

Christ. That we may believe on Christ we must first believe He is Christ: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matthew iii: 17, Mark i: 11. BERTHA JORDAN.

The above paper should be helpful to those who have already started on the Christian life.

SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS.

1. Matthew 1: 5.
2. Hosea 14: 3.
3. The widow's mite. Mark 12: 42.
4. Psalm 110.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS SENT BY ELLEN GARBUTT.

1. Ezra 7: 21.
2. Leviticus 11: 7.
3. Jeremiah 36: 23.

Answers received from Annie Addison, Minnie Mortimer and Lulu Snure.

DAILY READINGS FOR MAY.

(See Scripture Union Cards.)

Perhaps the Book of Hebrews, from which many of the Daily Readings are taken, may appear in some parts, and to some of our young readers, a little difficult to understand. We refer to those chapters speaking of the Old Testament priesthood and offerings. Yet if we come to read this Epistle thoughtfully, it is wonderful what light it throws on these old ordinances, showing that the priesthood in old times was but a foreshadowing of our Great High Priest, the offering of animals in sacrifice a type of that Great Offering for sin yielded up on Calvary's Cross, the blood that poured from victims, of that Precious Blood shed for sinners. Yes, they had the shadow, we have the substance.

But Hebrews abounds in beautiful texts too, simple and easy to be understood. For instance, it is in the chapter succeeding that wonderful array of faith heroes, that we get the words which stood for our New Year's Motto for 1897, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Have we forgotten it? Have we already grown weary in the race? Patience, then patience. "How poor are they that have not patience!" So let us remember afresh these words of exhortation.

Then again we get the exhortation to contentment in chapter 13, verse 5. Probably most people, even young girls, sometimes know what it is to feel not quite contented with their lot in life, and need to be reminded, "Be content with such things as ye have." Ah, yes, it is sometimes difficult to be contented, when we have wishes and desires for other things not in our grasp, another lot in life, different from that marked out, but when we remember who marks out our lives, should it not, if we are His servants, calm and quiet these rebellious thoughts?

"O, Lord! how happy we should be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could cease,
And know at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best"

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. How many quotations are there from the Old Testament in Hebrews I? and in what places are they found? Give chapters and verses.
2. What did the veil in the Tabernacle represent?
3. Give Scripture definition of faith.
4. What is the probable meaning of Hebrews VII., 3, where Melchisedec is spoken of?

In a letter from Amy Hodges she says:—

"I thought perhaps you would enjoy to hear what the girls are doing, and how they spend their time. For instance, I will tell you how I have spent the most of my Sundays this winter. Mr. Hall wanted all the young people to learn the Shorter Catechism, and repeat it all in one recitation. I was the only one belonging to our church who recited it correctly, so I am entitled to a Diploma. I expect it right away. I am going to try an examination on Bible Questions on the 29th Jan., 1898, so I shall have to work hard. It is a very difficult task to undertake, but I should like to try. I think I must conclude now, so good-bye,

"I remain, yours very truly,
"AMY HODGES."

I walked in the woodland meadows,
When sweet the thrushes sang,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain.
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity
I took him to my heart;
He asked with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its own compensation;
There's healing for each pain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

—BY DR. LORRIMER.

IN LEISURE HOUR.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

1. Vile, evil, veil, Levi, live.
2. Forget-me-not.
3. Union Jack.

The following enigma, also Buried Rivers, are sent to us by Alice Stokes.

ENIGMA.

I lived before the flood, yet still am young;
I speak all languages, yet have no tongue.
In desert I was born, ne'er went to school,
Nor ever understood a grammar rule;
Yet when the courtly gallant talks to me,
I've as polite a dialect as he.
I sympathize with all in joy and pain,
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain;
By nature taught such an obliging way,
I ne'er shall contradict whate'er you say.

BURIED RIVERS.

- (1) As he was crossing the street, a gust of wind carried away his hat.
- (2) If you take the right path a messenger will meet you.
- (3) May all good angels ever near thee hover!
- (4) Evil deeds do not always prosper.
- (5) Have you seen yesterday's obituary?
- (6) Is not the tiger a cruel beast?

ALICE STOKES.

From Gertie Francis the following:

A TRUE STORY.

Mr. Edmund Chandler, of Tressingfield, Suffolk, England, who reached his 21st birthday

last year, has received from Her Majesty Queen Victoria a signed portrait of herself in recognition of his loyal services. He has rung the bell on every anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday since her ascension sixty years ago. When was he born?

Answers received from Louisa Foster and Annie Addison.

TRIMMING THE LAMPS.

"Twelve o'clock already! Is it possible?" exclaimed Mable Bourne, as she threw herself wearily into a chair in her own room. "What is there to show for my morning's work? And yet I haven't been idle a moment, or even sat down till now."

Mable was the one member of the household who had no definite work, but to whom fell all the odd things left undone by the rest.

Her elder brothers had their business or their studies; the younger children their school lessons; Milly, who was quite grown up, had her social duties and her "district." But Mable just did the hundred-and-one little odd things about the house which are scarcely noticed and seem of no account, and yet which add so much to everybody's comfort.

Being a Christian, Mable tried to do them well, but in a resigned and cheerless sort of fashion, longing all the while for something greater on which to expend her energies.

"There's nothing to show for my labour; it wouldn't be so bad if there were," she repeated, discontentedly, "I'll just recall what I have done this morning—that will be some satisfaction. Let me see! First I trimmed the lamps"

She paused, saying the words again, half unconsciously; for into her mind had suddenly flashed the parable of the ten virgins; and then she seemed to hear a voice repeating her words, "Trimmed the lamps," followed by the question, "But have you trimmed *your* lamp?"

Startled by the voice, Mable took up her Bible, and, opening it at Matthew xxv., read again the familiar story.

And, as she read, the Holy Spirit showed her how, in giving way to discontent and depression because the work marked out for her was "scrap" work, instead of something great and noble, she had been letting the oil of her own lamp run low, when it ought to have been kept trimmed and burning.

Humbled and ashamed, Mable sank on her knees, confessing her fault, and asking that the oil of God's grace might fill her heart, that her lamp might burn bright and clear. Then with a cheerful light in her eyes, and a happy feeling about her heart, she rose and ran lightly down stairs on some errand that had been forgotten in the morning's rush.

And whenever afterwards "the trivial round, the common task" pressed irksomely on her eager spirit, a glance at the lamps, all clear and trimmed, and an inward prayer for help, never failed to exercise the demon of discontent, and bring back the bright light to her eyes.

SYLVIA PENN.

I am glad to think that I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—*Jean Ingelow.*

COMMONPLACE LIVES.

"A Commonplace life" we say, and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not—
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.
—*Susan Coolidge.*