

Our Young Folks.

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have,
Which, five in a row,
Upon each side of you,
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you're fed.

They wake up your dolly,
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They huckle your skate straps,
And haul at your sled;
Are, in summer, quite white
And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease,
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants,
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy,
Or idle—would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

THE BRIGHTEST GIFT.

One day when the studies were over, the schoolmaster took from his desk an odd-looking box with pictures of birds painted upon it. He called the boys to his desk and told them that he had bought each one of them a little present. Then, while they stood around, he drew out of it some white and pink shells and some pretty toys which he gave to them with kind and pleasant words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little statue of an angel. She stood with her small, white hands folded over her breast, and her face uplifted, and appeared so fair and so pure that the children gazed at her with eyes full of joy. They had never seen anything like it.

"This angel is too lovely to be given to any child who is not good and true of heart. But the one who brings me tomorrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel for his own."

The children looked at each other, not feeling sure that they understood the master. But he said no more, and they went home.

The next day, after the lessons were finished, the children gathered around the master to show him what they had brought. Some had picked up sparkling stones by the roadside; one had polished a small piece of silver until it shone like a mirror, another had brought a watch crystal which his father had given him; and Henry, the merchant's son, had brought a breastpin with a stone set in its centre that shone like a diamond.

"Ah; mine is the brightest!" cried Henry.

"But where is little Carl?" asked Master Lewis, looking around. "We cannot decide until Carl brings his offering."

At that moment little Carl, the baker's only son, came running into the room. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a snow-white dove. Some red drops upon its downy breast showed that it had been hurt.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it up quickly and ran here. Oh, I am afraid it will die!"

Even as he spoke the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head, and died.

Carl ink upon his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead bird from his hands and laid it tenderly upon his desk. Then turning to the schoolboys, he said: "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying tear."

"Give the white angel to little Carl!" cried the boys. "We know now what you meant; and his offering is better than any of ours."

THE LIFE-SAVING BRIGADE.

You think this is about life-boats, life-cars, rockets, sinking ships, brave life-saving station men, and the like. No; this is a brigade which you are now asked to join, and you can be your own president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and entire voting membership. While this might save a good deal of friction, I still think you would gain more than you would lose by having other members, for you would get so many ideas, learn so many new things if you would form a brigade of more than one member.

I may as well tell you at once that this idea of a life-saving brigade was not original with me, but was suggested by a dear, loving-hearted little girl friend who is a most devoted member of the only brigade of the kind in existence, so far as I know.

You thought this brigade was to save the lives of people. Oh, no! it is to save the life of all living creatures; the smallest insect is protected by this brigade. It has four

members—two girls and two boys; perhaps by this time the brigade may have more members. The members resolved that they would each be careful, in walking, not to step on ant hills, or worms, or caterpillars; that all spider-webs should be respected, and, of course, bathing places will be provided for birds, and they will be careful to keep vessels filled with water where the birds can get drinks; it is needless to say that the water will always be fresh and clean, for birds are very dainty creatures. Last Sunday morning the birds were singing and flying about in a vine that covers the side of a house opposite. At the side of this house is a tiny park in which there is a fountain. The keeper of the park turned on the water at the fountain. Almost as soon as it fell in the basin two birds darted from the vines into it and splashed and ducked and called out in delight. During the first half hour after the water was turned on at least twenty birds had bathed in it, and if the man in the park had only understood them I am sure he would have heard them say, "Thank you!"

Of course no member of a life-saving brigade would chase a dog or cat; he would never be cruel to a horse, and in every way would try to make all animals happier. Birds nests would be safe, and every living thing would be happier because of the new society.

Just as soon as you begin to care for the little creatures about you, you will begin to study their habits, their homes and their food, and on reviewing in the fall you will not only have pleasant memories, but much useful knowledge.

Long life to the life-saving brigade!

JACK, THE BOY MISSIONARY.

