

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1882.

FIRST QUARTER.

Lesson II.—JANUARY 8, 1882.

JESUS IN GALILEE. Mark i. 14-28.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Verses 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."—Isa. ix. 2.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

- M. Lesson, Mark i. 14-28.
T. Fall of Man, Gen. ch. 3.
W. Sin and Misery, Rom. iii. 9-20.
T. Prophecy of the Kingdom, Dan. vii. 17-27.
F. Vision of the Kingdom, Isa. ch. 35.
S. Rewards, Matt. xix. 23-30.
S. The Captain, Heb. ii. 1-15.

BEGINNING OF THE SAVIOUR'S WORK IN GALILEE.

LESSON OUTLINE.—I. Preaching the Kingdom of God, Vs. 14, 15. II. Calling Assistants, Vs. 16-22. III. Casting Out a Demon, Vs. 23-28.

QUESTIONS.—Why did he now begin to work in Galilee?

Vs. 14, 15.—What is meant by the kingdom of God? Who will inherit the kingdom of God? Who will not?

Vs. 19-22.—Are all Christians called to work for Christ? How did the Saviour's teaching differ from that of the scribes?

Vs. 23-28.—What testimony did the demon bear? Was Jesus pleased? Of what was the demon afraid? How was his malice shown? How the power of Jesus?

NOTES.—Time: April, May, A. D. 28. More than a year after our last lesson.

Parallels: The general view of Christ's ministry (vs. 14, 15) is related also in Matt. iv. 17, and Luke iv. 14, 15. Then comes John iv. 46-54, followed by Luke iv. 16-31. Vs. 16-20 are reported more fully in Matt. iv. 18-22, and Luke v. 1-11. Vs. 21-28 in Luke iv. 31-37.

HELPS.—Verse 14. John in prison: because he reproved King Herod (Mark vi. 17-20). He was put in the Castle of Machærus, east of the Dead Sea, March A. D. 28. Jesus came: from Judea. The imprisonment of John was one expression of hatred and opposition to the new kingdom (John vii. 1). It was no longer safe or useful to remain in Judea.

Verse 15. The time is fulfilled: the time prophesied had come, and the preparatory training of the world was complete. Repent: be sorry for sin, and forsake it.

Verse 16. See of Galilee: about twelve miles long by six wide, and at that time with many populous towns upon its shores. Simon, named Peter by Jesus. Simon is a contraction of Simeon (hearing). Andrew (manly). They formerly lived at Bethsaida, had been disciples of John, and had been acquainted with Jesus (John i. 35-44; ii. 1, 2).

Verse 19. Mending their nets: which had been broken by the great number of fish caught at Jesus' word (Luke v. 6).

Verse 21. Capernaum: a city on the northwest coast of the sea of Galilee, supposed to have contained 30,000 inhabitants. Synagogue: a place of assembly like our modern churches.

Verse 22. Taught, authority: he spoke as one who knew all things, for he did know. Scribes: the learned people of the Jews.

Verse 23. Unclean spirit: called unclean, because he made the man unclean, unholy, vile, in body and soul.

Verse 25. Hold thy peace: even the truths a liar tells are thought to be lies.

Verse 26. Cried with a loud voice: an inarticulate cry, not of a word of objection, as forbidden in vs. 25.

Verse 27. New doctrine: new teaching enforced in this new way, by miracles over the evil one.—Peloubet.

DOCTRINES AND DUTIES.—1. Wherever we are, we should by word and life preach the gospel of the kingdom.

2. There never was so much reason to repent as now, when Christ reveals the evil of sin and the blessings of repentance, and gives us his aid in forsaking our sins.

3. We should watch opportunities for doing good. While Jesus was walking he called the four.

4. Jesus honored labor by calling his first ministers from the scenes of toil.

5 Faithfulness in daily labor prepares us for Christ's spiritual work.

6. We should learn from fishermen to be patient, skilful, to adapt ourselves to times and seasons, and to use the proper attractions to draw men to Christ.

7. The true way to keep the Sabbath is to follow Christ to church, to keep the Sabbath religiously as well as restfully, restfully because religiously.

Special Subjects.—The kingdom of God: what; time of it; relation to it of believers, of the church, of heaven, of earth. A call to the ministry. Proper methods of lay work for Christ. Nature of demoniacal possession; does it now exist?—Baptist Question Book.

