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THE BIBLE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

[No. 25.]

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

It has been said that the lands of the Bible are the best commentary upon the Bible. A visit to the East throws a flood of light upon a thousand Scripture allusions and incidents, and makes many a text of Scripture luminous with a beauty before unknown. The feathery palms—the wandering caravan—the glimmering mirage—the halt at noonday—the encampment at eventide, and the thousand varying incidents of travel or sojourn, all light up the sacred page with gleams of unexpected illumination. With a view to add to the Biblically educative value of the forthcoming volumes of the *Methodist Magazine*, arrangements have been made to publish a series of finely illustrated articles on "The Land of the Pharaohs," on "Asia Minor and the Levant," and on "Syria and Palestine," with engravings of which the cuts on pages 1, 4 and 5 are specimens of a large number of scenes in Egypt, the Holy Land, and the other lands of the Bible. These will be of great value to all Bible readers and especially to Sunday-school teachers. A large number of Sunday-schools already take from two to ten copies of this Magazine as cheaper, fresher, and more interesting than library books. It will be furnished at special reduced rates to schools. Write to Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto, for terms.



THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

UNCONSCIOUS DANGER.

I HAVE just been reading an account of the defeat, some years ago, of the troops of a distinguished general in Italy. Having taken their stand near Terni, where the waters of the river Velino rush down an almost perpendicular precipice of 300 feet, and thence toss and foam along through groves of orange and olive trees toward the

Tiber, into which it soon empties, they attempted, when pressed by the Austrians, to make their escape over a bridge which spanned the stream just above the falls. In the hurry of the moment, and all unconscious of the insufficient strength of the structure, they rushed upon it in such numbers

spiritual end? It seems generally to be assumed that in our relations to eternity, there is no danger except that of which we are distinctly conscious—which we see, or hear, or feel. But there cannot be a greater delusion. It would be equally rational for the blind man, who wanders among

that it suddenly gave way, and precipitated hundreds of the shrieking, and now despairing men, into the rapid current below. There was no resisting such a tide when once in its bosom. With frightful velocity they were borne along toward the roaring cataract and the terrific gulf whence clouds of impenetrable mist never ceased to rise. A moment more, and they made the awful plunge into the fathomless abyss, from which, amid the roar of the waters, no cry of horror could be heard, no bodies, or even fragments of bodies, could ever be rescued. The peril was wholly unsuspected, but none the less real, and ending in a "destruction" none the less "swift."

May we not see in this the picture of a great throng of ungodly men in respect to their

pitfalls, or on the trembling brink of some frightful precipice, to infer that there is no danger because he sees none. Insensibility to danger is, in fact, one of the most startling characteristics of the sinner's condition by nature, just as insensibility in a mortal disease is one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease itself. The danger is none the less real, none the less dreadful. And the only true wisdom is in providing for every exigency in the way prescribed by the Physician of the soul. The believer's Surety can alone give security against all possible danger. The gulf which is bridged by genuine faith will never bear away on its tumultuous bosom him who possesses that faith. The grace of Christ never fails to be sufficient for him who implicitly trusts to it, whether he is conscious or unconscious of the dangers which threaten him.

Fellow-traveller to eternity, are there no possible dangers in the path you propose to pursue, for which you have made no provision?—*Glad Tidings.*

A CURIOUS EASTERN STORY.

IN an eastern land an eccentric man gave up all worldly concerns and went to live the life of a hermit in the woods. But it so happened that rats were numerous in the woods, and so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk, so a cow had to be kept. But the cow required tending, so a cowboy was employed. Then the boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid, a few more houses had to be built and people invited to live in them. In this manner a town sprung up. The man said, "The further we seek to go from the world and its cares, the more they multiply."

A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and that will always spring up and bear fruit.

Christmas Time.

COME, children, make ready your stockings again,

For old Santa is coming this way;
He's a wonderful fellow who never forgets
His chief duties for Christmas day;
His heart is as big as a barrel, they know
Who have tested the little old man
And his motto is: "Always be merry, my dears;
Or at least be as gay as you can."

"How does Santa Claus look?" asks my wise little Ted.

Ah, where is the mortal can tell?
Some say he is fat, and some say he is lean;
And all of us know very well
That he fits a big chimney with tolerable ease,
And can squeeze through a keyhole—ah, yes!

And when he drives up with his reindeer and sleigh,
Who amongst us can give a right guess?

He comes in the night with his bundle of toys;

And yet, where is the child whose bright eyes

Have seen the sly fellow all busy at work
And planning his Christmas surprise?

"I'll watch!" cried my Ted, when last Christmas was here;

"I will watch if I don't sleep a wink!"
So he lay in his bed, with his eyes stretched apart,

And yet, my dears, what do you think?

Along came old Santa, and laughed to himself

At the soft little snore that he heard,
As he filled the wee stockings, and, kissing my boy,

Flew off into space, like a bird,
While Teddy, in Dreamland, still fancied that he

Was watching the chimney and door.
Alas, for poor Ted! With the morning he found

Himself puzzled the same as before.

But there's one thing we know; he will visit us all,

And bring sunshine and peace and good-will;

And I hope he will give us an extra gift, too,

In the shape of a longing to fill
The hearts of the poor and the sorrowing with joy

And a part of our sunshine and peace;
And the gladness that came with the dear Saviour's birth,

In our own hearts, we know, shall not cease.

—MARY D. BRINE, in *Independent*.

SUNDAY SAM.

BY J. WINTHROP PLATNER.

"ANY of you men going into the city to church with me?" asked a bright-looking boy of about fifteen, of a group of rough men who were hanging about the yard of an old, second-rate inn near Albany, New York.

"Goin' where?—to church?" answered one. "Why, bless your heart, old parson, what do ye mean?" And a general laugh went up from the crowd.

"I mean," said the boy, sturdily, "that I am going to walk to Albany and attend church, for this is Sunday."

"By George, so it is!" exclaimed another of the crowd, "and I forgot to put on my good store-clothes: so, you see, I can't go. I'm awfully sorry too," with a grin; "but Mike, here, and some of the other fellows will go 'long."

"Dunno 'bout that," said the person referred to as Mike. "I looked at one 'o them 'Piscopal books one day, and every page or two it said 'collect.' That was more'n I could stand, 'cause one collection a week is enough for me."

