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BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1874.

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SUNDAY, *January 11th*, 1874.

The Birth of Moses.—Exodus ii. 1 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"By faith Moses when he was born was hid three months of his parents because they saw he was a proper child, and they were not afraid of the king's commandment." Hebrews xi 23.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Verse 9.

SUMMARY.—God works by his own means and instrumentalities to bring about his gracious purposes on behalf of his people.

ANALYSIS.—1. The purentage and birth of Moses. vs. 1, 2. 2. The danger and rescue of the babe. vs. 3-6. 3. The early training of Moses and formation of his character. vs. 7-10.

EXPOSITION.—The time of this lesson was about 80 years before the departure of the Hebrews from Egypt, (Acts vii. 23-29. 30.) The Israelites had been now about 350 years since first coming from Canaan. They were then seventy souls, (Genesis xlvi. 8-27,) now they had increased and multiplied abundantly, and the land was filled with them. At the exodus the number of males of 20 years old and upwards is given as 603,550, (Numbers i. 46) This is not difficult to account for. If the number of males doubled every 25 years, with 35 to begin with, we should, in 350 years, have 606,218, only 2,668 more than the number here given. There have been different calculations respecting the time which the Israelites were in Egypt, some reckoning 215 years, others 430. We may perhaps take the number given in Gen. xv. 13, 14, and in Acts vii. 6 as the round numbers, and that in Exodus xii. 40 as the correct number.

The cruelty of the Egyptians was not effectual in accomplishing their object, and resulted rather in bringing about their deliverance. Such results have been before seen. The worse the treatment, the more speedy the deliverance And so we find that some great design is to be carried into effect in a most marvellous manner. This brings us to the commencement of the marvellous life of the deliverer—a remarkable type of Christ.

Verse 1.—It appears that Amram was the name of the husband, and Jocabed that of the wife, (Ex. vi. 20; Num. xxvi. 59.) It seems that two children were born to them previous to the one recorded in the next verse.

Verse 2.—Beauty was regarded as a special mark of divine favor, and any defect in personal appearance as a sign of disfavor. *Three months:* these parents were influenced by faith in God to preserve their child, and believed that God intended to bring him into some special distinction.

Verse 3.—*An ark of bulrushes*, a basket made of the papyrus a strong tough reed. *Slime*, the mud of the river Nile is a hard tenacious substance when once dried in the sun; *pitch* this is now used in making the boats used on that river, and they are thus rendered perfectly watertight. See Isaiah xviii. 2. *In the flags*, on the shore where it would appear as if drifted ashore. There is a tradition that this occurred at the Isle of Rhoda near Old Cairo.

Veese 4.—*His sister;* Miriam was probably a girl of ten or twelve years of age.

Verse 5.—*To wash;* probably to bathe in some religious rite, as she appears to have had attendants who were on guard—*walked along*.

Verse 6-9.—Here is one of the most romantic and beautiful pictures of history. The appearance of the infant weeping—the natural emotions of the princess—the stationing of the sister—the engagement of the child's own mother—and all the incidents of this beautiful narrative, shew that, although evidently directed by the Divine hand, yet each individual acts out as freely and unrestrained as if it were nothing but a common incident.

This is the true character of the Divine operations in relation to man. God's decrees do not interfere with man's free agency and responsibility. It is probable that the mother had received some Divine intimation as to what she should do, and she obeyed implicitly without seeing through all the details as they were to occur. Hence the statement in Hebrews xi. 23.

Verse 10.—The faithful discharge of the obligation entered upon with Pharoah's daughter shews that the mother was acting from regard to the divine command. It is not stated at what age the child Moses left his parents, but it is probable it was when a boy able to receive the instruction referred to in Acts. vii. 22. It is probable however that the mother had previously instilled into his heart the knowledge of the true God. The name *Moses*, drawn out, was a permanent record of his early history. Whether he had any name from his true parents does not appear from the history, but there is a tradition among the Jews that he was named by them Joachim. *He became her son*, was adopted by her, and thus entitled to all the privileges and advantages of birth in the royal residence.

QESTIONS.—Vs. 1. To which tribe did Moses' parents belong? What were their names. Trace his father's genealogy from Levi? (Chap. vi. 16-20; Numbers xxvi. 57 59.) What were the names of Moses' brother and sister? Mention an incident in the subseqent life of Miriam, shewing her piety. (chap xv. 20, 21.

Vs. 2. Was it right to disobey the king's command? Why? How does it appear the mother acted under divine direction?

