

**The Battle of Life.**

BY JOHN INRIE.

Not where deadly bullets rattle  
Is the only hero-ground,  
Not upon the field of battle  
Are the most of heroes found;  
There are lives both noble and great,  
Yet we never hear their name,  
Martyrs to duty—yet their fate  
Illumes not the page of fame!

In the daily struggle for bread  
There are scenes of direst woe,  
The aching heart and throbbing head  
Doth company keep, we know;  
Life's great battle goes bravely on,—  
We hear but a smothered sigh;  
The cross is kiss'd—the crown is won—  
As the vanquish'd heroes die!

Labour's pay is meagre and scant,  
The poor are but slaves to wealth;  
The hardest wrought know most of want,—  
May starve when broken in health;  
Dives still looks at the palace gate  
Where Lazarus moaning lies,  
Nor seeks to ease his brother's fate—  
Through neglect and want he dies!

Oh! there are lives so fraught with grief  
And the sum of human woe,  
In sleep alone is found relief  
From the cares that overflow;  
Yet on they plod from day to day  
Treading the Slough of Despond,  
Hoping 'gainst hope—but to give way  
To the aching void beyond!

Oh! for the heaven beyond earth's cares,  
The love that dispels our fears,  
God's answer to our fervent prayers  
And the Hand that wipes all tears;  
The more of trial on earth we know  
The greater our joy in heaven,  
Our empty hearts shall then overflow—  
The crown for the cross be given!

**Dr. Talmage's First Cigar.**

THE time had come in my boyhood which I thought demanded of me a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there—not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest—they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, it may be imagined how little chance there was for adolescent cigar puffing.

By some rare good fortune, which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. When I put the cigar to my lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great my temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accom-

plished without effort, and so I pulled away. Indeed, I had heard my older brothers, in their Latin lessons, say: "Omnia vincit labor;" which, translated, means, if you want to make anything go you must scratch for it.

With these sentiments I passed down the village street, and out toward my country home. My heart did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it became rather uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams were driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him that I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. After some further walking, I sat down under the bridge near my house and began to reflect on the prospects of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the full worth of my money, but was finally obliged to throw three-fourths of it away. I knew, however, exactly where I threw it, in case I should feel better the next day.

Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded of me an explanation as to my absence, and the rather whitish colour of my complexion. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of my stomach. Mustard plasters were immediately administered, and I received careful watching for some hours. Finally, I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

**"Is it Too Late, Sir?"**

SUCH was the dying enquiry of the son of some, perhaps, praying and pious Scotch mother, who had often asked, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Her Scotch laddie, in the years gone by, had left the Highland home with her Bible in his hand, her blessing on his head, and her kiss on his lips—the farewell kiss, so bitter-sweet, which lingered on his parched lips to the last. He marched away to the sound of music of the bagpipes, in the bloom of an unstained life. But what a terrible transformation! He was living in one of those places whose chambers lead to death. He shortened his days by evil, and was cut down in the prime of an ignoble and misspent manhood and life. Not "too late," my brother, while God's love is changeless, his compassion un-failing, his mercy infinite, and while Christ lives to intercede, and you desire salvation.—*Glad Tidings.*

**A Secure Fastening.**

AN old sea-captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia, to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"O yes," said the young man. "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia, present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Glad Tidings.*

**Girls, Look Up!**

With gracious mien and face serene,  
The future rises, clad in sheen,  
While unto her the ages lean.  
Look up, dear girls, look up!

With outstretched hands she, smiling stands,  
Welcoming to her sunny lands  
A myriad happy, girlish bands.  
Look up, dear girls, look up!

Her accents rare, float on the air—  
"I hold in trust rich guerdons, fair  
Jewels for you to win and wear."  
Look up, dear girls, look up!

"There's work to do, be brave, be true;  
The harvest waits, reapers are few;  
The world's sweet hope lies wrapped in you."  
Look up, dear girls, look up!

"By sin hurled down, souls gasp and drown,  
And you, the fair—creation's crown—  
Heedless of gibe, or sneer, or frown,  
Must help me raise them up."

I hear the beat of answering feet,  
As maidens, innocent and sweet,  
With purity and strength replete,  
Speed to the work with courage meet—  
The world moves on, moves up.

**LESSON NOTES.**

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 29] LESSON VI. [FEB. 5

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matt. 17. 1-13. Memory verses, 4-5

GOLDEN TEXT.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him. Luke 9. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Three Disciples.
2. The Two Saints.
3. The One Saviour.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Mount Hermon.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of Matthew goes straight on, passing over only six days, and brings us to this most wonderful scene in the life of Christ which had yet been enacted.

EXPLANATIONS.—Six days—Matthew and Mark say definitely six. Luke says, "about an eight days." Six full days between the day of Peter's confession and the day of the descent from the mountain make the two accounts agree. A high mountain—Probably Mount Hermon, and not Mount Tabor, as sometimes still maintained. Transfigured—Changed in figure or in the appearance of his figure. Three tabernacles—Three arbors or three forest tents. Bright cloud—Not an ordinary cloud of mist lighted, but doubtless the same as the pillar of cloud of the wilder-

ness, showing the real presence of God. The vision—Not dreams; but miraculous sight, or spectacle.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Three Disciples.*  
Can you find any other occasion when Jesus took Peter, James, and John with him away from the other disciples? Had he done this before this time? Had he given them any warning of what was to occur? What did they see and make careful note of in this scene? What did they hear? What else? Of what does their question in verse 10 show they were now convinced? What was the only thing that made them wonder how it could be as they were beginning to believe?
2. *The Two Saints.*  
Who were the two saints? When and where had Moses last been seen? Under what circumstances had Elias last been seen? What does their appearance after so many centuries prove concerning immortality? Of what did these two visitors talk with Jesus? Luke 9. 31. What was the appearance of these men? When did the disciples lose their sight of the two saints?
3. *The One Saviour.*  
For what purpose had Jesus gone into the mountain? What changes came to him in this transfiguration? When did it begin? What does Mark say about its brilliancy? What may have been Peter's hope when he proposed to build the three tents or booths? When had "the holy cloud," the Shekinah, last been seen? Of what was it then and at this time also a symbol? What testimony came from it to confirm the growing belief of these disciples? How did Jesus dispel the little doubt they still had? verses 11, 12. What was the one presence that filled their sight when the cloud had passed?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Twelve disciples, but only three to witness his glory. Moses, "drawn from the water." That wait was worth saving. Such immortality awaits the saint to-day. The voice from the cloud said, "Hear him." Have you heard him? How near the supernatural is! Here was heaven on earth. We may have it if we will. 1. We must keep near to Christ. 2. We must have our souls filled with the Spirit. The great lesson: "JESUS ONLY."

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Commit to memory this story to verse 9. Every one should know this by heart.
2. Compare it with the account in Mark 9 and in Luke 9.
3. Find the reasons, or think out the reasons, why Jesus said, "Tell to no man."
4. What train of thought was in the disciples' minds when they came down from the mountain?
5. Find the reasons that make some teachers say that the transfiguration occurred at night?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What wonderful scene is described in our lesson? The transfiguration of Christ. 2. When did it occur? Six days after Peter's confession. 3. Where did it occur? On a high mountain peak. 4. Why did it occur? To show forth Christ's glory. 5. Of what would the exhibition of his glory convince the disciples? That he was the Son of God. 6. What did the voice from the cloud also tell them? "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Immortality.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

8. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold. John ii. 18, 19, 21. The Jews therefore answered and said unto him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . . But he spake of the temple of his body. Acts ii. 32. This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses.