

## Our Young Folks.

### HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,  
Alone on the highway of life;  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,  
Each city with evil is rife.  
This world is a stage of excitement—  
There's danger wherever you go—  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The siren's sweet song may allure you,  
Beware of her cunning and art;  
Whenever you see her approaching,  
Be guarded and haste to depart,  
The billiard saloons are inviting,  
Decked out in their tinsel and show;  
You may be invited to enter—  
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered;  
No matter how tempting it be,  
From poison that stings like an adder,  
My boy, have the courage to flee.  
The gambling halls are before you,  
Their lights, how they dance to and fro!  
If you should be tempted to enter,  
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,  
When you the long journey begin,  
And trust that a Heavenly Father  
Will keep you unspotted from sin.  
Temptations will go on increasing  
As streams from a rivulet flow;  
But if you are true to your manhood,  
Have the courage, my boy, to say No.

### THE LOST CHILD.

Rosamond's father was a blacksmith, and worked all day at the forge, hammering out steel and iron horseshoes for the horses and donkeys. Rosamond liked to stay at the smithy with her father and watch the sparks which flew from the iron as he brought his heavy hammer down upon the anvil.

She had never been at school, but one day her father said, "Wife, I think that our little girl should go to school. We shall miss her, but I think we shall have to send her, for she is now seven years old."

So her mother bought her a little red-and-white basket in which to carry her dinner, for the distance was so great she could not come home at noon.

The next morning she led her little girl to the school-house herself, and said to the teacher, "I have brought you a little new scholar."

And the teacher kissed Rosamond and said she thought they should get on very smoothly together; and so they did.

Everything went nicely for two or three weeks. Rosamond liked her school even better than the blacksmith's shop. Every morning she took her little red-and-white basket and trudged along through the woods to the school-house, and every morning her dear old doggie Sam went with her as far as the school-house door, and then ran home to take care of the house and shop.

One night Rosamond did not come at the usual time. Her father was alarmed, and started to look for her, taking Sam with him. They went quite a long way towards the school-house through the woods. They saw nothing of her. But as they came to a little path leading to the left Sam would go no further. He stood, looking that way, barking as loudly as he could, "Bow-wow-wow!" He seemed to say, "Come this way! come this way!"

The father did not know what to make of it, as he had never seen Sam act so before. But he thought he would walk that way and see what it meant.

They went on and on for a long way, Sam smelling snarply all along the path. All at once he sprang ahead of his master with a loud "bow-wow!" which seemed to say, "found her!" and rushed behind a large oak tree.

When his master reached the tree, there was his little girl fast asleep among the fallen leaves and acorns. Sam sprang at her and kissed her awake, and she rubbed her eyes in surprise to find herself there. Her father took her in his arms and carried her home, for she had lost her way and was very tired. And if it had not been for Sam, I do not know as he ever would have found her.

Rosamond never took that way again to go to school, but kept straight along the well-beaten road, although it was farther than the way through the woods.

### BRINGERS OF GOOD NEWS.

People who know us soon learn just what to expect of us. When King David heard that the messenger who was approaching was his young friend Ahimaaz, he said at once, "He is a good man and cometh with good tidings." Ahimaaz had always brought cheerful news to David, and David was sure that he was not bringing ill news that day. It is a good thing to have such a reputation as this—to be known by our friends as one who always brings cheer.

We all know people who always bring pleasant things to us. They come with bright face and with hopeful heart, and speak glad, inspiring words which make us braver and stronger. Their very faces are benedictions. If they have troubles of their own they hide them away in their own hearts and do not speak of them, to cast shadows on their friends. If they know of discouraging things, they do not tell them, to make

our burdens heavier and our struggles harder. They always find something bright to tell us. They leave benedictions whenever they go from us, even when they have met us casually. We learn to expect something good and uplifting from them when they come near us.

There are other people who are just the reverse. They always bring us ill news or something that makes us less happy. They have something unpleasant to tell us, something discouraging, every time we meet them. When we ask after their health, they pour into our ear a long story of complaints about pains and aches and bad feelings; they never say they are well. Touch upon their circumstances or their affairs, and it is the same: they have not one cheerful, hopeful word. Refer to some neighbour, and they have not a pleasant, kindly thing to say about him. Speak of the weather, and it is as bad as can be; of the country, and it is going to ruin; of the Church, and it is in sad condition; of business, and the times are becoming worse and worse. We soon learn to know these people as bringers, not of good news, but of ill. We know them as croakers and complainers. We never say of one of them, when we get his card or see him approaching, "He is a good man and bringeth good tidings," but rather, "He is a murmurer and bringeth some bad news."