Vs 3. Of whose devising was the plan of disposing of the child? Of what materials was the ark constructed?

Vs. 5. Describe the finding and the disposing of the child. Does it appear that Pharoah's daughter knew Miriam to be sister to this waif?

Vs. 10. From whom did Moses receive his early education? From whom his subsequent instruction? Acts vii. 22. Under whose direction was Moses brought up? Who named him? What effect would follow his possessing such a name?

Scripture Catechism, 162, 163.

SUNDAY, *January 18th*, 1874.—The Call of Moses.—Exodus iii. 1-10.

Youths' Department.

JACK FROST.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Rustily creak the crickets—Jack Frost came
down last night:
He slid to the earth on a starbeam, keen and
sparkling and bright.
He sought in the grass for the crickets with
delicate, icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed
them far and near:
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the
morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic
and fun—
But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran
all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys down to the
grey sea-sand!
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and
dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy
as happy could be,
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor
dreaming of spears of ice.
Was it not enough that the crickets your
weapon of power should pierce?
Pray what have you done to the flowers?
Jack Frost you are cruel and fierce,
With never a sign or a whisper you touched
them and lo! they exhale
Their beautiful lives, they are drooping,
their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies
yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all
Tyrian purple and gold!
But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who
all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck
chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood aster? She vanished
as snow wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her! Look yonder, where sober and grey as a nun
The maple-tree stands that at sunset was
blushing as red as the sky:
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, it robes
of magnificence lie.
Despoiler! stripping the world as you strip
the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume—scaring
the bird and the bee,
Turning beauty to ashes—Oh to join the
swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I
give you no welcome, not I!

—*St. Nicholas.*

A BLIND WOMAN'S BIBLE-CLASS.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

Yes, sir, I'ad a Bible-class for mor'n twenty-eight years. You see, as 'ow I learned to read airly, an' then wot with avin' nothin' much to do, I was lonesome-like, an' one day it occurred to me to teach some blind children to learn to read. Well, I didn't have to go very far to get up a class, you know, cos, after I'd got two or three, a-teachin' of em, they told others, and it did beat all how quick it was known that I 'ad a class.

I 'ad one little Jew boy. Oh, sir, he was a lovely boy—just as quiet and gentleman like as ever'd you'd wish to see. When he first came he was a little shy, but after awhile he began to sing with the rest of us an' he could sing that pretty, you don't know! He would sing—

"Around the throne of God in Heaven,"

but when it came to singing,

"Because the Saviour shed his blood,"

then he stopped. That was his religion you know. But I didn't say nothin' to him an' by'nby he got that interested that he sung that, too. He was a little mite of a chap, sir, though he was a-goin' on nine year old when he come to me. When he was a little baby some sickness came to him that left him blind, and it kept racking him ever since that he hadn't growed much, as he ought to. One day, when I was a-sayin' that we must be prepared to die any time, cos we none of us could live very long, he speaks up softly-like, an' says, 'that means me; cos I know I sha'n't live very long. That pain in my back gets worse every day." Though I am blind myself, so that I can't see anything, 'thout it is the sun, I knew his face was glad when he said that, and tho' I had got to love that boy just as if he wer my boy, wich I never 'ad, I just 'oped it might be true. One day his mother came to see him and she says to me. "What do you teach?" Oh, sir, I was mertal afraid that she'd take that boy, an' quite flustered, I answered her. "Oh, I teach a good many things. I teach the children that though they are blind, they needn't be a burden on their parents: that they can wash and dress themselves an' keep tidy. I learn 'em manners, teach 'em to read an' to be useful." "Well, all that's good," says she; "but wot do you an 'im read?" "Oh," said I, "he's a readin' in the forty-seventh Psalm." And that quite satisfied her, though it was just a happen so that he wasn't a-readin' in Matthew. Then she turns to 'im, an says, "Are you 'appy 'eer James?" And he says, "Oh, so 'appy, marm? It doan't seem at all like a school but just like a little 'appy family. An' then she told 'im he could come as often as he liked. But that wasn't very long poor fellow. One day he was took very bad, an' didn't come to school any more. He died very beautiful, I was told; an' though he went to that country where no one is sick or blind, I missed him many's many's the day.