The laugh was renewed with applause, and our young friend Sam began to think he had got into a hard crowd of men. He had left his New England home only the week before, and, like so many other youths of fifty years ago, had started out to seek his fortune. The first opening he met with was a position on a railway in progress of construction out of Albany, and here we find him.

The idea of attending divine service struck all the men so strangely that they could not refrain from using Sam as the butt of good-natured joking. He, seeing that he was not likely to get any company to-day, started off down the road, followed by various comments and words of advice from the men.

"Give my respects to the parson," said one.

"Say 'amen' at the end of each prayer," added another.

"You better come out before they take up all them collections!" shouted Mike.

Sam did not heed them, but kept on, knowing that he was following the path of duty and happiness.

"Well, here he comes back," cried one of the men at the inn, as Sam slowly approached the group a little after noon.

"Hello! Sunday Sam; how's the dominie to-day?"

This nickname seemed to please the men greatly, for they immediately adopted it, and always after this our young friend was known as "Sunday Sam."

He took all their jokes in a pleasant manner, and at last succeeded in telling the men two or three things the minister had said.

"Twa'n't so bad now," said Mike to his two cronies that evening, "to have that 'ere little chap a-tellin' of us 'bout the sermon."

"Let's go to church with him some time and see what he gets that makes him so pleasant like," answered one.

When Sunday came around again Sam repeated his invitation of the week before, expecting the same reply. But to his surprise and pleasure, Mike and his two friends said:—

"We'll go a ways with ye, anyhow."

"You don't mean to say that you're goin' to meetin', be ye?" exclaimed one of the toughest members of the party.

"Well, I'm blessed!"

And with this benediction on himself sunk back into a sort of amazed stupor, in which he gave vent to his feelings by an occasional grunt.

Fewer jests followed the church-goers to-day, and when the third Sabbath came, one more joined the party.

"Why, I hain't seen the inside of a church for twenty years," said the new

recruit; "since I was a boy about like Sam, here, when I went to please my mother. How she used to pray for me those days! and seems as if she was glad to see me going again."

One day, as they were blasting rock to make a cut for the railroad, the blast exploded prematurely, and two of the men were so badly hurt that they had to leave work and enter the hospital.

Sam had done so well that he was given the place of one of these men. This gave him quite an increase of pay, and made that dim shadowy thing called Fortune appear much more real and near.

The summer passed rapidly now, and the winter was fast drawing on, when all on the railroad would have to be suspended. Sam now lived in eager expectation of returning home.

Going home! You who have been long absent from that haunt of peace and blessedness can feel the comfort of the thought.

The twilight of a bleak November day was fast deepening as Sam trudged along one of the hilly roads that led through Berkshire County. Over his shoulder was slung a stout canvas bag, which seemed to be quite heavy, and was held in a tight grasp.

"One mile more will bring me in sight of Stockbridge Bowl, and then I will soon be there," said he to himself, and passed on more eagerly than before, as if cheered by the prospect. Now he could see the glimmer of the dear home-fires, shining at a little distance off. He hastened to a window through which he could see the family—father, mother, and five brothers and sisters just sitting down to a hearty supper which smoked upon the table.

As he listened, he heard his mother speak his own name with a touching fondness, and say how joyful would be their Thanksgiving if Sam could only be at home to complete the family circle.

"I'll give them a little surprise," thought Sam, and he stole up to the door, opened it softly, and threw his canvas bag into the middle of the room.

Drawing quietly back, he peeped through the door-crack to observe the result.

Little Fannie was the first to recover from the shock of surprise, and cried:

"I guess that's Sam. He always used to frighten me like that when I was only a wee bit of a girl."

At this they all laughed, for Fannie was now just four years old. Her father, during this time, had been examining the strange bag, and, untying the neck he poured out in a heap one hundred and fifty bright silver dollars! A prolonged "O!" burst from every tongue, but Sam had, by this time, slipped into the room unperceived, and now exclaimed:

"I earned every cent of that myself on the railroad."

It would be hard to tell who were the proudest—the parents of the sturdy young workman or the boy himself.

But all thoughts of money were abandoned for a time, while the long-separated family was reunited in love and caresses.

"Now tell about it," they asked, as soon as the first outburst of affection had subsided.

"Well, there isn't much to tell," answered Sam, slowly, "except that I had my wages raised and a better position given me that time when the two men were hurt by the blasting. I was laughed at a good deal at first because I wouldn't drink with the others."

"The hardest thing, though, was to keep Sunday. All the workmen used to play cards and smoke all day long, and when I said I was going to church, four miles away, everybody began to make fun of me. But in a couple of weeks two or three of them wanted to go with me, and before I left over half of that gang of men walked to Albany to church. I got the name of 'Sunday Sam' for it, however."

His mother folded her boy in her arms once more, blessing God that he had given her son strength to walk without falling, in the midst of such temptations.

"Do you know, mother," said Sam to her at his bedside that night, "the minister preached once about giving part of our money to the Lord, and it seems to me I should like to help some of the poor folks to have a good Thanksgiving day."

"I am glad you think of others, my dear son," answered his mother. "Our own day will be much brighter for having helped to give others joy."

And when Sam sat down to his own Thanksgiving dinner the following Thursday, he knew of several turkeys which gladdened the hearts of other boys and girls, whose hearts, but for him, would have known no happiness; and the thought of their pleasure gave new zest to his own.—*Well-Spring*.

BECOMING POLITENESS.

A BEAUTIFUL fact on this subject is related of Prince Albert. On one occasion a humble, worthy man, who had befriended the prince in early life, called to see him, and was invited to come to the family table. He began to eat with his knife, as he had been accustomed, and the young people smiled. Prince Albert looked round upon them, as if to say, "Stop that!" and at once he himself began to eat with his knife, and did so to the end of the meal. After dinner, one of the children asked him why he did so. Prince Albert replied, "It is well enough for us to observe the etiquette of the day, but it is far more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not if he had seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use the knife, and it would be quite difficult for him to use his fork instead."

This was genuine politeness. The world would be happier and better if there were more of it.

Christmas Hymn.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BESIDE a manger lowly,
A mother, pale and mild,
With eyes serene and holy,
Is watching o'er the child.
I, too, would gaze and ponder,
Bowed down in homage low,
For sight more full of wonder
This earth did never show.

