

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lesson for 1878.

FOURTH QUARTER REVIEW.

SUNDAY, December 29th, 1878.—The Gospel by Luke.

The four Gospels are not mere repetitions of one narrative, but are distinct views of one complex whole.

I. John the Baptist.

- (a) Foretold i. 5-25. (b) Mary visits Elizabeth. i. 39-56. (c) Birth of John. i. 57-80.

II. Infancy of Jesus.

- (a) Annunciation to Mary. i. 26-38. (b) Birth of Jesus of Bethlehem. ii. 1-7. (c) Shepherds. ii. 8-20. (d) Circumcision. ii. 21. (e) Presentation in temple. ii. 22-38. (f) Luke's genealogical record. iii. 23-38.

III. Childhood of Jesus.

- (a) With doctors in the temple. iii. 41-52.

IV. Miracles given by Luke only.

- (a) Raising the widow's son at Nain. vii. 11-17. (b) Woman healed on the Sabbath. xiii. 10-17. (c) Dropsy healed on the Sabbath. xiv. 1-6. (d) Ten lepers. xvii. 11-19. (e) The healing of the ear of Malchus. xxii. 49-51.

V. Parables uttered by Luke only.

- (a) The two debtors. vii. 40-50. (b) The good Samaritan. x. 30-37. (c) Chief rooms at feasts. xiv. 7-14. (d) Lost sheep. xv. 1-7. (e) Lost piece of silver. xv. 8-10. (f) Prodigal son. xv. 11-32. (g) Unjust steward. xvi. 1-9. (h) Rich man and Lazarus. xvi. 19-31. (i) Unprofitable servants. xvii. 7-10. (j) Unjust judge. xviii. 1-8. (k) Pharisee and publican. xviii. 9-14. (l) The pounds. xxi. 11-27.

VI. Instructions related by Luke only.

- (a) Preaching in the synagogue. iv. 16-30. (b) Fire from heaven. ix. 52-56. (c) Return of the seventy. x. 17-24. (d) Mary and Martha. x. 38-42. (e) Watchfulness. xii. 32-59. (f) All must repent. xiii. 1-9. (g) Number of the saved. xiii. 23-39. (h) How the kingdom cometh. xvii. 20-37. (i) Contentions of the apostles. xxii. 24-30.

VII. History told by Luke only.

- (a) Second circuit in Galilee. viii. 1-3. (b) Mission of the seventy. x. 1-16. (c) Galileans that perished. xiii. 1-9. (d) Warning against Herod. xiii. 31-33. (e) Christ before Herod. xxiii. 7-12. (f) The penitent malefactor. xxiii. 40-43. (g) Walk to Emmaus. xxiv. 13-35. (h) First re-appearance to the apostles after resurrection. xxiv. 37-49.

VIII. Penitent sinner, as related by Luke only.

- (a) A sinful woman. vii. 36-50. (b) Zaccheus. xix. 1-10. (c) Penitent thief. xxiii. 40-43.

QUESTIONS.—I. Who was the forerunner of Jesus? His father's name? His mother's? How old was he when Jesus was born? Where was the chief scene of his earthly labors? Why was he imprisoned and beheaded? iii. 19, 20; ix. 9. What was Jesus' estimate of John? Matt. xi. 11.

II. What incidents in connection with the birth and infancy of Jesus does Luke alone relate? How far back does Luke trace the genealogy of Jesus Christ? How far does Matthew?

III. What incident in the life of Jesus does Luke alone record? How much of the incident can you recall?

IV. What miracles of Jesus are to be found in the Gospel by Luke only? Which of these have we studied this year?

V. What parables are uttered by Luke only? Which of these have we studied this year?

VI. What instructions are related by Luke only? In what synagogue did Jesus preach? What did he say was better than to have miraculous power?

VII. What history is told by Luke only? What was the mission of the seventy? Why did Pilate send Jesus to Herod? How many days after the resurrection was the ascension?

VIII. To what penitent sinners does Luke alone refer?

Why have we four Gospels? What one teaching in Luke should we not forget? Chap. xix. 10. What one admonition? Chap. xiii. 24.