Booths' Department.

Scripture Enigma.

No. 152.

Twelve numbered places first prepare, Then find the following terms with care, And place the numbered letters there.

- 1. One, seven, six, eight and five, will frame What Naomi in her age became, And show who made Saul's grandson lame.
2. Two, eight, nine, seven, a first-born son, Who by his hunger was undone, And lost his rank as Number One.
3. We learn in three, nine, six, five, eight, What magnified the Tyrian state, And made her merchant-gains so great.
4. A warrior fleeing from the field, To four, nine, five, and ten must yield Who did nail and hammer wield.
5. Five, ten, nine, twelve—mid eastern lands, Its name with mighty Ashur stands, And forms Chedorlaomer's bands.
6. Six, five, ten, two, nine, eight, eleven, Counted but once in every seven, Was the Lord's year of debts forgiven.
7. Seven, ten, nine, twelve, the record runs, Begat to Benjamin many sons, All valorous archers, mighty ones.
8. Eight, nine, seven, ten, was Israel's king, Who did those sheep and oxen bring, And sinned in God's devoted thing.
9. God's promise is nine, twelve, five, one, Confirming all that He has done, By Christ, the well-beloved Son.
10. 'Twas Moses gave the ten, nine, three, A yoke on Israel's neck to be, From which the saints in Christ are free.
11. Eleven, nine, six, let me incline, To heed God's oracles divine, And find his covenant mercies mine.
12. Twelve, five, nine, ten, a widow's store, When famine pressed her country sore, The more she used, increased the more.

Now the twelve letters, placed aright, Reveal a city clear and bright, Reserved for Abraham out of sight.

153. A scene in the Bible, where is it found?

In a royal palace of an Eastern country, surrounded by every extravagant luxury, sits a king alone. The hour is midnight; vainly he groans slumber, for it is far from him; it will not come at his bidding. What shall he do to wile away the tedious hours of darkness? In his restlessness he bethinks himself of the records kept of all that is done in his kingdom. He will have them read before him—that will amuse him until daylight. So the records are brought, and his servants read them to him; and from this reading resulted the exaltation of a faithful servant.

CURIOS QUESTIONS.

- 283. Make a square word of 1. Without sight. 2. One who is unfortunate. 3. Sent forth. 4. A factory town of Prussia. 5. A covering.
284. Form a diamond of words: 1. One hundred. 2. A projection on a wheel. 3. The ship of the desert. 4. Came together. 5. Fifty.

285. Fill up the blanks in the following: I the — search the —. I try the reins, even to give every — according to his —; and according to the — of his —.

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

No. 151.

Paul preaching at Troas. Acts xx.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

283. Bible Questions: Books in the New Testament, 27; chapters, 260; verses, 7,959; words, 181,253; letters, 838,380.

The middle and shortest chapter in the Bible is Psalm 117; middle verse in the Bible is Psalm 118: 8; middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; middle chapter, Job 29; middle verse, 2 Chron. 20: 17; least verse in the Old Testament is 1 Chron. 1: 25; middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians; middle chapters, Romans 13 and 14; middle verse, Acts 17: 17; least verse, John 11: 35; the 19th chapter of 2 Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike.

Ezra 7: 21 has all the letters of the alphabet except J; Galatians 1: 14 has all the letters except K.

Christmas Story.

[From St. Nicholas.]

AN ANGEL IN AN ULSTER.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

(Concluded)

The next morning, Ruby is awakened by the stirring of her mother. "Oh, Mamma," she says, softly, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "I had a beautiful dream last night, and I must tell it to you before you get up. I dreamed that Miss Thursby was standing on a high rock on the seashore, singing that song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and when she came to that part, 'In the latter day he shall stand upon the earth,' I thought that dear Papa rose right up out of the sea, and walked on water to the shore; and that Mr. Todd took him by the hand and led him up to us; and just as he flew toward us, and caught you in his arms, I woke up."

The desolate mother kissed the daughter with tears, but can not answer. Beside that dream the dark and stern reality is hard to look upon. Yet, somehow, the child's heart clings to the comfort of the dream.

Presently her eyes are caught by an unwonted display of colors on a chair beside the bed. "Oh, what are these?" she cries, leaping to her feet.

"They are yours, my daughter." "Look here, Ben? Where did they come from, Mamma?" "M-m-y! Oh, look! look! And here are yours, Ben!"

