

Our Young Folks.

DON'T CARE.

I know a wicked, idle snake,
A sly and harmful sprite,
Whose head is soft, whose limbs are weak,
Who yet in wrong has might.

Now would you know this demon's name
And shun his hurtful snare
In order to defeat his aim?
I speak it loud: "Don't Care."

He finds his way within the home,
And rules the children there,
The parents' hearts are full of gloom
Because of old "Don't Care."

Just take him by the throat, my boy,
With manly strength and fair,
Lest he in time your soul destroy,
This monster rude, "Don't Care."

And you, my lass, my blooming rose,
I whisper soft, "Beware!"
There's none among your many foes
Can harm you like "Don't Care."

FOR HIS SAKE.

"How can we love those that do not love us—much less our enemies?" mused Mollie, as she carefully watered her window plants, thinking meanwhile of the Sunday school lessons. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you." I don't see how it can be done. No one uses me despitefully, but if any one did I'm sure I wouldn't love them. I shouldn't even try."

"How thrifty your plans are, Mollie," said some one who had heard Mollie's half-audible soliloquy.

"Yes; they grow famously."

"You must be very fond of plants."

"Why, no, I don't think I am, naturally. I used to consider it a trouble to water them every day."

"What made you do it, then?"

"Oh, Auntie! You know they were sister Annie's plants. She loved them, and when she died I took care of them for her sake. But now, somehow, I have grown fond of them, too; they seem so grateful, and it is such a delight to discover new buds and leaves day after day. See how full of splendid blossoms this cactus is."

"Is that the cactus that poisoned you last spring? I remember your hands were swollen and painful."

"Yes, it is the same cactus, but it was not the fault of the plant. You see I did not know how to manage it; I don't get thorns in my hands now unless I'm careless. And really, Auntie, I think I am more fond of it than the other plants, it blooms so magnificently."

"It is possible to do good to those who despitefully use you."

"Why, Auntie!" exclaimed Mollie, facing about, a certain light in her eyes.

"Yes, Mollie, that is the way. You took care of them for dear Annie's sake, and so grew to loving them for their own sake, even the one that despitefully used you. For His sake, Mollie, always for His sake, and the rest will follow."

HOW TWO LITTLE GIRLS IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it, but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "pr'aps I would give away, but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Jonnie, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his silver piece that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:—

"I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled; looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:—

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat, he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mothers and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon" and "I thank you" will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amount to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

GO BACK TO BASE.

Two merry groups of boys and girls were playing what they called "Base" the other day. Each party was clustered around a big tree, the "bases" of the game, where they were safe from capture by the enemy; they made inroads into the enemy's country, and excursions around their own, but at the first signal of danger back they flew to "base" and safety.

So our young people must do in higher matters; it is an anxious and unsafe age for their faith; they hear matters discussed, disputed, doubted, which their fathers and mothers implicitly believed in; some of these doubters and disputers seem to be honest, intelligent, Bible Christians. Where can these young minds and hearts rest?

"Go back to base." That Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the Gospel story is true, can be proved to the entire satisfaction of anybody who devotes an hour a day to the careful study of the evidence. Very well; that is base; there you are safe; make inroads if you choose into the region of doubt and scepticism, make excursions into the outlying truths of revealed religion, but keep close to base; watch the danger signals, and whenever you find your faith trembling, lay hold of this one proven fact (which, though not all of truth, is enough to save), saying: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

THE HAPPY-FACED BOY.

This is what I saw, sitting behind a blackberry bush one lovely spring day, quite out of sight, you understand.

Over the fence jumped a boy, a sweet, happy-faced boy of ten. I knew that he had come from the schoolhouse down the road, and was going to the spring which bubbled under a great rock in my meadow. He was eating his luncheon as he walked, had just put the last bit of bread into his mouth, and was looking rather eagerly, as though he enjoyed the prospect very much, at a slice of delicious-looking cake which he held in his hand.

Just as he had opened his mouth to take the first bite, his eye fell upon a little pail under a tree not far from my blackberry bush. I had been looking at the little pail, so I knew just what he saw—two slices of bread, that is all, and, judging from the appearance of the owner of the pail, who had left it to go to the schoolhouse, that is all there ever was in it.

"Well, my boy looked at the bread and then at the cake in his hand.

"He shall have half," I heard him say, and he took hold of the cake as though to break it, then paused.

"Half is only a mouthful; he shall have it all." Then, stooping, he laid the delicious cake gently in the little pail, and, whistling softly, went on his way to the bubbling spring.

"Ah! no wonder that you are a happy-faced, noble, generous boy," I said, as I wiped away the tears behind the friendly shelter of the blackberry bush.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT.
Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequalled SUCCESS.
Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest CURES.
Is it not the medicine for you?

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. HOOD'S PILLS restore this action and invigorate the liver.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

July 24,
1892.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts iii.
1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT. And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong.—Acts iii. 16

INTRODUCTORY.

In the previous chapter it is stated as the effect of the Holy Spirit's bestowment, resulting in the conversion of three thousand in one day, that "fear came upon every soul; and many signs and wonders were done by the apostles." An instance of this power of working miracles by the apostles is given in the lesson for to-day.

