

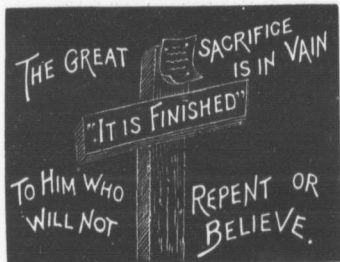
CATECHISM QUESTION.

53. In what else is your soul different from your body? My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.

54. Is not your soul then of great value? Yes; because it is myself. [Luke ix. 25.]

Blackboard.

BY J. B. PHILIPS, ESQ.



EXPLANATORY. This design should be carefully drawn before the session of the school. Draw the cross with brown chalk, the inscription with white. Use a little bright red on the cross to make it more prominent. The events for review are: I. The way to the cross. II. The crucifixion. III. The title. IV. The people around the cross. V. The crucified thieves. VI. The words spoken by the dying Saviour while on the cross. VII. The last scene.

APPLICATION. "If I do not repent or believe, will this Sacrifice save me?"

Primary and Intermediate.

LESSON THOUGHT. *The Cure for Sin.*

INTRODUCTORY. Ask how many children have kind friends at home who love them, watch over them, take care of them? Ask why they do it, and lead the little thought to the truth that it is love which prompts all the care and watchfulness. Talk a little about the sun, its light, heat, etc.; light a match and let it burn, talking as it burns about the light and heat from this bit of wood, though so small, being the same as that from the great sun, and showing that it is the same with the love in human hearts. God is the great sun of love, and the love in papa's and mamma's heart comes from him and is something like his, though so very small.



Ask some child if the sun shines for him alone, and bring out the thought that it shines for all. A lamp, a candle, this little match, can only shine for a few, but the sun lights and warms every one in the world. It is so with God's love. Your love, my love, can only reach a few, but God's love

reaches every body. Now sing, "Jesus loves me," and at the end of the first verse pause to talk about the Bible which tells us so, holding it reverently as you talk and leading the children to some idea of the value of the book by telling some story about heathen children who do not know this precious truth. This is a good place to turn the lesson for a moment into a missionary channel.

Talk a little about Jesus's life on earth, letting children tell facts about it, and by a few carefully chosen questions bringing the story down to the time of the

crucifixion. Now sing, "Jesus loves me, he who died," and after this verse tell the story, tenderly, lovingly, of the crucifixion of the dear Saviour, avoiding all harrowing details, and seeking to leave upon the minds of the children rather an impression of the great love than of the great suffering of our Lord. Dear teacher, it is no small thing to teach this lesson! Only a heart filled with love for God and for little children can present it rightly.

Make a wide open gate on the board, write above it "Heaven," make paths from various directions leading to it, and teach that only those can enter this open gate which Jesus died to open save those who have had their sins washed away by believing in Jesus. Teach that our hearts are sick with sin, and that only Jesus can cure them. Use symbol, and show that Jesus's part is all done, and our part is just to believe in him and obey him.

Close by singing last verse, and teaching that after Jesus went away he sent his Spirit to stay with us always, and lead us in the path to heaven.

Lesson Word-Pictures.

It is such a sad procession that goes through the streets! There are Roman soldiers sternly tramping along. There is a man thorn-crowned, who weary and faint tries to bear a heavy cross upon his bruised and bleeding back. And O! the noisy, curious, cruel crowd that rushes after to see the great prophet die! I think I see somewhere a few disciples, mostly women, who, loving yesterday, are still devoted to-day. The procession has reached that dreary place, Golgotha, and I turn shuddering away while I hear the hard, heartless sound of the driving of nails. They lift the cross, the only throne Israel raises for its Messiah, and two writhing thieves are his companions. "Look at the title," says some one. "That does not read right!" They read the inscription on the little white tablet, giving the accusation against the condemned. "Let us tell Pilate to alter it!" cries an angry priest. Away they hurry to the Roman ruler. They make their request. Does he scowl? How much trouble those notional Jews make him! "What I have written, I have written," he replies, and says it in such a way that there is no asking a second time. Around that awful spectacle of the sufferings of the cross, still linger Roman soldiers and Jewish spectators. Here is a group of soldiers gathered around a heap of clothes on the ground. How roughly they toss and divide these garments of a king. For that "coat without seam" they carelessly "cast lots," as if children determining the ownership of a bauble. And over there is a group of disciples. I see the loving, tearful face of Mary, the mother of Jesus. There are other clinging women, and John, too, the true, brave disciple, all watching, waiting in tears. Hark! that sufferer on the cross is speaking. He turns aside from his agonies to commend his mother to one who will be a son, and the disciple to one who will be a mother. Still wears on that hard, sorrowful day. There are gloomy shadows in the air. People come to look at the sufferer and then turn away. Some sneer and others shudder. Roman soldiers wait listlessly for the end. Disciples watch in sympathy, and you hear their moans. Still thicken the shadows about the cross. A cry pierces the air, a cry out of the torment of the crucifixion fever, "I thirst." They are running now to "a vessel full of vinegar." They dip a sponge into it. They lift the sponge on a hyssop reed. They press it to the lips hot, dry, parched. One other cry, "It is finished!" and the head drops in the helplessness of death.