Not long ago some Sunday school children in London placed over a small grave a tablet to the memory of Jack Hore, who was known as the boy missionary, and who was only seven years old when he died. Of course, he was not really a missionary. He was born in England, and was famous as the only white baby ever seen in the region of the great lakes, and after passing unscathed through all the dangers of Equatorial Africa, he fell a victim at last to measles in his native land.

Jack was the son of a well-known missionary, Captain Hore. He started for Africa with his parents when he was only eleven weeks old, and the story of the baby's trip to Lake Tanganyika, which was written by his mother, made Jack very well known. When the party started inland from Zanzibar, they trundled Jack in a wheelbarrow. The softest possible bed was made for him in a wicker basket, the sides padded so that he could not hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame, and in this conveyance Jack made a very comfortable journey to Mamboia, a hundred miles inland. There were reasons, however, why it was not thought best for Jack and his mother to go any further that year, and so the baby was wheeled back to the coast again, and he returned to England none the worse for his novel journey.

The year following, Jack and his mother started for Africa once more, and his father rigged up another sort of conveyance for the baby passenger. This time bamboo poles were fastened to the sides of the basket, and four porters were detailed to carry Jack. As they swung along the path the supple poles gave to the basket a springy motion, which was very pleasing to the little fellow. Along the bamboos was stretched a canvas awning, impervious alike to sun or rain, with movable sides, that could be fastened up or down at pleasure. His mother was carried in a bath chair rigged up in a similar fashion. After Jack had been carried far inland, African fever tackled the little fellow, and then he insisted much of the time upon being carried in his mother's lap; but fortunately he did not suffer long from the formidable foe of the white man in Africa.

When the caravan halted for the noon-day lunch, the first duty of the men was to pitch a tent to shelter Jack and his mother from the scorching sun. One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing nearly all of Jack's wardrobe. The calamity, however, was easily remedied, for Mr. Hore had a lot of cotton cloth to pay his way through the country, and Jack soon had a new wardrobe.

Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hore wrote that she and Jack often presented a very dragged appearance when the halt was made for the day. The journey lasted ninety days. At last Jack and his parents embarked on the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika, and negro boatmen, singing at their paddles, took them to the Island of Kavala, which was Jack's home during all his babyhood in Central Africa. Friends in England sent him many playthings, which he shared with his Wagaha playmates, and he lived in Africa very happily indeed. It is a pity he was not allowed to live there.

HINTS FOR GIRLS.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don't over or under-dress. Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it. Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief. Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

Luke 20.
9-19

GOLDEN TEXT.—He is despised and rejected of men.—Isaiah liii. 3.

INTRODUCTION.

During the last few days of Christ's life on earth, before His enemies laid hands on Him, He passed the night at Bethany, returning in the morning to Jerusalem where He continued to teach in the Temple the great truths of His kingdom. In His boyhood He said "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business," and now when the end was near He is still intent on the discharge of His duty. He knew what was immediately before Him and He goes calmly on to the end. Could a man, knowing that in three days certain death in its cruellest and most ignominious form was near, continue to teach undisturbed. In this very fact we have evidence that Christ was what He claims to be, the Son of God.

I. God's Vineyard.—Jesus spoke to the people. The spiritual rulers and guides of the people had definitely rejected Him. They were in no condition to listen to Christ's words. Their souls were filled with hatred to Him. To the end the common people heard him gladly. He spoke on this the last day of His free ministry in parables. These all could easily understand. His parables were readily understood by friend and foe. "A certain man planted a vineyard." This represents God as creator and owner of all things. The soil and climate of Palestine is peculiarly suited to grape-culture. It has been described as a land of vineyards. The fitness of the imagery used in the parable is at once apparent. The kingdom of God in Old Testament times was frequently described as a vineyard. Jesus employs the same description here. The owner of the vineyard first equips it completely and then lets it out to husbandmen to cultivate and take care of it. The husbandmen in the parable represent the Jewish rulers and also the Jewish nation. To them special trusts and privileges for the advancement of the kingdom of God were committed. The owner of the vineyard goes abroad leaving it in charge of the husbandmen. All that was needed for the faithful discharge of their duties had been provided, and they were left free but with a deep sense of responsibility resting on them. Each Christian nation, each Christian Church, is a vineyard that God has planted. These vineyards are now let out to husbandmen. In due season the Owner sends for the fruit of the vineyard. It was "at the season" that the lord of the vineyard sent his messenger to seek for the share of fruit that was his due. God does not exact from us more than He deems right. It is at the season when the fruit should ripen that He sends. If we fail in profiting by the means of grace and opportunities given us the fault will be all our own. We cannot lay the blame upon God.

