

Nathan's letter was from a little girl. This amused him much, and Billy more. It was rather an entertaining letter, however, telling him about an ocean voyage the writer had just taken. Nathan read it aloud for Billy's benefit, for the two boys had all things in common as far as possible.

"Now I will read my letter," began Billy.

Here it is:

"Dear Friend: Our Sunday-school class are writing to the people in the hospital; so here's a letter for you. My name is David, and your name is—well, you know what it is, no matter whether I do or not."

"And that is my chum's name," broke in Nathan.

"I have some carrier pigeons and I send them down to my aunt's with letters."

"And that is what my chum does," exclaimed Nathan, in surprise.

"I am building me a boat in our shed," Billy went on.

"Did you ever?" cried Nathan. "So is Dave."

"Well, I do wish you would let me get through with the letter before you have anything else to say," said Billy, and his voice wasn't so pleasant as it might be.

"But it is so funny," exclaimed Nathan. Then Billy resumed his reading.

"Now I will tell you about my chum," read Billy in the letter. "He's the best chum you ever saw, and we've had piles of fun playing ball and baseball and everything else. I tell you what, it don't do for the other fellows at school to say anything against my best friend. Why, you couldn't have a better friend than he has been to me. Lots of times he's saved his candy so I could help him eat it."

Billy interrupted himself, and exclaimed, "Whew, wouldn't I like to have a chum like that, though?" Then, glancing at Nathan, he asked, "Why, what's the matter, boy, you are almost crying?"

Nathan made believe laugh, but he was not very good to make believe anything. "And isn't it enough to make a fellow almost cry to get his first letter from a girl?" asked Nathan. Then he and Billy both laughed long and loud.

"Now, let's hear some more about that chum," said Billy. Then he took up the letter again and read:

"This chum of mine and I had a quarrel, but we never had one before, and we will never have one again, for they say it takes two to make a quarrel, and I won't be one of the two; no, I just won't; and this quarrel was all my fault, for I ought to have given in, and I didn't, and now my chum has gone and broken his leg, and is at the hospital, so he don't know that I've made up with him. You see, I wouldn't be telling you all this stuff, but

you are a stranger, and will never know Nathan or me, and our teacher told us to write just what we were thinking of, and this is it.

"Well, good-bye,

"DAVE SMITH.

"P.S.—That's what everybody calls me, so that's the way I'll sign my name."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Nathan's sobs were so loud that they almost frightened Billy. "Say, boy, what's up?" he asked. "Why, there are tears in your eyes."

"But they're not cry-tears," answered Nathan. "They're tears that had to come. O Billy, Dave Smith is my chum, and I am his chum."

"And you are the best chum in the world, that is true," said Billy.

Then Nathan held out his hand for Billy's letter, and said, "I will answer it."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22.

JESUS THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Luke 7. 36-50.

Memory verse, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.—Luke 7. 30.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful lesson Jesus taught that day he dined in the Pharisee's house. While they sat at the meal a poor woman slipped in and in Oriental fashion began to wash Jesus' feet with some sweet-scented ointment which she brought with her and to dry them with her long, dark hair. She bathed his precious feet with her tears of repentance and anointed them with the kisses of her love.

The Pharisee was shocked that Jesus let such a wicked woman come near him. Jesus knew the wrong thought in the man's mind and told a parable of a man who had two debtors, one owing him much and the other little. But he forgives both. Which will be most grateful and love him most? The one who was forgiven the most. So with Jesus. The greater the sinner the more he loves and longs to forgive, and the greater will that sinner's love be.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. At whose house was Jesus? At a Pharisee's.
2. Were they kind in their thought of sinners? No.
3. Who came in? A poor sinful woman.
4. What did she do? Anointed his feet and dried them with her hair.

5. What parable did Jesus tell? Of the two debtors.

6. What did it teach? The greater the sinner the greater his love when forgiven.

LESSON V.—APRIL 29.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 1-20.

Memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8-11.

LESSON STORY.

This is a very beautiful and true parable. Let every little child try to understand and learn it.

A sower went out to sow. He carried his seed in a big bag tied on like an apron.

As he would take a handful from the bag some of the seeds fell by the wayside and the birds quickly ate them up. Some fell on stony ground where there was no rich earth. It sprang up quickly but soon withered. Other tiny seeds fell among thorns, but when it tried to grow was choked by the thorns. But some fell on good ground and brought forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

Jesus explained the parable thus:

The sower soweth the word of God. The wayside ones are those who let Satan steal the seed from their hearts.

The stony ones are those who receive the word gladly, but when trouble comes they forget the promises and do not trust in God. The same way with the thorny ones. They let the things of this world choke out the things of the Spirit.

The good ground is that of hearts which receive the word of God and bring forth fruit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is a parable? A story with a lesson in it.
2. Is a parable hard to understand? No, they are always simple.
3. Who is the sower? Any one who tells us of Jesus.
4. What is the seed? The Word of God.
5. Where is the seed sown? In our hearts.
6. Is it our fault if our hearts are stony or thorny? Yes.
7. How can we make them? Like rich soil that will yield fruit.

My own baby brother,  
There's not such another  
In all the world round.  
His eyes are the clearest,  
His smile is the queerest,  
His face is the dearest  
That ever you've found.