

making Him real to those He holds so dear. Again, as for last Quarter, the topic is

CHRIST AMONG MEN

1. Strengthening and rewarding faith.
2. Confessed as the promised Messiah.
3. Declared to be the Son of God.
4. Sending forth His messengers.
5. Teaching His disciples to pray.
6. Commanding His disciples to watch.
7. Describing the love of God for sinners.
8. Laying down the law of humility.
9. Appointing a memorial feast.
10. Unjustly condemned by Pilate.
11. Dying for the sins of the world.
12. Proving His power over death.

A SEVEN-FOLD GIFT

"I'm sending you," wrote Aunt Mary to her little niece, Kitty Carter, "something for your birthday, and I know you will like it."

Kitty was sure she would, too, because Aunt Mary had been a little girl herself, and knew exactly what to buy for little girls of all sizes.

A few days later the front door opened suddenly; there was a loud thump in the front hall, and everybody jumped. "Dear me!" exclaimed Grandmama, who was spending the day with Kitty's mother, "has the baby fallen down stairs?"

"No," laughed Kitty, "that was probably the postman with my present from Aunt Mary. When he has anything too big to go in the letter-box, he throws it into the hall."

When the parcel was opened, out rolled six round balls. Something rolled out of Kitty's brown eyes at the same moment—two large tears.

"I didn't ever s'pose," said she, choking down a sob as she came back into the sitting-room, "that my Aunt Mary would play tricks on people, on people's birthdays! Just onions—six horrid onions!"

Grandmama gave a sharp look at the "onions." "Why, child," she said, "You will like your onions better on closer acquaintance. These are hyacinth bulbs, very large and heavy ones. I think Aunt Mary must have remembered that you were fond

of flowers. If you will get six flower-pots from the barn, and a basket of soil from the radish bed, I will go out to the side-porch and show you how to plant them." Kitty felt better, and dried her tears and ran for the pots.

The pots were kept down in the dark, cool cellar until, one day in February, Grandma said, "Kitty, it is time for your hyacinths to come upstairs. The pots are full of strong, white roots, and the tops are beginning to grow." Sure enough! the bulbs had each begun to send up a big, fat leaf-bunch, and were ready for more light; so Kitty set the pots in a row in the sunny dining-room window. After that it seemed to her that she could see the plants grow. Before many days each leaf-bunch spread apart, and buds began to show.

At last one morning Kitty was greeted by a tender pink blossom. When all the buds upon the flower-stem of that earliest plant were opened, it was a beautiful sight!

"Now," said Kitty, who was a generous little body, "isn't this lovely luck? Tomorrow will be Mother's birthday. I'll give her this sweet hyacinth."

The next plant to open had pure white blossoms; and, strangely enough, it bloomed the morning of Kitty's Sunday School teacher's wedding, and Kitty carried it herself to the bride, who said it was the sweetest of all her gifts.

When the dark purple hyacinth began to open, the blossoms looked so like a bunch of pansies that Kitty decided to carry it to the Doctor, who lived across the street; for the old gentleman was very fond of pansies, and always had a bed of them in the early spring. "I think," said the Doctor, "that you must have known that it is just forty years ago to-day that I came to this town to live. I shall call this an anniversary present."

What Kitty called "lovely luck" seemed to attend on every one of the "onions." When she learned that there was a little new baby in the house next door, she decided at once to carry him her bright red hyacinth; "because," she said, "babies always like red things! Wasn't it just in time!" Perhaps the baby was a little