

The Sabbath School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Third Quarter Lesson 13, Sept 29 1901

REVIEW.

Read the Scripture Lessons of the Quarter.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.—Psa. 103: 17.

SUBJECT: THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY AND WHAT THEY TEACH US

The history may be taught in three methods according to the guiding principle we choose.

I. By the Historical Method. Noting the great events which mark the progress by epochs. It is not worth while to learn by heart all the details; but the great events, which are like milestones, denoting the stages of progress in the onward march of human history, should be committed to memory.

God, Creation, Man, Paradise, The Fall, The Progress of Wickedness, The Deluge, The Call of Abraham, The Great Covenant.

The exact dates no one knows. But it is well to keep in mind the dates in the margins of our Bibles, so that we may realize the time element, and the relation of the events to one another.

Read the first thirty-five chapters of Genesis.

II. By the Biographical Method. This is the basis of the selections of the International Committee for the present scheme of six years.

Let us, therefore, make Character Sketches of the men we have been studying, giving first a brief biography, and the traits which make them influential, the characteristics that make them attractive, the faults to be avoided.

Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Lot, Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob, Esau, Laban.

III. By the Travel Method. The different places, and the journeys between them, are the connecting thread of the history. Use the map, or draw an outline, and have the scholars locate the places and trace the journeys.

Ur, Chaldea, Haran, Canaan, Shechem, Bethel, Hebron, Beer-sheba, Oaks of Mamre, Cave of Machpelah, Gerar, Egypt, Padan-aram, Peniel, The Brook Jabok.

The Bible is God's word to you. If you would know God's thought towards you, read the Bible. Read it constantly, honestly, prayerfully.

How to Read the Bible. (1) Read it regularly. (2) Read it prayerfully. (3) Read it studiously. (4) Read it consecutively. (5) Read it sympathetically. (6) Read it, noting its perspectives (observing dates and relative distances of events). (7) Read it typically. (8) Read it in a spirit of obedience. (9) Read it in faith.

Charlie's Prayer.

Charlie's grandmother went often to the Old Ladies' Home to visit the inmates and cheer their hearts with little gifts of flowers or fruits, a sympathetic word or a whispered prayer.

Charlie had fallen in the way of going with her, until at last every week saw him helping grandma up the front steps of the Home. To be sure, the top of his head only came to grandma's elbow, but he felt very large and strong.

The dear old ladies in the Home grew very fond of their little visitor, and watched for his coming eagerly. His bright face was like sunshine to them in their quiet, uneventful lives.

One day old Mrs. Adkins fell sick, and she lay in her little room a long time. Because she suffered very much and grew no better, she found it hard to be patient, so grandma went often to see her.

One week grandma wasn't well, so Charlie went alone to see their friends. He went about from room to room, making a little call in each till he came to No. 19, where Mrs. Adkins lay. His heart ached with sympathy as he stood beside her and saw the tears in her eyes.

Could I hold your head? he asked anxiously. Mamma likes to have me when her head aches.

No, thank you, dearie. Your soft little hand could not reach my pain. No one but God can cure it.

Charlie felt that he must do something, so remembering grandma's habit he asked quietly, Shall we have a little word of prayer? just as he heard her say it.

Even in her pain the old lady smiled, but she only said, I should be very glad, dear.

Down went Charlie on his knees; his chubby hands were clasped and his blue eyes reverently as he said: Dear Jesus, she is very sick, and she's suffering worse than if she had a bad headache. If she's too sick to be cured, please let her go to sleep and wake up in heaven. Amen.

Much relieved, he stood and reached for his cap. Mrs. Adkins put her arm about him as she said, tenderly, I think Jesus has helped me already, and I just want to tell you I'd rather God would answer that prayer than any other you could have thought of. I have so many dear ones waiting for me in heaven, and no one here any more. Good bye little comfort.

The next time Charlie and grandma visited the Home the little room was empty, for Mrs. Adkins had gone to sleep a few days before, and wakened in heaven.—Christian Work.

What Will You Make of It.

What are you making? asked a lounging in a blacksmith's shop, of the new apprentice, who was hammering away vigorously upon a piece of iron.

I don't know, replied the embryo Vulcan, but I reckon if I keep working on it, it will make something.