After awhile my class, wot with growin up of the youngsters, got to be made up of scholars that was quite large. Some women came in also. One of 'em was very old, an' deaf as she was blind. Well 'ow to learn her to read was a puzzler, to be sure. She was very cross, and that nervous and fidgety that she couldn't sit still, an' would stump across the room, a makin' a great racket whenever I wasn't a-teachin' her. "Come, mother," says I, "you must keep still, you know." "Wot's the good o' my keepin' still, I'd like to know, when I can't 'ear a word you say?" was all the reply I could get at first. But after she learned to read a bit she wasn't troublesome at all, but would just set and pore over the Bible all day long. 'Ow did I teach her? Well that was rather funny! You see in teachin' 'em you 'ave to take 'old of their two hands an' that didn't give her any chance to use her ear-trumpet which was a crooked thing about three feet long. Well I tied that trumpet around my waist, an' by bein' careful she could keep her ear down to it an' I could speak into it quite 'andy. She was afraid first that she never could learn, but she got along quite fast, considerin,' an' I guess it was the Bible as' softened her temper so.

Bein' so successful with teachin' young ones and women, I thought as 'ow I might perhaps teach some men also. But you see I'm a little woman an' I 'ardly dares to try. I didn't know 'as I could manage 'em. An' so it was only after a deal of prayin' over the matter that I finally said in school one day, "If anybody knows of a nice, quiet young man who wants to learn to read, an' who is about thirty-six years old you may bring 'im 'ere." "Oh!" says the girls—they were mostly young misses then—"you a'n't agoin' to bring a man in 'ere old enough to be our grandfather, be ye?" And then there was a laugh just such as you'd expect to 'ear from girls as 'as their sight. I told 'em as he must be a well behaved man, an' they must be careful who they brought.

For the next few days I was scared at every noise, fearin' it might b some great man comin' to learn in my school! An' finally one did come. But he was considerable younger nor wat I said, bein' as he was only about twenty-six years old. As I was a-sayin', I was sumwat afraid of men, an' I just made up my mind I must begin 'ard on 'im right at first, or I couldn't manage him at all, an' so I says to 'im: "If you come e're to this school you must expect to obey the conditions." "I'll try to do that," says he, an' he spoke in a voice quite 'umble and awestruck. Seein' as he was that way made me bolder, an' I says quite sharp: "*First*, you must pay me." "Oh, mum," says he, "I don't know as I can do that, I ha'nt got but little money." "Well," says I, "if you can't pay wot I asks, then you'd better not come. I must 'ave my pay, an' if you can't say 'Thank you,' an' say it 'arty, then I don't want you 'ere." "Oh," says he, "is that all you want?" "Who said I wanted more," says I. "Well I can pey that quite easy," says he; "an' oh! if you would teach me I'd be so grateful!" "There is another condition, too, an' that is, you mustn't give up yourself till I give you up." "I will do just as you want, mum," says he, "but I'm afraid I can't learn, an' that you will 'ave to give me up." "You just wait till I tell you that," says I. An' then I made 'im promise to obey all my rules, an' they wer'nt many, an' he came right along an' was a good scholar, an' when I came to take 'old of his 'ands I found he was quite tidy, wich, considerin' he was a man, was werry surprisin.'

He got along so fast that pretty soon I felt I wanted another, an' he brought me in,—ha! ha! well, who do you think? why a *minister!* He was one of them men as preaches sometimes on the street. Of course I 'ad no trouble with 'im, but as he was a man wot could earn something, I charged him for his teachin'. An' right then, sir, I did such a mean thing as you wouldn't believe, sir. After he got through with his learnin', he says to me, "Wot shall I pay you now?" I says to 'im, "You just mention wot you are willin' to give, an' I'll tell you if I don't think it enough." An' then he says: "Will a 'alf a crown be right?" "An' a shillin'," says I very quick. Well he paid the 'alf a crown an' the shillin', an' went away thankin' me very much. But then conscience kept a sayin' to me, "What a mean thing you've done! You know that the 'alf crown was enough, an' that he couldn't bafford to pay the shillin'," and it kept at me that 'ard that I couldn't sleep that night, an' the first thing the next mornin' I went over t' where he was a-stayin', an' oh, sir! I was glad when I found he hadn't gone away as he had sumwat expected. I held out my 'and to 'im an' I says: "'Ere's your shillin', sir. I told you a downright fib, sir, when I said that that 'alf a crown worn't enough." "But,' says he, "*I* don't think you got too much, an' as I pays the bill, I ought to be the judge." "No," says I, "you can't be judge for me. There's One that is my judge, an' He says I did a dirty, mean thing, in taking that shilin', so I want to return that an' make myself right with Him." An' then with that he just put his 'ands on my 'ead an' blessed me, though why he should cry when he was doin' of it, I don't know.

