

OUR LITTLE FRIEND



Vol. 2.

Oakland, California, June 3, 1892.

No. 49.

A PATIENT BOY.

WOULD you like to hear a true story of a little sick boy? Then listen to this.

The little boy's name was Freeman, and he was sick nine years, so he spent all that time either in a wheel chair or in bed. Just think of it, you who can run, play, visit, and go to school.

When Freeman was two years old, he became sick and was never well again, for he died when he was eleven years old. But was he not cross and unhappy when suffering so much pain? No, for he loved others, and was always trying to do them good. When he was very young he wanted some chickens, so he could have fresh eggs to give to sick people, and it seemed to be his greatest pleasure to send little gifts to others.

He loved flowers, and had a little garden of his own. Some fine days his mother would prop him up with pillows by his flower bed, and he would pull up the weeds and pick flowers for his friends. But after a while he was too sick to have even these things, but he only said:—

“Well, I'm not half so bad off as some people, for I have my eyes and hands yet.”

Then he began to make little drawings, and learned to knit, and made bright-colored balls,



which he would send to little children in the neighborhood.

But after a while Freeman's sight failed so much that his work and painting must be given up. Still he did not complain, but talked of the time when he would be well and

strong and of what he would do. Each evening he would ask his mother to carry him to the window that he might see the sun set, and to watch the stars come out.

"There is my star," he would say. "It seems like a bright angel watching over me."

When he could no longer be taken from his bed, he would say to his mother, "Will you please go to the window and tell me how the sunset looks to-night, and when my beautiful star comes?"

Freeman liked to have anyone read to him, but he loved to hear Bible stories best of all. There was one he called his "little pillow." No doubt he gave it that name because it rested him to hear it.

What do you think made Freeman so patient and happy even when he was so sick?—It was because he asked the Lord to give him strength. He always manifested the deepest love for his mother, and it was his greatest comfort to have her sit by his side, or hold his hand when he was suffering. Sometimes his mother would hear him whispering his prayer for help, and then again she would hear him say, "Thank you, dear Lord, for that nice little sleep." Sometimes he would pray many times before he went to sleep, and when his mother asked, "What are you praying for, darling?" he would say:—

"For all the poor sick people, and that God will make me well, and make me a good boy."

Dear children, thank God every day for your good health, and when you are sick, remember the Lord can help you to bear pain, and he will make you kind and patient.

V. J. O.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

A BLIND old beggar, with his hat in hand,

Neglected by the busy passers-by,

I noticed shyly at a corner stand,

With teardrops falling from his sightless eye.

A child came by—a laughing little creature,

With joy and innocence in every feature;

Skiping forth gaily to an apple stand,

She saw the beggar, and became less gay;

Then flung the bit of silver in her hand

Into the old man's hat and ran away.

—*St. Louis Reveille.*

THE STORY OF PAUL.

(Continued.)

LAST week we learned that Paul was to be sent to Rome as a prisoner. To get to Rome he had to take a long journey in a ship. There were also other prisoners to be sent to Rome, and these, with Paul, were put in charge of a company of soldiers.

The captain of the soldiers was named Julius, and he was very kind to Paul. When the ship came to the city of Sidon, Paul was allowed to go ashore to see some friends and refresh himself.

On this journey the ship sailed very slowly, for the wind was contrary. When at last they came as far as Fair Havens, on the island of Crete, they had to stay quite a long time. Then Paul told the officers that there would be great danger in going ahead at that time. He said there would be damage to the ship and danger to their lives. The Spirit of God had told him this.

But the officers did not believe Paul, and one day when the "south wind blew softly," they started on. They had not sailed long when they found that Paul had spoken truly. That soft wind, which had deceived the officers, suddenly turned to a hard storm. And that is the way with many of the pleasures of this world; they appear nice and deceive people, and keep them from believing the word of God, and afterward cause their destruction.

The ship was in such danger that they had to throw out much of her load. They had to take down the sails and go just where the wind carried them. The storm lasted several days, and as they could not see the sun in daytime, or the stars at night, they did not know where they were going. All on the ship, excepting Paul, thought they would be lost. But Paul believed the Spirit of God, and it told him that their lives would be spared, although the ship would be lost. He then told the officers that they ought to have listened to him, and not to have left Crete. After this they paid more attention to what he said.

After fourteen days they came near to an island. It was night, and they cast anchor

until daylight. In the morning they took up their anchors, and let the ship run onto the shore. There it stuck fast and broke to pieces. But, as Paul had said, the people were all saved. There were two hundred and seventy-six of them. Some could swim to land, and the others floated on boards and broken pieces of the ship.