So he put the bit of iron again into the fire, and blew the bellows until the ruddy glowing light reached every corner of the little dingy shop, and a bright shower of sparks fell around. Then when it was red-hot he put it again upon the anvil, and hammered it this way and that, expending a great deal of time and muscular energy. At length, he threw it aside, exclaiming: There! I didn't make anything, after all.

I have often thought that many people are living like the young blacksmith. They have materials, time, health, and talents, of which something noble and useful should be made, but they just live along without any aim at anything in particular, and with no idea of what they will be or do. And so, before they are aware, the close of life comes upon them, and they find they have not made anything, after all. There are some who have an object in view, but it is a low one, unworthy the toil of immortal beings. It may be the heaping together of riches, sensuous pleasure, or the gratification of some laudable ambition. But if it is pursued without taking our duty to God and our fellow-creatures into account, and gained, it will prove so poor, so unsatisfying in the end, that the same regret will be felt that nothing has been made, after all.

But those who have a high, pure aim in life, some noble end to be accomplished for the benefit of our fellow-creatures and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, if such an object is labored and striven for, in the strength of the Lord, something precious and beautiful in the sight of God and the angels will be formed, a full and completely rounded life answering the end for which it was created.—Church Messenger.

Keeping Hold of the Boys.

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms.

The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence, Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate.

Said the mother, years after, I consecrated my life to answer that prayer. Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining. Embroidered dollies and hand painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy, and the answering of his prayer. Always give me the first chance to help you, dear, she would say, and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think towards manhood, and so they treat him like a child, to be watched and scolded, instead of being helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as active and self-willed as you often find. But, she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I shall pray and work to be patient.

2. I will strive to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.

3. No matter what happens, I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.

4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.

5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy; and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at Stoicism that says it is

not good form to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder; he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise, and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to tender, loyal mother friend, and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on how to get hold of the boys, she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no charge to keep half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust?—Christian Work.

Teach the Children to be Useful

Why is it that our schools are almost swamped in an avalanche of new demands—demands for manual training, sewing, cooking, jackknife work, and a thousand other things? It is simply because the idea of the useful child has lost ground in so many homes. The useful child learns dexterity as a matter of course, but it learns so much more! The child learns that no one lives for self alone; that joy and order and beauty are all bound up in faithful service; that life is indeed more than meat. It is the patient training in small duties which develops a keen sense of duty, a high standard of personal reliability, and even something of that old-fashioned quality, reverence. It is the antidote to that nervous restlessness and irresponsibility in the young which are the source of so many of the evils of which we complain. Indeed, the habit of practical usefulness, early formed by good, thorough work, will go far to overcome the gross tendency to materialism and the tyranny of the senses and the appetites, now so threatening to society.

Oh, yes, you say, but they must devote their strength to their school work. The two duties will not conflict. Their school will gain immensely and just where it needs strengthening, in the morale—the sense of high obligation and appreciation of opportunity.

Even a very small child is much happier to have its small occupations, little tasks which recur at regular times. These may naturally begin with learning the care of its own person and the orderly arrangement of toys, clothing, and implements. A child that demands incessant amusement and expects every want to be met as soon as it is felt, by others, is not laying a good foundation for future happiness.—Good Housekeeping.

Martyrs in Manchuria.

The United Free Church, of Scotland, is receiving most interesting tidings from its missionaries and the native Christians in Manchuria, where a most blessed work had been accomplished prior to the disasters of a year ago. In the Missionary Record a statement is given by Dr. Christie, of Moukden, that in that district probably about 250 Protestants had been killed and 600 Roman Catholics. Adjoining districts suffered similarly.

The stories of the sufferings of the native Christians are most heart-rending. The majority of those who were killed were beheaded, while some were burned after being wrapped in cotton soaked with oil. One of the preachers was tortured. After his ears were cut off and his eyes gouged out, he was asked, Do you still believe in Jesus? Yes, I believe in Jesus, he replied. Then his lips were cut, saying that will stop you. He was then slowly cut to pieces. Others were tortured in similar ways, while some escaped marvelously.

