

"Yes-s," falteringly pleads the sick man. "Try—the-roof!"

He must, *must* get to Jesus.

"But how get him down?" asks Heavy-of-Heart.

"First get him up," says Resolute. And there he is at last, up on the roof, and his four bearers with him.

"How get him down, Heavy-of-Heart?" says Resolute. "Break away the roof and let him down!"

And down go bed and the bed-ridden, carefully steadied by the four bearers.

"Hark! What is going on overhead?" say the people below. "What is the meaning of all that noise?"

They all turn, lift up their eyes, and there is a bed coming down! Four men are lowering it. Look out! Steady, Resolute, Heavy-of-Heart, every body! And down comes the bed in the very presence of Jesus! The great miracle-worker is looking at the sick man, and now that he has got here, what will he say? It was a bold thing to do, to come down this way before Jesus of Nazareth. He feels that the eyes of Jesus are on him. He is greatly abashed. He feels that the searching eyes of Jesus are going deep, deep down into his soul, seeing things at the bottom, and O what ugly details of the past sinful life are all disclosed! Jesus knows every thing; what a great sinner that man has been! He wishes he was back on the other side of that blocked doorway! No, no, he must stay.

"I could but come," he is murmuring; "I can but try, can but die."

But hark! The voice of Jesus is making such sweet music in the ears of a poor sinner: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!"

So good to be forgiven! So delicious the consciousness of pardon! He lies back on his bed, his eyes contentedly closed, such depths of peace filling his bosom, the past covered, those ugly things at the bottom buried deep under the sea of God's forgiving mercy. But what is the matter with those scribbles over there? They scowl. They mutter. They flash an indignant light out of their eyes. "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?" they are reasoning. But why do they suddenly lower their eyes? Why does shame redder their faces? Jesus is reading their thoughts as if before him in an opened book. And now he is crying, rebukingly, "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee'; or to say, 'Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk'?" And now does Jesus bid him do it? The man upon the bed hears. Does he hear aright? He opens his eyes. He stirs. He rises.

"See, see!" cry his bearers.

"He really thinks he can leave his bed?" wonders Heavy-of-Heart.

But he springs from his bed!

"Does he suppose he can carry his bed?" queries Heavy-of-Heart.

But he stoops, he lifts his bed, he throws it over his shoulder, he shakes off!

O, what a shout of "Glory to God!" swells to heaven as the once palsied man walks off, his bed on his back!

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1889.

FEB. 3. The Parable of the Sower. Mark 4. 10-20.

FEB. 10. The Fierce Demoniac. Mark 5. 1-20.

FEB. 17. The Timid Woman's Touch. Mark 5.

25-34.

FEB. 24. The Great Teacher and the Twelve. Mark

6. 1-13.

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

— We lose not time if it be spent in waiting upon God.—*Eldersheim.*

— None of us "by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature." But how many, by taking in God's thoughts, feeding on them, and inwardly digesting them, have added vastly to their spiritual stature!—*Gordon.*

— Common actions become holy, and drudgery grows divine, when the motive is pure and high.—*Spurgeon.*

— The wheel of life whirls round, and we with it, expecting that the motion will some day slacken, and that then life may be ordered anew and omissions may be made good. But real wisdom consists in seizing the flying moment, and in pressing upon it the seal of the eternal and the enduring; that is the great course of moral endeavor under which life receives its due form, like the block of marble under the hand of the sculptor.—*Baron Bunsen.*

— To be weak is not so miserable, but to be weaker than our task.—*Carlyle.*

— What is less difficult to awaken than a self-love which has grown drowsy? What more difficult to lull to sleep again than a self-love once awakened?—*Joseph Roux.*

— It is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is his. And into his winter he comes to visit us. And all man's winters are his—the winter of our poverty, the winter of our sorrow, the winter of our unhappiness—even the "winter of our discontent."—*George MacDonald.*

— Distinguish between doing right in order to help others—as when one lights a beacon in order to guide the sailor—and doing right in order to be praised by others,—as when one stands in full blaze of a chandelier in order to display his own jewelry.—*Boardman.*

— Be prayerful; ask and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day.

Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world.—O, make it then thy stay!

Ask largely, and thy God will be A kindly giver unto thee.—*Anon.*

— All Christians must work. What would happen in battle if only the officers fought?—*James Robertson.*

— When we cannot do what we would in religion we must do as we can, and God will accept us.—*Henry.*

— The truest and best service we can render is that which lies before us in our way and next to hand. To love God with all the heart—this is the first commandment. To love and help and brighten those about us every day—this is the second commandment, and completes the service.—*M. G. Pease.*

— All one's life is a music if one touches the notes rightly and in time.—*John Ruskin.*

The more thou frequentest thy closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereunto, the more thou wilt loathe it.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

— Do not attempt too much. Map out your field, survey your resources, and then stake out only so much ground as you shall deem proportioned to your ability as moral husbandmen, resolving that what you till you will till thoroughly, and spare no effort to have it produce the most abundant possible harvests.—*N. H. Schenck.*

— He who possesses Him to whom all things belong possesseth all things.—*Krummacher.*