

"I DIDN'T THINK."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings always—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream
The golden rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws, and have no cause
To say: "I didn't think."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IX.—MAY 27.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Mark 6. 30-44. Memory verse, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My Father giveth you the true bread
from Heaven.—John 6. 32.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful picture comes before
our mind when we think of the scene of
this wonderful miracle. On the green
hillside overlooking the deep blue sea,
with a fair blue sky above, many people
had gathered. They heard that Jesus
had gone hence to this quiet place, so they
sought him out, many coming on foot a
long distance.

When Jesus saw them he was moved
with compassion towards them, because
they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

In the late afternoon the disciples
began to feel anxious, for there was nothing
to eat and the people were getting hun-
gry. Jesus knew all this and asked how
much food they had with them. Just five
loaves and two fishes, which the disciples
thought was as nothing among so many.
But Jesus told them to bid the people sit
down, and to start with what they had,
which he blessed, and lo, when it was
divided it fed all, and there were left over

twelve baskets full, and this crowd num-
bered about five thousand.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where had Jesus gone? To a quiet desert place.
2. What for? To rest.
3. Who followed him? A great crowd.
4. Did they get hungry? Yes.
5. Had they food? No.
6. Were the disciples alarmed? Yes.
7. What did Jesus ask? How much food they had.
8. What had they? Five loaves and two fishes.
9. Did it feed all? Yes.
10. What was left over? Twelve baskets full.

LESSON X.—JUNE 3.

THE GENTILE WOMAN'S FAITH.

Mark 7. 24-30. Memory verse, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even
as thou wilt.—Matt. 15. 28.

LESSON STORY.

We may think this a strange answer
that Jesus gave to this poor Greek woman
who was in such distress about her daugh-
ter. It may seem unkind until we know
its purpose and its meaning. For Jesus
is too wise to err, too loving to be unkind.
This sad-hearted woman knew this, and
she had faith that he could cure her
daughter.

When Jesus said let the children first
be fed, by the children were meant the
Jews, and the dogs were the Gentiles. She
knew that Jesus was a Jew and that he
had come to save the Jews, but she knew
also that he was so large-hearted his love
embraced Gentiles as well, and even
though it was crumbs she could get, she
would be glad of them. She was not
proud, but humble and sure in her faith.

Jesus rewarded this faith by curing her
daughter.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who fell at Jesus' feet? A poor Gentile woman.
2. What did she ask? That Jesus would cure her daughter.
3. What did Jesus preach? About the children being fed first.
4. What did she reply? That the dogs might have the crumbs.
5. Was she willing to take crumbs? Yes, and thankful.
6. Did this show her faith? Yes, and Jesus rewarded it by curing her daughter.

"WHO FEEDS THE BIRDS."

"Who feeds the birds, mother?" asked
little Lottie as, looking from the window,
she saw a lonely robin sitting on the
branch of a cherry-tree from which the
frost-touched leaves had fallen.

"God feeds them," answered the mother.
"How does he do it? He doesn't hold
out his hand with something to eat in it,
nor set a table for them?"

"No, dear; nor does he hold out his
hand with something to eat in it, nor set a
table for us, and yet he feeds every living
thing."

"How does God feed us, mother?"
"He causes the wheat and corn to grow,
and from them we make bread. Every-
thing we eat and drink is really given by
his loving and careful hand. There is not
a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower, a grain
of seed, or anything that lives and grows,
that is not made by him."

"Isn't he good, mother?"
"Oh, yes, he is very good, feeding us
and caring for us, even though we are too
often unthankful and disobedient."

"But how are the birds fed, mother?"
"Poor Robin out there on the cherry-tree,
how is he going to get his dinner? I
don't see anything for him to eat."

"God never makes any bird or beast,
my Lottie, without making his food also.
And each one knows where to find it."

"Mamma," said a wee child one Sun-
day evening after having sat in the house
all day like a good child, "have I
honored you to-day?" "I don't know,"
replied the mother; "why do you ask?"
"Because," said the little one, sadly
shaking her head, "the Bible says,
'Honor thy father and thy mother: that
thy days may be long;' and this has been,
oh, the longest day I ever saw!"

PETER NODDY.

BY D. W. MOREHEAD.

Peter Noddy comes at night,
Down the chimney, so they say,
Sews our eyelids fast and tight
Till the break of day.
And never yet has anybody
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair
By the fire to watch for him,
But he took me unaware
In the shadows dim,
And before my eyes could view him,
He had popped his needle through them.

Is his thread a moonbeam white,
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?
Or perhaps he tears the slight
Spider webs asunder,
And from out their glossy shreds
Twines and spins his lissome threads.

And his fingers are so deft,
And his needle is so keen,
Not a scar or mark is left
Where its point has been.
So he comes and so he goes,
Whence or whither, no one knows.