

What We May Bring.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
The wise men came from far,
They came with gifts and offerings—
Led onward by a star
Their gifts were quite besting.
Such great men as they were—
The gold that all men treasure,
The frankincense and myrrh.

So now may men bring learning,
And others bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to our King,
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,
And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute hand and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was quite perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as father did. "William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure."

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life."

"In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what time you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have ever looked into the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport.

After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat."

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

Place.—The court of the temple, Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The lame man healed.—Acts 3. 1-11.
- Tu. The lame man healed.—Ac's 3. 12-21.
- W. Christ healing.—John 5. 1-9.
- Th. The power of Christ.—Luke 5. 18-26.
- F. In Christ's name.—John 14. 1-14.
- S. Signs following.—Mark 16. 14-20.
- Su. Power of faith.—Matt. 17. 14-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Miracle, v. 1-11.
 - What disciples were going to the temple?
 - At what time in the day?
 - Whom did they find at the temple gate?
 - For what purpose was he there?
 - What appeal did he make to Peter and John?
 - Who replied to him?
 - What did the lame man expect?
 - What did Peter say to him?
 - What did he do for him?
 - What at once occurred?
 - What did the healed man do?
 - Where did he go?
 - Who saw and recognized him?
 - How were the people affected?
 - To whom did the man cling?
 - Where did a crowd assemble?
2. The Sermon, v. 12-16.
 - What question did Peter ask?
 - Whose glory was shown in this cure?
 - What had the people done to Jesus?
 - Whom had they chosen in his stead?
 - What had God done for Jesus?
 - Who were witnesses of this fact?
 - What made the lame man strong?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Jesus has all power?
2. That faith brings blessing to the believer?
3. That we should praise God for his mercies?

A LITTLE BOY'S LIBERALITY.

BY W. A. ROBINSON.

Recently, during a meeting of a Bible Society, while a young member was eloquently setting forth the needs of financial aid and the great good being accomplished by the efforts of the society, a little boy about thirteen years old picked up one of the subscription blanks on the seat, and quietly said: "Father, have you a pencil?" Without comment the father handed the pencil and watched. The boy read and read over the blank, and then carefully filled in "50c." and laid it aside for the collector. Presently the speaker warmed up more to his subject, becoming very earnest. The boy leaned over: "Father, have you a rubber?" The pencil with a rubber was handed silently, the "50c." was erased, and "\$1" filled in instead. This little boy had carefully accumulated a small amount in the bank, and his father, except for instilling lessons of economy and general instruction, never interfered with the disposition of his son's money. So this act sprang from his own thought, and do you not think that the father has a right to be proud of his generous boy? And I will tell you who is even prouder than the father, if possible; the boy's uncle, whose full name he bears, a name that is foremost in all efforts for spreading Christ's kingdom, especially through work in the Sunday-school.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 24.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.—Acts 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Miracle, v. 1-11.
2. The Sermon, v. 12-16.

Time.—June, A.D. 30. Afternoon.



MAUNA LOA.

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The Sandwich Islands contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiet, in the world. The two most lofty mountains are Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, each of which is fourteen thousand feet in height. Kilauea, on the latter mountain, is the largest active volcano in the world, having an oval-shaped crater nine miles in circumference. In this immense caldron is a red sea of lava, always in a state of fusion. At intervals the lava is thrown to a great height, and rolls in rivers down the mountain-sides. Except at these intervals the mountain is covered with perpetual snow. It is in the centre of Hawaii, the largest island of the group. Near to it is the native village of Waiohinu, which is in a forest of orange, fig, and guava trees.

A WILL AND A WAY.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.
"Do you spell?"
"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.
"Do you read?"
"Oh, yes, sir."
"And what book did you learn from?"
"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"
"Oh, I never was at school."
Here was a singular case: a boy could read and spell without a book or master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."—Christian Observer.

THE TUMBLE-WEED.

Tumble-weeds spread themselves in a wholesale fashion. Instead of sending the separate seeds out into the world with wings or hairs to carry them, the whole plant breaks off near the root, when these are ripe, and goes rolling along the ground before the wind. The bare sun-scorched deserts of the Great West produce several tumble-weeds, and there are some in the prairie region. It is natural that they should be most abundant where there are no hills nor trees to stop them in their course. But we have one tumble-weed in the East—the old-witch grass, so-called, maybe, because it rides the wind like an old bel-dame. In September this grass spreads its head, or panicle, with hairlike, purple branches, in every sandy field. When the seeds are ripe the plants are blown across the field, often piling up in masses along fences and hedgerows. As might be expected, the hair-grass, which has so effective a way of spreading itself, is found throughout the United States, from ocean to ocean.—"How Plants Spread," in November St. Nicholas.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afghanistan?"

Willie hesitated a moment.
"Don't you know?" asked the teacher.
"Yes, I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can't lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied.

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