

A Song of Heaven.

I would sing you a song of heaven,
If my soul could chant the hymn;
I would sing of skies whose gorgeous dyes
Would make our own grow dim.

I would sing of mountains, bathed in light,
That never will fade away,
Of the murmuring breeze, through whisper-
ing trees,
That never will know decay.

Of glorious birds, that trill strange words,
With a mystory in their flow,
Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers
That only they can know.

I would sing of its lakes, for the lilies' sakes,
The purest God has given
Of all the flowers that we call ours—
How white they must be in heaven!

I would sing of you of the violet blue,
That watch the loving sky,
But droop its head when it hears the tread
Of an angel's footstep nigh.

I would sing of love in that land above
Till I could not hush the strain
Of its perfect bliss, till the joy of this
Would shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute, like a tuneless lute
That has been forsaken long;
Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still,
And I cannot sing the song.

Sweet land! I have dreamed of thee
When the summer's moonlight fell
In silvery showers on nestling flowers
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I awoke, when the vision broke,
With a pang in heart and brain,
That I should stray from that shining way
Back to this world again.

But I know I shall see thee more, sweet
land,
When earth's dark hours have fled;
When the flowers are low, where they used
to blow,
And the sky in the west grows red.

I shall steer my bark where the waves roll
dark;
I shall cross a stranger sea;
But I know I shall land on the beautiful
strand,
Where the loved ones wait for me.

There are faces there divinely fair,
That the earth lost long ago,
And foreheads white, where curls lay bright,
Like sunbeams over snow.

And there are eyes, like their own blue
skies—
Eyes I have seen before—
Will grow as bright as the stars of night,
When I near the welcome shore.

And those little feet I loved to meet
When the world was sweet to me,
I know will bound when the rippling sound
Of my boat comes over the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand,
With white arms o'er the tide,
Waiting to twine their hands in mine,
When I reach the other side.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

Out all Night in London.

WE, too, turn round, and proceed
over Blackfriars Bridge. Alas! what
a sight is here! Huddled together
out of the wind are quite a large num-
ber of midnight wanderers; starved,
cold, and terribly helpless they appear.
Some have sunk to their full length on
the hard pavement at the foot of the
bridge-head, and one we meet further on
is a woman, with a piteous-looking baby
face peeping from the folds of her
tattered shawl. Others stand against
the wall with hands in pockets and
shoulders raised, sheltering themselves
from the cold blast which sweeps so
keenly over the river. The deeply
recessed seats are crowded with
wretched occupants thronging together
to obtain warmth and rest and slumber.

Over sixty poor wretches have thus
been found on this bridge alone. They
are of various trades and occupations,
and from all parts of the country; one

has been a Hampshire labourer, another
a Margate ostler, this man a Cambridge
stonemason, that woman a needle-
worker from Dorsetshire. Mantle-
makers, domestic servants, governesses,
charwomen, bricklayers, law-writers,
coopers, pianoforte makers, labourers
of every description are found among
them. Some have been sleeping out
in the streets three nights, some five,
some one. They object to go to the
casual wards, because they allege that
they cannot get out sufficiently early
in the morning to find 'odd jobs' of
work at the docks, coal wharves,
markets, etc. Another reason ad-
vanced is the objection to the bath.
"I should not mind if it were clean
water, or I could have the first dip,"
said one, "but to go into the water
after a lot of others—fah!—I
cannot stand it."

On London Bridge the same sad
sight is presented, and numbers of men
and women of all characters and employ-
ments, as just described, are to be
found, crouching into the seats in
search of rest and shelter.

For some reason the bridges are
favorite resorts of the sleepers-out.
Perhaps the sight of the silent river,
with its rows of shining lamps, its
shipping, and its far outlook, is more
welcome to the wanderer than the stony
streets. In any case, here they congre-
gate, and as many as 150 poor wretches
have been found on London Bridge
alone. — *Fin Holmes in the Quiver for*
July.

A Proof that the Bible is True.

CHILDREN, if in this year you or I
should die, we would have nothing to
cling to, or trust in, but the truth of
the Bible. No other book tells of the
life to come. Peter says we ought to
be able to give a reason for our hope
and belief in it. One proof that the
Scriptures are true, is the prophecies in
them.

When Joseph told Pharaoh that there
were seven years of plenty and then
seven of famine to come in Egypt,
Joseph being taught of God, made a
prophecy, and Pharaoh had reason to
believe in Joseph, for his words came
true. The Bible has prophecies of
things foretold thousands of years
before they happened.

Seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem
was destroyed by the Romans. Long
before, Moses told of "the nation that
was to come from far, swift as the eagle"
(the Romans in their battles and
marches carried an eagle as their stan-
dard), "a people whose language they
would not understand, fierce in face,
and caring neither for old or young."
This nation was to "besiege the Jews
in all their cities, until their high walls
should come down." And in the siege
their suffering for want of food would
be so great that mothers would secretly
eat their own children. The Jews
would then be scattered among different
people in various parts of the earth,
and be in great fear for their lives.
All this was to come upon them if they
did not believe in and obey God.

Daniel, also, long after Moses, fore-
told that "the people of the Prince who
would come, would destroy the city and
sanctuary," or temple, "put an abomi-
nable thing in the holy place, and that
the daily sacrifice and oblation should
cease." Our Saviour spoke of Daniel's
words, and told the disciples when they
should see "Jerusalem compassed with
armies, to flee with haste into the
mountains, for then there should be

great trouble, such as never had been
before." The Temple was then white
and glittering; the Castle of Antonia
was there, the palaces of Herod and
Pilate, the three lines of walls, and
within, its million of people. Jesus
told His disciples that great as the
buildings of the Temple were, not one
stone should be left upon another.
When they should see the abomination
of desolation (the Roman ensigns, on
which were tall figures), standing in the
holy place, they were to know that its
destruction was near. Those in the
city were to go out of it, and none in
the countries near should go in it,
because Jerusalem was to be trodden
down by the Gentiles, the people were
to fall by the sword, and those left to
be carried captive.