Across the mists of ages,
That infant's form divine,
Unchanging still, engages
The heart before His shrine.
For though in God's anointed
The world no charms espies,
Faith reads the signs appointed,
"To Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David,
The "Shiloh" famed of old,
The Son of Virgin Mother,
By prophet's lips foretold.
Behold the seed of woman,
Repairer of the Fall,
The Child Divine, yet human,
Emmanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant upspringing
Amid the desert dry!
Oh, dawn of promise flinging
Thy rays o'er earth and sky!
Oh, glad and gushing river,
From love's own fountain poured,
Spring up—flow on forever,
Till all men know the Lord!

INDIAN RELIGION.

BY REV. JOHN M'LEAN, M.A.

THE Indians are an eminently religious people, strong evidence of which is seen in the elaborate religious systems existing amongst them. Their superstitious fears arise from the belief of spiritual forces, surrounding them, and influencing their lives. The devotional spirit is manifested daily, in their customs and in all the routine of life. Many of their traditions are of a religious character, and the mythology is moulded by their ideas of the spiritual world. In their social and political organization, and in their war customs the spirit of piety is manifested. In the "medicine men" we recognize the medical priesthood, the members of which are the priests and doctors of the camps. The majority of the Indian tribes believe in the existence of a Great Spirit, who may, or may not be, the Creator. He is not the same supreme being as that believed in by the white man, although the influences of Christianity oftentimes exert such a power over the theological opinions of the Indians as to cause them to accept the Christians' God as the same. To some he is the Son, and to others, the Old Man, the Man Above, the Great Spirit, the First Cause, and the Captain of Heaven.

Besides the Great Manitou, there are lesser Manitous, lesser spirits, and secondary creators. These reside in the rapids of rivers, and in the strange things resulting from freaks of nature. A peculiar shaped stone, contorted tree or lonely cave, are recognized as the stopping places of the spirits, hence the sacrifices made, and presence of trinkets at these places. In the mortuary customs of these people, there is immanent

the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The widely prevailing custom of burying articles necessary for travelling with the dead, to assist the spirits in their journey, to their future abode, and to be of service to them during their residence there, is begotten of this doctrine. Some believe, that as the things deposited in the graves decay, the spirits will take them away, to be again united, and used in the spirit world, but the more general opinion is that the spirits being immaterial, must use spiritual things, and they take therefore the soul of the articles and leave the matter behind. Creation and providence are prominent doctrines in their theological system. The latter is to them a powerful reality. Though not taught explicitly, there is betokened in the recognition of sin, the existence of a law, which belongs to the Supreme Being, and which when broken, constitutes sin, and man is punished by the infliction of disease for his disobedience. The soul of the red man cries out for forgiveness of sin, and this finds its highest expression in sacrifice. Sacrifices are made by some tribes of Indians to the evil spirits to propitiate them, that their favour may be gained, and evil warded off.

Prayer is offered to the sun, the great spirit, and to the lesser spirits at the stopping places of the gods. I have oftentimes seen the red men reverently pray to the supreme being for help in their seasons of distress. At the Sun Dance the ideas of sacrifice and prayer are very prominent. The medicine man in the sick lodge prays for the spiritual power to help him in healing the sick. The floating garment at the top of the lodge is placed there to attract the lesser divinity as he is passing by, that he may lend aid. The piece of tobacco thrown into the rapids is to propitiate the spirit that presides over the place. Prayers are offered, and songs sung when crossing dangerous streams, to seek the favour, divert the attention, or drive away the spirits that haunt the waters in their rapid course. The Mexican Indians possess elaborate forms of prayer, rites of baptism and purification.

Traditions of the flood, and several narratives of Scripture are found amongst the Indians, but it is difficult to learn correctly whether these belong to their native religion, or result from contact with Christian teaching. The souls of the dead go to the sand hills and the happy hunting grounds, a sensual heaven suited to the ideas of the people, whose minds are more firmly concentrated on the concrete things of life, than on the abstract.

An inferior place is allotted to the existence of hell and a personal devil, the native intellect being more apt to dwell on the prospect of pleasure than pain in the future. Invariably they are non-believers in evolution, the idea of a primal creation being more consonant with their views, as to their relation to the great First Cause. There is inherent in the nature of the red man

a strong love for his own system of religion, which prevents the acceptance of any other form of doctrine from that in which he is trained. He will adopt more readily the mode of life of the white race, as he sees the benefits that will accrue from this, but his long cherished beliefs are dear to him, and it is difficult to tear the mind and heart away from the religions of the forest and plain. As the boy grew up to manhood, he went out into the forest or mountain, to wait for the vision that should reveal to him the animal whose spirit was to be the guardian angel of his life, and when found he returned with support for the duties and struggles that lay in his path through this world. To accept another religion without experiencing the power of the spiritual forces that lay within it, was to deprive him of the strength, hopes and joys that dwelt in his own. There is sunshine and shadow in this native religion, yet there are features of interest, many of which we admire; and some exist that claim a kinship to the superior system of the carpenter's Son.

CHILDREN'S WAYS IN JAPAN.

BY N. FLETCHER.

A PENNY in Japan will go a longer way than a penny in America, for here in Japan we have real "mites," which are called "tempos" and "cash," all less than a copper cent. The "tempo" is a heavy flat piece of copper, or bronze, two inches long and like an egg, except that both ends are the same size; in the centre is a square-cut hole, and on both sides are Chinese characters telling the value. The tempo is about four-fifths of a cent in value. Very often we see boys drawing hand-carts in which are piled up curious-looking things, and when they are close by we see they are tempos strung together on straw-rope, and so carried about from place to place.

Children and grown people in Japan use their long wide sleeves for pockets, and I often see boys and girls take out cash from their sleeves. But not tempos, because they are too large and clumsy to be comfortable in a sleeve. There are several kinds of "cash;" they are round bits of bronze with a round hole in the centre. The smallest cash is called "rin" (pronounced *reen*), and ten of these equal one cent. So you see that a cent in Japan is worth more than it is to you.