Well, all that was in Old England, an' I'm 'ere now, an' I've got no class, an' I'm pretty nigh onto sixty years old, an' my 'art is all back there, sir, where I did my work, though people are kind to the old woman, an' I don't feel old, nor an't unhappy either. I've walked a good way in the dark, an' sometimes it's been 'ard to realize it was the shadow of his wing, but most of the way I've 'ad 'old of his 'and, an' I guess I a'n't far off from the light now. But I've 'ad a 'appy sort of life, too, for he has always been givin' me somethin' to do, an' I find he has lots of odd little jobs for me yet that make me sing when I do them; but it will be *such* a comfort, oh, sir; it will be such a joy unspeakable; just to open my eyes an' see—see everything, the trees, the flowers, the sun, the moon, an' everything he's made, an' first of all himself. That will be the best of all—the very best. An' now *you* are cryin' too!—*The Sunday School Times.*

THE SON OF DAVID.

I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, "Hosanna to the son of David!" A poor afflicted woman stands on her door-step and hears the child. "What is that you say?" she asks, as he is passing by her her. "O," says he, "haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at a wayside begging; and He has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at his feet, and he cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch him are made perfectly whole."

"O!" cried the poor woman, "If that's true he can cure my bloody issue, that I have been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man?" "Why," says the child, "He'll be here directly, he's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look; here they come. Hosanna! Hosanna to the Son of David!" and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for has come at last. "Well, I'll go," says the poor thing timidly, "I'll get behind him. Maybe he wont pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched him where made whole; I'll go and try however." I imagine I see tho poor, weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her, and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says "I'll try again." She winds to the right then to the left, now nearer, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the Man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again! It's all for your life, you know. Your disease will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of his clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature. 'Where are you pushing to? you've no business here" "Ah," she answers, "I see there a man whose like I never saw before Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you." And now another step or two, and she hears his gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as he walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but he isn't near enough. Another step—yes now she touches—it is but the hem of his garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! She touched; and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in this garment, isn't there efficacy in his blood? May God help you to come to Christ to night!—*Richard Weaver.*

ANAGRAMS.

This system of laborious idleness is pleasantly noticed in the following article from the *Dublin University Magazine*. The subject is merely alluded to; for both the English, and especially the fluent French language, abounds with instances of transposed combination which amount to real wit and learning:

"Addison gives a somewhat humorous description of an anagrammatist, who shut himself up for some months for the purpose of twisting the name of his mistress into as many of these conceits as he possibly could, but was astonished to find, after all his mental throes, that he had misspelt her name, and that consequently his anagrams were all faulty and insufficient. Some writers appear to have had a peculiar facility in composing anagrams, for a French poet one day sent his mistress no less than three dozen of them, all written upon her name, which was Megdelaine. Anagrams were as frequently sarcastic, however, as complimentary; and thus Scaliger might have felt the palpable hit into 'sacrilege.' Sir John Wiat might have enjoyed the anagram as a compliment, which said Wiat was a *wit*, and this latter was a very simple example. The ingenious writer who discovered in Pilate's question, '*Quid est veritas?*' (What is truth?) its own answer, '*Est vir qui adest*' (It is the man who is here), found one of the best and neatest anagrams which has yet been written. Of those which have been reckoned among the best of those literary trifles, are Maria Touchet, *Je charme tout* (I charm all); and another upon a lady named Eleanor Davis, who belonged to the Court of Charles 1., and pretended to be possessed of supernatural and prophetic powers. To substantiate this assertion on her part, she anagrammatized her name, Eleanor Davis, into 'Reveal, O Daniel!' and this, though faulty in regard to having too much by a letter, and too little by an *s*, was sufficient in her mind to justify her assumption. Arraigned before the Court of High Commission, the judges found that reasoning had no effect upon her, all attempts to disprove by Scripture her claims to inspiration being of no avail, till at length one of the deans took a pen and wrote another and more excellent anagram upon her name: 'Dame Eleanor Davis, never so mad a ladie!' This had the desired affect—the engineer being hoist by his own petard—and put the prophetic lady in so despondent a state that she never afterwards put forth a claim to supernatural powers The word 'monastry' has been a fruitful source of anagrams, for it has been twisted and transposed into many different renderings, as Nasty Rome, More nasty, Stone Mary, Mean Story, Money arts, Tory means, Many tears, No mastery, etc., etc.