

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson in the International Series
January 7, 1900—The Birth
Christ—Luke 2:14-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

THE LESSON TEXT

- 4. And Joseph also went up from the city of Nazareth, into the city of David, which is Bethlehem...
5. To be taxed with Mary his wife, being great with child...
6. And so it was, that when the days were accomplished, that she should be delivered...

NOTE

While the days were accomplished, that she should be delivered, she brought forth her first-born son...

QUESTIONS

- 1. For unto you what city of David a the Lord?
2. And this shall find the birth clothes, lying in the manger...

ANSWERS

- 1. Bethlehem.
2. Bethlehem.
3. Bethlehem.

where the
Tad asked me
underneath. I
it is. Here's
button out to
r smile quiver-
not Miss Sen-
as no lack of
nit.
self. They were
pants—I sewed
on the seam, for
I to always make
Emmy didn't
rie me! I used to
and I could hear
ng in the other
at, too."
el button lay in
and she saw it
sob flutter in her
ought to have seen
t pants! This town
to hold him, in 'em!
we your head and see
the yard, strutting,
eautiful short and
in those little bits
its came clean down
t. He learned to
day-wearing pants
eess. Before, he'd
Emmy didn't like
'd used to go down
so she wouldn't
t down behind the
ena said, with a low
Miss Senthrilla.
one other verse to the
Diana put her gold-
on the buttons in
s lap and cried when
And Miss Senthrilla's
andered over the girl's
talked.
as on little Tad's soldier
ar. It's tarnished now,
it was bright enough
were two rows of 'em'
t of his coat, and some on
sewed 'em all on stronger
in so flimsy when h
blue suit home. Litt
ular soldier in those br
y were becoming to l
so proud of them!
im the last time whe
ng away—Emmy
on Blue mount
boys' go down the
can see a great way
ue mountain, and I
ss, too. I was ce
which was little Tad
out of sight.
saw me and way
then I saw the sun
brass buttons.
y dear, I lost my
y day! I coul

to confess there
"But there's
he's going by
coming to
maged; "w
Diana Seam

Diana got to her feet a...
to the window. Uncle Ansel w...
lumbering by in his rattling w...
She took a hasty survey of his shabby...
old figure, and turned back into the...
room in triumph. She had caught a...
glimpse of a sprig of wild rose.
"Oh, that?" the baby's mother said,
looking over her shoulder. "Uncle An-
sel's always picking up flowers. Well,
ye-es, I suppose so. I suppose you'd call
that poetry."

"Shouldn't call it in his soul, though.
It's in his buttonhole," muttered the ir-
repressible.
"Yes, that's poetry," Diana nodded.
"I told you so. Everybody has some-
somewhere. It doesn't always show as
plainly right on the surface as Uncle
Ansel's. That was just a streak of good
luck for me. But it's always there,
somewhere. Show me the soul that
hasn't any!"

The little woman whose title of honor
was the baby's mother ran over her list
of acquaintances rapidly and brought up
Miss Senthrilla. Oh, yes, Miss Sen-
thrilla.
"Certainly, my dear," the baby's
mother said, cheerfully. "I'll show you
Miss Senthrilla. Bob, do you think you
could take care of this blessed baby
awhile, and not let him dabble his feet
in the water pitcher, as you did before
—or play with shingle nails—or eat in-
cifer matches?"

"Or dig Greek roots—or let me,
either?" finished The Irrepressible,
glomily. "Oh, certainly, certainly—
most happy to oblige you, my dear sis-
ter. Pitch the little chap over here—
hold on, give us a liner!"
"And, Bob, you know the back stairs
—and the front stairs—and the cellar
stairs—"

"I know everything," The Irrepress-
ible said, calmly.
"Then I'll go to see Miss Senthrilla
with Diana. It's only a little way, and I
want to prove there's one person in the
world, anyhow, without a line of poetry
in her. Not a line! Miss Senthrilla's
prose from top to toe. That poor, dear
woman never had a romance as big as a
butternut in her life. I've known her
ever since I was knee-high, and my an-
cestors knew her before me. She's
dear, but she's written in prose."

"Yes," Senthrilla cried ex-
cessively,
lost that for any
the Tad's first pair
red ones—how mortai...
with 'em! Dearly me,
with his feet straight on...
'em!"