Most little girls wear a dress of blue and white, with big blue flowers all over it. With this they wear a gray "obi," or sash, lined with red, which is folded round the waist and looped behind. Her white cotton stockings cover the feet to the ankle, and straw sandals, or shoes, which are not shoes at all, but pieces of wood on which the foot rests, and is held by straps passing between the toes and across to the heel, complete the costume. They wear neither hat nor

bonnet, and their hair is too short yet to stick pretty pins in, as older girls do. There are many playmates in the "Home," and if you should see them playing and chattering in the yard on their wooden "geta" (*gay-tah*), I am afraid you would laugh at them. But no matter how strange you would seem to them they would not laugh at you, for they are trained very strictly in what the Japanese consider *politeness*!

In the Sunday-school that we have for street children, there are sometimes seventy or eighty boys and girls, besides the babies carried on the backs of some of the girls. The scholars sit on the floor as they do in their homes, and when I enter they all put their hands on the floor and their heads on their hands, bowing to the teacher, and though some of the boys have their fun now and then, they are always polite and give us very little trouble. Very few of them can read or write, but they are learning the characters that we put on the black-board to teach them Bible words. If I were to tell you how poor and miserable they are your hearts would ache over their misery. To be sure there are in America street children just as poor and perhaps more unhappy, but when you remember these children in Japan not only have no happy homes on earth, but have never heard of that home in Heaven of which we love to think, know nothing of a Father in Heaven and Jesus their Friend and Saviour, and can really understand but little of what we now try to tell them,—when you remember this does it not seem as if little Christian children have a great deal to be thankful for, if it is only that they are not children of heathen parents!
—*Missionary Link.*

HOW SHE FOUND REST.

A LADY was very anxious about her soul, and a minister asked her:

"Have you been in the habit of attending church?"

"Yes, I have been to every church in town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before."

"Do you ever read the Bible at home?"

"Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort; but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever."

"When you went to church, or prayed or read the Bible, did you rely on them to save you and give you comfort?"

"I think I did."

"Now read this verse, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?"

The lady looked amazed and the tears swelled up in her eyes. Light burst in upon her soul and the scales fell from her eyes. She saw that only Jesus can save, and that he was willing to save everybody who came to him with all his heart.

Christmas Carol.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

RING, Christmas bells, ring clear and sweet,
While listening winds for joy repeat,
In far-off corners of the earth,
Your message of a Saviour's birth.
Ring out, sweet bells, in glad accord,
On this, the birthday of our Lord;
Say to the world, on Christmas morn,
"Rejoice, rejoice; thy King is born!"

Tell of the manger, poor and low,
That cradled, centuries ago,
The child whom wise men from afar
Came seeking, guided by a star.
O star that rose o'er Bethlehem's height,
And with strange glory filled the night,
Thou shinest still to lead the way
To Jesus on this Christmas Day!

In love and fitting Christmas cheer
To-day let heart to heart draw near,
Forgetful of life's care and fret,
Its discord and its vain regret,
And in this holy Christmas-tide
Draw nearer to the bleeding side
Of him who died for us and them
Who hailed him King at Bethlehem.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

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THE Christmas and New Year's numbers of PLEASANT HOURS and *Home and School* will be full of Christmas pictures, poems, and stories. Every scholar in our schools should have a copy. They will be sold at the rate of \$1.00 per one hundred, post free to any address.

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DECEMBER NUMBERS OF THE S. S. PAPERS FREE.

SCHOOLS that have not before taken our Sunday-school papers will receive the December numbers, including the handsome Christmas papers, FREE, if they will any time before January place an order for 1888, or for any part of 1888, of not less than three months.

THE Buffalo *Christian Advocate* says of a recent number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*: "This is the strongest and brightest number we have seen of this excellent magazine. We have no magazine on this side that takes its place, and we believe that if its merits were more fully known in this country, it would receive a very generous patronage. It is the best magazine for a Christian family of which we have any knowledge." Toronto, Ont. \$2.00 a year.

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS bells ring in family reunion! The rail-trains crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massed sacred barn-yards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two or three or four generations. Plant the fork astride the breastbone, and with skilful twitch, that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. Florence is disposed to soar, give her the wing. The boy is fond of music, give him the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so dreadfully old that he can hardly find the way to his plate, down to the baby in the high-chair, who, with one smart pull at the table-cloth, upsets the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps. Do not, as in some families, keep a plate and chair for those who are dead and gone. Your holiday feast would be but poor fare for them; they are at a better banquet in the skies. Let the whole land be full of chime and carol. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweet voice, and all the towers in Christendom rain music.

A DYING REQUEST.

SOME time ago I called to see a young man who was nearing the point of death, and addressing him with these words: "How are your prospects, brother?" I received the following answer: "Not as bright as they might have been or as I would like them to be." Conversation ensued. I asked why the outlook was so