When all were safe on shore, they found out that they were on the island of Melita. The people of the island were all heathen, but they were very kind to the men who had suffered so much hardship and loss. It was raining and cold when the men came off the ship, and the folks on the island built a fire for them.

Paul also gathered some sticks to put on the fire, and while doing so a viper caught onto his hand and bit him. A viper is a very poisonous thing, and the people thought Paul would surely die right away. They thought he must be a murderer, and that their gods had made the viper bite him to kill him.

But Paul just shook the viper off into the fire, and he was not hurt at all. When the people saw that he was not hurt, they thought he must be a god. Do you remember another time when some people took Paul and another apostle for gods? What was that apostle's name?

The chief ruler of Melita was named Publius, and he gave the men from the ship lodging for three days. This man's father was very sick, and Paul went in and prayed for him, and laid his hands on him and healed him. When this was known, many other sick people came to him and were healed. Then Paul and his party were greatly honored, and were given many things that they needed.

After three months, when winter was past, all the ship's party, with the soldiers and prisoners, took another ship and started on toward Rome. When they came to Pu-te-o-li, there were some brethren there who were very glad to see Paul. From here they traveled by land, and went on to a place called Appi Forum. Here were some brethren, who had come all the way from Rome to meet Paul.

It was about fifty miles, and when Paul saw them, "he thanked God and took courage."

Then the party traveled on to Rome, where Paul was given over to the captain of the guard, with the other prisoners. But he was allowed to live by himself, with a soldier to guard him.

(To be continued.)

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

"SEE if I don't pay him back!" exclaimed Tommy, as he came running into the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Whom are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you will pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head, and said nothing; for he was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I'm afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive, you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night when Tommy came to the place where it says, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

"I can't; I haven't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you would better ask Jesus to help you forgive him just now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer, he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, you cannot ask God to forgive you while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive, return good for evil; and then when you pray to be forgiven, you can feel that God hears and answers your prayers.—*Selected.*

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Ps. 107: 23, 24.



A SCENE IN COLORADO. (See story on next page.)

THE LITTLE MAXWELLS.

BY GENIA RALSTON.

THEIR MOUNTAIN HOME.

THIS time I am going to tell you about five little boys and girls. They all belonged to one family, and were: Willie, nine years old; Mary, seven; Fannie, five; Freddie, three; and baby Max. I begin by giving you their names and ages because I want you to feel somewhat acquainted with them from the very first.

They lived in Colorado—far up in the mountains, and their home was a log one, with a dirt roof. Now I presume some of you will think that such a house as that must have been very unpleasant, but it was not. Their papa had made it so no rain could get in, and it had two large rooms. He had tacked heavy paper all over the inside walls and on the ceiling, and their mamma had covered that with some prettier paper. She had draped the windows of one room with white curtains, and those of the other had green paper blinds. Then she hung up a few pictures and little nicknacks, arranged the furniture tastily, and you would be surprised to see how really cozy they were. Outside the great rocky hills rose all around, seeming to shut them completely in, and making the little cabin, in comparison, look like a play-house.

Do you know that if you keep on going up a high mountain, it will get colder and colder, and that you will finally come to a place where nothing will grow? Well, it is true; and the place where our little folks lived was far enough up so that no wheat, or oats, or barley, or corn, or potatoes, or beans, or turnips, or melons, or plums, or apples or peaches, or anything of that kind could be raised. Whatever of those things they had their papa had to buy, and he went a long way after some of them too—more than fifty miles.

You must not think, however, that there was nothing to be found there but rocks and dirt. The mountains were covered with pines, and there were dwarf kinds of other trees, also

bushes and grass and weeds and quite a good many flowers. They had some fruit, too—gooseberries, mountain currants, and, what was strangest of all, in some places there were acres and acres of red raspberries. Little, tiny bushes some of them were! not so tall as my lead pencil when I stand it on the table, yet they would be loaded with the crimson fruit. The people who lived in the mountains often went quite a number of miles to those berry patches, having made arrangements to stay several days. Then they would pick, and, over the camp fire, make preserves and jelly for winter use.

There was another unpleasant thing about the country in which the little Maxwells lived. Wild-cats and wolves and bears and mountain lions were found there. Sometimes they came around the cabin at night, and once in a while they ventured rather close in the daytime. However, they usually made their homes among the rocks, and there was not much danger unless one went where they were.