Miss Senthrilla sat with the t...
ton in her palm, and the softene...
in her face. Diana drew her c...
nearer.

"Tad? little Tad?" she asked, with
gentle insinuation.
"Why, yes, little Tad—my little Tad.
Of course, he was Emmy's, but I al-
ways called him mine. Emmy didn't
mind. He looked so much like big
Tad, and big Tad was almost mine—"

Miss Senthrilla gave a little start,
and stole a look at Diana in confusion.
Then she straightened her tall figure
and spoke proudly:
"It slipped out, my dear, and I can't
get it back the way I did little Tad's
button. It's got to stay out. I never
let it slip out before. Big Tad was
mine before he was Emmy's, but he—
well, he slipped out. It was best, I
guess. Emmy needed him most. She
was a pretty, weak little thing—when
big Tad died she came and lived with
me—she and little Tad. The blessed
little spot o' sunshine! He was al-
ways my Tad after that. I bought the
little red shoes."

It was quiet in the quaint, sunny lit-
tle room for awhile. Diana could only
hear a soft, subdued hum of bees in the
honeysuckle vines, and the gentle
click of the buttons under Miss Sen-
thrilla's fingers. The little red shoes!
—they were a line of Miss Senthrilla's
poetry. The first verse had been big
Tad's verse, but instinctively Diana
knew that little Tad had filled all the
other verses. She sat very still and
waited for the rest. Miss Senthrilla
chose another button from the pile. It
was covered with faded blossom-
sprigged silk.

"It came off my wedding dress," Miss
Senthrilla said. "Yes, my dear, mine.
It was Emmy's afterward, but it was
mine first. There were pink posies all
over it, and pink was my color. I had
pink bonnet strings to match. Pink
wasn't Emmy's color, but Emmy
didn't mind. You couldn't find any-
thing Emmy didn't look becoming in.
She cut off the ends of the bonnet
strings—they were so long—and made
little buttery bows under the brim,
next to the face. Big Tad always ad-
mired those little bows. Little Tad had
'em to play with afterwards. Emmy
cut off the buttons, too, and he used to
and in a tin dish."

The dull brass button...
his hand caught a dim light...
glow in the breast where the...
going down. Miss Senthrilla's...
sed over it tightly.

nt to take care of him, when he...
t, but I didn't get there soon...
This little button was all I...
of my little soldier Tad. Some-...
who was kind had cut it off for...
Emmy let me keep it. For years...
ar, I kept it in a little box of pink...
s, but I got afraid, by and by...
olks would find it after I died, and...
I was romantic. So I put it in...
with the other buttons. I think...
I forgotten it—but I hadn't fore-...
little Tad.

never told anybody all this before...
just slipped out to you, my dear...
ny one remembers my little Tad...
it's just as Emmy's boy—not...
e. But he was mine."

hen Diana got home the baby's...
ther met her at the door curiously...
"Ed! he's asleep!"—well?
Diana's eyes were reddened, and her...
lively little face had a subdued softness...
in it. The baby's mother regarded it...
in surprise.

"Well? did you find Miss Senthrilla's...
poetry?" she questioned, in a whisper...
Her own face was unbelieving.
Diana caught the little woman's...
hands in hers with an impetuous ges-...
ture.

"Yes, oh, yes, I found it!" she cried...
softly. "I found it in her button box."
—Housewife.

MORGAN'S RIFLEMEN.

Warriors Who Won the Respect and
Admiration of the Great
Washington.

When Washington, one day riding
along his lines, saw the fringed hunt-
ing-shirts of the Virginians approach-
ing, the reserve of his naturally unde-
monstrative nature broke down. "At
the sight he stopped; the riflemen drew
nearer, and their commander, stepping
in front, made the military salute, ex-
claiming: 'General, from the banks
of the Potomac!' Washington dis-
mounted, came to meet the battalion,
and going down the line with both
arms extended, shook hands with the
riflemen one by one, tears rolling down
his cheeks as he did so. He then mount-
ed, saluted, and silently rode on."

of Joseph, (son) (descendant) of
Heli," the intention evidently being
to remove the false impression that
Joseph was his father. And this cor-
responds with the statement in the
Talmud that Mary, the mother of
Jesus, was the daughter of Heli.