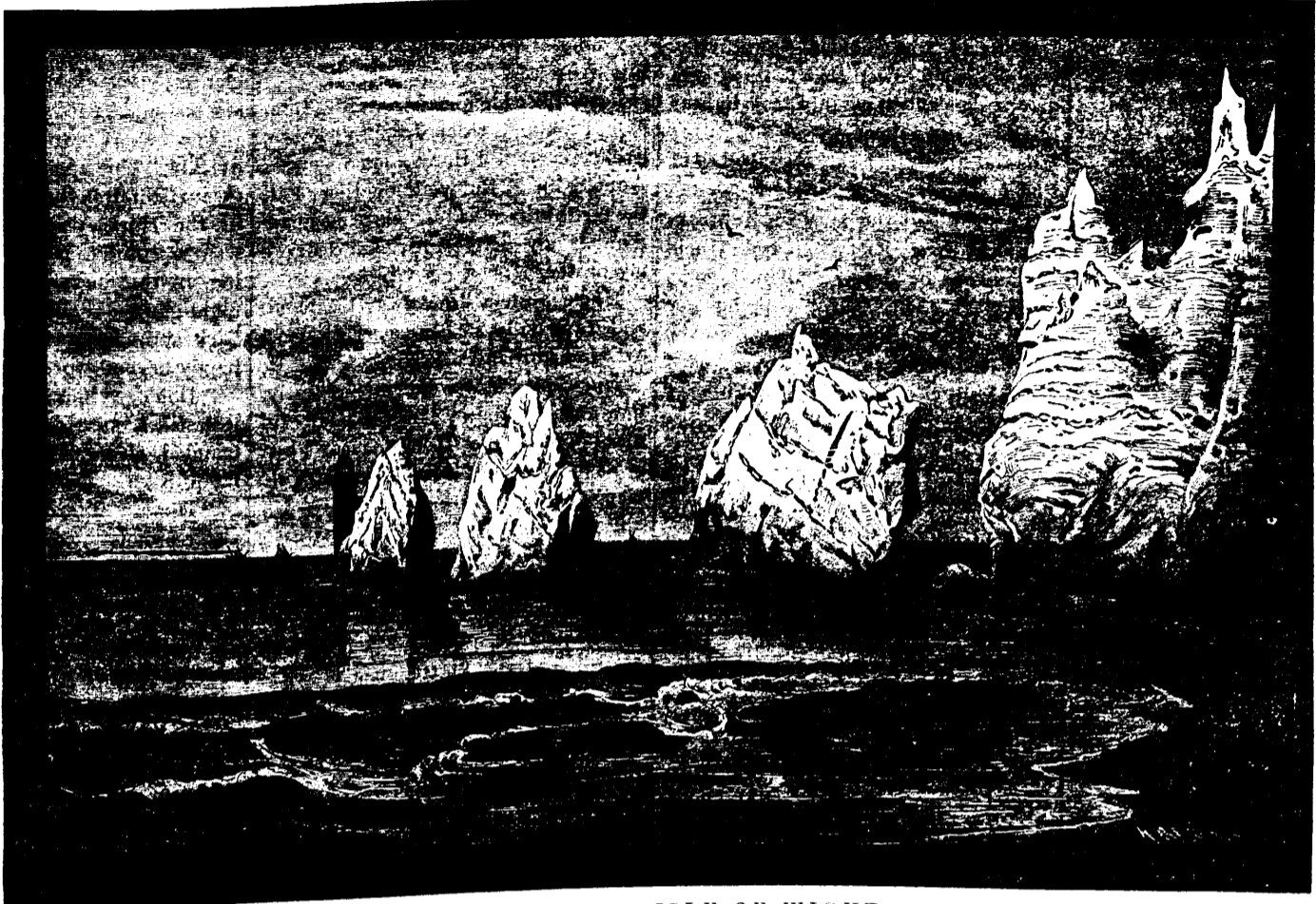
MUEZZIN.

undesirable. "Ah," said he, "I left the matter of my soul too late to have a bright experience or a blooming hope." Again I asked, "Is there not a sufficiency in Christ, or is not the Almighty power of God equal to all your requirements, or is His love not capable of filling your soul with happiness and light?" "Yes," was the answer, "but I have not been acquainted with him long enough to get all he has in store for me. I have only known him since I was taken ill, and between pain of body and anguish of mind I have not been able to get even all I wanted, and although I believe I am saved, yet I have no experience to fall back on, and to keep even my faith afloat is a hard struggle. But I am holding on." Again I asked: "Would you persuade others to do as you have done, so to leave their soul's salvation to their dying moments?" "No," was the earnest response. "Tell them to serve Christ in health, and to devote their heart and strength to his service and love. TELL THE YOUNG MEN TO GET SAVED." And, dear brother, tell them in the pages of your useful paper. *Young men, be saved,—saved in youth, saved in health, saved from sin and death and hell, saved by the blood of Jesus.*—W. H. S. in *Glad Tidings*.

MUEZZIN.

ONE of the most frequent and curious cries heard in the East is the muezzin's call to prayer. In the very early morning it wakes the stillness with the words, "There is no god but God. Come to prayer; come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep." And at the canonical hours for prayer devout Mussulmans—wherever they are, or whatever they are doing—on ship or shore—in market or street—in the desert or on the house-top—prostrate themselves, and, with their faces turned toward Mecca, offer their prayers to God. Their fidelity to this duty is a lesson to many careless, so-called Christians, who neglect the sacred privilege and obligation to make their wants and requests known unto God.

To support government by propagating vice, is to support it by means which destroy the end for which it was originally established, and for which its continuance is to be desired. If the expenses of the government cannot be defrayed, but by corrupting the morals of the people, I shall, without scruple, declare that money ought not to be raised, nor the designs of the government supported. — Dr. Samuel Johnson.



THE NEEDLES—ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Adoration of Christ.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing their flight o'er all the earth !
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God and man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

Sages leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear !
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

**"O LORD JESUS CHRIST, PLEASE
MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN."**

THIS was the prayer of a poor Hindoo boy who had asked the missionary to make him a Christian.

"It is impossible, my dear boy," said the missionary. "It is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him."

It was not long after this advice had been given that the dear boy, with a sweet face and sweet voice, came again to the missionary and said :

"The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken his place in my heart."

"How is that ?" asked the missionary.

The boy replied, "I prayed and said,

'O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian,' and he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

THE NEEDLES—ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE Needles are a group of curious rocks at the extreme north-west of the Isle of Wight. Their forms vary in a most singular manner according to the direction in which they are viewed. They appear in some aspects so sharp as to well merit their name. They have, like the cliffs in the neighbourhood, peculiarly variegated strata of ochre, etc., giving them a very curious appearance. The Isle of Wight is the favourite winter home of the Queen. This lovely region will be fully described in the forthcoming volumes of the *Methodist Magazine* in a series of articles entitled: "Round About England," with many engravings of the most romantic scenes and historic sites in the shires of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Cambridge, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall; including numerous engravings of London, York, Oxford, Cambridge, etc.

I HAVE no harsh word to speak of any. The liquor traffic is the awful heritage of a less wise, less kind, and less enlightened past. For its existence in this gentler age, we are all more or less responsible. Let us combine to put it away, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."—*Frances E. Willard.*

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Boy's Book of Sports, and Outdoor Life. Edited by Maurice Thompson. Small 4to, pp. 352. New York: The Century Co. Price \$2.50.