But if I don't begin to tell you about the children you won't become acquainted with them after all, will you? They were healthy little people, brown as berries, and as merry as the day was long. Mary was the second mother, and when their mamma was busy, baby Max and Freddie were always safe in her care. Willie was a rather manly little fellow, but he had one very bad habit,—he liked to tease the other children and to play jokes that would frighten them. Little Fannie, being a rather timid child, suffered the most from his pranks, and, sad to say, feared more than she loved him. His mother had talked long and kindly to him about his fault—had even punished him a number of times. So had his father, but it seemed as though nothing could quench that desire to have a "little fun," as he called it. But he had a lesson which cured him, and next week I will tell you about it.

God's eye is upon us all the time, and nothing can be hid from him.

AIRY CASTLES.

"Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?" Esther 6:6.

CHILDREN, what is a castle? You have seen pictures of them. It is a fine building, sometimes used by a prince or nobleman to live in, but in old times always used as a fort; and so it always has turrets, or small towers, on it. Because it was used as a fort, it was generally built on a lofty place, so that some of them looked like airy castles. An airy castle is one built on our vain wishes, and, having no foundation, it breaks up like a soap bubble.

In our text Haman builds an airy castle. He built another airy castle in the chapter before this, when Queen Esther invited him to a feast, and he thought it was a special honor given to him above all other men; while good Queen Esther felt that he was an enemy and feared him.

When a little girl dreams, with her eyes open, of having a fine house and a great many fine dresses, plenty of money and carriages, servants waiting on her, and people admiring her, that is an airy castle; it has no foundations. When a boy dreams of great riches, power, and glory, of everybody thinking of him and wishing to be like him, that is an airy castle.

These castles always tumble down. Notwithstanding this, a great many spend much time building them. The vain boy and girl build them; the lazy boy and girl build them; indeed most young people work a good deal at castle building.

When you read about good people, don't think you are just like the folks that you read about. You may be, but others are likely to know best. A little girl said, "O mamma, there is just the loveliest story in this book! It is about a little girl. Her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone a whole week; and this little girl made toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and kept house for her father. Now I am as old as she was, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you

would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly. Won't you please to go mamma?" Emma got a chance; but the toast got burned when she ran to the gate to hear a hand-organ, and all the rooms got dusty, and Emma wished mother home; her airy castle had tumbled down.

Now, girls, life is a real thing that you must all prepare for. It is better to work and read useful books than to build castles that will tumble down. Think of life as going on for many years, and, after death, into the great eternity, and build well in good works and usefulness, and trust in God and his Christ, who is our life and hope.—*Five-Minute Sermons.*

GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

"Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children; let them praise the name of the Lord." Ps. 148:12, 13.

GIRLS, you ought to praise God, because you live where the Bible is loved. Christ and his religion have done a great deal for girls. In India many of them are slaves, and not allowed to eat with the boys; and in all lands where there is no Bible girls have a hard, unhappy life. God wants the girls, to make them like angels, beautiful and good and true. Everybody likes good girls, but God loves even the bad ones. He does not love the bad that is in them, but the good that they may become.

A little girl who attended school was so bad and cross that they called her "snapping-turtle." Did you ever see a snapping-turtle? It snaps at every thing, just as some children do. They snap at father and mother, sisters and brothers, even at the sweet baby. Nobody wanted to play with this girl, or wanted her to visit them. But God wanted even her; and when at last she saw how bad she was, and came to him, he made her good and loving. He wants the worst girls as well as the best.

A girl of eleven years of age was so bad that often her grandmother wept. But on New Year's day her grandmother peeped into

Mary's diary, and read with delight, "I will give my heart to God this year." She kept her promise, for not long afterward I knelt with her and others at the altar, when she became a Christian.

"God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls!
He wants to make the girls his pearls,
And to reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace;
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity.
God wants the girls!"

—Selected.



FIRST PRIMARY DIVISION.

LESSON 24.—JUNE 11, 1892.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

(Mark 5: 22-24, 35-43; Matt. 9: 18, 19, 23-26; Luke 8: 41, 42, 49-56.)

Memory Verse.—"The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." John 5: 28, 29.

LAST week we learned that while Jesus was in this world he went about doing good. At one time a man came to him, falling down at his feet, and began to beg Jesus to come to his house. He was in great trouble. He had only one child, a little girl twelve years of age, and she was very sick. She was dying when her father hurried away to find Jesus, and he feared she would be dead before he could get back to the house. He thought if Jesus would only come she might even then be made well.

So Jesus went with Jairus, for this was the man's name, and many people went with them. Before they reached the house, someone came and told the man that his little girl was dead and that there was no need for Jesus to come any farther.

