like her poppies, and her hands were as brown as some of the weeds she dug up out of her flower-bed, and Dolly sang, and grew strong and well. She liked this medicine very much.

EVERYTHING IS BEST.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

Charley was looking out the window and feeling very unhappy about something. Can you guess what it was?

It was snowing and he could not go out. "I hate snow," said Charley; "it's always around when I want to play. I wish it would go away and never come back again."

Just then a dear little bird began to trill merrily.

"You silly thing," said Charley; "you'd better get into your last summer's nest and pull the bed-clothes over you. How can you sing when it snows?"

"I sing," said the bird, "to see the snow that has come to cover up the grass and flowers, so they can get a little rest; this is their sleepy time. When they wake up again you'll be glad enough to see them."

"I never thought of that," said Charley. "I expect everything is best, just as it is."

THE HOUSE ON THE SAND.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"O dear! what is the use of building a house," said Robert James. "Last night I had just a fine one, with five rooms built of little stones, and now it is all thrown down. Papa says boys don't know what trouble is, but I guess he forgets, or else he didn't build houses on the sand when he was a boy;—why, that's just what's the matter." Robert sprang up, and seizing his pail and shovel, began to pick up stones.

"That is what my Sunday-school teacher said, not to build houses on the sand. She told us a story Jesus told his disciples.

"It was of a man who built his real house on the sand.

"Let me see if I can say the verse: 'And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell'—and I was the boy who said he was a foolish man!—and now I've been doing the same thing.

"Teacher said Jesus was our Rock of help, and I forgot to ask him to help me this morning; and I was cross to Marjory, and that's the reason I am working here alone.

"There comes Marjory now. Marjory," called Robert, "our house is all washed away. Let's build a new one on this nice high rock."

What a good time those children had that morning! The next day, and for many days, their house stood, "for it was built upon a rock"; and, best of all, Robert remembered about the Jesus rock, and told Marjory about it too.

The birds build many kinds of homes. Some are made of dry grass and straw, lined with hair or wool, or bits of floating down. Some are made of rough sticks, such as you would think could not at all be made into a nest. Some birds lay their eggs on the ground, in hidden places, but making almost no nest at all. Some, like the swallows, make them of soft mud, building them up like the work of a mason wasp. Some make their nests in the ground, delving into sand or clay banks. Some birds find nesting-places in hollows high up in the trees. All the different kinds of woodpeckers build their nests in this way. It is a very safe place for them. Other larger birds, or animals, cannot easily get at them to rob them of their eggs or their dear young babies.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 26.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. L. J. to J. - - I am ready not—
2. P. a P. at J. - - If any man—
3. P. B. the R. G. - - Fear thou not—
4. P. B. K. A. - - - Whosoever there—
5. P. V. and S. - - Be of good—
6. P. in M. and R. - - We know that—
7. P. M. in R. - - - I am not—
8. The O. A. - - - Be strong in—
9. S. W. - - - Be ye therefore—
10. C. H. and E. - - Let this mind—
11. P. L. W. - - - I have fought—
12. J. M. about S. and S. If we confess—

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON I. [Jan. 2.

JESUS AND JOHN.

Matt. 3. 7-17. Memory verses, 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3. 17.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Who was the fore-runner of Christ?
- How did he dress?
- Where did he preach chiefly?
- What did he preach?
- With what did he baptize?
- Who came after him?
- With what did Jesus baptize?
- What did John say about baptizing Jesus?
- What happened to Jesus at his baptism?
- What did the voice from heaven say?

NOTE—

The false spirit of the Pharisees and the Sadducees.

Christ setting an example.

NELLY'S MESSAGE.

Her mother was sick in the big hospital. One day Nelly's father was going to see her, and he called Nelly, and asked if she had a message to send. Nelly said. "Yes, father; tell her I learn my Golden Text every Sunday, and I am trying to be a good girl. Then Aunt Nelly said: "Yes, and tell her that Nelly is my little comfort." And when mother heard it, she said: "That makes me feel better."