

A HINT.

If you should frown and I should frown
While walking out together,
The happy folks about the town
Would say: "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile
While walking out together,
Some folks would say: "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile
In dark and dreary weather."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 10.]

LESSONS IN GIVING.

Mal. 1. 6-11 and 3. 8-12. Memory verses,
3. 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9. 7.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Malachi? When did he live? Of what had he much to say? Of the coming of Christ. Where is the prophecy of Malachi? It is the last book of the Old Testament. To whom did God speak through Malachi? To the people of Israel. Who had led the people back from their idol worship? Ezra and Nehemiah. What had they now grown to be? Careless and forgetful. Whom did they forget? God, their great King. What did God say about their offerings? That they offered the blind, and the lame, and the sick. By whom was this forbidden? By God, in his law. What kind of an offering should we give? A pure offering. How may we rob God? What will he do if we give him all? He will pour us out a rich blessing.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mal. 1. 6-11; 3. 8-12.
- Tues. Learn how God hates a corrupt offering. Mal. 1. 12-14.
- Wed. Learn how God should be worshiped? Mal. 1. 11.
- Thur. Find how God will purify. Matt. 3. 7-12.
- Fri. See how the good and the bad will be separated. Matt. 25. 31-46.
- Sat. Learn how we may be made pure. Matt. 3. 1.
- Sun. Read how to give. 2 Cor. 9. 6-11.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 17.]

FRUITS OF RIGHT AND WRONG DOING.

Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

DO YOU KNOW?

Why could Malachi see such wonderful

things? Because God showed them to him. Why were they all written in this book? So that we might see and know them too. What two kinds of people are there in the world? Why does it often seem to us that bad people have a good time? Because we cannot see the end. Who can see the difference between the righteous and the wicked? The one who knows and loves God. What does God say the wicked are like? Stubble. What is stubble good for? To be burned up. What shall rise upon the righteous? The Sun of righteousness. Who will tread down the wicked? The good. Who is promised to come before Christ? Elijah, or John the Baptist.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6.
- Tues. Find another complaint about the words of the people. Mal. 2. 17.
- Wed. Learn what God says about the wicked. Psalm 11. 2-6.
- Thur. See the confidence of a good man. Psalm 27. 1-5.
- Fri. Find why we should speak for God. Psalm 66. 16.
- Sat. Read what Christ said about John the Baptist. Matt. 11. 9-14.
- Sun. Learn the Golden Text.

A QUEER HIDING-PLACE.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. That was in a far-away country called Austria. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and burn it up, but the woman who owned it was just going to bake bread; so she rolled her Bible up in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the men went away she took out the loaf, and it was not hurt a bit. That was a good place to hide a Bible, wasn't it? But I'll tell you of a better place still. David knew of that place when he said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

BEAUTY.

One morning when little Elsie woke up she fairly screamed with delight, for there, just by her bed, was the dearest little kitten, sitting in a basket smiling at her.

I wish I could tell you all the good times Elsie and Beauty, as she named her kittie, had together, but I shall only try to tell one sad adventure. He followed Elsie's mother to church one evening, and after amusing himself in cat fashion by turning somersaults and chasing after his tail, he thought he'd try to make some friends, so he walked over to a little girl and pulled at her dress, and she, instead of speaking kindly to him, scowled at him, so poor Beauty, having his feelings hurt, quickly ran over behind a pew and cried softly.

He thought the people in that church were so cross he would not speak to any one else, and he curled up and took a cat nap. When he woke up the church was dark and cold and every one gone. And there poor Beauty had to stay for nearly two whole days, with nothing to eat but

an occasional church mouse, until poor Elsie, who had hunted him everywhere else, finally looked through the Sunday-school window, and there she saw Beauty sitting on the top of a pew, sweetly smiling. I am afraid Beauty won't want to go to church soon again.

"I CANNOT HELP IT."

Do you ever make use of this phrase, dear young folks? You will all plead guilty, we fear, and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Ruthie, the dressing-bell rings, and she hears it; she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that everything will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies, with folded hands, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproachful look with, "I cannot help it; I mean to get up every morning as soon as I am called, but, before I know it, I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and, of course, Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and, as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

HOW A BOY MEASURED A TREE.

He was not a boy in a book, he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, and tears his trousers, and goes through the toes of his boots, and loses his cap, and slams the doors, and chases the cat, just like any other boy. But he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions. There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple-tree to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked anxiously.

"No'm: I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground; and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So, that's what you have been whistling about all summer?"

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.