

SAND.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yard one day;
I was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause their wheels are apt to slip;
And, when men reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command,
And, to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track,—
If your load is rather heavy, and you're always sliding back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is stiff and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,
And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it by a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover, to your cost,
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom, if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IX. [May 28.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in him.—John 19. 4.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus taken from: the high priest's palace? To the hall of judgment. Who was the judge, or governor? Pilate.

Why did not the Jews condemn Jesus to death? What kind of a man was Pilate? Do you think much of a person who will do what he knows to be wrong to please some one? How many times did Pilate say, "I find no fault in him?" Three times. What question did he ask Jesus? Ver. 33. What did Jesus say was the reason his servants would not fight? For what reason did he say that he came into the world? Whom did Jesus say heard his voice? Whom did Pilate want to set free at this time? Jesus. Whom did the people want? Barabbas.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read all the lesson verses. John 18. 28-40.
- Tues. Read the same story told by Matthew. Matt. 27. 11-26.
- Wed. Find what kind of a man Barabbas was. Mark 15. 7.
- Thur. Learn the charge the Jews made against Jesus. Luke 23. 2-5.
- Fri. Find how Pilate hoped to make another decide the case. Luke 23. 6-11.
- Sat. Learn a reason why Jesus bore all this. 1 Cor. 15. 3.
- Sun. Read hymn 205, in the Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON X. [June 4.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30. Memory verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus led to be crucified? By what other name do we know this place? Calvary. Where was it? A little way outside the gates of Jerusalem. Who were crucified with Jesus? Two thieves. Which of the New Testament writers tell us this? Why do we read all the Helps? What does Luke tell about one of the thieves? For whom did Jesus come to die? For just such sinful men as this was. What writings did Pilate have put above the cross? Why did he do this? Perhaps it was to spite the Jews; perhaps he thought it might be true. Why was it in three languages? So that all might read it. How did Jesus show his love for his mother? What were the last words Jesus spoke.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 19. 17-30.
- Tues. Read Mark's story. Mark 15. 22-39.
- Wed. Read the story Luke tells us. Luke 23. 39-47.
- Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Fri. Read the way Matthew tells this same story. Matt. 27. 29-44.
- Sat. Learn what Jesus came to do? Isa. 53. 5, 6.
- Sun. Read Hymn 222 in the Methodist Hymnal.

HE REMEMBERED THE APPLE-BARREL.

Dr. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, tells the story of one of our distinguished men, who was introduced to a great public meeting as a "self-made" man.

Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him, for a few moments, into a "brown study." Afterwards, they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business."

"But, then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy."

"Yes," he replied; "but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me give an account after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man. I think my mother had a great deal to do with it."

"But, then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck; and after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the specked ones at the bottom, and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her; and she said, 'Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat.' And I did not do it. I think my mother had something to do with my integrity. And, on the whole, I doubt if I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."

"Happy," said Dr. Lorimer, "the boy who had such a mother; happy the mother who had a boy so appreciative of his mother's formative influence!"

"CAN'T GOD COUNT?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. As often happens with children—and with grown people, too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the corner and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cakes, their mouths fairly watered to take them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good!

While they were gazing at the cakes and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter immediately, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.