

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SECOND QUARTER.

(Condensed from Peabody's Select Notes.)

Lesson XII. June 19. Ps. 1 and 23.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

SUBJECT.—AIDS TO A TRUE LIFE.

I. FROM THE POET'S WATCH-TOWER.

LESSON I.—VIL. LESSON I. shows us the two ways, and where they lead, so that at the very beginning of life we may choose aright. Which way are we going?

LESSON II. THE TWO KINGDOMS are set forth, and we belong to one or the other. We can note the characteristics of each, and the marks by which we can know where we belong.

LESSON III. points out to us the two books from which we are to learn about God and His will. The book of Nature, showing us a twilight picture; the book of Revelation, throwing a noonday light upon it.

LESSON IV. shows us God's SHEPHERD CARE of His people. We find in Christ the bread of life and the waters of life, rest, guidance, victory and hope.

LESSON V. points out to us the WAY OF FORGIVENESS AND SALVATION FROM SIN. We have all sinned many times. We all need the assurance of God's forgiving love.

LESSON VI. presents us many helps in daily life, derived from the HOUSE OF GOD.

LESSON VII. exhibits God's FATHERLY LOVE, drawing us to love Him for His goodness, comforting us in sorrow, restoring us in sickness, strengthening us in weakness.

II. FROM THE EXAMPLE OF HOLY MEN OF OLD.—Lesson VIII.—XI.

LESSON VIII. shows us FOUR YOUNG MEN making a noble choice, resisting temptation; religion and temperance at the beginning of their career. This is the seed from which grew the glorious victories of their manhood's days.

LESSON IX. shows us what visions God gave to these young men, what insight into the future, and into the nature of things. They stood with the cause that must win at last, and were strengthened by the assurance.

LESSONS X. and XI. show these four men under great trials, but always true to God and conscience. Their lives oppress the value, the power, and the triumph of righteousness and truth. They may be cast into the fiery furnace, but they come out unscathed. They may be cast to the lions but they remain unharmed.

Olive's Impulse.

"I wonder who will wear this," said Olive Eustice as she took the last stitch in a dark woollen dress. "It looks real pretty and comfortable, even if it is plain, and I have enjoyed making it so much. I should really like to know who will get it."

"Why don't you put a note in it?" asked Roy Dean, laughing.

The young ladies' mission circle was sewing for a mission box to be sent to a friend who was teaching in a large school in the West, where the pupils were nearly all destitute of the many necessities of life, to say nothing of their comforts. Olive looked up at Roy's suggestion.

"Thank you for the thought, I suppose you will laugh at me," she said, "but I feel 'moving,' as Aunt Harriet says, to do as you suggest."

"Indeed, we will not laugh. I think it would be ever so nice for you to do it. There are pencil and paper on the table."

Olive wrote a few lines, slipped the note in the dress pocket, and folded it for the box.

"I might as well give up first as last," said Ruth Crosby; "everything goes against me. It took all the money I earned this summer to pay the doctor's bill, and now the cow has died. I shall have to give father the money I had saved for my dress to buy another cow, and I cannot come back to school without a dress. It does seem too hard. I mean to be something and help the rest, but there isn't any use. I do want to come back so much this fall."

"I think you can, my dear," said Miss Preston. "You can pay your way in school, and I know where you can work for your board."

"But, Miss Preston, I haven't a dress to wear away from home," said Ruth.

"My friends in the East have sent me quite a box of clothing to give away. There are several things that will be just right for you, I am sure; a gray woollen dress for one, I think. Cannot you thank God and take courage now?"

"I don't know," said Ruth, sadly. "I am thoroughly discouraged; it seems to me that there is nothing but trouble and disappointment for me. I wonder how it would come to me not to be so awfully poor."

"The gray dress proved to be just right, but Ruth looked at it dubiously."

"I don't believe I shall ever dare to wear it," she said, "it is so nice."

It was not until she had reached home that she put her hand in the pocket and found Olive's note. It was only a few lines.

"Dear unknown friend," it read, "something impels me to send you my verse, as I call it. It has been such a source of help and comfort to me, perhaps it may be to you. This is it: 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' I have lost all my dearest ones. I am the only one left of my family, and oh, I am so lonely! but I just cling to that verse. It seemed hard and unjust to me at first, but since I learned these words I feel differently. If He loved me enough to let His son die that cruel death for me, He surely would not deny me any earthly happiness, unless there was some wise, good reason. I know I can trust His love after that proof. Are you ever tempted to doubt it? Just cling to my verse, if you are, won't you?"

