

The Sunday-School.

SECOND QUARTER,
LESSON XIII.—June 26.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.*—Phil. 2:9.

THE CHART REVIEW.—The main facts of the life of Christ, the dates, places, principal events, divisions of his ministry, can all be reviewed most easily from a chart of the life of Christ. Drill on the main features, either in concert, or by having the scholars write them down on slips of paper.

GEOGRAPHICAL REVIEW.—Every event of teaching is connected with some place or region. If a teacher places a map before his scholars, he can review the whole of the life of Christ by means of the towns, cities, rivers, lakes, mountains, and regions where Christ lived, labored and taught. The larger regions, as Galilee, Judea, Perea, will bring to notice the great ministries of our Lord, the time spent in them, and some of the leading events. Then call for the historic events which cluster around each city, river, lake, and mountain.

LIFTING UP THE CHRIST.

BY LINNIE HAWLEY DRAKE.

"I do feel discouraged, Mr. Barthrom."

But they have never done so well under any other teacher."

"Well, I've never seen ten boys possessed of so many fists and feet."

Mr. Barthrom laughed. "You never passed through that stage of boy-development, Miss Marion. I did; not so very long ago, either."

"Surely you were never such a boy. If I could put each boy in a stall by himself, it is just possible I could get a few ideas to take lodgment! But just think of ten! Now, to-day not one of them had a Quarterly, not one knew the Golden Text, and only one where the lesson was—and such a beautiful lesson, too. I really feel that I am doing no good at all."

"Leave that to God. 'Tis only ours to sow and water; his to look after the increase. But if in a month's time you again ask me to divide the class, I will no longer oppose it."

With misty eyes the young teacher turned away. "If I could only see a little improvement," she sighed.

This was not in a mission school among the slums, but in the Sabbath-school of a large city church. These boys had been gathered in from non-Christian homes during a red-and-blue button contest, and the important thing was to keep the new recruits when the contest enthusiasm should abate somewhat. This class of boys seemed unusually difficult to control. Two teachers had abandoned them. They were bright enough—smart, I might say, with that irrepressible slangy smartness of the street—knowing little of courtesy and nothing of reverence.

The first Sabbath lesson Marion taught them she was aroused quite out of herself by an unseemly jest, and taking the rude little perpetrator by the arm she had seated him solidly upon the chair upon whose edge he had been balancing.

"Do you know," she asked sternly, "whose house this is? Do you think if you were permitted to go into a palace

of a great king, you would dare to behave in this way—nudging your neighbor, or pulling chairs from under other visitors? Have you thought that it is the King of Heaven, who not only permits you, but invites you to come into his presence—you, a little boy—with no beautiful court dress, such as you would have to wear if King Edward received you? No gift of silver or gold such as the Queen of Sheba, you remember, brought to King Solomon, but just because his dear Son wants you, and said 'Let the children come.'"

For the rest of that session, at least, she had almost attentive silence. Nor did they ever go quite beyond bounds again. "Try over and over," she said to herself; "stony ground, all stony ground, this wayside class of mine."

Then came a stormy season when some were absent, and the postals, with the pictured vacant chairs and a written kindly inquiry, were sent to their homes. Again they were sent. Two returned. The cards were followed by a call upon the parents of those still unheard from by the faithful young teacher. This brought all back, and it did seem as if they were a little glad when she took her seat among them. One did really offer her a singing book, very sheepishly, and without finding the place; but that he offered it at all seemed something gained. Did they listen a little more attentively? Had the lesson of the day, about Christ as a child, made any impression? She was ready, indeed, as she separated two who were squabbling over a paper as they went out to say emphatically, No.

How she prayed for them that week. She tried taking them separately, by name, to the Master, and yet her heart sank as the hour for school drew near. Ah, we of little faith!

They seemed quiet and decorous, Marion thought, all through the opening services, quite as well behaved as any of the other classes, and though disappointed that none apparently had studied the lesson of the day—three claiming to have lost their Quarterlies, and three never to have had one—she asked how many remembered the text of last Sabbath. One tried and failed. The others made no attempt.

"Well," said Marion, utterly unable to control her voice, "I did hope so much for you last week. You all promised me, you know."

"I did," said one shyly.

"Did what, dear?"

"Membered Jesus was a little boy like us."

