

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

Class A. For Competitors Under Sixteen.

BIBLE TREES AND PLANTS.

1. Which of these is described in the Bible as humblest of all?
2. In which of the Prophets do we find predictions of the most famous of all?
3. Where are we told of what appears to have been the most wondrous of all?
4. Where do we read of the humblest of all being most honourably employed?
5. Which prophet saw both the worst and the best of a common description of fruit?
6. What tree was thought to be "good," yet brought about death?
7. Where do we read of a tree transplanted from one famous land to another?
8. Where of a portion of a tree which was a message of joy to the world?
9. Where of one or more portions of another tree so employed as to speak at once of glory and shame and of unexampled "sorrow and love"?

* * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors in Class A who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. The winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. For example, the answers to the above questions for January must be sent in on or before February 1st. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. For Class B a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full (and in Class A state their ages), and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—

"Bible Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

10. Where are we told of some very choice trees at once lowly and honoured?
11. Where of a carefully tended collection of trees which brought forth bad fruit instead of good?
12. Where of a single tree condemned, after long patience, for bringing forth none?

BURIED TRUTHS.—Class B. Open to All.

Where does Holy Scripture tell us (1) of one who taught more than he himself knew by going to where he was told to go by another; (2) of one who was made a teacher to a company of teachers by standing where he was placed; (3) of one who became of much bodily service to thousands of learners by being himself in the way of instruction; (4) of one who is thought to have illustrated one of the most vital of truths by consenting to die? In what respect does No. 4 appear to have differed from all the rest?

A PARSON'S OUTING.

BY THE REV. FREDK. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

THE Parson's wife set down the lamp:
 "Why, John, you're white as wool, dear;
 Unwind your muffler, shake and stamp;
 Now let me give a pull, dear."
 He blinked his starry-dazzled eyes:
 "The snow is shovelling from the skies,
 And down the brow
 (Just hear it now!)
 The wind's a tearing bull, dear."
 "Don't talk, but put your slippers on,
 I've got them toasted finely;
 And something else is toasting, John—
 Hot cakes! they smell divinely.
 Now there's a fire for toes that freeze—
 Excuse me, pussy, if you please:
 You're nicely browned,
 And Master's drowned,
 So, prithee, move benignly."

He took a chair. "It's worth one's while,
 With scarf and hat-brim flapping,
 To butt along o'er ditch and stile
 And take the rough wind's slapping
 For sake of coming home like this,
 To find that little face to kiss,
 And feel the glow
 The red gleeds throw,
 And—hark! It's some one rapping."
 They listened: first a snoring gust,
 And next a scampering flurry;
 Then in old Mary's face was thrust:
 "'Tis little Alma Murray;
 Her mother's ill; but Towton Scar—
 Dear heart! four-mile's a step too far:
 It snows and blows"—
 The Parson rose:
 "My boots! be off now—hurry!"

The wind had whips that lashed and stung,
 The flakes did burn and blind him;
 The frightened child that sobbed and clung
 With dragging arms confined him.
 But well content he took the track
 To brave the whirling wildness back,
 For tears were shed,
 And fears were fled,
 And peace was left behind him.