

### "BLESS EVERYBODY."

A curly head bowed on my knee,  
A little form all clad in white,  
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently—  
And God receives the last "Goodnight!"  
No hour so solemn, none so sweet,  
No scene of innocence so fair  
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet  
And know each other in a prayer.  
Not blessings born of men she asks—  
Petitions for herself alone—  
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,  
A harvest reaped, though not in sown;  
Not happiness, nor length of days,  
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea—  
Not even for a mother's praise,  
However sweet it seem to be.  
For those she loves this little child  
In tender accents intercedes,  
As if our hearts were reconciled  
To make contentment of our needs.  
A blessing on each one of kin,  
And then—Love's banner all unfurled,  
As if to take Creation in—  
"Bless Everybody in the world."  
Bless all the world! O gentle heart,  
That throbs not with one selfish thrill,  
That soothes no soul apart,  
Forbids no living creature ill;  
The witness from thy altar place  
High in the clouds is wreathed and curled  
To bear the message of thy grace  
To "everybody in the world!"  
—W. P. H., in Ohio Magazine.

### A LITTLE HEROINE OF THE PLAINS

Every day during the fall months Little Molly Donivan walked to the country school two miles distant from her home. And she took charge of and protected two little neighbor children who were somewhat younger than herself, seeing that they were not "run over" by the older pupils, for, you know, there are boys—and girls, too. I'm sorry to say—who delight in teasing and annoying their juniors in 23 and inferiors in size. So Molly threw her protecting little arm about Peggy and Sammy Stone, twin sister and brother, and neighbors of Molly's.

During the severe winter weather Molly, and, of course, Peggy and Sammy (seeing that the twins never went to school without Molly) were obliged to miss many, many days of schooling, for they could not breast the severe weather such a long distance. But during the pleasant months they never missed a day.

Going to and from school was very pleasant, indeed, for their road was over a beautiful prairie, with great fields stretching on every side. It was in the middle west, where very little timber obstructed the prairies, which rolled gently sloping for miles and miles. Also it was the country where the cyclone often did great damage to property and life, for no mountains or forests were there to break its fury.

One very hot day in the latter part of September—for September is one of the hottest months in that part of the country—the heat was most oppressive; no wind—which is so usual during the autumn—blew to give relief, and the sky was full of small, heavy thundercaps. This was ominous, threatening a storm of some sort.

Late in the afternoon the school-teacher decided it was best to dismiss school for the day, as every atmospheric symptom pointed toward a cyclonic disturbance, if not a genuine cyclone. She told the pupils to make all possible haste to their respective homes, saying that the sky was very threatening, indeed, for a great black-browed cloud was rising over the northwestern horizon.

Molly, with little book satchel in one hand and dinner pail in the other, and with Peggy and Sammy running close to her heels, went flying over the dusty country road toward her home, which was not to be seen from the schoolhouse, a long hill intervening.

"Hope it won't be a cyclone," gasped out Sammy. And even while he was speaking a gust of hot wind blew fiercely from the northwest. "Oh, that blew the dust in my eyes!" the little chap cried, stopping to wipe his face on his sleeve.

"Say, sister an' Molly, wait for me!" he called out to the running girls, who were leaving him behind.

"Well, brother, don't be foolin' alone," called out Peggy, pausing in her speed and waiting for Sammy to come up.

"Oh, got dust in your eyes?" asked Molly, pausing also and looking around toward Sammy, who was still trying to clear his eyes. Then she returned to the little boy's assistance, taking her handkerchief from her book satchel and wiping the lids of Sammy's eyes. "Now, I guess the dust is all out," said Molly, preparing to replace her kerchief in its resting place.

"No, 'tain't," declared Sammy, batting his eyelids. "There's dust—chunks and chunks of it—in my left eye. Uh, it hurts, it does." And the suffering Sammy grabbed at Molly's kerchief to aid in removing the "chunks and chunks" of dust from his eye. Again Molly came to his assistance, this time turning the lid back as far as she could so that she might wipe the dust from under it. She had seen her mother remove dust from the herdboys' eyes many and many a time, and she knew just how to go about it. But the process took time, and before Sammy pronounced his peppers all right the minutes had flown, and so had the great black-browed cloud, which now covered half the western sky. Then the sky grew suddenly darker, and a furious wind came of a sudden, bringing dust, sand and occasional drops

of rain. The storm was coming at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the outer rim of it was upon the three little ones in the wild prairie. Molly, versed in all the things of the plains, looked at the cloud, saw the under clouds whirling round and round; also noted that there seemed to be two strong upper currents of air battling with each other. Although the atmosphere was insufferably hot just before the wind struck it, it had now turned very cold, and Sammy and Peggy shivered. "Uh, let's hurry home," gasped Peggy, hardly able to speak in the fierceness of the gale.