Josephus was a Jew who did not
believe in Christ, but the history he
wrote about the siege and fall of Jeru-
salem, shows how exactly all our
Saviour's words and those of Moses and
Daniel came true. Nero, the cruel
Roman emperor, sent Vespasian and
his son Titus to go into Judea and
besiege the Jews.

All the cities of Galilee were at
length taken, costing innumerable lives,
besides six thousand Jewish youths, at
one time sent as slaves to Nero. The
altar, the courts of the Temple were
constantly covered with the blood of
priests and people.

In their quarrels among themselves,
at one time, eight thousand five hun-
dred bodies lay dead in the outer court.
Being the time of the Passover, the city
was full of people, who had come from
all parts to worship, eleven hundred
thousand of them perished, besides
ninety-seven thousand captives. Three
walls were round the city, the towers
being solid and square as the walls.
The towers and palaces were wonderful
in strength and beauty.

The Temple stood on a high hill and
was covered in front with heavy plates
of gold. The parts that were not of
gold, were of pure white marble.

When Vespasian took Sepphoris, the
largest city in Galilee, he killed all the
Jews who could carry arms, and made
slaves of all who were weak. No
people ever fought more bravely in the
defence of their cities than the Jews,
but God was no longer with them.
They had crucified His Son and had
cried aloud, "His blood be on us and
our children." Josephus did all he
could to defend Jotapata, but after a
long siege, it was taken, forty thousand
Jews being killed. Josephus was taken
prisoner. In Joppa four thousand
perished. In other places, the streets
ran with the blood of men, women and
children. The lake, Gennesareth, was
stained with the blood of six thousand
who fell fighting in boats.

When Tiberias was taken, old and
young were driven into the circus to be
put to death, and more than thirty
thousand sold as slaves. In Gamala
the blood of the people fell down the
streets like a water-fall. Meanwhile,
in Jerusalem, the Jews might have
held out for years, had they not in their
quarrels destroyed their own corn.
Titus built a wall nearly five miles long,
round the city. Many thousands in it
were dying of hunger, too weak to give
a cry. The dead could not be buried,
but were flung over the walls. More
than six hundred thousand dead bodies
were thus thrown out. Now the Roman
rams made the tower of Antonia fall.
The daily sacrifice in the Temple ceased,
for want of men to offer it. Titus

wished to save the splendid Temple and
begged the Jews to surrender. But
they chafed their shoes and belts.

The vilest things were eaten, while
the Romans crucified so many of those
who fled from the city looking for food,
that they could not get room for the
crosses. In the city a woman of wealth
and refinement slew and ate her infant
son. A Roman set fire to the temple
round the altar on which dead bodies
were heaped. Multitudes of the Jews
were sent to the theatres to be destroyed
by wild beasts. Never before had any
foreign people been allowed to attack
the Jews, while engaged in their solemn
feasts. Titus gave twenty five hundred
Jews to be slain, burnt, and torn in
pieces, at shows in Cosarea. He took
the golden table, candlesticks, lamps
and books of the law to Rome to adorn
his triumph. On the arch of Titus, in
Rome, is a picture of the candlestick.
Titus built a temple in which he put
the vessels taken from the Holy House.
The veils and the law of Moses he kept
in his palace. — *Our Morning Guide.*

Scott Act Defeat in Hastings.

WE deeply regret that we have to
record the defeat of our friends in
Hastings, but we compliment them on
the plucky fight that they made. The
result can hardly be called a defeat.
We have not lost an inch of ground.
We have only failed in the effort to
capture one of our enemy's strongholds.
Hastings is one of the few counties of
our Dominion that is cursed with the
debauching influence of a distillery in
active operation. The attempt to beard
the lion in his den was courageous and
manly, and no doubt the training and
lessons of the contest and defeat will
be for our friends the basis of a glorious
victory in the not far future. This
campaign will not stop till the last
legalized grog-shop that disgraces our
country has become a thing of the
past, and no temporary seeming disaster
can avail to prevent the advent of that
surely-coming day of triumph and
success. — *Canada Citizen.*

The Senate Again.

A MAJORITY of the irresponsible
Senate at Ottawa have again demon-
strated their unfitness for the important
office assigned that body. In defiance
of such an outburst of indignation as
never before greeted any proposed
legislative outrage in this country; in
wanton insult to the House of Com-
mons, which emphatically refused to
concur in the proposed outrage; in
attempt to break faith with over half
a hundred constituencies that in good
faith have voted for the Scott Act, a
majority of these men have insisted
upon the insertion of their beer and
wine amendment in Mr. Jamieson's
Bill.

We have little fear that there is any
danger of the Commons accepting what
they so unhesitatingly rejected a few
days ago, but the action shows that
the crafty liquor-power has not given
up the fight, and there may be new
scheming on foot of which we are not yet
aware. Our friends in the Senate
stood nobly to their guns, but the
drink-serving majority was too strong
for them to overcome. We look to
our friends in the House of Commons
to once more reject this infamous pro-
posal. — *Canada Citizen.*

BEGIN to study the Sunday-school
lesson early in the week.