This is a book that will delight every healthy boy's heart. It is full of breezy out-of-door adventure. One may almost smell the forest fragrance and feel the breezes blow as he turns its pages. Every healthy boy is fond of out-of-door sports, and so he ought to be. Healthy boys will make healthy men, and this book tells how to get the most pleasure and profit out of this out-door life. It tells all about gunning, fishing, trapping, boating, camping, swimming, walking, skating, tobogganing, archery, amateur photography, etc. "Believing in the maxim," says the editor, "that good boys make good men," he has tried to put into this book the helpfulness of a cheerful spirit and the freshness and purity of an out-door atmosphere, so that those who read may feel the influence of wind and sun and water, of woods and of birds. Boys will learn not a little of natural history from its pages. As to the engravings it is only necessary to say that they are from that prince of juvenile monthlies—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

The Brownies, Their Book. By Palmer Cox. New York: Century Co. Price \$1.50.

One of the most popular features of *St. Nicholas Magazine* during the past few years has been the Brownie poems and pictures by Palmer Cox. The adventures of these remarkable little

people have been eagerly followed from month to month by thousands of children, and by grown people as well, and now the verses, with all the original illustrations, will be found together in a handsome book, with many new pictures added, and with Brownies on the fly-leaves and all over the coloured cover. This will be one of the most popular Holiday books of this season. We can bear personal testimony to the delight with which one boy, at least, followed the Brownies' career from month to month in *St. Nicholas.*

The Treasure Box. Large sq. 8vo., pp. 208. Albany: D. R. Niver Publishing Co. Price \$1.25.

This is a very attractive book for children. One of its specialties is the numerous pictures printed in colours. On the illuminated cover there are ten different colours. We have seldom seen such elegant printing. Santa Claus appears in a new role—riding on a bicycle, followed by his reindeer. The quaint little figures, dressed in Kate Greenaway clothes, are very comical. There are about as many wood-cuts as there are pages, including a good portrait of the Queen, and a colour print of Windsor Castle, of the young Princes in the Tower, and of the famous Beefeaters in their fantastic dress. The rhymes and jingles and stories are well adapted to amuse and instruct children.

THE body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and we must ask God whatsoever we need, and must labour for all that we ask.

Bells Across the Snow.

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee;
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still,
For peace and hope may brighten
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To "bells across the snow."

IN THE TOE OF PATTY'S STOCKING.

"POLLY, woman, see here a minute!" said Mr. Amasa Andrews, opening the kitchen door. "Whatever d'ye think? I've had a letter from Uncle Joshua!"

"Not about the moggage? The old skinflint!"

Mrs. Andrews turned an anxious face from the bread she was kneading.

"No; 'tain't nothin' o' that sort. It's a real friendly letter. He wants to borrow our Patty for a spell."

"Borrow Patty! Why, what in the world?"

"Well, there, you see, Polly," began her husband, advancing, with the letter in his hand: "Ol' Aunt Sally lives with 'im; hez for years. An' ther's her daughter Sarah married lately. I s'pose it leaves 'er sorter lonesome. Anyways, he sez he'd like t'ev Patty come for a wile. It's nat'ral 'nuf. Shall we let 'er go?"

"Oh, Amasy, I hate to!"

"Yes, we'll miss 'er; but tain't fer long. An' there's th' moggage, Polly!"

"I know. Well; let's leave it to Patty."

Patty herself was not averse to the visit; but then she never was to any plan of her elders.

So Aunt Polly packed the old-fashioned carpet-bag, and Uncle Amasa put his small niece in the stage-coach, under the good-natured driver's care, one frosty morning in the late fall. As night fell, early and cold, they halted before a long, low, red house, where a single light was burning, and an old man with a fur cap, and with a lantern in his hand, came to the gate and called:

"Ain't got a little gal fer me, have ye, Silas?"

"Here ye be!" was the answer, and Patty was handed down. She was so nearly asleep that it was like a dream, her entrance into the lighted kitchen, her supper on Aunt Sally's lap, and finally her tucking into bed at that good woman's motherly hands.

But the next morning when breakfast was over, Patty followed Uncle Joshua out of doors. "Kin I come with you?" she asked, slipping her little hand into his hard palm.

"I sh'd think ye'd like to stay with Aunt Sally!" he replied, looking at her from under his cap brim. "She's goin' to make some pies, I guess."

"I'd ruther go with you an' see the calves, ef I may!" answered his great-niece timidly.

And so, morning after morning, Patty would go to Aunt Sally with her hood and little shawl, and, while pins were being fastened and strings tied, she would ask: "Ye don't mind ef I go out with Uncle Joshua, do ye, Aunt Sally?" Always the same question and always the same answer: "Lord love the dear child, no!" While the old woman muttered, under her breath: "Mebby 'twill do some good. Who knows?"

Uncle Joshua always stood in the doorway during this dialogue, with a great show of impatience and reluctance to be "bothered."

"I sh'd think a little gal's place was in th' house," he would remark, as he took her hand. But he liked it. Bless you, how he liked it! And soon there was not a nook or cranny in the stable and barns that had not caught the light of Patty's yellow head, and heard the tender cadence of her voice.

One day Aunt Sally accompanied them to the pen where the great Christmas turkey was confined. While she was wondering at its size and promise, Mr. Andrews said suddenly:—

"Patty, does yer Uncle Amasy talk much about me, d'ye know?" with a malicious twinkle under his bushy eyebrows.

"Sometimes." Patty hung her head.

"Oh, he does, does he? What does he call me, child?"

"An' ol' Duffer," said Patty, with her finger in her mouth.

Uncle Joshua turned and strode away, flinging, "There, now, Sally!" over his shoulder at his dismayed sister as he went.

That night he sat before the open "Franklin," in his great rocking chair, while Aunt Sally knitted in the corner, and Patty, on the floor, unlaced her shoes preparatory to going upstairs.

"Ye like us here, don't ye, Patty?" asked her uncle, finally, after a long silence.

"Yes sir; o' course I do," laying her pink cheek against his knee.

Uncle Joshua's hard hand was very light on the yellow head, as he stroked her hair.

"An' would ye like to live with us?" he asked again.

"An' not go home ever?"

"Why, yes—mebby—for a visit. But live here."

Patty raised her head to stare at him. "Oh, I couldn't, Uncle Joshua; not to, live, ye know. I think a lot o' you an' Aunt Sally. But ye know there's all the rest of th' folks—Uncle Amasy an' Aunt Polly an' George; an' George's my brother!"

Uncle Joshua drew away his hand, and Aunt Sally, in her corner, frowned over her knitting.