But Molly's observant eye had seen something that neither Sammy nor Peggy had noticed. In fact, not one child in a hundred under fifteen would have noticed it.

It was a fannel-sapped cloud as black as ink that kept dipping down toward the earth and swinging backward and forward as it swept across the prairie at least twenty miles away from the spot where the children were. Molly's face turned deadly pale, and her little hands trembled as she tried to fix her book satchel and dinner pail together in order that she might have one hand free to hold to Peggy with, for the wind was almost taking that little girl from her feet. "Come, hold to me, Peggy," said Molly. "And you, Sammy, take hold of my other arm. There! Now we must reach that little draw down yonder—the place where the bank is all washed out on the north side.

"But that ain't going home!" cried Peggy, her breath almost gone in the gale and her little sunbonnet flying away.

"Never mind your bonnet—never mind anything but what I tell you!" Molly screamed in the children's ears, for now the storm was nearing them so rapidly that its roaring drowned their voices. And the rain was coming faster and faster. "It's a very dangerous storm," shrieked Molly, dragging the two little ones by main force, and against their will, toward the "draw" where one of the banks had been cut out by heavy rains into a deep cave-like ledge. "Come, we can't get home now. We've got to crawl under the bank in the draw! The distance was short to the draw, being only a few paces from the roadside, and within a few minutes Molly had the twins safely tucked far under the overhanging bank, a little cave-like nook secure from the wind and weather, and she herself crawled in after them. And there the three little ones remained for a long, long hour, for the wind swept above them in a perfect hurricane, tearing out by the roots the few stray trees that grew along the banks of the "draw."

Peggy and Sammy huddled down like two little mice, keeping their eyes shut tightly while with their hands they clung to the very soil beneath them, digging their fingers into it. But so secure were they that the wind swept above them, never touching them with its fierceness. And the ground being so dry the rain was swallowed up as soon as it fell, thus preventing the little run, or "draw," as the ditch was commonly called, from filling up at once. But as the rain fell in torrents quite a little river was formed in the bed of the ravine, and the children had some difficulty in keeping their feet out of it. "If the water rises much more we'll get a good soaking," said Molly, speaking to herself. "But we're not afraid of water. If the storm goes over without tearing our cave away we're in luck."

And so it did. Soon the wind had blown over, the rain had followed it, still rushing on across the prairies like wildfire. And the great battlefield of the storm lay soaked and wind-swept, every tree, every haystack that had dotted the prairie was gone.

Slowly Molly crept from the little cave under the bank and looked about her. Some rain was falling yet, but not enough for apprehension, and toward the northwest the sky was clear and serene. But all about them the plains lay as bare as though they had been swept by a huge broom. Even the wild grass had been torn out by the roots. Molly looked toward the schoolhouse—or the place where it had once been. But the ground was smooth and not one board of the white frame building was to be seen. A great fear came over her. Suppose her own home—her dear parents!

But at that moment she saw a sturdy figure ascending the long hill, and into view came her own father. He was coming very rapidly, looking all about him. When he saw Molly he raised his hands as if in thankfulness.

Molly and the twins ran to meet him.

"Why, papa, where did you come from?" asked Molly, in cheerful tones. "Are mamma and the house safe?"

"Yes, dear child. But how came you here? We supposed the teacher would keep you in the schoolhouse in the face of such a storm. But—" and for the first time he saw, to his surprise and dismay, that there was no schoolhouse. Then Molly told him how they—she and the twins—had crouched in the cut-out bank of the "draw" during the storm. And when she had finished, her father took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You are the bravest little girl I ever saw or heard of," he said. "You saved the lives of your little charges and of yourself by being cool-headed and brave. And now let's hurry home. Mamma and the father and mother of Peggy and Sammy are so anxious to know if you are safe. God bless you all. What joy they will feel when they see us all coming home together, safe and sound!"

