

THE MOON-BABY.

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
When the bats and beetles fly;
With little white clouds for curtains,
And for pillows fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-Baby's
head,
So tiny and beautiful.

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm
prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep.
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king,
So, hand in hand, round his bed they
stand,

And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray.
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lives by day.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF J. ESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—January 21.

THE BOY JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memorize verses 49-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
and in favor with God and man.—Luke
2. 52.

THE LESSON STORY.

The boyhood of Jesus was spent in the town of Nazareth. Here he mingled with other children and was like any other child. He grew naturally, and was in every respect a human child. He played at the same games as did other boys, and went to the same school with them. He worked in Joseph's carpenter shop, and no doubt, too, he met with the same hurts that come to any lad using tools.

When Jesus was twelve years old his parents went to Jerusalem as was the custom at the time of the Passover. After the festival was over they started for home and had gone a full day's journey before they missed their child. Of course they were quite anxious and hurried back to the city, where they found him in the temple listening to the learned doctors and asking them questions, which showed he was a boy deeply interested in spiritual matters.

When reproved by his mother his reply was a strange one. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Even as a boy of twelve Jesus had some knowledge of the purpose of his life, and this knowledge grew with the years.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Was Jesus like other children? Yes! he was a real boy.
2. Did he have the same joys and sorrows? Exactly the same.
3. How old was he when he went to Jerusalem? Twelve years.
4. What happened him then? He tarried with the rabbis.
5. What did he do? Asked them questions.
6. What did he reply to his mother who came to seek him? "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"
7. Did he return with her? Yes, and was obedient to her.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 28.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Mark 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—1 Samuel 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

Eighteen years have now passed since we saw Jesus the little boy of twelve with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem. What passed in those eighteen years from boyhood to manhood we do not know. But we are sure they were spent in industrious study and work, and that he mingled with other youths and was a great favorite among them.

John the Baptist, who was his cousin, and six months older, had become a preacher. He is called the Forerunner of Christ because his special purpose in preaching was to urge people to repentance and prepare them for the beautiful ministry of Jesus. As an opening to his life of public ministry Jesus went to the Jordan and asked to be baptized. John felt himself unworthy to baptize Jesus, who he knew was much greater than he, but as Jesus desired it John complied.

Jesus went through this ceremony because he felt it would help him in the great work he was about to begin. He felt the full weight of his great responsibility. Then, too, he wanted to set a great example. At the baptism a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What age was Jesus when he was baptized? Thirty years old.
2. How long since he had been heard of in the temple at Jerusalem? Eighteen years.

3. Do we know anything of those years?

No.

4. Who was John the Baptist? A cousin of Jesus, six months older.

5. What was his mission? To prepare the way for Christ.

6. What was his great message? Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

FACING THE FOE.

"O, please let me do that!" begged Rhoda; "I hate cutting out dress skirts!"

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the cutting-table and straightened her back to give a sharp look at the eager face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do a thing brought forward as a reason for doing it!" she remarked, looking the girl over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth," said Rhoda; "Mother says, that's the very reason. 'Face the foe,' that's her motto that she's always brought us up on. If you don't, she says you go dreading and dreading it for ever, and worse and worse as you put off trying it, and by and by you are incapable. She always makes us try to do everything we hate to do, and keep at it till we like it."

"Your mother's a very sensible woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment. "Here, take the shears, then. I was going to let you look on and see me do it, but you might as well make your mistakes and profit by them."

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph fifteen minutes later; "that bugbear never will block me again."

"Plucky way of doing," muttered Robert to himself, coming out of the window-seat where he had been lounging over a "Harper's Weekly" instead of doing what he called "tackling" his debating club essay. "Face the foe!" Did it, too, like a soldier. Wonder how the rule would work on some of my 'bugbears.' There's that Christian Endeavor meeting to-night—Dick wanted I should lead it for him. Sneaked out of it by telling him I never did such a thing in my life. Believe I'll go and try it, Rhoda-fashion. Wouldn't she be surprised if she knew what she made me do with her dress-making lesson?"

ONLY.

Only a smile, but how it cheered the broken heart, engendered hope, and cast a halo of light around that sick-bed.

Only a stray sunbeam, yet it cheered a wretched abode and gladdened a stricken heart.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word. It gave a drooping spirit new life, and led to victory.