A Bible woman in Yang-ling was heard singing a hymn when the sword came down upon her neck. An old bookseller, named Wang, was brought to a temple where many Roman Catholics had been killed. There were 200 Boxers there, their swords covered with blood. He was made to kneel, and was asked Do you follow the foreigners? No, he said, but I follow Jesus. Will you worship Buddha now? he was asked. I will worship the true Buddha. I believe in one true God, was his answer. The sword was placed on his neck and he supposed that it was his last moment on earth, but for some reason he was spared, though he was afterwards bound tightly and severely thrashed, and his beard pulled off. Strange to say he was subsequently liberated and was full of

praises to God for his deliverance. Many other instances are given of steadfastness in the faith.—Sabbath Reading.

Just How Much?

I would do anything to get an education, said Joe, savagely tumbling the down sofa pillow till a fine, fluffy dust flew from the seams and corners.

Just how much would you do, Joe? said practical Uncle Phil, interestedly. As much as Elihu Birritt?

How much did he do? inquired Joe. Was he a boy without any chance?

No, indeed, said Uncle Phil, who never sympathized with whining Joe's way of looking at things. As many chances as you have or any other boy with brains and ten fingers. Had to work at the forge ten or twelve hours a day, but that didn't hinder him from working away in his mind while his hands were busy. Used to do hard sums in arithmetic while he was blowing the bellows.

When I said Joe, as if he, too, saw a pair of bellows at hand. How old was he? Older than I am, wasn't he?

About 16 when his father died. By and by he began to study other things. Before he died he knew eighteen languages, and nearly twice that number of dialects. All this time he kept hard at work blacksmithing.

I don't have to work as hard as that, said Joe after a while with a shame-faced look that rejoiced his uncle's heart.

Joe was a farmer's son, and in busy times there was a good deal for a boy of his age to do. So far he had not been spared to go away to any preparatory school to 'fit' for college. So he had faintly and sulkily given up the thought of going there. Somehow Uncle Phil's words had put things in a new light.—Christian Uplook.

True Mother Love.

J. R. Miller calls our attention to a touching story of the sick-room ministrations which Mr. Gladstone gave in Parliament, when announcing the death of the Princess Alice. Her little boy was ill with diphtheria, and the mother had been cautioned not to inhale the poisoned breath. The child was tossing in the delirium of fever. The princess stood beside him, and laid her hand on his brow to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain, and brought back the wandering soul from its wild delirium. He nestled a moment in his mother's lap; then, throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered, Mamma, kiss me. The instinct of mother love was stronger than all the injunctions of physicians, and she pressed her lips to the child's. The result was death.

You say she was foolish. Yet where is the mother who would not have done the same? There may be peril in the sick-room for those who minister there for Christ, but love stops at no peril, no sacrifice.—Ram's Horn.

Then I Won't Do It.

Mr. Macfarlane, many years a missionary in the South Sea Islands, tells of the cannibal warriors who, when converted, have said, We have been soldiers of the devil. We are now soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do.

Tell them that Christ would not like them to go to a place, and they say, Then, I won't go; that he would not like to hear them using certain language, and the reply is, Then, I won't say that any more; that he would not like to see them doing so and so. Then, I won't do it, is the quick response.—Selected.

We must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—Feuilon.

If you take a Laxa Liver Pill to-night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

PASSED 15 WORMS. I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days. Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmanagh, Ont.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

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About two years ago I was very much

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with the most wonderful results, and in the case of the case of the latter I believe it was the means of saving her life after everything else had failed. One gentleman, a doctor of Halifax, bought a bottle of your Certain Check for his little daughter, who was suffering from Dysentery, and it made a speedy cure. These and numerous other instances show what wonderful medicines yours are. Trusting that you may be spared many years to relieve the sick and afflicted, I am,

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AGENTS: ...

ASSING Look in your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. Its sure-ly may be the last if you want it so; you needn't keep your gray longer than you wish. There's no guesswork about this; it's sure every time. AYER'S Hair Vigor After using it for two or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least. Ayer's Hair Vigor also cures dandruff, prevents falling of the hair, makes hair grow, and is a splendid hair dressing. It cannot help but do these things, for it's a hair-food. When the hair is well fed, it cannot help but grow. It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes dandruff. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. My hair was coming out badly, but Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling and has made my hair very thick and much darker than before. I think there is nothing like it for the hair. COCA M. U.S.A. April 25, 1890. Yarrow, I. T. Write the Doctor. If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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