As soon as Jesus heard what was said, he told Jairus not to be afraid, but only to believe, and his daughter should be made well. When they came to the house, the people were crying and making a great deal of noise, to show how sorry they were that the little girl was dead. Jesus had them all go out from

where the dead girl was lying, and he and three of his disciples, with the father and mother of the girl, went into the room. Jesus then took her by the hand and said, "Maid, arise," and she became alive again, and rose up and walked. Those who saw her could hardly believe she was alive again they were so glad. Jesus told them to give her something to eat, and instead of having a funeral they were happy, and wondered because there was a man who could make dead people live. The little girl was with them walking and eating as though she had not been sick at all.

How glad we would be to have Jesus come to our house when our friends die and make them live again; but our memory verse says that sometime all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and they will come out of the grave alive and well. Those who have done right will be saved to live always, but the wicked will die and never live again.

QUESTIONS.

1. What did Jesus do when he lived in this world?
2. In what way did a man come to him at one time?
3. Where did he want Jesus to go?
4. Why did he want him to come to his house?
5. What was his trouble?
6. What did he fear would happen before he could get back home?
7. What did he want Jesus to do?
8. Did Jesus go with Jairus?
9. Before they came to the house, what news was brought to Jairus?
10. What did Jesus say when he heard the little girl was dead?
11. When they came to the house, what were the people doing?
12. Who went into the room where the dead girl was lying?
13. What did Jesus then do?
14. What did he say?
15. What happened to the little girl?
16. What did Jesus say should be given to her?
17. How did those who saw her walking feel?
18. When our friends die, how would we feel to have Jesus come and make them alive?
19. Will those who die now live again?
20. Whose voice will they hear while they are in the grave?
21. What will become of the wicked?
22. Will the good people ever die again?

Our Sabbath School Lesson

SECOND PRIMARY DIVISION.

LESSON 24.—JUNE 11, 1892.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

(Mark 5: 21-24, 35-43.)

Memory Verse.—"Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." John 5: 28, 29.

Jesus taught much and did many wonderful works in the city of Ca-per-na-um. It was situated by the Sea of Galilee. One time he came to the city in a boat from the other side of the sea. As soon as he had landed, a great multitude of people gathered around him. And there came unto him a man named Jairus, one of the rulers of the synagogue. A synagogue is a Jewish church. Jairus fell down at Jesus' feet and worshiped him, and begged him to come to his house and heal his little daughter, who was very sick. The man said that if Jesus would just lay his hands on the little sick girl, she would get well.

Jesus started to go with the ruler, but there was such a crowd that they could proceed but slowly. And before they could reach the house, one came and told Jairus not to trouble the Master any further, for the girl was dead. When Jesus heard that, he said to the sorrowing father, "Be not afraid, only believe."

Then Jesus took with him Peter, and James, and John, and went on to the house. When he arrived, he found a crowd of people there crying and making a great noise. In those days when any one died people were hired to make a great show of mourning and wailing.

When Jesus saw the mourners, he said, "Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." But they laughed at him, and thought he was talking foolishly.

Then Jesus put them all out, and took the father and mother of the girl, and the three men who were with him, into the room where she was lying. "And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise.

"And straightway the damsel arose, and walked, for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment." Then Jesus told them to give her something to eat.

We learn from this lesson that Jesus has sympathy for people when they are in trouble. Also that he has power to help those who trust in him. He can do for us now just as much as he could when he was down here among men, and he is just as willing now as he was then.

From this kind act of his we also learn his power, even to raise the dead. So when we read of his promise to give his disciples a new life by a resurrection from the dead, we know that he is able to fulfill his promise.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what great city did Jesus teach and do many wonderful works?
2. Where is Capernaum situated?
3. How does our lesson say he once came to the city?
4. What occurred as soon as he landed?
5. What noted man came to see him?
6. What is a synagogue?
7. What did the man do as soon as he came where Jesus was?
8. What did he ask Jesus to do for him?
9. How did Jairus think Jesus could heal his sick daughter?
10. Was Jesus willing to go with him?
11. Before they got to the house, what word was brought to Jairus?
12. When Jesus heard that, what did he say to the sorrowing father?
13. Whom did Jesus take with him to the house?
14. When they arrived at the house, what did they find?
15. What was the custom there when anyone died?
16. What did Jesus tell the mourners?
17. How did they receive his words?
18. What did Jesus do then?
19. What did he say to the damsel?
20. What effect did his words have upon the girl?
21. How old was she?
22. What directions did Jesus give the parents?
23. What may we learn of the kindness of Jesus from this lesson?
24. And what may we learn of his power to fulfill his promises?

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Is published weekly, by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, California.

(Entered at the Post Office in Oakland.)

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PRICE, postpaid, 50 cts. a year. In clubs of 5 to 9 copies, to one address, each, 45 cts. In clubs of 10 or more, each 40 cts. Address, OUR LITTLE FRIEND, Box 548, Oakland, Cal.