Luke the Evangelist.—"He held a conspicuous rank among the friends and

fellow-laborers of the great apostles to the Gentiles (Philemon 24; 2 Tim. iv. 11), is expressly distinguished from the brethren who were of the circumcision (Col. iv. 14; comp. vs. 10, 11), and was, therefore, a Christian of Gentile extraction, having probably been first a proselyte to the Jewish religion, and afterward to the faith of Christ. According to Col. iv. 14, his original avocation was that of a physician. It is at Troas that we first find him in company with Paul (Acts xvi. 10). He accompanied him thence to Philippi, where he seems to have remained during the second sojourn of Paul at Corinth. He afterwards again traveled with Paul to Jerusalem (xx. 5, 6), where he would certainly meet with James and the elders of the church (xxi. 18), and not lose the opportunity of personal intercourse with the first witnesses of the life and resurrection of Christ. And since, according to Acts xxiv. 23, free access was allowed to his friends during Paul's two years' imprisonment in Caesarea it is probable that Luke remained near him during this interval. He afterwards accompanied the apostle to Rome (Acts xxvii, and xxviii), undergoing the perils of his shipwreck, and according to 2 Tim. iv. 11, sharing his imprisonment a few months before martyrdom, when most of his friends had forsaken him.

The Gospel According to Luke. Matthew presents Christ to us as the Messiah of Israel; Mark announces the gospel of the Son of God; while Luke depicts the Son of man appearing, indeed, in Israel, but for the benefit of the whole race of man. The two former Gospels show us who Jesus was. This informs us how he became what he was; pointing out to us successively the fruit of the womb (i. 42), the infant (ii. 16), the child (ii. 27), the youth (ii. 40), the man (iii. 22). Does it not even seem as if Luke had felt the necessity of transferring to the Master the very calling to which his own life had been hitherto devoted, while depicting to us far oftener than the other Evangelists, the great Physician, who came not only to minister (Matt. xx. 28), but 'who went about doing good' (Acts x. 38), who felt compassion for all disease, both of body and mind, and whose power was present to heal (Luke v. 17)? All describe his agony in Gethsemane, but Luke alone has preserved the touching account of his 'bloody sweat,' and of the angel who strengthened him. All speak of the repentance of Peter; but Luke alone of that look of the Lord which accompanied the crowing of the cock. Surprising variety, characterizes this history, and renders it, both from its contents and style, of the first importance toward a right acquaintance with the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ.

—Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

Boys' Department.

Christmas Day.

When Christmas morning comes, they say, The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;

The very cattle in the stalls Kneel when the blessed midnight falls. And all the night the heavens shine, With luster of a light divine. Long ere the dawn the children leap With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep; And dream about the Christmas-tree; Or rise, their stockings filled to see. Swift come the hours of joy and cheer, Of loving friend and kindred dear; Of gifts and bounties in the air, Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer. While through it all, so sweet and strong, Is heard the holy angels' song; "Glory be to God above!

On earth be peace and helpful love!" And on the street, or hearts within, The Christmas carolings begin:

"Waken, Christian children, Up and let us sing, With glad voice the praises Of our new-born King."

"Come, nor fear to seek Him, Children though we be; Once He said of children, 'Let them come to me.'"

"Haste we then to welcome, With a joyous lay, Christ, the King of glory, Born for us to-day."

From "Christmas Page," St. Nicholas for January.

A Chinese newspaper has entered upon its two thousandth volume. It has lost all its original subscribers.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus.

BY SARAH CONANT.

Much has been said and written about Santa Claus, but nothing about his wife. In fact, the world has acted as if there was no Mrs. Santa Claus, and it is high time that it should be undeceived.

It can hardly be possible that the genius who chooses all pretty and useful gifts, who knows so much about good things, should know nothing of what is universally considered the best thing in life—a helpmeet. It is absurd to maintain the opinion that while Santa Claus supplies the rest of the world with happiness, he has left himself forlorn; therefore, without more preliminaries, I introduce to you Mrs. Santa Claus.

If you ask where she came from, I ask from whence he appeared, and we will solve our problems together; nevertheless, here she is, fully as much flesh and blood as he, and quite as indispensable.

The year plodded on and on, well aware that Time stood not far off, ready to receive its dying form. The nights stretched forth their hands to gather more of the day's treasures, while they in turn ever withdrew, shrinking within themselves until they were as small as possible. The fruits of the earth were stored plentifully, the work of the year seemed well done, when there came a cry through the frosty air, "Christmas is coming!"

