

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1879.

REVIEW.

The teacher will have observed that the Lessons for the past three months have been selected from the Epistles in the order in which they are found in our New Testament. Varied as these Lessons have been, they have an inner unity which we seek to bring out in this Review.

LESSON.

I. The Christian in relation to God.—Lesson for July 6, Rom. 5: for July 13, Rom. 8: 24-39. The Christian religion, in the heart as in the world, begins with God. Its origin is in the love of God.

II. The Christian in relation to himself.—Lesson for August 3, 2 Cor. 5: 10-21; for August 10, Gal. 5: 22 to 6: 10; for August 24, Phil. 2: 1-16. A Christian's duty to himself is to receive the grace of God and obey the Word of the Spirit.

III. The Christian in his relation to others.—Lesson for August 31, Col. 3: 12-25; for July 20, 1 Cor. 13: for September 14, 1 Tim. 6: 6-20; for August 17, Ephes. 6: 10-20; for September 21, Titus 2: 11 to 3: 9. The Christian, before he goes out into the world, must make up his mind to wear the garments which the good Lord provides for him.

ice? 1 Tim. 6: 9, 10. But the Christian covets to be rich towards God; how? In Christian experience; how? Towards others; how? 1 Tim. 6: 11. So will the Christian stand out in contrast with other men. Then he is always and everywhere to be a brave soldier of Jesus, fighting against sin and Satan, and a faithful witness for Jesus, 1 Tim. 6: 12. Another Lesson teaches us how the good soldier of Jesus will prepare for the conflict, by putting on the whole armour of God.

IV. A Christian's relation to the future.—Lesson for July 27, 1 Cor. 15: 47-58; Lesson for September 7, 1 Thess. 4: 13-18, v. 1-10. When do men sleep? But sleep is used in Scripture to represent a sad event in human life: what? But as the Christian looks forward to the future, he sees a light beyond the darkness, like the breaking of the dawn in the early morning.

V. The Christian in relation to the world.—Lesson for September 7, 1 Thess. 4: 13-18, v. 1-10. When do men sleep? But sleep is used in Scripture to represent a sad event in human life: what? But as the Christian looks forward to the future, he sees a light beyond the darkness, like the breaking of the dawn in the early morning.

VI. The Christian in relation to the world.—Lesson for September 7, 1 Thess. 4: 13-18, v. 1-10. When do men sleep? But sleep is used in Scripture to represent a sad event in human life: what? But as the Christian looks forward to the future, he sees a light beyond the darkness, like the breaking of the dawn in the early morning.

are at war with each other and seek to do all the hurt in their power. Watchmen keep a constant lookout that the city be not destroyed by the fire and sword of their foes. It is well to do all in our power to guard against danger of every sort. Yet often the care, and skill, and means of every kind fail. The most watchful may be surprised, the greatest strength and care may not be enough. For sure defence, there is but—

II. One source of safety.—This is God alone. He knows all things, and can tell where and whence to look for danger. He sees all things, for his eye never slumbers and never sleeps. His power can withstand and turn aside every foe and every danger. So if we would be ever, and quite, safe, it is to him we must look, and in him we must trust.

III. What makes man's care vain.—It is not having God's blessing on it. With that all is well. Without it, nothing is sure; the strongest and wisest will miss their way. With his help and care, the feeblest is safe. The land, the city, the home, the heart, guarded by God, is safe from harm.

SECTION VI.—QUESTION 18. Q. Has not our Lord given us another important precept, founded upon our love to our neighbour?

A. Another important precept, founded upon our love to our neighbour, given us by our Lord, is,—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

NO BABY. "Oh! how I do hate to stay in the house all this long, pleasant afternoon, taking care of the baby! I just wish we hadn't any baby!"

Meta Clayton, as she said this, joggled the cradle with an impatient touch, hoping the little blue-eyed mite in it would turn over again and go to sleep. But babies, as a rule, are not to be driven to sleep; the gentlest of all coaxing is needed to make them take a nap.

"Do lie still," said Meta; "if you won't go to sleep, you naughty baby, lie still till I finish my apron."

"You are just the pest of my life," she said, jerking the cradle to and fro, till Charlie's pretty head really seemed in danger of rolling off his fat, white shoulders.

Poor little Charlie. He didn't know that Meta wanted to pick wild-flowers on the three-acre lot. He didn't know that his weary widowed mother, after sewing steadily all the long, bright week, had left him for a few hours to take home the work and get money to buy food and clothing for her fatherless children!

