

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER.

(Condensed from Peleab's Notes.)

Lesson XII. September 27.

REVIEW AND MISSIONS.

Subject—The Wonderful Saviour.

I. HIS WONDERFUL NATURE. Lesson I. His pre-existence. Lesson II. The Lamb of God. Lesson III. The Worker of Miracles. Lesson IV. The Messenger from Heaven. Lesson V. IX. The Water of Life. Lesson VI. Divine Power. Lesson VII. VIII. The Bread of Life. Lesson XI. The Light of the World. Lesson XII. The Good Shepherd.

II. HIS WONDERFUL BIRTH. The song of the angels, in Luke; the visit of the wise men, in Matthew. Note the date and place of His birth.

III. HIS WONDERFUL WORKS. The miracles He worked. Lessons III. VI. VII. XI. The purpose of the miracles. IV. HIS WONDERFUL TEACHINGS. In all the Lessons. The most important truths He taught.

Note the length of Christ's ministry; the date of its beginning, and of its ending; the districts and cities where most of His time was passed.

V. HIS WONDERFUL POWER. Manifested in His miracles and His influence over men. The source of His power in His divine nature. The value to us of our mighty Saviour.

VI. HIS WONDERFUL LOVE. How shown in each lesson of the quarter, in words and in deeds.

VII. HIS WONDERFUL CHARACTER. How shown in each lesson.

MISSIONS.—Jesus the Saviour of the world. His blessing to us should lead us to make Him known to all men, for they need such a Saviour as much as we do. Jesus was a missionary, and all His disciples must be filled with His spirit. The power of Jesus makes the success of His kingdom certain. We work in a winning cause.

Aunt Martha Says Her Say.

BY ANNA DEBARTH.

"Do, child, take time to live as you go along," said Aunt Martha to me one day.

The words were "spoken in season, and fitly chosen," and gave a new turn to my life, and I am going to write down what followed, so that some other woman may hear what Aunt Martha had to say.

She was a little woman, with kindly face set in soft gray hair, with the bright eyes showing behind gleaming gold-rimmed spectacles, and her seventy years had been lived faithfully to hear God and to herself.

As far from selfishness as ever a woman could be, yet she preached and practiced the glorification of self as I never knew another to do.

It was toward the close of a busy hurrying Saturday; little things upstairs and down had claimed my attention all day, and the moment Aunt Martha spoke I was agonizing over the trimming of a bonnet, not because I needed the article but because it was a part of the week's work I had set for myself.

The bows would not settle themselves gracefully upon my nervous fingers, and the bit of bias velvet refused to stretch a required half-inch in length. Just then the door bell sounded, and my exclamation of dismay at the prospect of a visitor, called forth auntie's remark, and clinched the thought that to begrudge one's time to a friend for the sake of a few ribbon bows was anything but a sane state of mind.

Away went the offending bonnet, ribbons, lace and pins, were all tumbled into the convenient bandbox, and turning to the open fire I shook off the threads into the blaze and dropping down on the hearth rug gazed into the heart of the glow like an old Persian fire-worshipper.

Aunt Martha knew I was ready for a talk, and she took up her knitting. "That's right, my dear," she began, "the world will do as well and you'll do far better without that bonnet to-morrow. I sometimes wish the good Book had said: 'Remember Saturday night to keep it holy.' Sunday would be smoother if it had. I've been watching some time and you're getting no good of yourself, child," she continued. "Human beings are a sight of fools to start with, with teaching and the rest, but just as soon as they're old enough to be something away they go, rush and scramble from Monday morning till Saturday night with no attention to the best part; as if we weren't made just a little lower than the angels, and expected to live up to that pitch."

The old lady's needles ceased their click as her voice increased in earnestness. "I'm sick of this cry of 'no time, no time,'" she said. "As we're going to have all forever and forever, we might enjoy a little of it while we're in these wonderful bodies. I hate this talk about worms of the earth, and poor miserable beings 'tis a fine compliment to the Lord who breathes into each one of us the breath of life. He stamped a different 'I' on each soul, different from every other 'I' in goodness knows how many billions, and if He thought you and me of as much consequence as that, we ought to do all we can, to keep up our end."

"But, Aunt Martha," I protested, giving the fire a vigorous poke, "many people are so tied down by circumstances, their noses all their lives to the grindstone, that cultivation of what you call the best part is an actual impossibility."

"Don't talk circumstances to me, Jane (auntie generally called me Jennie), anybody can keep his soul on top, for that's where the Lord meant it should be, and any living that's worth while makes its own circumstances. The Lord will help the child who respects and tends the part which the great Creator made to His own image; that to be dwarfed and smothered that there may be one more embroiled doyley in the world, or an extra frill on a petticoat?"

"Now, I'm the last one to advise anybody to live through life as I know from experience she was," but this out-of-breath scolding isn't living at all, and I lose the everyday getting ready to

enjoy the to-morrows which never come. We'll never travel over-to-day, and every one ought to lift us just a mite up or it is worse than lost.