The trees shook their giant limbs, and proudly stood erect, for even the shortest of them might be wonder-bearing trees, and the tallest would surely hear the chimes first. The mistletoe waved its green, the holly-berries glistened and shone among pointed leaves, while all echoed, "Christmas is coming!"

The joyful sound was everywhere, growing louder and louder, until Mrs. Claus Santa laid down her knitting, and said to her husband:

"Kris, it's time for us to be stirring." He winked and nodded in reply as he went on covering Christine Nilsson's wax face and flaxen braids with tissue-paper, looking on the mantelpiece for a hairy donkey to put in the same sack.

"Won't you take me down first with the reindeer, and then you can come back. It requires some time to make mince-pies"; and Mrs. Santa Claus drew out her needle and began another row.

"Bless you," he cried, starting up, "why didn't you speak before. I wouldn't miss mince-pies for anything," and away he went to harness the deer.

Mrs. Santa Claus rose when she heard the bells, and wrapping herself up in furs, put on a pair of red mittens; then, taking a bag of kitchen utensils to put under the seat, and a box of spices, she was ready.

"Have you that box of plums, Kris?"

"Yes." "The ones from the back kitchen?"

"Yes, and there's a bunch of holly in behind for the puddings." Then away we went. What a ride; down through the stars by the slopes of moonlight, over the snow and ice, skimming the rivers swifter than swallows.

"You'll come for me!" she cried as he left her. "And Kris, I made the sweets and put them up for you in the old china-closet."

"You're a treasure! Don't be late!" he shouted, and he was gone.

Mrs. Santa Claus tucked up her skirts and walked on. There was not a farmhouse, a cottage, a palace, a room, that she did not visit that week. She was in every kitchen, over every stove. The suet, meat, and apples she chopped, the citron and lemons she sliced, the oranges she squeezed, the loaves of bread and barrels of crackers she crumbed, the nutmegs she grated, the eggs she beat, the raisins she stoned, the currants she washed, would take a lightning calculator to compute. Over the shoulders of rosy-cheeked country girls she picked numberless turkeys, chickens, geese, and ducks; by the side of their plump mother she whipped delicate cake until it was perfect, rolled flaky pie-crust and shaped pots of butter as yellow as the cups which test chubby chins. She set jar after jar of pickles in the store-closet, boiled hogheads of cider apple-sauce, and made wonderful gingerbread men for the children. Behind the panting, red cook in the city-kitchen, she concocted dainties which

would cause the mouth to water. She had her finger, her whole hand I may say, in every Christmas-pie, and never tasted once, for she knew how all was to be done. And she never paused in her work until in every pantry in the land there stood a row of dishes filled with some kind of good thing. Red moulds of cranberries; mountainous chicken-pies, with crusty rabbits reposing on the summits, mounds of salads with sprigs of holly proudly marshalling the green-parsley over their yellow slopes, tarts of every description, from the kind that Jack of Hearts stole, to the funny, grimy looking one Tommy made for the cat; pans and pots of indescribable goodies, and whole shelves covered with white napkins and towels, which excited the pigmies of the land almost beyond endurance.

Besides all this Mrs. Santa Claus swept, dusted, and cleaned every house which she entered. She scoured silver, tin, and pewter, until, if one's eyes had been open, he could have seen her motherly face reflected in them. She made beautiful dresses, did up snowy linens, working so fast that on Christmas Eve all was in order.

Just before twelve at night, December 24, she tucked everyone in his bed and then listened for her husband.

Hark! he was coming, sure enough, for far away she heard the bells. How he shouted to his team, "All right?" he asked.

"Yes, now for you."

And for him? How he did cram those stockings; if there had been an old one among them he would have burst it.

Mrs. Santa Claus waited until he had been over the world, and then together they surveyed their work; the pantries, the stockings, and trees.

Did you ever imagine that Santa Claus' broad face, with twinkling eyes, peeped over your shoulder Christmas morning while you examined beautiful gifts?

Did you ever think his merry laugh sounded in the mirth of the games? Well, his wife was there, too, just as much pleased as he at the success of their joint work.

The reindeer waited all that day, for the old couple were looking at the fun. They clapped their hands at the joy of the children, laughed at the jokes as much amused as any one, kissed under the mistletoe, and after a whole day of happiness, when the world was once more asleep, sprang into their sleigh and rode away until next year.

Now, if any one does not believe this story, I would like to ask him whether plum-pudding, mince-pie, apple sauce, and turkey, are not as real as the contents of the stockings, and if they are, pray, who attends to them?