By this time the drowsy boy is wide awake, and he pounces with a shout upon the treasures heaped on his own chair, and gathers them into his bed. A book and a nice silk handkerchief for each of the children; an elegant morocco work-box stocked with all sorts of useful things for Ruby; and a complete little tool-chest for Ben; the Christmas St. NICHOLAS for both, with a receipt for a year's subscription, and a nice box of sweetmeats to divide between them,—these are the beautiful and mysterious gifts.

"Who brought them, Mamma?" they cry, with one voice.

"Your friend, Mr. Todd. He had two packages concealed under his coat, when he came for you last night; and when he rose to go I found them on the floor beside his chair, one marked, 'For the Girl,' and the other, 'For the Boy!'"

"What makes him do such things?" asks Ben, solemnly.

"Good-will," I think," answers his mother. "He seems to be one of those men of good-will of whom the angels sang."

"Anyhow, I'd like to hug him," says the impetuous Ben. "Did he say he would come and see us again?"

"Perhaps he will, in the course of the day. He said that he should not return to Maine until the evening train."

Suddenly Ruby drops her treasures and flings her arms again about her mother's neck. "You blessed Mamma!" she cries, tenderly, "you've got nothing at all. Why did n't some of the good willers think of you?"

"Perhaps they will, before night," answers the mother, speaking cheerfully, and smiling faintly. "But whether they do or not, it makes the day a great deal happier to me that my children have found so good a friend."

It is a merry morning with Ruby and Ben. The inspection of their boxes, and the examination of their books, make the time pass quickly.

"Somebody's moving into the next room," says Ben, coming in from an errand. "I saw a man carrying in a table and some chairs. Queer time to move, I should think."

"They are going to keep Christmas, at any rate," said Ruby, "for I saw them a little while ago, bringing up a great pile of greens."

"P'raps they've hired the reindeer-team to move their goods," says Ben.

"Then," answers his mother, "they ought to have come down the chimney instead of up the stairs."

So they have their little jokes about their new neighbors; but the children have moved once themselves, and they are too polite to make use of the opportunity afforded by moving-day to take an inventory of a neighbor's goods.

They are to have a late dinner. The turkey, hankered after by Ben, is not for them to-day; but a nice chicken is roasting in the oven, and a few oranges and nuts will give them an unwonted dessert. While they wait for dinner, the children beseech their mother to read to them the Christmas story in St. NICHOLAS. "It means so much more when you read," says Ben, "than it does when I read."

So they gather by the window, the mother in the arm-chair, on one arm of which Ben roosts, with his cheek against his mother's—Ruby sitting opposite. It is a pretty group, and the face of many a passer-by lights up with pleasure as his eye chances to fall upon it.

It is now a little past one o'clock, and Mr. Haliburton Todd, sauntering forth from his comfortable quarters at Parker's, makes his way along Tremont street, in the direction of Court. He is going nowhere in particular, but he thinks that a little walk will sharpen his appetite for dinner. When he approaches Scollay's Square, his eye lights on a man standing uncertainly upon a corner, and looking wistfully up and down the streets. The face has a familiar look, and as he draws a little nearer, Mr. Todd makes a sudden rush for the puzzled wayfarer.

"Hello, Brad!" he shouts, grasping the man by the shoulders.

"Hello!" the other answers, coolly, drawing back a little; then, rushing forward: "Bless my eyes! Is this Hal Todd?"

"Nobody else, old fellow! But how on earth did I ever know you? Come to look you over, you're not yourself at all. Fifteen years, is n't it, since we met?"

"All of that," says the stranger. "Let's see: you've been in the seafaring line, have n't you?" says Mr. Todd.

"Yes, I have, bad luck to me!" answers his friend, with a sigh.

"Oh, well," says the hearty lumberman, "the folks on shore have n't all been fortunate. Where's your home, now?"

"Just what I'm trying to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear fellow," says the stranger with quivering voice, "my ship was wrecked a year and a half ago on the west coast of Africa; I reached the shore, only to fall sick of a fever, through which my cabin boy nursed me; for a long time I was too weak to move; finally, by slow stages, we made our way to Benguela; there we waited months for a vessel, and, to make a long story short, I reached Boston this morning. I went to the house that was mine two years ago, and found it occupied by another family,—sold under mortgage, they said. They could not tell me where I should find my wife and children. I went to the neighbors who knew them; some of them had moved away, others were out of town on their Christmas vacation. Of course, I shall find them after a little; but just where to look at this moment I don't know."