Washington Star.

### Household Affairs.



#### SANDPAPER CAKES.

To remove the burned edges of layer of loaf cake, use fine sandpaper as soon as the cake is "set," but before it gets cold. A piece of paraffin paper, cut the shape of cake, will prevent the cake sticking to the plate on which it is to be set away.—New York World.

#### MAKE STOCKINGS LAST.

When buying boys' stockings, purchase as long as can be had. Before wearing, sew a neat tuck around the ankle. When the stockings are worn at the knee let out the tuck and the worn part will be raised so as to be covered by the trousers, and the stocking will be as good as new.—New York World.

#### CARROTS A CURE FOR BABIES.

One would scarcely think of feeding ill babies on carrots, yet this is precisely what has been done with great success by an Italian physician, Dr. Moro, who finds that these vegetables act as an intestinal antiseptic. In all of forty-eight cases of digestive disturbances treated with a carrot puree excellent results are reported. The soup is not only antiseptic, but nourishing. There appears to be no good reason why the carrot should not have the same effect upon adult as upon infant digestion, and lovers of the peculiar flavor of this humble vegetable may consider that their preferences are now amply justified.

#### LINEN BAGS.

Embroidered linen bags to hold one's knitting or fancy work are often made of white linen and worked in floss. A favorite shape is an oblong bag with the two sections cut exactly the same and each one decorated with some needlework, a raised pattern in linen floss being preferred. Two rows or eyelets are worked about an inch and a half from the top and reaching from side to side, there being four or five in each row. A linen cord is run one way through the upper row and the other way through the lower row. Both pieces of the bag are laid together and the sides and bottom fastened down with scallops worked in buttonhole stitch. The top and corners down to where the cords are run are worked separately in the same scallop. These bags wash perfectly and they are very convenient to carry or to keep for handkerchiefs, embroidery silk, spools or any of the little belongings that litter up dresser drawers.—New York Herald.

#### SUN PARLORS.

Sun parlors are better liked every year, and architects say that in time they will replace piazzas. A piazza is comfortable only in hot weather, but a sun parlor can be used all the year round. Some people are enclosing their piazzas with glass. Care should be taken to brighten the interior with warm coloring.

An old stone porch that has been for years a stiff, gloomy affair recently blossomed into the most desirable of sun parlors. The floor was covered with well chosen rugs, the color scheme being dark green, with bright red to relieve the soberness. At the windows bright red curtains hung straight down to the sills, and the shades close to the windows were truly gorgeous. These were of a material not too thin, but transparent enough to let in the light, and were covered with red roses running over a trellis. When the shades were half way down it gave the effect of a window garden.

The furniture was mission, with red and green cushions, and all stone work was covered with vines and ferns—plants easily cared for. Spring flowers were growing in pots placed on small tables here and there, and yet the room was not overburdened with things blooming.—Philadelphia Press.

#### A WORK APRON.

A novel work apron with bretelles, one that can be worn when embroidering or presiding over a chafing dish, is made of white linen having a daintily worked scalloped pattern all around the edge. The apron part is rounded at the bottom corners and is narrowed at the waist, having a few tiny pleats where it joins the belt. On the under side of the apron, starting at the belt, is sewn a narrow strip of linen, following the outline of the apron and continuing on up the other side of the belt. In the centre at the bottom two buttonholes are worked and then ribbon is run in this casing, the upper ends being well fastened at the waist, while the other ends come through the buttonholes to the outside, where they are tied in a bow.

When the apron is worn plain without the pocket effect the bow remains in this position, but when the use of the pocket is desired the knot is lifted up to the waist line, thus gathering the apron so that it forms a pocket, and the bow is then hooked to an invisible eye in the centre of the belt in front.

The belt itself is fashioned of ribbon and the bretelles made of shaped pieces of the embroidered material have bands of ribbon running from each side of the front to the shoulders, where they terminate in smart little bows with an end of each returning down the front to the bust, making the two ribbons to join and form another bow.—New York Herald.

### THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JASON NOBLE PIERCE.

Subject: The Compassion of Jesus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In Puritan Congregational Church Sunday the pastor, the Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, preached on "The Compassion of Jesus." The text was from Luke 7:13: "And when the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said unto her, weep not." Mr. Pierce said: "I have taken as my subject this morning one of the most beautiful and comforting themes in the Bible, 'The Compassion of Jesus.' If there is any one present in this congregation who has been experiencing trial and suffering, or who has been called upon to bear some grievous burden or suffer loss, I ask his attention, especially, to the consideration of this theme. And if there is any one here who would make more sure of God's personal love for His individual children, let him discover that love as it is revealed in the compassion of His Son, our Lord and Saviour.

Briefly but clearly the author of our Gospel presents the scene: 'Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her.' From our text we know that she was weeping, and well she might, for death leaves a smarting sting. This was not the first time she had faced death in the inner circle of her home. She was a widow. But how often does the loss of one member of the family make it any easier to part with another, especially when it is an only son, a young man, and probably the main support and stay of his widowed mother? Circumstances seemed to conspire to make the occasion full of greatest sorrow for her, and as the procession passes through the city gate and turns toward the burying ground the burning tears course down her cheeks and she sees naught, feels naught, knows naught but the grief that is in her heart.

Of all the helpless ones in Israel she, passing out of the gate, was most helpless. And that was the very hour the mightiest one in all Israel drew nigh to the city. Weakness and strength; human need and divine help; these are never far separated. But will the divine grace become operative? Will the Saviour act? "When the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier; and they that bear him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him unto his mother."

Hallelujah! What a Saviour! If the issue could be avoided I would gladly pass over a discussion of the miracle involved in this lesson. But how can I? If I assume that you all accept the miracles ascribed to Jesus, I make a false assumption, for I know from personal conversation that some of you have questioned and uncertainties in your minds. If I could separate the question of Jesus' compassion from His miracles I might do that. But how can I? Everywhere in the Gospels where Jesus' compassion is referred to it is in connection with some miracle. His was not an inactive compassion. He did not do so many of us do, allow our sympathy to vent itself in empty air. His great heart made demands upon a great power, and the sight of sorrow ever made Him exert Himself for its relief. Four times does St. Matthew and four times does St. Mark refer directly to Jesus' compassion, and upon each occasion do we find Him working a miracle. St. Luke speaks directly concerning the compassion of our Lord only once and that is in our text. The subject demands our attention.

There are some men who are not greatly troubled concerning the miracles. They sweep them all in or all out of their theological acceptance with no hard thinking or penetrating vision. Their theological house is one of the portable variety, cheaply bought, ready made, quickly clapped together over a foundation of sand. It may serve on a fair day, but when the test comes how is it? The rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon that house; and it falls; and great is the fall of it.

One of the safeguards of the church is the number of thinking men and women within it, who concentrate not only their hearts, but their minds upon the Lord, and who meditate upon Him in the night watches. And to all such comes sooner or later the question of the miracles. We wrestle with these miracles, we pray over them, we come to some conclusion concerning them and our conclusions are not always alike.

There are some who discriminate among the miracles. Those they can explain through understood laws they accept; the rest they hold in abeyance. Some of the most consecrated and loyal followers of the Master are among these disciples. And there are those also who believe that through Jesus were done many mighty works. I am of this mind. This does not mean that we give unqualified approval to all that Jesus was said to have done. His is the only instance on record, if it is so, that all that was said of Him is true. But it does mean that through Him deeds were done that the human mind does not yet understand. It does not mean that Jesus did these mighty works in His own strength and of His own knowledge. "I can do mine own self do nothing," He said; "but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works."

And the number of thinking men who hold this belief is fast increasing, not through an increase of faith by itself, but through an increase of experience. The metaphysical world is yielding up her secrets one by one, and we are discovering that there is a relationship between the seen and the unseen of which our fathers only dreamed. Miracles are daily taking place through human agency co-operating with the laws of God. And it is because we are coming to better understand this inter-relation of forces and the amazing consequence of certain causes, that we turn to the Gospels and read with deeper insight

and larger faith of the mighty works of Jesus.

But I call your attention this morning not to the miracles themselves, but to their cause; not to an analysis of their accomplishment, but to the discernment of that which called them forth, the compassion of Jesus.

Often the crowd gathered about Jesus and demanded some marvelous work, a sign from heaven. He refused them. Men came to Him seeking to enlist His power for their selfish gain, but they always departed sadder and wiser men. Nothing could tempt Him to make a show or win the crowd through the marvelous. But when He saw people in need or in sorrow or suffering, when did He ever turn them away? How quick was His response! How sufficient in power! His maxim was, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."

