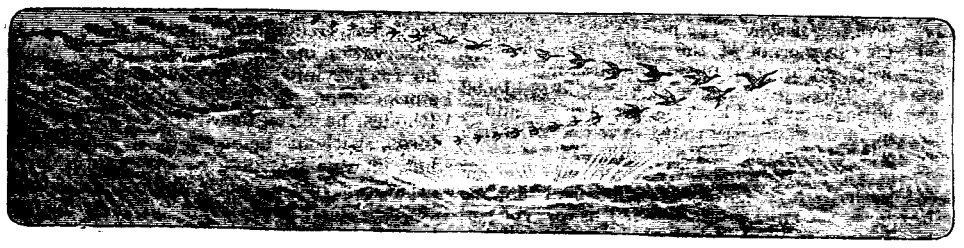

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

By a natural impulse, when the time comes, the birds from the South or North are on the move homeward again. A writer says: "How I sympathize with them, especially in the autumn, when they have to move. Some go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written in the pictorial volume of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend every winter at the South; and after thousands of miles of flight they stop in the same tree where they spent the previous January. In every autumn let them strew the continent with music."

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned,
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled,
All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,
Since last we traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built?"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
Say, what have you found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played;
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made?"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our sweet home at last.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1120.] LESSON V. [Nov. 3.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 5-15. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Penitence, v. 5, 6.
2. Prayer, v. 7-9.
3. Power, v. 10-15.

TIME.—B.C. 1120.

PLACE.—Mizpeh, in the tribe of Benjamin.

RULER.—Samuel; probably the only one of all the "judges" whose control extended over most of the land. He was one of the purest and wisest rulers this world has ever seen.

INTRODUCTORY.

Samuel was still a young man. As soon as he found the reins of the nation in his hands he sought to bring about a great reformation. He first urged a revival of personal religion; then gathered a public assembly.

HOME READINGS.

M. Samuel the judge.—1 Sam. 7. 5-15.
Tu. An upright judge.—1 Sam. 12. 1-5.
W. Daniel's intercession.—Dan. 9. 8-19.
Th. Prayer answered.—Psalm 99.
F. Remembering God.—Psalm 20.
S. God's compassion.—Joel 2. 12-17.
Su. Prayer for others.—1 Tim. 2. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Penitence*, v. 5, 6.

What gathering occurred at Mizpeh, and for what purpose?
What acts of penitence did the people perform?
What confession did they make?
What is promised to the true penitent? Prov. 28. 13.

2. *Prayer*, v. 7-9.

Who heard of the gathering at Mizpeh, and what did they do?
How did this movement affect the Israelites?
What appeal did they make to Samuel?
What offering did Samuel make?
To whom did he cry, and with what effect?
What gracious promise of answer does the Lord give? Isa. 65. 24.

3. *Power*, 10-15.

What danger threatened as Samuel sacrificed?
Whose power saved Israel, and how?
How far did Israel pursue the Philistines?
What memorial of victory did Samuel set up?
What did the memorial mean? (Golden Text.)
How long had Israel rest from the Philistines?
What cities were restored to Israel?
With what people had Israel peace?
How long did Samuel judge Israel?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That God demands penitence?
2. That God hears prayer?
3. That God defends his people?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Samuel gather the people to Mizpeh? For a service of confession. 2. What was the great lesson which in substance Samuel here taught them? "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." 3. What was the result of this new consecration? A victory for Israel. 4. In what words did Samuel recognize this divine help? Golden Text: "Hitherto hath the Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The efficiency of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is worship?
The service of adoration, praise, thanksgiving and prayer, which intelligent creatures owe to God.

What do you mean by adoration and praise?
The reverent acknowledgment of the Divine majesty and perfections and works.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "'Tis sad to see a man suffer, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." This sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty months I was engaged in hospital nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life, although my school and college days are full of bright remembrances.

In merely visiting a children's hospital one is apt to go away feeling depressed and saddened by the sights and sounds seen and heard there, and knowing but little of the bright side of the picture. Therefore, we will for a few minutes take a "peep behind the scenes" into some of the real joys of a nurse's life.

Can any one help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more so of those who (alas, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering. Without this love I am convinced that it would be almost impossible for a nurse to perform the many trying duties which fall to her lot; duties which none but those who have passed through the mill (as the saying is) know anything about.

Imagine a pleasant, airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with "Oh, nursie, come and kiss *me* first." "No, *me* first, nursie," from all sides, and so I move from bed to bed complying with this request, and feeling so many pairs of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care which I know will come during the day. At 8 a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing." After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one of the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little Bertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nursie, I don't fink it will be so *very* bad to-day, do you? 'cos I asked God not to let it be;" and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Let us glance at the next bed a moment or two whilst little Cora is getting her ear dressed. And although we can see by her face the intense pain she is suffering, there is not a sound of murmuring, and when it is all over all she wants is "to lie in nursie's arms and forget the pain."

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, nursie, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away. Dinner is served at one o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?" "Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here always?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the tea-bell rings at 5 o'clock, and by 6.30 the duties for the day are all finished and the bairnies comfortably settled for the night, waiting for what, to both nurse and children, is the sweetest time of all the day, "the singing time." And as I turn from the organ with the question, "What shall

it be first, children?" the requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the hush and stillness of the ward there rise from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light," etc.,

none knowing ere the coming morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

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