The Annunciations.—Zacharias, the
priest, to whom the annunciation of
John's birth was made, belonged to
the eighth in order of the 24 courses
into which the priests were divided.
Each course served only twice during
the year, and no one was permitted to
offer incense the second time until
each one in his course had had his
turn. It was probably, then, the first
time that Zacharias had fulfilled this
holy service.

The object in relating the annuncia-
tions is to show, as the Apostles'
Creed has it, that Jesus Christ, God's
only Son, was "conceived by the Holy
Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." The
annunciation to Zacharias declared
the mission of John the Baptist, that
to Mary announced the nature, the
name and the mission of Jesus, that
to Joseph declared the divine conception
of Christ, His name and His mission.

The Thanksgivings.—Notice the in-
spired thanksgiving of Mary (Luke
1:46-55) and of Zacharias (Luke 1:67-
79), the first known as the Magnificat,
and the other the Benedictus, from
the first words of each in the old
Latin version.

The Incarnation.—The great tele-
scopes of our day are so made that
the observer does not look through the
tube directly at a star, but studies the
reflection of the star in a small mir-
ror. This device has made possible
the great enlargement of the tele-
scope, and thus revealed a wealth of
information inaccessible to feebler in-
struments. The ancient philosophers
and sages sought for God much as the
old astronomers scanned the heavens
with their little tubes. They discov-
ered much that was valuable, but at
the best their results were dim and
uncertain. But in the incarnation we
have "the express image" of the Fa-
ther reflected in a human life. Here
we may discern and study all His at-
tributes. No man can look directly at
the sun; none could gaze upon the un-
veiled glory of God. But though "no
man hath seen God at any time," yet
"the only begotten Son, who is in the
bosom of the Father, He hath declared
Him" (John 1:18).—Adapted from
Henry Van Dyke.

PRACTICAL.

In coming to the world as a babe,
the Son of God became man, one with
us. Jesus is our Elder Brother.
In becoming man, the Son of God
became subject to our temptations, so
that He can succor the tempted.
In becoming man, the Son of God
showed how great is the divine love
for us. It was love that sought our
love.
The sly shadow steals away upon the
dial, and the quickest eye can discover
no more but that it is...

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has
done me. After I took three bottles,
menses appeared, and I began to feel
stronger and all my pain was gone.
Yours is the only medicine that ever
helped me. I am able now to work
around the house, something I did not
expect to do again. I am still taking
your medicine and have recommended
it to others."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN,
Holton, Kans., Jan. 25, 1890.

Three More Letters from
One Woman, Relating how
She was Cured of Irreg-
ular Menstruation, Leu-
corrhœa and Backache.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am suffer-
ing and need your aid. I have pains
in both sides of the womb and a drag-
ging sensation in the groin. Men-
struation irregular and painful; have
leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, sore-
ness and swelling of the abdomen,
headache, backache; nervousness, and
can neither eat nor sleep."—Mrs. CAR-
RIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., July 19, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to
thank you for what you have done for
me. When I wrote to you I was a
total wreck. Since taking your Veget-
able Compound, Liver Pills and Sana-
tive Wash, my nerves are stronger
and more steady than ever before, and
my backache and those terrible pains
are gone. Before I took your medi-
cine I weighed less than one hundred
and thirty pounds, I now weigh one
hundred and fifty-five pounds. I feel
better than I have for a good many
years. Your medicine is a God-send
to poor weak women. I would like to
ask you why I cannot have a child.
I have been married nearly three
years."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna,
Ill., Dec. 1, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I did just as
you advised me, and now I am the
happy mother of a fine baby girl. I
believe I never would have had her
without your Vegetable Compound."—
Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Jan.
27, 1899.

Still More Proof that
Irregularity is Overcome
by Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am troubled
with irregular menstruation, and have
begun the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound. Would like your
advice."—CORA L. PATTON, Ogontz, Pa.,
May 19, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have taken
three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, but I have a bad
discharge and write to ask if I had
better not use your Sanative Wash
also? Your medicine is helping me."
CORA L. PATTON, Ogontz, Pa., July 1,
1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I write to
tell you of the benefit I have received
from the use of your remedies. Before
using them I was feeling very bad. I
used to go to the hospital, but it did
me no good. Your remedies have
done wonders for me."—CORA L. PAT-
TON, Ogontz, Pa., Feb. 25, 1899.

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Elastic Trusses, etc.
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Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on
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