I don't know how many times Ruth read that note, but as she read the hard look in her face softened. Was it possible that there was a wise, loving rea-

son for all her hardships and disappointments? She had almost felt that her lot was harder than any one's else; but there was the girl left desolate. After all, poverty was by no means the greatest hardship; she remembered how she had thought in the summer's sickness that if God would only spare her dear mother to them she would never murmur again. And yet how bitterly she had complained about the death of the cow. Oh, she was ashamed to think of it.

"I am going to write to her," she said two or three weeks after, "and tell her how her verse has helped me, and thank her for sending it."

So it came to pass that the two girls so widely separated came to correspond, and Olive knew all about the poor cows, and the loss of the cow, and how Ruth longed to educate Teddy, who was so bright. And then came books, papers, and magazines to the lonely western home, which were perfect treasures to the recipients.

And then finally came the request that Olive might be allowed to educate Teddy. "My brother wanted to be a minister if he had lived," wrote Olive; "may I not educate Teddy in his place?"

"I wish," Ruth wrote back, "that I could put a monument over that cow's resting-place. If she had not died just when she did I could have needed the gray dress, and so should not have received your dear little note. I think, no matter how long I live, or what comes to me, I shall never doubt again like that, and every night in my life thank God for putting it into your heart to write those kind words to me."—*American Messenger*.

Apple Blossoms.

BY MERCY E. RUSSELL.

The apple tree had stood bare and cold all winter, and had said to itself: "Lo! I am dead."

When the early spring came, and the sap began to stir within it, the tree lamented and said to itself again: "Ah! what am I but a dead tree! I remember how the blood in my veins used to flow so swiftly that it is now cold and sluggish. I can hardly perceive that my heart beats at all. I see that the sky is still beautiful, but the winds are harsh and cold. They used to thrill me through and through, and I was glad when the soft air and sunlight touched me, and I smiled and answered them with blossoms sweet as the kisses of children. I have no feeling of joy but only a longing and desire for the inspiration that used to fill my soul. I cannot put forth a blossom, nor even a leaf. The fact that I can remember the influences that used to woo me so tenderly, ought to convince me that there is a spark of life in me still, though I could not respond to them now. If I am not dead, surely, I have grown very old."

So the April days passed; and one morning a bluebird came and perched himself on a branch of the tree and saw with delight that it was covered with buds.

"See," said the bluebird, "the tree is about to bloom," and he quivered with joy, and he sang and sung till his glad voice seemed to reach the skies.

When the tree heard this a great wave of happiness filled its heart, and it thought of all its limbs and branches, and the little buds blushed with pleasure, and the tree said:

"Thank God I am alive. How could I ever have been so dull and unresponsive when the sky was still blue over my head, and I knew that the sun was shining! I thought the winds were cold and the rain was chilly that formerly fell upon me so softly as the tears which a heart full of love calls from dear eyes."

And when the May days came, the tree burst into a thousand blossoms and filled the air with sweetness. The bluebirds darted among its pink blossoms, and a pair of robins built a nest in its delicate foliage. The grass grew green about its roots and crept up close to the tree. Little children came and played under it and merrily tried to catch the drifting petals which the happy tree tossed down to them. A youth and a maiden passed that way, and the tree rejoiced more than ever when it heard a low voice say:

"The sweetest flower that blooms shall make my dear love a bridal crown."

A heavy-hearted man, also, who thought that a dark cloud covered the world, and who could see nothing in the future beyond a green mound in the turf, looked upon the tree, rejoicing in new life and beauty—and he who had walked with a sad face and unresponsive heart, felt the quick tears springing to his eyes as he murmured:

"The times of refreshing shall come."—*Christian Inquirer*.

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(Signed) REV. FATHER SHAW, P. P., Given at the Rectory of St. John the Baptist, New Glasgow, N. S., Jan. 28, '91.

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Tony's Own Self.

BY SYDNEY DAYKE.

"Give me a bite, Tony?" Tony came on the playground with a fine apple in his hand. It was as round as his face, as red as his cheeks, as big (almost, he would have said) as his head, as sweet—as his temper—Dear me! What did Tony answer?

"I shan't. It's mine and I want it all my own self."

"Hello, Tony, lend me your new top?" cried one of his playmates.

"No. Just as soon as I've eaten this apple I'm going to eat it my own self."

Tony's own self was about as pleasant looking a self as usually belongs with a boy. He had a bright eye and a merry voice. He had strong limbs, as he showed by the way he pushed and crowded when the boys hurried in from the playground and gathered around the stove.

"Get out of the way, Art," he snarled under his breath. "I want this corner my own self."

