

especially, their work was very manifest. Elijah and Elisha, the first of the great prophets, left no writings; but later prophets did. The last seventeen Old Testament books were written by prophets. Can you name them? Malachi was the last of the Old Testament prophets, and the "scribes" took their places. John the Baptist was "the prophet of the kingdom of heaven"—the great forerunner of Jesus Christ. The Juniors should know the few introductory facts given above, and others similar may be added by the superintendent in introducing this subject.

Here are some questions to call forth Bible search, and at the same time impart wholesome moral truths:

How did Elijah show zeal for God's cause?
How did he relieve distress?
How did he restore happiness to a very sorrowful home?

How did he show great bravery in God's work?
What fact in his history shows that after all he was but a man?

What New Testament writer distinctly refers to this to encourage us?
On what occasion did Elijah appear with Jesus?

How did Elisha show that he was a man of decision?
What act of benevolence did Elisha perform at Jericho?

How did he improve rudeness and impiety in children?
In what way did he provide means for a poor woman to pay her debt?

How did he restore joy to a sorrowing and bereaved mother?
When and how did he relieve famine?

What great soldier-leper was healed by direction of Elisha, and how?
How did Elisha restore confidence to a fearful young man in danger?

On what occasion did he return good for evil? (Rom. 12, 20.)
When Isaiah was called to speak to the people, what did he say, and what happened? (Isa. 6, 5-8.)

What happened in Jeremiah's case? (Jer. 1, 6, 7.)
What do these last two facts teach us? (We need God to go with us and help us with others.)

How did Daniel show himself a true boy of God?
Who was a true man of God?

Who were the twelve minor prophets?
What lesson does the experience of Jonah teach us?

Such questions as these given over a week or two ahead will ensure a good topic-study in the meeting, and remember it is not only what is learned in meetings, but "between times," that counts.

Encourage the Juniors to read the daily Bible verses in each case.

The Impolite Monkey.

A monkey once decided upon a visit to a foreign country. In due course, having arrived at his destination, he immediately proceeded to exhibit extreme and contemptuous surprise at its manners and customs of the animals he found there.

"Now, look here," said he to a horse. "My whiskers! but you are a queer lot of beasts. Just think of not being able to hang on to the boughs of a tree by your tail. Why, in monkeyland every one can do that."

"Indeed," replied the horse, who felt it incumbent upon him to be polite to a stranger. "Is that so? Well, I suppose you are all very clever beasts in monkeyland."

"Oh, yes, of course," acquiesced the monkey, turning up his nose with a disgusting air. "And I'll tell you another thing. You haven't the least conception of the proper way to spring here."

"We have not?" returned the horse, with a touch of irony in his voice.

"No," continued the monkey. "Why, it makes me grin when I think of it. I saw a dog jump after a rabbit the other day, and you should have seen the exhibition he made of himself."

"I should certainly not have cared to do so," replied the horse, deviously, "because the dog happens to be a great friend of mine."

"Is he?" laughed the monkey. "Oh, why, we don't think anything of dogs in monkeyland. We just regard them as lower creatures. But tell me why in the world do you sleep on the ground instead of in trees, as we do in our country?"

"Because it is not our custom," replied the horse, suppressing a sharp retort with difficulty.

"It is! Well, I don't want to live here," retorted the monkey.

"You will pardon me," replied the horse in a dignified tone, "but you certainly are not bound to remain."

"Now, that is insulting," complained the monkey. "Really very rude and ill-bred indeed."

The horse opened his eyes wide in astonishment. "I suppose it does not occur to you," said he, "that your criticisms of our way of doing things are even more so. Honestly, unless you can conform to our customs, I think you had better run swiftly back to your own country."

Then he went on with his grazing.

"They are an ignorant, uncouth set, these beasts," reflected the monkey. "I'll be shot if I can make any friends among them."

The moral of this fable is easily found: If you desire to make friends in a foreign country, above all things avoid derogatory comparisons.—Pets and Animals.

Where a Little Boy Lives.

The little boy was fast asleep, and the clock struck twelve. The piano began a scale, but stopped short. "Well, I can't get any further," it groaned. "That pin is still there. I shall have to be tuned. Twenty-nine times without stopping to-day that little boy sang 'Hurrah for the red, white, and blue,' and I had to bang out the most frightful discords each time."

"We all heard you, and were very sorry for you" squeaked the little French writing desk. "As for me my legs tremble under me every time he comes near and scratches my lid, my poor scratched lid!"

"You young people may have your mahogany scratched a little, but just think of me!" came from the tall Napoleon desk between the windows. "Wait until you are one hundred years old, as I am! That little boy has no more respect for me than he has for his woolly dog!" He tried his new penknife on me to-day."

A muffled tone was heard from the floor. It was the cashmere rug speaking. "Half the bread and jelly he had to-day is dashed over in this corner. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to have your face left sticky over night! And I am always left in a tumble, besides being trampled full of sharp bits or nut shells!"

"Do let's go to sleep now," sighed the soft, cushiony voice of the green easy chair. "He has jumped about on me so much to-day that I ache still! Good-night."

The next day two men came in and took up the cashmere rug. What a beating and shaking it did get! It was too much exhausted to even groan when, all clean and bright, it was once more spread on the floor.

Meanwhile a white-capped maid was washing all the wood of the furniture in a sparkling soap-suds; then, with a queer unskilful oil, she rubbed and rubbed it until she could see her face in every glossy surface.

Next came a man with a little black bag and took the piano all apart, the dust and pins that had choked its voice were removed, and it sang sweetly under his fingers.

Then the chairs and desks and tables and sofas were put in place, and night came again.

"Well, how do you all feel now?" asked the piano, as the clock struck twelve. "I am not quite as happy myself as I expected to be. The little boy hasn't been near me all day, and though I can sing now, somehow I don't feel like it."

"As for me," remarked the Napoleon desk, "I confess that I, too, miss the little boy. Now that all his little finger marks and the dots and scratches are polished away, I miss them. I have felt a grandfather to that little boy, and I miss his little greasy pats!"

"I should like to hold him in my arms for a minute or two, I confess," sighed the green chair. "They have pounded every crevice of his candy nut cake from my cushions, and every little dusty heel mark has vanished!"

"It is altogether too bare and dismal," said the cashmere rug. "They have carried out his horse, and picked up his toys and all the picture books."

"Well, don't let us distress ourselves," observed the piano, "for by to-morrow night we shall have a brand new lot of love pats and greasy spots, and around us will be the same litter of his toys and things, and they will not clean house again until next fall!"—Little Folks.

Three Ships.

Three ships there be sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky,
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.

Take them, sweet, or they be going,
For they every one have wings.

The second ship is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea,
And out across the twilight gray,
What is brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing.
Was too dear for my possessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high,
Upon the sea, is By and By.
O wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten thither,
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

—St. Nicholas.

Junior Reporters.

A certain Junior League appoints a member each Sunday to give an account of the pastor's sermon at the next meeting.

The preacher frequently enjoys listening to the report, and reveals how nearly he succeeds in planting the truth in these young hearts. It serves to make the children attentive, for any one can add a point omitted by the reporter.