

to his companions, but an invariable "no, sir," met every proffer from Sim.

"He is getting too much," one said to another as they saw Sim drinking. "The stuff is strong."

Sim did stop, but his tongue was loosened and his talk was silly by this time.

"Hush!" he said. "What's that noise outside? I'll go out."

He took the lantern in one hand, his empty blue cider mug in the other, and he went out. He was gone about fifteen minutes and then returned.

"Where have you been, Sim?" asked Silas.

"Been?" he replied. "Oh, I went to the road with some old fool——"

"Who was it?" asked John.

"Couldn't say, John. Some old fool, and I intimated as much to him. You see I could not make him out, for he had on a long ulster, and the collar was turned up and the rim of his hat turned down. I think he said he had lost his way."

"Lost his way?" said Tim. "Wonder who it could have been? Oh, I tell you, the man that carries the mail to Tyler-ville! He comes across the mountain-spur, as we call it, and folks have said it was foolhardy."

"Fact is—ha—ha!" said Sim, "I gave him to understand that it was about as silly a thing as he could do—his getting lost—yes, I told him. Then he said to me it was not so silly as getting lost through the old mug in my hand, for he said he thought it was a cider mug, judging by the smell——"

"He had you there!" cried Tim.

"He had me? I gave him a shot then," replied Sim.

"How?" asked Silas. "Fire the mug at him?"

"Gave him a piece of my mind, sir."

The conversation soon ceased, and the boys had supper.

It was about a week after this, when the boys were at home, that Sim and Silas chanced to meet. Silas remarked, "What makes you look so blue? Got your death sentence?"

"Yes," said Sim moodily. "Have just had a note from the Academy where I was going to attend, you know. Whom do you think I saw that night at the camp, that man who had lost his way?"

"Mail-carrier?"

"No, Principal Spear!"

"You don't say!"

"But I do say it, and all is lost through that old cider mug. You wanted to know, or somebody did, if I fired my mug at him. I am going to get it and fire it at something and never touch one of the kind again."

In a few minutes Farmer Bartlett, who was reading his paper in the kitchen of his comfortable home, looked up and said to his wife, "Huldah, what's that sound outside, of a sort of smashing?"

"I heard it, but don't know," said his wife.

Sim knew.

Honour thy father and mother.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON XI. [March 12

CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND MAN

John 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9. 25.

A LESSON TALK.

Our lesson to-day is the story of a man who learned to believe in Jesus. He was a poor man, a beggar, and blind. Do you wonder that a whole chapter of the New Testament is given up to the story? But this poor blind man did what many great, strong, brave men do not do—he believed and obeyed Jesus! This is the greatest and wisest thing any one can do. There were many blind, and many beggars in Palestine. In hot countries there are always many who become blind from the fierce rays of the sun. It was the Sabbath when Jesus cured him. Notice how Jesus let the man do what he could to help himself. The clay did not cure him; washing in the pool of Siloam did not cure him. But faith and obedience did! First, he wanted to be cured, and then he was willing to be cured in God's own way. Do you see how Jesus could call himself the light of the world?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Jesus cure one Sabbath day? A blind beggar.

How long had he been blind? All his life.

What did Jesus put on his eyes? Some clay.

What did he send him to do? To wash in the pool of Siloam.

How did he come back? Seeing.

Did the clay cure him? No.

Did washing in Siloam do it? No.

What did cure him? The great power of God.

How did the blind man help? He heard and obeyed Jesus.

What does Jesus call himself? The light of the world.

How may dark hearts be made light? By believing in Jesus.

Who can open our blind eyes? Jesus, our Saviour.

LESSON XII. [March 19.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD

John 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

In the land where Jesus lived there are many sheep and many shepherds. It was

a wild country in many parts, and it was necessary to guard the sheep at night, not only from wild beasts, but from thieves. The sheepfold, or place of protection, was not a covered building, but a rude inclosure surrounded by stone walls, and entered by a single door which is well guarded by a porter and his dog. In the morning the shepherd comes, calls his own sheep, and they know his voice and follow him out to the pasture fields. What king once said, "The Lord is my shepherd" Here Jesus calls himself the Good Shepherd. Think of all the ways you can in which Jesus showed himself like a watchful shepherd. Jesus has a flock now. What is it? There are enemies ready to destroy his flock. Who is the great thief? Think how Jesus proved his love for his sheep by laying down his life for them, and make sure that you are safe in his fold. It is easy for a child to find this way into the fold, for it is the way of love and obedience.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who is the Good Shepherd? Jesus, our Saviour.

Who are his sheep? Those who follow him.

What is the sheepfold? His own Church.

Who is the door of the sheepfold? Jesus himself.

Who may enter the fold? All who come to Jesus.

Who is the great thief? Satan.

What did Jesus give for his sheep? His own life.

Why did he do this? Because he loved them.

Does Jesus know his flock? He knows them all by name.

Do his sheep know him? Yes, they know and love him.

Who tenderly cares for the lambs of the flock? Jesus.

What should every child do? Come into the fold, if he is not there.

HOW UBECHÉ FOUND A FRIEND.

Ubeche lived away off in a village in Africa. There was a fence built around the village to keep off lions and tigers, and the little boys and girls played inside the fence. But one day Ubeche went out with his mother to gather berries. Some men came by on camels, and they carried Ubeche off hundreds of miles, intending to sell him, for they were cruel slave-dealers. But one night they lost him.

The next day a good missionary lady was sitting by the bank of a river, when a poor ragged boy came up to her and asked her for something to eat. It was Ubeche. The missionary was so sorry for him that she took him home with her. Ubeche had never heard about the Good Shepherd, and the missionaries told him about Jesus, and taught him to read and write. He lived with the missionaries for many years, and when he died everybody remembered him as a noble Christian.