"Sixty minutes make an hour."

Sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour, sang brown-haired Nellie, on the afternoon of the very last day of the year, as she rocked to and fro in her small rocking chair,—a gift from Santa Claus,—beating her breast with her little fist as though to beat the lesson so firmly in that it never could get out again by any chance (I think it would have been far more sensible to have pounded on her head for that purpose),—"sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again, until the childish voice grew fainter and fainter, and the last "hour" never got farther than "ou."

Then Nellie ceased rocking, and her head fell back against the pretty scarlet and green "tidy" which she had found on her Christmas Tree, and the dark-brown curls fell over the dark-brown eyes, and she began to think of nothing at all. And while she was quietly thinking of nothing at all, she suddenly heard, to her great amazement, a tiny voice—as clear and sweet as the tinkling of the silver bell that hung from the necklace of "Snow-and-cream," her favorite cat—repeat the words, "Sixty minutes make an hour," and peeping through the cloud of hair that veiled her eyes, she saw a wee figure standing before her, dressed in white, with a daisy in its bosom, and a snowdrop clinging to its pale, golden curls.

It had a round, cheery, baby-face, with a dimple in one rosy cheek, and another in the rosy chin, and its eyes

were as blue as the eyes of a kitten when it is only a few weeks old.

Dancing in at a hole in one of the window-panes, and thence to the floor on a long, slanting sunbeam, came other wee figures, followed by still smaller ones followed again by comical mites no higher than Nellie's thimble.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Nellie, "how glad I am to see you! Are you fairies?"

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are Hours, Minutes, and Seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I don't suppose you can remember the Minutes and Seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight; they stay such a short time, no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and three thousand and six hundred seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour; but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins,—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all."

"Why, how many sisters and cousins have you, you cunning lot?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty-three sisters, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-six cousins."

"Good gracious! and my stars!" exclaimed Nellie. "What a awful,—a very awful large family! I never heard of such a thing. It stands to reason"—Nellie borrowed this expression from her papa—"that I could n't remember—such a young memory as I have—only six, going on seven—the half or quarter of so many hundreds and thousands, even if I'd met them all, which I don't believe I have."

"That's just what I was about to say," said the Hour, shaking its light curls softly, "we don't expect you to remember very many of us, and you're right in thinking you have not known us all. In fact, but half of our number have been introduced to you. The other half glided silently by, while you were sleeping, and some of us were so much alike that you could n't tell us apart, and a few of our relations have yet to visit you,—that is, if you stay up long enough to receive them. The last will fly away as the clock strikes twelve, and the midnight bells ring merrily to welcome the birth of the New Year."

"Oh dear, no," said Nellie; "I shan't see that one. I go to bed zackly eight, 'less on partic-u-lar 'casions, and then nine; but I don't think this is a partic-u-lar 'casion for me. But you have n't told me who you are, yet?"

"I am the Hour that was with you the morning, nearly a year ago, when your baby-brother broke the beautiful wax doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears when you saw his rosebud mouth begin to tremble, and taking him in your arms told him 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' until he fell asleep."

"I remember," said Nellie, her face all aglow, "and mamma kissed me as she took baby Willie and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

"And I am the Hour," said a small, grave body in a plain, dull, gray dress that had n't even a bow of ribbon on it,—with marks of tears on its cheeks, and a funny red tip to its nose, "that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling—"

"Don't mention it, please," interrupted a bright faced, pleasant-looking Hour, in a sky-blue robe with a wreath of the tiniest chrysanthemums around its head. "What's the use of talking about it? It is n't a cheerful subject, and I've no doubt Nellie always told the truth after that. I heard her sobs of repentance, and her vows 'never—never—never' to do so again, and saw the smiles come back and chase away the clouds, when all was joy and peace once more."

"I danced with her in the meadow," sang a graceful elf standing on the tips of its toes, and holding its arms above its head as though it were about to fly, "one summer day,—the day she gathered daisies and dandelions,—and sang a sweet and joyous song in answer to the bird that had a nest in the apple-tree. In that nest were four baby-birds, and they peeped out and twittered when they heard Nellie sing."

"Yes, yes, indeed!" cried Nellie, "and what big mouths they had!"

"And I, Nellie dear," said a queer sprite with a pointed cap, and on the point a jolly little bell, "fell into the