It is not difficult to choose between these two kinds of people.

"I like Annie Durand because she is always bright and full of good humour," said a young lady of a companion. "She always has something cheerful to say; it does me good to meet her."

We would all like Annie.

"I dread to meet Hannah Watson," said the same young lady of another companion. "She always tells me something unpleasant about something or somebody. She always leaves me unhappy and discouraged."

None of us would like Hannah.

Young people should be careful of the habit they form in this regard. As they begin in youth they will continue in after-life. It is far better to become by character and habit bearers of good news than bearers of ill. The latter no one cares to meet very often; the former are welcome always, everywhere. It certainly is better to go about making people happier, their hearts braver and stronger, their burdens lighter, than to move among people to discourage them, to cast shadows over them and to make their lives harder.

### LET IT SHINE.

"Going in there?" said Thomas.

"Yes."

"First rate lamp in the house."

"What?"

"Lamp, you know, trimmed and burnin'."

Sadie looked at the old man in some astonishment. He was the "odd job" man of the neighbourhood; everybody knew him. He pruned his grapevines with critical care, and turned a wrinkled, quizzical face toward her once or twice, but he vouchsafed no further remark, and Sadie made her way to the front door of the little house beyond.

"Is Johnny in?" she asked, as the door opened. "I'm his Sunday school teacher."

"No'm, not home from school, but won't you come in and see mother?"

Sadie had glanced down the street as she knocked, thinking what a wearisome business this Sunday school visiting was.

"How do ministers live through their parish calls?" she wondered.

She looked up now and saw a radiant face; not lighted for the occasion, but bright from within. She stepped through the door to find herself at once in a small, clean, warm, odorless room. In a corner behind the stove was the mother, propped in an easy chair, a helpless paralytic.

Sadie's quick sympathies were touched, and she at once approached the invalid. Her face, too, seemed full of quiet peace.

"You find these dark days very trying, I suppose," said Sadie.

"O no; Anna reads to me when she gets through," said the wavering, paralyzed voice.

"You have a nice warm room."

"Oh yes, Anna keeps a good fire."

In rushed Johnny: "Say, Anna, where's my ball! Can I have a cook—"

"S-h, Johnny, here's your teacher."

John came forward with an awkward bow and a restless glance at the door.

"I'm not going to keep you from your play, Johnny, and you can eat your cooky while I talk; but I want you to join a boys' club from our Sunday school. They are going to meet Monday nights in our basement," etc.

"I may not get my lessons to go," said Johnny.

"O yes, you will. You and I will learn them together Monday afternoon," replied Anna.

"Well," if Anna'll learn the lessons with me," said Johnny.

Sadie looked at Anna's face, bright as ever, and wondered how many things she could do at one and the same time.

"First rate lamp in that house!" Thomas' words came back to Sadie full of meaning. Yes, Anna's light did shine, and Sadie went home illuminated.

"I've got a lamp, too, somewhere," she meditated. "It was so dull and smoky I set it away, but I'll get it up and trim it and brighten it, and see if it will shine."—It did shine.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

May 4,  
1890.

### THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Luke 8  
41, 42, 43, 44.

GOLDEN TEXT—Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.—Luke viii. 50.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

After Jesus had concluded His discourse containing a series of parables, He crossed from the western to the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. During the passage a great storm arose, which He stilled by His powerful word. In the country of the Gadarenes He restored a man who had been possessed by an evil spirit, which being cast out entered into a herd of swine, that perished in the lake. On this occurring the people prayed Him to depart out of their coast. Jesus then returned to Capernaum and resumed His work there, the people gladly welcoming Him. While at a feast in Matthew's house a man came to entreat His sympathy and help on behalf of his young daughter who was dying.