Innocent Patty went on presently, in a musing tone: "This place is awful nice; but I like Uncle Amasy's just ez well, I guess, if 'twasn't fer—fer th' moggage."

"The what?"

"Th' moggage we've got on our farm t' home. Mike said so, an' George an' me we've hunted for it lots o' times." The child's voice had grown low and fearful, and she knitted her brows as she spoke: "I'm sca't of it, too; it's somethin' awful. George thought 'twas a bear, mebby; but Mike he said 'twas more like a wolf. D'ye ever see one, Uncle Joshua?"

The old man did not answer, but began raking down the fire with a great deal of noise.

"Joshua!" called his sister, winding the clock.

"Wal!" he snarled.

"Amasy Andrew's ez good a man's ever trod shoe-leather. I declare for it, it's a shame."

"Shet up, Sally! Will ye?" Mr. Andrews turned upon her. "Amasy Andrew's a shif'less creature. I ain't no use for 'im."

Patty sprang to her feet, with her shoes in her hands. "You didn't oughter to talk so!" she cried indignantly. "Uncle Amasy's so good to me!" and then she broke down and cried.

"Sally, take that child to bed!" commanded her uncle, and disappeared.

Patty went home soon after this; and when the stage stopped at the door, Aunt Sally held her fast, saying between her tears: "Ye mus' come ag'in darlin'. Promise us ye will," while Uncle Joshua snapped in his crossest tones:—

"O' course she'll come ag'in. Don't be a fool. Here, Patty, come to me. That's somethin' to remember me by," thrusting a gold piece in her hand. "An' this," holding up a little package, "ye tell yer Aunt Polly to put in your stockin' C'ris'mus."

And then he took her to the stage.

When Patty showed her gifts to Aunt Polly at night, that worthy woman took the money between her thumb and finger. "Land sake!" she cried. "Ef that don't beat all! It's a five dollar gold piece, Amasy Andrew, sure's ye live! Who'd 'a' thought th' ol' man'd 'a' acted so like folks!"

"He's real good!" loyal Patty in all her excitement did not forget to

say, "I like Uncle Joshua frustrate. Oh! but Aunt Polly, won't that buy my new shoes?"

The man and woman exchanged glances, and then Mrs. Andrews stooped and kissed her niece.

The short winter days passed quickly. One night at dusk the two excited children hung their stockings in the chimney corner before they went upstairs to bed. The next morning, in the dark and cold, two little night-gowned figures crept down the back stairs, shivering and sleepy, but happy beyond words to describe.

"Don't ye look! Don't ye dass to look till I get th' fire a goin'!" commanded George, as he lighted the lamp.

"Honest, I won't, Georgy!" his sister promised, covering her eyes with her hands.

"There; it's a-goin'! I'm glad I fix't it las' night. Now look, Patty. Oh! look, quick!"

"Mittens!" cried the boy, diving into his stocking.

"Leggin's!" cried the girl.

"Oh! Patty, look 'ere, won't ye! A sled, a true an' honest sled!"

"Oh, Georgy! a doll! A lovely, great big doll! Oh! ain't I glad!"

"That's good news," said Uncle Amasa, cheerfully, as he and his wife appeared at the door. "Air ye satisfied, children?"

But Patty had, at last, come to Uncle Joshua's box.

"I'll cut th' string with my new knife," George cried. "Now let's look; mebby it's a gold watch and chain, Patty."

"Taint nothin' but writin'," said the child, bewildered.

Uncle Amasa took the sheet with trembling fingers. "Heaven an' earth," he ejaculated, letting it fall the next moment. "It's that moggage made out to Patty. Listen here:—

"I send you what would please you most, child. Tell your Uncle Amasa a man is pretty good that raises such a little girl. So, a Merry Christmas to you all! From

"THE OLD DUFFER."

"Bless the Lord!" whispered Aunt Polly. And "Bless the Lord!" piped her small niece.

And I think perhaps our Patty was the only child in New England who found that day a house and lands in the toe of her Christmas stocking.—*Ruth Hall, in Independent.*

"I'll do better to-morrow," said a little boy, one day, to his mother. How foolish this was! Why not do better to-day? There is not one word in the Bible which calls upon you to be better to-morrow. It is always to-day.

"Now, my dear," said mamma to little Helen, "baby is going to sleep. You must keep just as still as a little mouse." "Well, but, mamma," objected Helen, "mice squeak sometimes, don't they?"

No Mother Now.

MYRTLE LINCOLN (aged fourteen).

I HAVE no mother now ;
That faithful heart is stilled,
The voice forever hushed,
The lips forever chilled.

I have no mother now ;
But the celestial shore
Is ringing with her praises
To the Lamb forever more.

I have no mother now ;
She sleeps beneath the sod,
Her weary heart's at rest,
Her spirit is with God.

I have no mother now ;
Ah, me ! I miss her so !
But I shall always strive
To conquer the evil foe.

I have no mother now ;
God alone knows why,
For it was his own will
That she should die.

I have no mother now ;
And, oh ! what tears of woe
Fall o'er a mother's tomb,
No one save orphans know !

But he is the God of love,
Who knows our grief and pain,
And soon the loved and lost
Will give to us again.

CHRISTMAS AT WOODLAWN.

BY OLIVER OLDBOY.

THE matter was duly discussed, and it was finally decided that Woodlawn Sunday-school must have a Christmas festival. When the chairman of the Committee on Decoration asked who would volunteer to furnish the tree and other evergreens, he glanced in the direction of Mrs. Gibson's class. Three hands were up, as he expected ; for he knew such boys as Bob Johnson, Perry Evans, and Albert Lea would do to depend upon for such work. To relate all that occurred on that eventful day when they trudged off through the snow to the woods, accompanied by Perry's two sisters and their anything but handsome terrier "Scotch," would make a long story. The novel feature of the occasion was that the beautiful tree contained nothing but presents for the poor. More than that, after every limb was loaded down there were still a sledful of bundles piled around its trunk. These were not merely Christmas "gimcracks," but substantial articles of food and clothing as well, that were to be distributed by a committee of ladies on the next day. Baak of the tree was a large table on which were stacks of pretty paper boxes of exactly the same size and full of confectionery—one for each member of the school. Before the boxes were distributed a delightful concert exercise, consisting of songs, speeches, readings, and recitations, was rendered. The "old folks" were astonished and delighted at the talent displayed by the young people in this service, for nothing of the kind had hitherto been attempted. "I declare I didn't think it was in 'em," said Squire Snapp, the oracle of the ridge neighbourhood. But all admitted that

one of the best things of the evening was the recitation of this poem by little Kittie Edwards, the blacksmith's daughter :

