

Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.—1 Peter ii. 21.

BIBLE CLASS

FOR S. S. TEACHERS,

Conducted by Mr. S. H. Blake,

EVERY SATURDAY,

AT 4.30 P.M.

Subject—INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

“THE SMILE OF GOD.”

HAVE seen, in an African desert, a beautiful patch of green, a luxurious blending of graceful palm, waving grass, rippling spring, pendant fruits, and tropical flowers—an island of verdure, refreshment, and comfort in the midst of a sea of sand, of dreary bushwood and of stunted thorn. Hither came both man and beast, hot with travel, scorched with heat, oppressed with hunger, faint with thirst, and found both food and drink, shelter and repose.

The negroes who dwelt in the surrounding region called the weary tract around “The Torment,” because it was hard, dry, difficult, inhospitable. The patch of natural garden ground in the centre they called by an African word which means a god or a spirit in a good temper; or, rather, “The Smile of God.” The smile of God! Verily, a good name and a beautiful; a smile that lightens the heart and cheers the lot of every despairing traveller that passes that way.

Just what that green oasis is to the tribes of Ham, the God-trusting, God-fearing man is to his fellow-men a centre of blessing, a precious possession, nothing other, nothing less than the “Smile of God.”

“THE MASTER KEEPS THE KEY.”

THE mind of a pious man was much occupied with the works and ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions. He could understand nothing of their movement. He was informed, however, that all their motion was connected with the centre, where was a chest, which was kept shut. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. The reply was, however, “*The Master Keeps the Key*” The words came to him like a flash of light. Here was a word for himself. They seemed to be a whisper to his mind about higher things. Here was a solution of all his perplexing doubts.—“*The Master Keeps the Key.*” He governs and directs. It is enough. What need I more?”

THE SNOW-PRAYER.

ALITTLE GIRL went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in, she said,—“Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play.” “What did you pray for, my dear?” “I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school: ‘Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.’”

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it: “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” And what can wash them white—clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers:—“They have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.—*H. L. Hastings.*”

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt xi. 29.