"Now, my dear John hardly knows that the Lord has trusted the children to him to finish off for Him, he's so busy tolling and molling every day for them. When Sunday comes he's hurry, scurry, just the same, to church twice and to Sunday-school, where John teaches Mr. Lee's boys, Mr. Lee teaches John's, and it's early to bed for the whole tired family so as to get a fair start to begin all over again Monday morning."

"But, Aunt Martha, how can you disapprove of church and Sunday-schools?" I asked, wondering if my good aunt was letting her hobby run away with her. "You surely don't want Uncle John to bring up his boys to be careless about Sunday?"

"No! child, no, the Lord made the day sacred, but He made families sacred too, and John and Milly seem to forget that side. One day last spring I was there, as pretty a morning it was as ever shone, and in rushed the children to beg the mother to go to the woods with them, and she actually kissed them all around and sent them off with a basket of cookies saying she hadn't time. To be sure there was a fancy pie for dinner, and little Milly had an extra frill on a new gingham, and what did they cost? The mother spent the next day in bed with a nervous headache, and the children lost the mothering they had a right to. What is time good for if a woman can't use it to mother her own children? What else was lost no one count. Surely the Lord doesn't spread out a May day for His little creatures to soub and turn their backs upon. A fresh-made world, new every morning, and never two after the same way, that time of year. Folks are made different, there's no doubt of that; and the Lord touches one by music, and one by a picture, and another by a sermon; but I believe He means sky and trees and flowers and sunshine and ocean and mountains to speak to everyone who'll take time to listen. Despising the works of the Lord will have to be explained some day, and when that day comes and we go up with a poor miserable little dried up soul, the excuse, 'no time, no time,' won't sound as well as it does here, for the Lord gave us all the time there is, and all the privileges we can use to make something of our selves that will be a credit to the pattern."

"But, Aunt Martha," I said, hoping to draw her on, "everybody looks upon Aunt Milly as a model wife and mother. She has even given up her music, which used to be her very life, for the sake of the children, and she is the most unselfish woman known, most self-sacrificing."

"Jennie, my child," said Aunt Martha, putting her hand gently on my shoulder, "never be self-sacrificing in the same way. The Lord gave Milly a wonderful musical talent, and He expects some return for it. What right has she to neglect such a blessing, such a means of glorifying Him. 'Tis your sacred duty to cultivate your painting, 'tis hers to cultivate her music, and if, as is the case with most of us, we think we have no special gift to cultivate, then do day by day something which makes the soul just a little larger, just a little higher, and by and by we discover there is a point to cultivate. Perhaps 'tis a very nice cheery smile, perhaps 'tis a fresh way of telling a story, or a quickness at seeing the funny side, all little things, but little things make all the difference between happiness and misery in this grand old world."

"Take time, child. Take it. Don't feel that you are stalling it, but take it as the right of a free-born citizen, and use it to make the best kind of a citizen for the heavenly country, for this is only the training ground for that."

So ended Aunt Martha's sermon, and we went to tea.—New York Observer.

Domestic Life in Paris.

Life in Paris means what it does in all large cities; the good and the bad, the Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal for August. The casual tourist sees, as a rule, only one side. As a race, the French are merry-making people; their very nature seek and crave enjoyment. But their amusements are, therefore, not necessarily of an order beyond the ken of respectability. It has been my pleasure to see something of French domestic life, and to hear more of it, from sources away from prejudice. The affection which exists between the French father and his daughter is beautiful and almost spiritual. Home and family means as much to him as it does to the resident of any other city under the sun. The French mother is not only a cook par excellence, but a perfect type of housekeeper. By nature she is quiet, and she accomplishes much more with less exertion than does her English sister. The education of her children is as a Gospel to her. Her religious faith is strong, and she instils it into her children at the domestic board and at bedtime. The parents live out of doors, but it is rare, indeed, that you see children on the streets of Paris after reasonable hours. They are taught to find their chief amusements in the home; and everything is done by the French father and mother to see that the home is attractive to their children. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is to see a well-regulated French family, where you will find the atmosphere redolent with domesticity.

"My father was nearly covered with boils. Burdock's Blood Bitters cured him, and he has been bathed since."—E. HARRIS, Otterville, Ont.

"You know, Dorothy, these bicuits of yours—" he began, as he reached across the breakfast table and helped himself to the seventh. "Yes," said the wife with a serene smile. "Ah! they're nothing like mother's." "No!" And the smile was gone. "No! Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy and gave me the dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about thirty, what's the matter, Dorothy?" She had fainted.—Kate Field's Washington.

The man who has learned to love people he doesn't like is on the right road to heaven.

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Swiss School Girls.

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the August Atlantic, in a paper on "A Swiss Boarding-school," says of Swiss school-girls:

French and music being the chief ends of each girl's pursuit, there was no grind of college preparation. Nobody was studying for an examination. This prevented a certain strenuousness of tone and tenacity of excitement which are apt to exist with us in the more earnest schools. On the other hand, there was in the girls themselves none of that intellectual interest which we find among bright American girls who are pursuing classical studies together. They had among themselves no such eagerness of conversation; they did not appear to discuss the problems of life or to feel personally answerable for their solution; and as compared with a set either of clever or of fashionable girls they seemed very young for their years, though in some instances very bright, and in an interesting way. If the school had not the stamp of a college preparatory, neither had it the character of our fashionable institutions for young ladies. Careful attention was paid to instruction in manners and little niceties of social usage. The necessity for a woman of being womanly was frankly dwelt upon, and taken for granted as a basis of action; but a trivial or petty view of things was strongly discouraged, and the whole tone of the household was that of rare simplicity and unworldliness.