The trouble with Tony was that he thought entirely too much of that self of his, and often put upon a very poor use.

"Miss Vale," said Tony, eagerly, as he caught up to her on the way home. "I did every one of those examples my own self today without a bit of showing."

"I'm glad you did, Tony. It's a pretty good sort of a self that learns more and more to depend upon itself, to do things without calling for help, isn't it?"

"Yes, 'tis," said Tony. "I'm going to be that sort. I'm going to do things by my own self every day."

"And then," went on Miss Vale, who had a way of noticing her boys when they did not know it, "there are other things besides doing for our own selves. We can remember that there are plenty of other selves in the world."

Tony had not thought much of the other selves, so he had no answer ready. "It would be a dreadful world if it were not so, wouldn't it?"

"If there wasn't anybody but just our own self in it, do you mean?" asked Tony in surprise.

"Well, I should rather say it would!" exclaimed Tony. "No one to play with. No one to do things for you. No one to give you things. No one to help you. Yes, that would be a pretty mean sort of a world."

"No one to be kind to. No one to do anything for. No one to share good things with. No one to give help to," said Miss Vale.

This was more which Tony had not thought of, so he was again silent.

"Did you ever happen to wonder why God put so many of us together in this world, Tony?"

"No'm," said Tony. "Don't you suppose it is to give us a chance to be kind to each other, to be helpful to each other?"

"Yes'm, I guess that's it. There's lots of people good to me, and I like it."

"But I wish you would try, my little boy, how much happiness there may be found in thinking more of other selves than of our own selves. Now, as you always find it, you say, very pleasant to have others do things for you, don't you think it would be equally pleasant for you to do for others?"

"Pleasant for them?" asked Tony. "Yes, pleasant for them, but still more pleasant for you?"

Tony looked doubtful.

"Don't you think, dear, that if we should try with all our might to be kind, each one doing his best to make those about him happy, this would be a very happy world?"

"Well, I suppose so," said Tony. "But, Miss Vale, if everybody did the kind things for somebody else, instead of doing 'em for their own selves, it would just about even things up, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would, Tony," said Miss Vale, with a smile.

"Well, then, some people won't do it, you see. Some of 'em I'll keep right straight on looking out for their own selves. Then the folks that do the good things'll get the worst of it, don't you see?"

Tony looked as if he thought he had the best of it, but Miss Vale shook her head.

"Tony, who are the people who will be likely to forget themselves and look out for others?"

"Why, good folks, I guess: Christians."

"Yes, Christ's own people—those who, like Him, strive to go about doing good, those who have a sweet smile, a loving word, a helpful hand for all who may come in their way. Now, do you think the Lord is going to let His own get the worst of it in any way? Don't you think He is going to see to it that they get their exceeding great reward?"

They had reached Miss Vale's gate, before she went in she turned to Tony and took his round face between her two hands.

"This is about as nice a little self as I know," she said, looking into his eyes with a smile. "All that seems to be the matter with it is that it forgets to think enough of other selves. Try, my boy, in how many ways this own self of yours can be helpful to others before it goes to bed to-night."

If Tony was wise enough to try it I am sure he found that Miss Vale was right in declaring that the Lord our Saviour looks out for His people. I wish every boy and girl would try it this very day and taste how sweet is the reward with which He blesses those who seek not their own.—*The Interior*.

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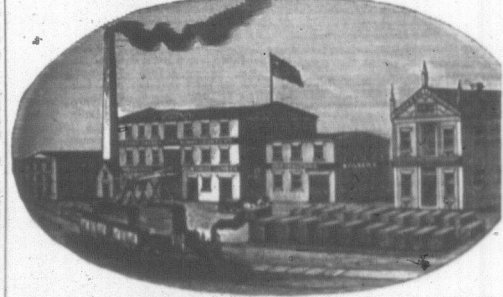
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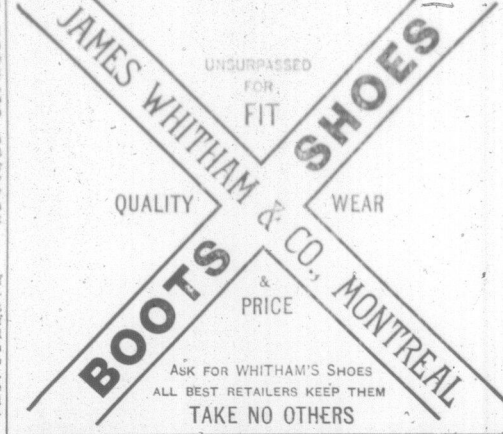
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