I. The Dying Girl.—Her father, named Jairus, was a ruler in the synagogue, one who presided at the meetings, and who with the other rulers and elders managed its affairs. It is most probable that he had heard Jesus, and may have seen Him perform several miracles, and had been deeply impressed by the Saviour's sympathy with those who suffered. His coming to Jesus in the circumstances and his respectful demeanour showed that he had faith in Him, and it is evident that it was faith that prompted his approach. He asked Jesus to come to his house. Whether his faith had the strength that would enable him to believe that Jesus would restore his beloved daughter to health or not, he was convinced that Jesus' presence in the house would be a comfort to him and his family. When Jairus left his house all human hope for the child's recovery was gone. She was at the point of death when he set out to seek Christ's aid. His love for his daughter was strong. She was his only one, and now the cold hand of death is upon her. In his distress he comes to the Divine Healer, and no one comes to Him in vain. Jesus listens to the appeal, and at once complies with the request. His disciples, those in the home where the feast was, and many others crowd around Jesus as He sets out on His way to the home darkened by the presence of death. They pressed around Him so closely that His progress was impeded. Yet even this circumstance illustrates that with Him there is nothing impossible. A woman who for years had been afflicted with a disease that had baffled all attempts at cure, pressed through the crowd and touched the hem of His garment and was made whole.

II. The Young Girl Dead.—While another had experienced the Saviour's healing power, Jairus' daughter had died. In his home all hope had now been extinguished. From it a messenger comes forth to bear the sad tidings to the bereaved father, and to tell him that all is now over, there is no longer need of further effort, the last hope is gone, "trouble not the Master." Well may the poor bereaved father's heart have sunk within him as he listened to these sad words. The bruised heart is not suffered to break, for Christ says: "Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole." These sublime words carried with them the strongest comfort and an echo of divine power. That they might be fulfilled it was necessary that the ruler's faith fail not, for faith is the condition of receiving the benefits that Christ bestows, "believe only." To strong faith all things are possible. Jesus did not turn back when the message was brought that the young girl was dead. The house of mourning is in due time reached, and He enters it, but He does not want a crowd in the death chamber. Three of His disciples as trustworthy witnesses are permitted to enter with Him, as well as the father and mother of the dead child. In our customs how much is there that is out of harmony with the solemnity of death! The Jews hired mourners to bewail their dead. How much better are we with our ostentatious funeral displays? Affectionate sympathy with the bereaved is always in order, but unreality in mourning, like every other kind of hypocrisy, is sadly out of keeping at the brink of the grave. Not in harsh or stern tones does Jesus speak to the weeping ones and the professional mourners, but He rebukes them nevertheless. "Weep not," He says, "she is not dead, but sleepeth." It can hardly be questioned that Jesus in this statement uses figurative instead of literal language. Sleep is often in the New Testament employed as an image of death, and a most appropriate and expressive metaphor. The term is prophetic. From sleep one awakes refreshed and fitted for the duties of the day. So from the sleep of the grave the dead rise on the resurrection morn. In this instance the term was fittingly employed. Jesus knew that He could restore the young girl to life again. Exhausted nature was resting for a short season in the sleep of death, but He who is the Resurrection and the Life was about to call her to arise. The company in the house did not understand Christ's words. They took them literally, and in that case the evidence of their senses seemed called in question, and they laughed scornfully at His words. They were not in a condition of mind to witness the miracle so as to be benefited and impressed by it. May it not be that, out of compassion for the father and mother, and especially for the sake of the young girl, it was expedient that the discordant noises of the hired mourners should be stilled.

III. The Dead Girl Raised to Life.—When the noisy crowd was expelled Jesus took the girl's cold hand in His. There is healing in His touch. His words are few, but so powerful were they that the dead heard and obeyed. "Maid, arise." To that voice of power death must yield obedience. "Her spirit came again." The pale cheek is suffused again with the glow of health, and the sealed eyes sparkle again with the light of life. Christ's cures were instantaneous. There was instant restoration, not the slow and lingering recovery that ordinarily follows the removal of disease. Health does not usually return all at once, but gradually, but Christ heals with a word and heals completely. "She arose straightway." In token of her complete recovery and to support her strength, He commanded that food should be given her. The parents of the girl were surprised at what they had seen. They may have expected great things, but this surpassed their highest expectations. So is it ever with those that fully trust Christ. "He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we are able to ask or think." Jesus charged the parents "that they should tell no man what was done." Why He thus charged them we are not told, but we may be sure that He had the best of reasons for urging them to keep silent concerning this most marvellous exemplification of divine power and compassion for the suffering and the sorrowing. At all events their hearts would glow with gratitude to Jesus for the great mercy He had bestowed on them.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Jesus is a sure refuge to all the sinful, the sorrowing and the distressed.

Faith always leads to Jesus, and He is ever willing to give the blessings it asks.

Jesus may not now raise the physically dead to life, but He raises now souls that are dead in trespasses and sins.

Jesus is the best friend that can enter the house of mourning, and there is a time coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth.