

"Rejoice, I Have Found My Sheep."

BY "MOLLIE."

Father in heaven, hast thou then forsaken us?
Down showers the leafy prize, summer had won,
Low lie our highest hopes,—hast thou forgotten,
And bidden forever the face of thy Son?

Low moans the autumn wind, sobbing a requiem,
Over the summer flowers, dead in the mould,
Low lie the autumn leaves, dead in their glory,
Of royalties' crimson, and purple, and gold.

Low lie our broken hearts, Father in heaven,—
Yet not for ourselves, but those others, we pray,
Loud shrieks the storm-wind; oh, Father, in mercy,
Come seek thy lost sheep, on the mountain astray.

Long have I called them, but they will not hear me;
Sought them through darkness, through heat of the day
Yet they but mocked me, and turned from my pleading,
And shall I go striving for ever and aye?

Low sighs the autumn wind, with its faint grieving,
Helpless we lie at the feet of thy Son,
Must they go down to the gates of eternity,
Wrecked by their wilfulness, lost, and undone?

Brown are the autumn leaves, frozen their earth-bed;
Pure white-winged angels come fluttering down,
And spread o'er the tired earth a downy white covering,
While silence broods softly o'er meadow and town.

And, hark! From afar comes the music of church-bells,
All ringing the gladness that Christmas tide brings,
When, lo! 'tis a footstep,—a voice long familiar,
Once more through our halls in sweet melody rings.

And there stands our lost one, and tells how he wandered,
O'er all the wide earth, through those long dreary days,
Seeking adventure, by day and by starshine,
Forgetful of mother—or God's holy ways.

But once, when the snow, like a mantle of diamonds,
Spread o'er the tired earth, 'neath the moon's silver light,
There rang through the dim woods, from some far-off steeple,
A peal from the joy-bells that hail Christmas night;

And swift o'er his heart comes the warmth of the fire-light,
And mother and rest in the home far away,
In the small, quiet nook, where he sat in his childhood,
And heard the sweet tale of the glad Christmas Day.

He rests not, he stays not, but follows the vision,
That leads to where hearts still beat tender and true;
Till one rests in his arms, while he murmurs, "My darling,
I've come back to God, to home, mother and you."

And the glad Christmas chimes tell a wonderful story,
Of a sweet infant King, who came down from the sky,
To seek his lost people through storm and through darkness,
That they, though they roamed, might not suffer and die.

He sought till he found them, o'er paths choked with orphans,
Then died as a ransom, that they might go free;
And the sweet Christmas chimes tell the wonderful story,
While we in thanksgiving bend humbly our knee.
Bobcaygeon, Ont.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, thirty-four have died violent deaths.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Have you ever considered the national heroes of the countries with whose histories you are familiar? If so, you must have been struck by one fact. High or low in rank, crowned by success or failure, they were true men all, brave and unselfish, to whom their country's welfare was dearer than life itself. Such are the men a people delight to honour.

It would be hard to find, in the world's annals, a truer hero than William Wallace, the champion of Scotland.

He lived in the darkest period of Scottish history—the time of English supremacy. The Norman nobility had been led by selfish ambition to allow or support the English claims, but the people, inspired by the most unconquerable love of freedom which ever animated human breast, only needed a leader against their tyrant. They found one in William Wallace, a man of gentle birth, though humble station.

Even as a boy, he was singularly strong and brave. There are many stories of his wonderful prowess against the English. He offered them but desultory resistance until the murder of his betrothed wife, Marion Bradfute, by the English soldiers, from whom she had helped him escape. Thereafter, his one passion was for his country. He organized the patriot forces and waged guerilla war. His success was a miracle of valour and patriotism. After the battle of Stirling, Scotland would have been free had the nobles joined Wallace. But this they refused to do, and they were very angry when, to further his patriotic purposes, he assumed the title of Guardian or Governor of Scotland.

"Pure by impure is not seen."

and they thought his aim was to make himself king.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

In the battle of Falkirk he was defeated by the English, greatly superior in numbers, and magnificently equipped with archers and slingers. He then resigned the office of Guardian, and retired from public life.

Betrayed to the English by his false friend, Sir John Monteith, he was accused of being a traitor to the English king. He made spirited answer:

"To Edward I cannot be a traitor, for I owe him no allegiance; he is not my sovereign; he never received my homage; and, while life is in this persecuted body, he never shall receive it. . . . I repent me of my sins, but it is not of Edward of England that I shall ask pardon."

The justice of this plea was ignored. Crowned with a laurel wreath in mockery of his pretended assumption of royal power, he was dragged on a burdle to a gallows of unusual height, and there hung, drawn and quartered. The parts of his body were exposed in four chief cities of Scotland, "as a warning to all like evil doers," said the English.

Thus perished William Wallace, as true a patriot, brave a soldier, and skilful a general as ever lived. A private gentleman, he led Scotland's armies, and, as Guardian, exercised royal power, as he afterwards resigned it, for his country's good: he died as he had lived, without having compromised Scotland's independence by word or act.

A national hero, he died a shameful death, and his cause seemed lost. But lost it was not.

"From Wallace-blood, like precious seed-drops shed,

Sprang up fresh heroes in his steps to tread."

In the words of a famous Scotchman: "His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed, but his work lives, very truly lives. . . . If the union with England be, in fact, one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse;" for it was due to Wallace that it was "a just, real union as of brother with brother, not a false and merely semblant one, as of slave and master."

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand. "You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose."

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering round and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and to be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He

said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage"

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made me a tramp."

By using the electric spark an exposure of less than .000001 of a second is required to make a picture. Illustrations of some of the most delicate natural phenomena are secured by this method. That is a delicate art, indeed, which registers with equal fidelity the unfolding of a morning glory or the collapse of a soap-bubble.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better classes of merchants. At a recent meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio, one of the officers remarked that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among boys.

"Nickels expended in treats to the young now will return in dollars after the appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 23.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 3-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye are the light of the world.—Matt. 5. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. Lowliness, v. 1-5.
2. Purity, v. 6-8.
3. Endurance, v. 9-12.

Time.—Early summer of A.D. 28, probably.

Place.—Probably the "Horns of Hattin," an eminence seven miles from Capernaum, at the head of the valley leading down to the Sea of Galilee.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Beatitudes.—Matt. 5. 1-12.
Tu. A guiding light.—Matt. 5. 13-20.
W. Perfection of love.—Matt. 5. 38-48.
Th. Blessings in disguise.—Luke 6. 20-28.
F. Blessing of obedience.—Psalm 119. 1-16.
S. Motive for love.—1 John 4. 4-12.
Su. Walking in light.—1 John 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Lowliness, v. 1-5.
Where did Jesus go to teach?
What two classes composed his audience?
By what title do we call this discourse?
Who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven?
What blessedness is in store for mourners?
Who are promised possession of the earth?
2. Purity, v. 6-8.
What hunger is a source of blessing?
Why is mercy commended?
3. Endurance, v. 9-12.
What condition of new family relations is named?
When should persecution be a source of joy?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The blessedness of a holy character?
 2. The profitableness of an upright life?
 3. The duty of setting a right example?

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