II. Fruit Required.—Vineyards are planted that they might bear fruit. They are protected that the fruits may be had for the rightful owners. In the parable the owner sent a servant to the husbandmen to receive from them of the fruit of the vineyard. God sent His servants to Israel again and again. Every prophet and every righteous man that declared and did God's will was His servant and sought fruit for God. The servant was not only ungraciously received. He was beaten and sent away empty. It is a dangerous thing to ill treat God's messengers whom in love He sends us. The owner of the vineyard is patient, notwithstanding the folly and injustice of the husbandmen. He does not immediately punish them. He gives them another opportunity, sending another servant on the same errand He had sent the first. These wicked husbandmen are only the more hardened. This second servant was also cruelly beaten and it is added, he was treated shamefully and sent away empty. Even yet the patience and forbearing love of the lord of the vineyard is not exhausted. He sends a third messenger, who is still more cruelly dealt with. He was wounded and thrown out of the vineyard. This had been the treatment meted out to God's messengers to the Jewish nation. Still the lord of the vineyard affords the husbandmen one more opportunity. He is unwilling to leave them to their folly. He says "What shall I do?" He determines to send yet another messenger, one higher and more precious in his sight than any of those previously sent. He sends his beloved son, whom he expects they will reverence. This strikingly illustrates God's love to sinners and His long forbearance with them. He has a right to expect that His beloved Son should be cordially received. So great was their blindness, so hardened were their hearts that they could not see the owner's forbearance, or listen to his final message sent by his own beloved son. So did the Jews treat the well-beloved Son of God. The words descriptive of the rejection of the owner's last messenger were prophetic of the rejection of the Messiah.

III. The Beloved Son Rejected.—The husbandmen's measure of wickedness was full. All that could be done for them had been done and they had spurned every opportunity offered them. Nothing was now left for them but punishment. It involved their own destruction and the giving of the vineyard to others. The people who heard the parable were deeply interested. They understood it fully and some of them vividly realizing the awful nature of the doom pronounced cried out "God forbid!" These prophetic words were literally fulfilled. The Jewish nation was overthrown with swift and terrible destruction by the Romans, and the spiritual privileges and purposes of that nation were transferred to others. The Christian Church was henceforth to be the Kingdom of God. After completing the parable, Jesus beheld them, looked intently on the people, and quoted from the Messianic Psalm cxviii. 23, 24, applying to Himself the rejection of the corner-stone by the builders, which nevertheless became the head of the corner. Those that fall upon that stone are they who stumble at the offence of the cross, they fail to recognize Christ crucified as the Saviour. Those on whom the stone falls with destructive force are they who deliberately reject Jesus. The words of Christ received fulfilment then in the case of the chief priests and scribes. They were exasperated and were eager to seize Him then. The only restraint they felt was the friendship of the people for Jesus. They had already determined to put Him to death. They had long desired to do so. Yet they were held in check. Jesus could not be touched till His hour had come. The fear of men could act as a restraining motive on those who had cast every other fear away. None who feared God could have cherished such murderous intentions in their hearts. There hatred of Jesus shows how depraved wicked men can become.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

God has conferred great privileges on us. He has placed us in His vineyard and left us in charge. He has given us blessed opportunities, and placed us under great responsibilities.

He expects fruit from His vineyard and at the proper season He will send His messengers for it. Let us be careful how we treat God's messengers.

God has sent to us His beloved Son, expecting that we will reverence, hear, obey and believe on Him. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh from heaven."

The rejection of Jesus Christ as a Saviour brings destruction. There is no Saviour but Jesus.