



### THE EAGLE.

The Eagle gains much undeserved honour in the imaginations of the people. It is a large and splendid-looking bird, but it is in reality a great coward, and has been known to be put to flight by a common barn-yard cock, and many much smaller and very common birds possess much more bravery. It is a glutton also, but when obliged to do without food it can wait patiently for some days, and then it will content itself with carrion. Its usual food consists of young fawns, racoons, hares, wild turkeys, and similar sized game. Its eyesight is very keen, and when, from a great height up in the air, it sees a good chance of capturing its prey with little difficulty, it makes a swoop down upon the unsuspecting animal with almost unerring precision. It possesses great strength and is very powerful on the wing, flying sometimes for hours in a large circle, with apparently little fatigue. Its nest is built high out the reach of man in some crag or rock. It is made of sticks and the same nest will last for years. As soon as the young are able to fly they are forced out of the nest and compelled to look out for themselves. The eagle is long-lived, cases being known where an eagle lived for over a century.

Tennyson gives a bird-portrait of the eagle in the following lines:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

## LESSON NOTES.

### FIRST QUARTER.

#### ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B.C. 519.] LESSON V. [Jan. 29.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

Zech. 4:1-10.] [Memory verses, 5-7.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4: 6.

#### OUTLINE.

1. Vision, v. 1-5.
2. Interpretation, v. 6-10.

TIME.—About B.C. 519.

PLACE.—Zechariah resided in Jerusalem. The lesson recounts a vision which came to him in that city.

### EXPLANATIONS.

*The angel*—He who explained the last vision. *A candlestick all of gold*—The golden candlestick was one of the most notable articles of furniture in the temple. It was a lampstand with three arms on each side, made of pure gold, five feet high and three and a half wide. The temple was still unfinished: but in this vision the prophet sees the golden candlestick in its place in the holy of holies. *A bowl upon the top of it*—This was not a part of the candlestick, and is peculiar to the vision. It was a vessel of oil supply. *Two olive trees*—Verse 12 shows that these trees connected directly with the oil reservoir which surmounted the candlestick, and supplied it with oil which flowed from the tree.

*Not by might*—As the candlestick was fed by invisible supplies without the aid of men, so the success of the temple builders depended upon God's invisible support.

*Headstone*—The coping-stone, or crowning piece, placed on the summit of the building. *Grace, grace unto it*—This is a prayer for God's benediction. *The plummet*—The plumb-line in the hands of Zerubbabel, an evidence of work in progress. *Those seven*—The eyes of the Lord. (See the last lesson.) God's omniscient eye watched carefully the building of the temple. *Run to and fro*—There is nothing unseen by God.

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

That obstacles are nothing in God's way!  
That the weak are

mighty by God's aid!  
That success is sure in God's cause!

### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the angel show Zechariah? "The golden candlestick of the temple." 2. What did the angel say was the meaning of the vision? Golden Text—"Not by might, nor by power," etc. 3. How should the great mountain flatten before Zerubbabel? "Into a plain." 4. Who laid the foundation of this second temple? "Zerubbabel." 5. What did the Lord say of him? "His hand shall also finish it."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience of God.

### CATECHISM QUESTION.

In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of his teaching.

Luke 4: 22.—And all bare him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth.

John 7: 46.—Never man so spake.

### HOW A DOG SAVED ITS MASTER'S LIFE.

It appears that a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, when returning to his monastery, accompanied by a St. Bernard dog to which he was much attached, instead of following the highway, accidentally took a foot-path along the left bank of the river Guiers, which is at that part very steep. Unhappily he made a false step, and fell down to the edge of the stream, where he lay unconscious and badly bruised. His dog failing to arouse him, returned to the foot-path, and tried to excite the notice of two passing shepherds, but they immediately fled, thinking from his manner that the dog was mad. Next day the faithful dog went to the monastery, and by his plaintive cries and serious gestures led the monks to believe that something was amiss, especially as he refused the food which he had been offered, under the impression that he was barking for it. Some of the monks decided to follow him, and, greatly delighted, he led them to the place where his master had fallen. He then began to bark, and his master, who had fortunately

recovered consciousness, was able to respond with a feeble cry. Of course he was speedily rescued, but was found to be severely injured. However, being at once carried to the monastery his wounds were promptly attended to, and he was soon on a fair way of recovery. His dog remained by his bedside, as constant in sickness as he was devoted and sagacious in danger.

### We Build the Ladder.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise,  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of greed and gain

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished hills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light;  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,  
We may borrow the wings to find the way,  
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,  
But our feet must rise or we will fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall,  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.

### A STORY OF THE DEEP.

LITTLE Norman Ellesmere and his sister Kathleen sat listening to young Bill Baltham, whose father was a fisherman, and who himself had been for some months a fisher lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill, about the sea," said Norman. So Bill sat down on the stool, and the children sat near him.

"Now," said Bill, "you know our boat, *The Beauty*, well, my father and cousin Jim and Tom Wills and I, all went out in her one night. It was calm and fine when we started, and we had got a good way out and were hoping for a lot of fish, when all of a sudden the wind arose, and the darkness was as black as blackness, and *The Beauty* was tossed about dreadfully. We pulled as hard as we could, hoping to get back again, but it was of no use. We could not get on at all. Up and down, up and down, went the boat. Then there were lightning flashes; and when the darkness passed away we saw we were very much further from home than we thought. But the storm lasted, and my father said, 'Now boys, you must pull for your lives, or else *The Beauty* will be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we knew that many a poor fisherman's life had been lost at that rock, and many a boat destroyed."

"O, Bill," said Kathleen, "make haste and tell us if *The Beauty* was dashed on the rock, and if anyone was drowned."

"Nobody was drowned, I know," said little Norman, "because Bill is here telling his tale, and his father and his cousin are standing on the beach yonder now, and Tom Wills showed me his bird this morning; so I know they were none of them drowned."

"Ay, but you are a sharp little customer to think of all that; no, we were not drowned," said Bill.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Kathleen, "but tell us all about it, Bill."

"Well, we pulled very hard; I saw that father, who is no coward, looked anxious;

so I asked him if he thought we were in any danger. 'Ay, ay, lad,' he said, 'we are, and none but the sailor's God can save us.' Pull hard, all of you, as hard as you can,' he said, 'and while you are pulling say your prayers.' So Tom Wills, who is a good sort of lad, called out, 'Let us say what Peter said, it's short and powerful, 'Lord, save, I perish!'" So we all said that. Well, after a very little while, I heard my father heave a sort of sigh; and he said, 'Folks may say what they like, lads, against religion, but I say Jesus Christ is alive to-day, and hears men pray in *The Beauty* as sure as he heard sinking Peter pray, and saves them too. We are safe, boys!'"

"Did you get to land then?" asked Kathleen.

"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad my mother was to see us, for she had been watching and was troubled, but she had been praying too; so we always think of God when we think of the storm."

"We should always think of him," said little Norman.

### WHO IS IT?

"Who is it that loaf at ease while you toil from morning till night?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that buys houses and lands and struts in fine clothes with the money which might have kept your family from being turned into the street and from going in rags?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that takes your last cent for his poisonous drinks, and shuts the door in the face of your wife when she asks credit for a five-cent loaf of bread?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it, when your money and your reputation are gone, and you have no friend left to pay for your drink, will take you by the coat collar and kick you into the gutter?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that robs you of sense and reason, puts you lower than beasts, drives you into jails and penitentiaries, and sends you to the gallows?" The saloon keeper. "Is he the man who lives by crushing human hearts?" Yes. "Then throw his chain from off your neck, and shake his clutch from off your soul."—*Zion's Watchman*.

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