

FOR YOU.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man;
'Tis this: Where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can:
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest thing to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully;
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do;
Just measure by the Golden Rule
That which is set for you,
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours
Oh, keep your honor bright.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 19.

HEALING OF THE MAN BORN BLIND.

John 9. 1-11. Memorize verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the light of the world.—John 9. 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus and his disciples were walking one day they saw a man who had been blind from his birth, and the disciples asked their Teacher a question: "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?" Jesus wanted to teach them that God did not punish his children in that way; so he told them that neither the man nor his parents sinned, but he was born blind that the works of God might be shown through him. He said that God's work must be done while it is day, for "the night cometh when no man can work." And it was just here that he said those wonderful words, "I am the light of the world." Then he spat "on the ground and made clay of the spittle," and with this he anointed the eyes of the blind man. Do you remember that he asked the man lying at the pool of Bethesda if he wanted to be made whole? Here he does not even ask the poor man what he would like, but begins to heal him at once. Then he sent him away to the pool of Siloam to bathe, and when he had bathed he came back seeing. It was like Naaman, whom the

prophet sent to bathe seven times in Jordan for the cure of his leprosy. The neighbors could hardly believe that this man was the beggar who always sat holding out his hand for some one to drop a coin in it. Some said, "He is like him," but he said, "I am he." Of course they were anxious to know how his eyes were opened, and he told them just how it was done, and that the man who did it was called Jesus. "Where is he?" they cried, but he could not tell them.

There was much talk when they took him to the Pharisees, but the man stood bravely for the One who had given him sight, and they cast him out. Afterwards he found that Jesus was the Son of God, and he believed on him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Jesus see one day? A blind man.

How long had he been blind? Always.

What did the disciples ask? If this man or his parents had sinned.

What did Jesus say? That neither had sinned.

Why, then, was he born blind? That God's work might be shown in him.

When should it be shown? While it is light.

What comes? The night, when no man can work.

What did Jesus call himself? The Light of the world.

What did he put on the eyes of the blind man? Wet clay.

Where did he send him? To wash in the pool of Siloam.

How did he come back? Seeing.

What greater blindness was he cured of also? That of unbelief.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. C. the L. and L. of M.. In him was—
2. The W. of J. the B. to J. Behold the—
3. J. W. H. F. D. Thou art—
4. The F. M. in C. Whatsoever—
5. J. and N. For God so—
6. J. at J. W. Whosoever—
7. The S. M. in C. The same—
8. J. at the P. of B. And a great—
9. The M. of the L. and F. I am the—
10. J. at the F. of T. Never man—
11. The S. of S. Whosoever—
12. H. of the M. B. B. I am the—

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE TAKING OF LIFE.

The celebrated Russian novelist tells a touching incident from his own life which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When Tourgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they stamped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin that he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father," he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature! If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death; and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

THE WRONG BUTTON.

A man in an electric car the other night wished to leave at a certain corner. He was talking with a friend at the time, and carelessly, without looking round, reached back to press the button. The car rolled steadily on. The man, with an impatient frown, pressed harder; still the motor-man, looking off in the darkness, paid no attention. The car passed another corner. With an angry exclamation the man looked about for the conductor, when his friend, quietly reaching over, touched the button for him. In instant obedience to the signal, the car began to slow, and the passenger who had been pressing, not the button, but a little screw above it, hastily left the car. After all, it generally turns out to be our own fault when things go wrong with us.

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"