He was very shamefaced—afraid others would laugh, poor child; but no one did.

"We said we'd do what we thought he'd do," almost whispered the dullest boy in the class.

"Did all of you try?" Marion was strangely moved.

Every boy raised his hand.

"I helped my mother all day yesterday 'cause I knew he would."

"I got a hundred," said one bolder than the rest, "and I'm going to get a hundred this week, too."

"Because he would have studied."

The boy nodded, his eyes shining.

"I never shot a paper-wad nor said a bad word," announced the irrepressible whom she had rebuked the first Sabbath.

"And had you before?"

Several of his companions tittered

and grimaced at this, but he answered soberly:

"Yes'm; but I knew he wouldn't."

Thus through the whole class. The bell rang. Lesson time was ended before the ten had told half the ways they had been helped because Jesus had been a boy like themselves; subject to the same temptations, yet without sin. A gentle, courteous, studious child, obedient to God and his parents; helpful, loving, kind.

But one boy was reticent. When they found they could talk freely without the fear of ridicule, the others could hardly be restrained.

Marion felt that George Harmon, perhaps, needed counsel more than the rest, and asked him to wait a moment after the others had gone. She was not sure that he would. A week ago she would have been very sure that he would not; but he turned to her instantly, as soon as the others passed out.

"Miss Grey, Jesus' father and mother were good people; they wouldn't have wanted him to go to the theatre Sunday night, would they?"

"If they had asked him to do any thing he felt sure his Father in heaven would not have approved, do you think he would have done it?" asked Marion gravely.

"No," he said, "and I didn't either."

"Did you tell them why?"

"Yes'm."

"You have made your first confession, George, and he has promised that whosoever confesses him before men, him will he confess before the Father and the angels."

Need I tell you more? What a glad heart Marion bore from that hallowed place; how she asked forgiveness for her lack of faith!

The ten "little injuns" are ten little injuns no longer. Not a Sabbath but the boy Christ is there before that class—the perfect pattern. "Would he have done this in the workshop, or the home; that within the schoolroom, or the playground—he who grew in favor with God and man?"

And last Sabbath Marion's cup was full. George Harmon was received into the church, and his father and mother were there; and she hopes—oh, Marion Grey hopes and prays for great things.

THE OLDEST BOOK.

The Bible is the oldest book we have, and yet shows no signs of decay. It has a more vigorous hold upon the faith and affection of the world to-day than it ever had before. Its empire widens with the centuries. Many books have been written by wise men since the Bible was written, and yet the Bible has never been surpassed or superceded. If you want the wisest and truest word on the great themes of religion, you must go to the Bible for it. There is the fact, account for it as you may. If men can write a better book than the Bible, they have the fullest liberty to do so. There is no law prohibiting it. There is blank paper and pens and ink in abundance. Colonel Ingersol was one day talking in his cheap, boastful way about the defects of the Bible, and said he could write a better book himself. An old woman spoke up and said, "You had better do it, Bob; there's money in it." Young man, if the Bible stands as it does through the centuries, the first book on the great themes of God, creation, man, destiny, is it not because of its intrinsic worth and its fitness to survive? It lives because it has in it the life of God himself.

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for

White Hair

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, without anxiety, according to the strength that he shall give me, the work that his providence assigned me. I will leave the rest without concern; it is not my affair, I ought to consider the duty to which I am called each day as the work that God has given me to do and to apply myself to it in a manner worthy of his glory; that is to say, with exactness and in peace. I must neglect nothing; I must be violent about nothing.—*Fenelon*.

Loss of flesh, cough, and pain in the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balsam loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

Unightly cracks in a kitchen floor may be filled in nicely with a composition made as follows: Bring to a boil three quarts of water, to which have been added one pound of flour and one tablespoon of alum. Stir in large pieces of newspaper until the mixture is thick like putty, and fill the cracks with the warm compound. This is really a home-made papier mache and hardens equally well.

The greatest death rate in the Hospital for Insane is consumption, so says that great expert, Dr. Burgess, of Montreal. "For over ten years I have prescribed 'The D & L' Emulsion with most satisfactory results."

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need; but I tell you that I believe it is to be had; and in the meantime you must go on doing your share, trusting in God even for this.—*George Macdonald*.

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