When the multitude penetrated the desert whether He had gone for retirement and needed rest, when He beheld their desire for Him and knew the hunger and heart sickness that impelled them to seek Him, "He was moved with compassion on them because they were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

Who a blind and the demented cried unto Him, the Lord of Light and Spirit was mighty in deed. When the leper of Galilee knelt before Him saying, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," His heart was touched. "And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean."

Oh, the mighty love of Jesus! It met that dear mother at the gate of Nain and did for her what none in all the city could do, restore to her her son. Can any of you imagine the wonder and joy unspeakable that came to her when Jesus delivered him to her?

One of the striking characteristics of the compassion of Jesus is its inclusiveness. It knows no bounds. It goes out to the multitude and to the individual, to the stranger as freely as to the friend, to the Jew and to the Gentile. His heart went out for the city and He wept over it and His heart went out to the lone woman in need of a Saviour. The one essential was that there exist a grief, a burden, a sorrow and immediately His help was forthcoming. Where the sick were gathered by their friends, or among the porches by the pool where the impotent lay, there was Jesus to bless. No custom delayed Him, no fear for life nor weariness of the flesh restrained Him, but freely He ministered unto all who called upon Him.

Another characteristic of Jesus' compassion is its attitude toward evil. He does not tell the blind man that it is best for him to remain blind, nor does He point out to the leper that there are compensating blessings that come through his affliction. His action is rather to strike at the evil that is responsible for their condition. I dare say that He could have visited the widow of Nain and through His revelation of the heavenly home and the Father's love He could have lightened her heart of much of its sorrow. But His way was that of the most incisive action against the cause of her grief. Affliction and sorrow and pain are not regarded by Jesus as divinely sent nor to be unnecessarily borne. He opposed them. He threw the weight of His teachings and life against everything that tended to produce them. He set a priceless value not only upon human life, but upon the liberty that life was to enjoy, and everything that bound and dwarfed that liberty He fought unto the end. Oh, what a judgment upon this country, where human life is held so cheaply, where men perish by thousands upon the railroads and in the mines, where grinding industrial life sweeps pinching poverty into the homes, where selfishness and pleasure allow disease and suffering to spread far and wide with ravaging hand! Jesus fought this misery and gave Himself unflinchingly to unburden the lives of men.

And now in approaching the final consideration of this theme it is important that we bear in mind the steps thus far taken, for they have an immediate bearing upon what is to follow. We have seen that Jesus was in fullest sympathy with all who carried a burden, and that all such found a way of approach to Him at all times. In the second place, we have seen that He was in such accord with His Father in heaven that the mightiest of works were possible unto Him and were accomplished through Him to relieve human sorrow. And we have seen, too, that His loving compassion knew no bounds, that it embraced the individual as well as the multitude, that it left no one with whom He came in contact outside His affection. And lastly, we have considered the fact that Jesus opposed Himself to evil in whatever form it was found, and regarded pain and affliction as enemies to be trodden under foot.

Dear friends, while we have been talking about Jesus we have in reality been talking about our heavenly Father. While we have been considering the compassion of Jesus we have been discussing the loving compassion of God. The former is the perfect manifestation of the latter. All that has been said of Jesus' compassion I now assert to be true of God's love. If there is any one here with a burden, a heavy sorrow, a hidden grief, let me tell you that you do not bear it alone. It may have seemed oftentimes that the Father had forgotten you or had overlooked you in the multitude, but the very moment that the hour has been darkest is the time He has been most near. He has always kept the way of approach open, which is more than we can say for ourselves, and often when our ear heard not and our heart inclined not His voice has been calling "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Nor has He overlooked one. No one is beyond the reach of His love. It may have been long ago that you turned aside from Him and you may feel that you are indeed a stranger with no claim upon Him. But it is not so. His compassion is without bound.

#### An Impossibility.

You cannot expect men to reverence a religion when they cannot respect its followers.



### INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMITMENTS FOR DECEMBER 20.

Subject: Christmas and Its Lesson, Luke 2:8-20—Golden Text, Luke 2:11—Commit Verses 8-10—Commentary.

TIME.—December, B. C. 5. PLACE.—Bethlehem.