Charlie did not know these things; but Meta did. She knew well that her mother's work was doubled in order that she might go to school, and have some recreation in play-hours. She knew well that many nights, after she and Charlie were fast asleep, that loving mother sewed till midnight, that comforts might be provided for them.

down the floor with hasty steps, and the more Meta tried to force him to be good, the louder he cried, till he really seemed the cross, horrid boy she called him.

Mrs. Clayton knew how much her little girl had wished to go out in the bright May sunshine, and it had grieved her to be obliged to detain her at home to care for Charlie. She was very glad to meet a neighbor in a comfortable buggy, who offered her a seat and ride to the village.

"I am only going to the post-office, so I can bring you home again," said her friend.

"How glad Meta will be!" thought her mother. "She will have three hours' play in the three-acre lot, after all."

Her mind was full of her little daughter's pleasure as she thanked her neighbor, and opened the gate of her little garden. Through the window she could hear the cries of her baby, and then surprised and grieved, she heard Meta's voice saying in loud, angry tones:

"Do be quiet, you little pest. Stop your noise! I wish we had no baby. You are the plague of my life!"

"Meta! Give Charlie to me. You can go now, my daughter."

Meta's face grew crimson. Her mother had spoken no word of blame, but the grave voice, the sad face, were a worse reproach than the most violent scolding. She was glad to find her hat and hurry away, seeing Charlie sobbing yet, but comforted already in her mother's gentle care.

"I don't care, he was cross," she said, hastening through the shady lanes.

But she did care. She knew that her own ugly temper had made Charlie cross, and all the pleasure was gone from her that afternoon. She knew that there would have been great enjoyment in her unexpected holiday if her mother had come home and found her trying to make Charlie happy; but now the recollection of her mother's grave face made her uneasy and miserable all the afternoon.

She was glad when bed-time came, and she could go to her own little room and sleep. It was very early in the morning when her mother called her.

"Meta dress quickly, and run to the village for Dr. Lee. Charlie has been sick all night, and he is getting worse."

"Sick! Charlie sick! Meta could scarcely dress herself for the fear her mother's words awakened in her. Her darling little blue-eyed brother very sick! If he should die! Oh! how bitterly she repented of the wicked wishes she had uttered, as she looked at Charlie's pale face and dull eyes.

"O mamma!" she sobbed, kissing his cheek, "I will die!"

"I cannot tell, Meta. I am afraid he has scarlet fever. It has been so bad in the neighborhood, that I was fearful he would catch it. Go as quickly as you can for the doctor."

There was no need of words to hurry Meta's steps. It seemed as if the village was never so far away. The doctor was at home, and taking Meta into his carriage, came at once to Charlie.

But God had called Charlie to heaven. For two days, the doctor, mother, and conscience-stricken sister tried to win him back to health again. Meta could not rest. She waited faithfully upon her mother, and by every loving word tried to make Charlie smile in her face, as he had smiled from his cradle, just once more. It seemed to her that her heart would break if the dull blue eyes never looked lovingly into her face again; if the red lips never parted laughingly to show the two tiny pearls again.

But Charlie was too sick to laugh or play. He could only moan and sleep heavily, till the soft blue eyes closed in death, and the lips were set in the sweet smile that seemed to say Charlie saw the angels.

There is no baby now at Clayton's. Meta can play all the long Saturday afternoons, and no crowing voice from the cradle interrupts the sewing for her doll. But till she is an old woman, Meta can never cease to grieve for the wicked wish she made when Charlie was left for a few short hours in her care.

NOT ALL EXCLUDED.

"When Samuel Johnson, the literary autocrat of London in the last century, had been shown over a handsome mansion, he remarked, 'All this excludes only one evil—poverty.' Trouble, sorrow, affliction, death, are not kept off by wealth. But Mr. Johnson's remarks contained only half the truth. Wealth brings also troubles from which the poor are free. It has its own annoyances and inconveniences which are not seen in the eager pursuit. The contemplation of these may nourish contentment in those who are not wealthy. Wealth means care. Riches have wings, and they need to be constantly watched. This care takes time and thought which might be better used on other objects. It grows as wealth increases. It is apt to encroach upon the Sabbath, and invade the sanctuary. It interferes with the social and intellectual pleasures which might otherwise be enjoyed."

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