Dr. McLeod and the Child.

That grand preacher, Dr. McLeod, was going to officiate one Sunday in the kirk in a little village in Glasgow. He was walking through the green lanes listening to the birds hymning their raptures in the ear of God, looking over the gardens an meadows rich with fruit trees, his heart swelling with gladness and gratitude that the world was so full of beauty, when suddenly his harmonious thoughts were invaded by the noise of sounding blows, squeaks, and grunts, and looking over the hedge, he saw an old woman and a boy who refused to get out of the clover field.

The boy turned round and found in the same place, and the old woman getting furious, came down with a tremendous whack, screaming, "To the devil ye'll go!" The good Doctor remonstrated on the best authority that the poor wive had already an intimate acquaintance with the prince of darkness, having been sent to him before, laughed and walked on.

Nearing the kirk, he came upon another old woman and a little child, and presently he heard her also exclaim with fury, "To the devil ye'll go!" This was another matter. No child should be sent to the devil if he could prevent it. He hurried up to the old woman, who was still saying on the stick with all her might, and seizing her arm, he said: "Bide a wee, woman, bide a wee the de'il canna coom just now. Ye ken that he has ower mukkie to do, and just now he is vera busy wrastlin' wi' a sow in the meadow yander. I'll tak' the bairn into the kirk wi' me, and set him in the pulpit. We're no going to gy' the de'il all the good things of this world."

He carried the sobbing, astonished child in his arms, leaving the no less astonished woman standing petrified and staring. He put the little fellow down on the floor, and the good Doctor, smiling broadly, the secret of opening which all efforts failed to find, though a funny little sneeze or two showed that he had done his best to sample its contents.

Tennyson's Poems of Art.

The group of poems in which Tennyson deals with art is important, not only for the poems themselves, but also for the light which they throw upon his artistic principles and tastes. It is altogether by chance that the poets to whom he gives prominence are Milton, Virgil, Dante and Victor Hugo. In "The Poet" you will find his early conception of the power of poetry; in "The Poet's Mind," his thought of its purity; in "The Poet's Song," his avowal that its charm depends upon faith in the immortal grain. "The Palace of Art" is an allegory of the impotence of art when separated from human love. "The Flower" tells in a symbolic manner his experience with unreasoning critics. "The Spiteful Letter" and "Literary Squabbles" are reminiscences of a critical warfare which raged around him in his youth, and made him sometimes forget his own principle of doing his work "as quietly and as well as possible without much heeding the praise or the disparage."

But to my mind the most important, and in some respects the most beautiful, of these art poems is "Merlin and the Gleam." The wonder is that none of the critics seem to have recognized it for what it really is—the poet's own description of his life-work, and his clear confession of faith as an idealist.

The light that never was, on sea or land, The consecration and the poet's dream—this is the "Gleam" that Tennyson has followed. It glanced first on the world of fancy, with its melodies and pictures, dancing fairies and falling torrents. Then it touched the world of humanity, and the stories of man's toils and conflicts, the faces of human love and heroism, were revealed. Then it illuminated the work of imagination, and the great epic of Arthur was disclosed to the poet's vision in its spiritual meaning, the crowning of the blameless king.—Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, in the August Century.

"I suppose nothing but the grace of God can keep you from making a man to a friend who was carried uncautiously through an almost overwhelming temptation to false business dealing. 'If you trace its restraining power back to my boyhood—yes,' he replied. He then readily desired an experience early in life which illustrates how the merest trifle may change the current of a young person's life. During his first clerkship he was left in charge of affairs temporarily, and found on the desk an unsealed letter which, for certain reasons, he greatly desired to read. He opened it, having been opened and read by his employer, it was no breach of trust for

him to peruse it. But then and there he fought a decisive battle. He concluded to make the offending epistle a test for his powers of resistance. He kept it in plain sight and reasoned that, even if its perusal were wholly justifiable, yielding would be a "letting go of himself," as he expressed it. This victory over a trifling established a habit of self-control which gained in power as years went on. The divergence of two sides of an angle seems infinitesimal, but continue those lines and they become an infinite separation. It is this principle in morals which makes it so essential for parents to help their children to master themselves.—Sel.

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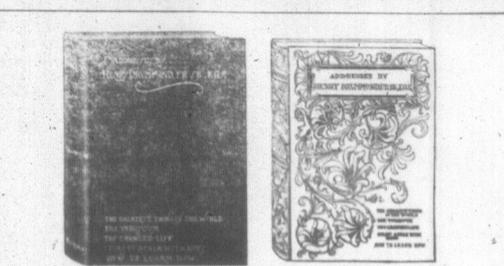
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