

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,  
Although my name is May;  
I have to talk so much, because  
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—  
So many, and you see  
I can't help loving them, you know,  
Because they all love me.

I love papa and dear mamma,  
I love my sisters, too;  
And if you're very kind and good,  
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all,  
He keeps me all the night;  
And when the morning comes again,  
He wakes me with the light.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.—Psa. 103. 17.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. God the C. of A. T. In the beginning—
2. B. of S. and R. . . . . Where sin abounded
3. N. S. in the A. . . . . Noah found grace—
4. God C. A. . . . . I will bless thee—
5. A. and L. . . . . Whatsoever ye—
6. God's P. to A. . . . . I am thy—
7. A's I. . . . . The effectual—
8. A. and I. . . . . By faith Abraham
9. I. the P. . . . . Blessed are the—
10. J. at B. . . . . Surely the Lord—
11. J. at P. with God. Men ought always
12. T. L. . . . . Wine is a mocker—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON I. [October 6.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37. 23-33. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him.—Acts 7. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Jacob now living? How many sons had he? Which was his favourite son? Why? What did he make for Joseph? What made his brothers jealous? What is jealousy? An evil passion. What should we do with evil thoughts? Turn away from them. What will they do if left in the heart? Grow big and strong. Where were Joseph's brothers one day? A long way from

home, tending flocks. Whom did they see coming? Joseph. What did they talk of doing when they saw him? Killing him. To what had jealousy grown? To murder. Who did not want to kill him? Reuben. What did they do? They threw him into a pit. What did they afterward do? Sold him to some merchants from Egypt. What did they do to deceive their father? They showed him Joseph's coat, stained with blood. What did Jacob think?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find why Joseph was hated by his brothers. Gen. 37. 1-4.
- Tues. Learn what made their hatred grow. Gen. 37. 5-11.
- Wed. Learn to what envy leads. James 3. 16.
- Thur. Read lesson verses.
- Fri. Read of another who was sold for silver. Matt. 26. 14, 15.
- Sat. Find what the wicked may look for. Psa. 37. 12, 13.
- Sun. See what kept Joseph happy. Gen. 39. 21.

TWO KINDS OF HALF.

A little girl came to her teacher one day holding the half of an apple in each hand. "Which half is biggest, Miss Ward?" she said.

Miss Ward answered as she thought a teacher ought to do; she said: "A half is a half, whether it is half of an apple or half of the world. So, you see if your apple is cut exactly in halves, one half must be just the size of the other half."

The little girl's eyes filled with tears as she heard this, but she held out the two halves of her apple, though her little hands trembled.

"I didn't mean it that way, teacher," she said, sweetly, "I want you to have the biggest half."

THE FAVOURITE.

"Girls, won't one of you bring in the evening paper?" said grandpa.

There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it, open and smooth, upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing-room," said mamma.

"O Grace, you do it; I'm all nicely seated now." And Grace left her piano practice and went for the scissors.

"Papa wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls; which will go?"

"O, I don't want to, mamma," said Mattie.

"O, I wanted to read my new book," said Grace; "but I will go for papa."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"O, Mattie, by all means. Grace is our household comfort and solace," said

the mother. "But which would you rather take?"

"I hoped you might choose to let me have Grace. I really want her; and I think, sister, she needs and deserves the outing."

So Mattie stayed at home, and pouted and said that it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school, everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself.—*Child's Paper.*

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

While Ted and baby were taking their mid-day nap, five-year-old Tom went into the garden for a walk with mamma. It was the end of June, and the red raspberries were just beginning to turn colour—yes, here was a ripe one, and there was another and another. By the time they had gone the length of the two rows they had found eight beautiful, bright berries. "Take them in, Tom," said mamma, "and divide them among us; I must get some lettuce for dinner." When she came in a few minutes later there were two neat little groups of berries on the table, three for Ted, three for baby. Tom had eaten his two berries and returned to his play. He was only a little fellow, and did not know much about arithmetic; but he could divide eight berries among three children, and have no remainder. Can you?—*Youth's Instructor.*

I DON'T WANT TO.

There's a lazy little sprite that takes supreme delight

In spoiling children's faces, Deary me!  
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished often to myself

He was out of sight for ever at the bottom of the sea.

Just look at Freddy's lips when asked to pick up chips,

Or rock the little sister, Baby Grace.

"I Don't Want To" (that's his name) begins his little game,  
And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddy's pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas an easy task,

Slipped over little Ellen's face to-day,  
When mamma kindly said, "Please, daughter, bring my thread,

'Twill take you but a moment from your play."

"I Don't Want To." There he goes, whining always through his nose,

Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!

The smiles he puts to rout, and the dimples,  
I've no doubt,

If they were drops of water would almost fill the sea.