I. The Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate. The apostles were diligent in their attendance on public worship. Though what had been prefigured by the services of the temple had been fulfilled in Jesus Christ, the apostles when in Jerusalem were in the habit of going up to the temple at the hours of prayer. In this instance Peter and John went together. In temperament they differed. The one was impetuous and the other was of a calm, reflective spirit; the one was ardent in his zeal, the other was steadfast in his love to the exalted Saviour. They had been companions while fishermen on the Lake of Galilee; they were brothers now in the great work of the Gospel. Both alike were devoted in their service of their great Master, and were equally earnest in their endeavours for the conversion of their fellowmen. They went up together at the hour of evening service in the temple, which is here mentioned as the ninth hour, that is about three o'clock in the afternoon. As they approached the temple enclosure they came on a man, at the time about forty years of age, who had been lame from his birth. He had never been able to walk, and was carried daily by his friends to the temple gate that he might receive the charitable gifts of the people going in and out of the temple. The gate by which he sat was called Beautiful, because of its massive proportions, the material of which it was composed and the rich workmanship in its construction. It was seventy five feet in height, made of Corinthian brass and of rare and curious workmanship. The poor, the maimed, the sick and the blind, who were dependent on charity for their maintenance, were to be met with in all places of public resort. There were no hospitals for the cure of the distressed in those days. These institutions are the direct fruit of Christianity, and in accordance with its spirit. No heathen nation can show anything equivalent in its care for suffering humanity. The Jewish religion inculcated atoning as a binding duty. The lame man saw Peter and John approaching, and, as was the custom, asked help from them. The apostles were moved with pity for the poor man. Peter looked at him earnestly, and said: "Look on us." This request awakened the interest of the man, who expected that they were about to give him money. The apostles were poor men, so Peter says: "Silver and gold have I none." Much good can be done for others without money, and much is done by many who are as poor as the apostles were. Personal service to the poor and the distressed is sometimes more valuable than money gifts. Peter was prepared to help this sufferer in the way he could do it best. "Such as I have give I thee," the benefit of the miraculous power conferred on him from on high, and so he speaks the potent words: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Christ, not the apostles, was the wonder-worker. The apostles did not work miracles in their own name or by their own power. Christ did. It was in the name of Jesus they performed miracles and the power to do so was given them.

II. The Lame Man Cured. Here, as in all the other New Testament miracles, the subject himself had faith. He received the command in a docile spirit, yielded his hand to Peter, who raised up. Like all other miracles recorded in the New Testament, the cure was complete. "Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." He went with the apostles into the court of the temple. In his new found strength he felt exultant. He walked and leapt and praised God. His joy found utterance in praise to God who had bestowed on him so great and unexpected a blessing. The genuineness of the cure was beyond dispute. Large numbers of the people could not mistake the man's identity. They had seen him often seated at the temple gate. The cure had been wrought in a public place. At the hour of the evening sacrifice the temple court would be thronged with worshippers. When they saw the great change that had been wrought upon him "they were filled with wonder and amazement." The man who had been healed clung to his benefactors, and the people crowded round the three, who had gone into Solomon's porch. So called because it was built on an embankment that had been constructed by Solomon's orders. It was a stately cloister running along the eastern side of the temple 600 feet. Its roof was of cedar supported by a double row of marble columns.

III. Peter's Address.—The excitement and wonder of the people were apparent, and Peter, who was alert to seize every opportunity that presented for speaking a word for Christ, at once proceeded to address them. It was his aim to turn their thoughts away from the agent to the source of the power by which the marvellous work had been wrought. He seeks no personal glory for what he had done. It was for God's glory that he lived and served. He makes no pretension to superior power or holiness. It was not because of personal merit that God had used him as an instrument for the accomplishment of this mighty work. He begins by a reference to what he and his hearers held in common, "The God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified His Son Jesus." But he does not conceal the truth or seek to make it palatable to them. The rulers of the people had actively delivered up Jesus, "and denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let Him go." His hearers might not have been personally active in the rejection and crucifixion of Jesus, but they had not repudiated the action of their leaders, and they were thus morally guilty in assenting to what their rulers had done. Their guilt was aggravated. They might have known better, yet when a heathen governor was willing to release Him, his own nation rejected Him. The aggravation of their guilt is brought out more vividly in the words that follow, "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you." They preferred Barabbas to Christ. They had killed the Prince of Life whom God had raised from the dead. This was not an opinion that could be controverted, but a fact to which they could testify from their personal knowledge. It was in the name of Jesus, therefore, through faith in His name, that this marvellous cure of which they were witnesses had been wrought.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Christianity broadens human sympathy and inspires the soul with love and pity for the distressed.

There are better things than silver and gold, and which they cannot buy. God's power is unpurchasable, but it is freely exercised for the good of mankind.

The power of God is the power that heals and saves, and those who receive it are moved to praise God for His great benefits.

The miracles of the New Testament show that it is faith that saves.