Mr. Todd has listened to this story with a changing expression of countenance. When his friend first mentioned the shipwreck, a sudden light of intelligence sprang into his eye, and his lips opened, but he quickly shut them again. He is greatly interested in what he hears, but he is not greatly pained by it. His friend wonders whether Hal Todd has lost some of the old manly tenderness of the academy days.

"Well, Brad Johnson," he cries, drawing a long breath, after the short recital is ended, "this is a strange story. But, as you say, this family of yours can be found, and shall be. Come with me, there is a police-station down this way." The two men walk on, arm-in-arm, in the direction of Denison street.

"How much is there of this missing family?" asks Mr. Todd.

"There's a wife and two children,—I hope," answers the other. "The best woman in the world Hal, and two of the brightest children. Sing like larks, both of 'em. Bless their hearts!" says the sailor, brushing away a tear; "I thought I should have 'em in my lap this Christmas day, and it's tough to be hunting for 'em in this blind fashion."

"It is tough," says the lumberman, choking a little. He has stopped on the sidewalk, on Denison street, just opposite Number 45. He lays his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Look here, Brad Johnson," he says, "we are going to find that wife and those children pretty soon, I suspect. And you've got to keep cool. D'ye hear?"

"What do you mean?" gasps the sailor.

The eye of Mr. Haliburton Todd is quietly lifted to the window of the second story opposite. His friend's eye follows, and falls on the picture we saw there a little while ago,—the mother intent upon the book, the children intent upon the mother's face.

There is no outcry, but the father lifts his hands, as if to heaven, staggers a little, and then plunges across the street. Mr. Todd is after him, and seizes him by the collar just as he reaches the foot of the stairs.

"Hold on, man!" he says decisively. "You must n't rush in on that woman in this way. You'd kill her. She's none too strong. Wait here a few moments, and I'll break it to her."

"You're right," answers the father, pressing his hands against his temples, and steadying himself by the wall. "But you won't keep me waiting long, will you?"

Mr. Haliburton Todd knocks at the door, and is let in by Ben.

"Oh, Mr. Todd, how good you are! Thank you a hundred thousand times!" cry both the children at once.

"Well, I'm glad if you've enjoyed my little gifts," he answers. "But I've been thinking that your good mother ought to have a little of the cheer of this Christmas as well as you."

"Just what she said," answers Ben.

Mrs. Johnson colors a little, but before she can speak, Mr. Todd goes on. "Pardon me, madam, but what your minister told me yesterday of your affairs has led me to take a deep interest in them. How long is it since your husband left home?"

"More than two years," answers the lady.

"You have had no direct intelligence from him since he went away?"

"None at all, save the painful news of the loss of his vessel with all on board."

"Have you ever learned the full particulars of the shipwreck?"

"No; how could I?" Mrs. Johnson turns suddenly pale.

"Be calm, I beseech you, my dear lady. I did not suppose that you could have heard. But I met just now, in the street, an old friend of mine—and of yours—who knows a good deal about it. And I want to assure you, before he comes in, that—that the story as it reached you—was—was considerably exaggerated, that is all. Excuse me, and I will send in my friend."

Mr. Todd quickly withdraws. The color comes and goes upon the mother's face. "Merciful Father!" she cries, "What does it all mean?"

She rises from the chair; the door that Mr. Todd has left ajar gently opens, and quickly closes. We will not open it again just now. That place is too sacred for prying eyes. It is a great cry of joy that fills the ears and eyes of Mr. Haliburton Todd, as he goes softly down the stairs, and walks away to his hotel.

An hour later, when the shock of the joy is over a little, and the explanations have been made, and father and mother and children are sitting for a few moments silent in a great peace, the nature of the human boy begins to assert itself.

"Is n't it," ventures Ben, timidly, as if the words were profanation, "Is n't it about time for dinner?"

"Indeed it is, my b'y," answers his mother; "and I'm afraid our dinner is spoiled. Open the oven door, Ruby."

Ruby obeys, and finds the poor, forgotten chicken done to a cinder. "Never mind," says the mother. "Our dinner will be a little late, but we'll find something with which to keep the feast."

Just then, there is a knock at the door opening into the new neighbor's apartment.