The Christmas-bells in many a clime
Their joyous peals are ringing,
And sweet in cot and palace chime
The children's voices singing.
While here we see the Christmas-tree
Its gay fruit bending o'er us,
We, glad of heart, will bear our part,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

We bless his birth who came to earth,
And in his cradle lowly
Received the earliest Christmas gifts—
The Christ-child pure and holy.
To him we raise our thanks and praise
For all the love he bore us ;
For his dear sake our hymn we make,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

And while we strip these laden boughs
Of all their shining treasure,
He from above will look with love
Upon our harmless pleasure.
He gave our friends, our joys he sends ;
He ever watches o'er us,
And bends his ear our song to hear,
And loves our Christmas chorus.

Still, "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
The heavenly choirs are singing ;
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Through earth to-night is ringing.
We catch the strain with sweet refrain
That angels sung before us,
And join the song with heart and tongue,
The holy Christmas chorus.

SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

OVER a year ago, Dr. Murray Mitchell, of Scotland, after giving the matter careful investigation, declared that "fully two millions now living have been rescued from Paganism by the efforts of Protestant Missions during the last seventy or eighty years—a number four times as large as was added to the Church during an equal period in the earliest age of Christianity." This estimate does not include those converts who have died in the faith, nor those who have been won to Christ during the last two years. And strange as it may seem, there are good grounds for the statement "that the percentage of conversions attending the labours of the Missionary is greater than that of the pastor at home." Be that as it may, the success of missions is beyond question, for their history shows that the seed is falling into good soil and is yielding a rich harvest. And if we are to judge of the future by the past and the present, we are fully justified by the success already attained, and by the growth of the missionary zeal and force at home and abroad, in expecting results more abundant. The large number of Christian schools in heathen lands, in which many thousands of the youth of those lands are taught and trained, are doing a work which must tell not many years hence. The importance of that work can scarcely be overestimated, for it prepares the young to receive the Gospel, and in those schools many will be converted to Christ and qualified for effective work in spreading the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

There is every reason for all lovers of missions to be encouraged and to labour more earnestly in the future than they have in the past. The missionary work is a great undertaking, involving difficulties and dangers, requiring large numbers of consecrated men and women, and vast outlays of money ; but the workers and the means will be forthcoming, and the cause must triumph.—*Women's Missionary Record.*

COME TO JESUS.

WHY should you come ? Because there is no other Saviour. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." All are seeking happiness ; but multitudes are disappointed because they seek where it is not to be found. As the thirsty traveller in the desert seeks for water and finds it not, so do these who look for help fail to obtain it from any other source. Therefore come to Jesus.

When should you come ? At once. Behold now is the accepted time. Time flies. Eternity approaches. The Judge standeth at the door. Procrastinate no longer, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Come now for life and salvation, then will angels rejoice over thy return and thou shalt rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. "Come for all things are now ready."—*R., in Glad Tidings.*

THE SORCERY OF DRINK.

AT the entrance of one of our College chapels lies a nameless grave ; that grave, covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school fellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labour, was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause ; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him ? Drink. When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital penniless, of *delirium tremens*—through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer ; he died in the prime of life, a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him ; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening ? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man and of man's ways to the devil."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 27.] **LESSON XII.** [Dec. 18.

OTHER PARABLES.

Matt. 13. 31-33, 44-48. Commit to mem. vs. 44-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So shall it be at the end of the world : the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just. *Matt. 13. 49.*

OUTLINE.

1. Parables of Growth.
2. Parables of Treasure.
3. A Parable of Judgment.

TIME.—27 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Put he forth*—He uttered or spoke. *Mustard seed*—The seed of a shrub which grew wild, and which the Jews also planted in their gardens. *The least of all seeds*—Not true botanically ; but true as compared with the various kinds of seed familiar to Jewish husbandry. *Becometh a tree*—Under the hot climate of the valleys of Palestine this shrub grew large and with such vigour as to make it equal to a small tree. *Lodge in the branches*—Build nests there, and dwell there as their home. *Like unto leaven*—Leaven, or yeast, was the common material for fermentation necessary to make what is known as leavened, or raised bread. *Three measures of meal*—Some comparatively large quantity as measured by the small quantity of leaven. *Treasure hid in a field*—Treasure lost and its position unknown to any one, and accidentally found. *Gathered of every kind*—Not only fishes, but other sea creatures and debris. *Cast the bad away*—That is, everything that was not marketable fish.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That true religion is progressive ?
 2. That religion is our best treasure ?
 3. That heaven will contain nothing impure ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does the parable of the mustard seed show ? The growth of the Gospel.
2. What does the parable of the leaven show ? The power of the Gospel.
3. What do the parables of the hid treasures and the pearls show ? The value of salvation.
4. What does the parable of the net show ? The judgment at the end of the world.
5. What does Jesus say in the GOLDEN TEXT ? "So shall," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of heaven.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What do you understand by the Lord's sitting at the right hand of God ? His having all authority given to him in heaven and earth.
- Psalm cx. 1 ; Ephesians i. 20, 21 ; Acts x. 42, xvii. 31.

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Dec. 25.

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- LESSON II. *The Tempest Stilled.* *Matt. 8. 18-27.*—What Teacher was more homeless than foxes or birds ? In what peril were the disciples on the sea ? What rebuke did Jesus give them ? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What quieted the storm ? What amazed the disciples ?
- LESSON III. *Power to Forgive Sin.* *Matt. 9. 1-8.*—What sick man was brought to Christ ? What words of cheer did Jesus speak to him ? What did the scribes charge Jesus with doing ? What was proven by his healing the paralytic ? (GOLDEN TEXT.) How were the people affected ?

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LESSON IX. *Jesus and the Sabbath.* Matt. 12. 1-14.—What charge of law-breaking did the Pharisees make against the disciples? What royal example did Jesus cite in defence? Who is Lord of the Sabbath? In answer to what question did Jesus work a miracle? What did he settle by his work and words? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

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