**EXPOSITION.—I. The Shepherds Told of the Birth of Christ the Lord, 8-14.** Seven hundred years before, Micah had prophesied that He that was to "be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting" was to come out of Bethlehem (Mic. 5:2). Note how many decrees and deeds of men, unconscious of God's purpose and prophecy, worked together to fulfill God's word and carry out His eternal plan. The Saviour of the world, the Christ, the Lord, began in a stable the life He was to close upon the cross. There was "no room" for Him in the inn. There is "no room" for Him to-day in the hearts of most men, in the home, in business, in society, in politics. The announcement of the advent of the King was made to shepherds. The shepherds proved their fitness to receive the announcement (v. 15). They were men of faith, with a deep appreciation of spiritual truth, in spite of their lowly position. They seem to have been waiting, longing, looking for the coming of the Christ (v. 16). They were faithfully attending to their lowly duties when the revelation came. It was not pleasant work, but it was their work, and while at it the angels met them (comp. Ex. 3:1, 2; Judg. 6:11, 12; 1 K. 19:19; Luke 1:8, 11). The glory that shone around them was the ancient Shekinah that betokened God's presence. At a later day the disciples were to behold the glory of God in the person of Jesus Himself (Jno. 1:14; 2 Cor. 3:18; 4:6). The shepherds were "sore afraid" when they beheld this glory. The supernatural, by bringing God near, always fills the heart of sinful man with fear (Rev. 1:17; Luke 5:8; Isa. 6:5). But the angelic message at once dispelled all fear. They came to announce salvation, not judgment. They began with one of God's most frequent messages to men, "fear not." But the angels not only bade them "fear not," but brought forward the only real cure for fear, the Gospel. They brought "good tidings of great joy." The coming of Jesus the Saviour, Christ and Lord, is the best news this old, sin-cursed and Satan-governed world ever heard. It was a strange place to be sent to seek a king—a barn. And it was a strange sign to mark "a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord"—"habe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." The world receives this wonderful proclamation to this day with indifference, but the heavenly army received it with exultant shouts of praise to God. Well they might! The word "suddenly" shows that they could hardly realize themselves until the message was fully delivered. They all but interrupted their spokesman's proclamation with their glad chorus. There was to be a twofold result of the Saviour's birth—"glory to God in the highest," "on earth peace among men of His good pleasure."

**II. The Shepherds Hastening to Find the Christ, 15, 16.** The shepherds, though humble and illiterate, were wise men. They showed it by believing God's word and going to see for themselves the glorious truth that had been proclaimed to them. Of the truth of what had been told them they had no doubt. They spoke of it as "this thing (or word) which is come to pass." Wise and happy the man who when God tells him anything counts it done (Luke 1:45; Jno. 20:29). They knew it was so because the Lord had made it known. That is faith (Heb. 11:1, R. V.; see context). They did not "go" to test the truth of the word of God, but to "see" what they already fully believed. When God makes any great fact or truth known to us we should at once believe it and then "go and see" this word which the Lord hath made known to us, i. e., enter into it experientially. Note the eagerness, and whole-heartedness of these shepherd-saints, "they came with haste." Surely they will rise up in the judgment against our cold-hearted slowness in appropriating the fullness of blessings that God makes known to us. "They came with haste" to find the Christ, but to-day men will scarce come at all; and, if they do come, it is with such reluctance that they must be urged and reasoned with and plead with and almost pulled to the Saviour's feet. These shepherds were rare souls. They found it all just as God said it would be (v. 16; cf. v. 20; ch. 19:32; Acts 27:25). Therein a "babe lying in the manger" they gazed upon the One who was to be the Christ of God and Saviour of the world.

**III. The Shepherds Witnessing For the Christ They Had Found, 17-20.** They did not keep to themselves the good news. They told only that "which was spoken to them." Christ was the whole subject of their testimony. Their testimony awakened little besides wonder with most. Mary "kept" in her heart and "pondered" all these wonderful revelations. That is the way to deal with God's word. The shepherds were true and wise men. They did not lose their heads. They went back to their humble toil. But they went back in a new spirit, "glorifying and praising God."

#### King Edward's Lucky Number.

The king's lucky number is nine. Both his parents were born in 1819, he was born on a 9th, his marriage took place in the year '63, which numbers added the one to the other make nine; his reign commenced in 1901, he was to have been crowned on the 27th, which figures added together make nine, and he actually crowned on Aug. 9, 1902.