

The Price of Success.

The price of success is daily toil,
And perseverance to the end—
'Twill never do for you to stand still,—
On sloth you never can depend!

The price of success is watchfulness,
And keeping your record high,—
The reward you will not fail to get,—
For 'twill surely come by-and-bye!

The price of success is going ahead,
With a very determined will,—
And that you may advance, you must
Keep grinding at the mill!

The price of success is fixing your eye
On results gained every day;—
Knowing your motto must always be,—
Keep ever pegging away!

The price of success, remember,
Is honest, faithful work,—
Resolving that you will never
Your daily duty shirk!

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

It was the afternoon of a lovely Sabbath day, and sitting just outside the temple was a blind beggar. It was the custom of those days to lead the blind, lame, or sick to some public place where they might receive alms from the passers-by, and this spot was known as "the blind man's seat," for he had sat there for years. When he was a child his mother would leave him there, while she went up into the temple to sell doves. There was no need to shield his eyes from the dust of the street, the glare of the bright sun, for he had come into the world rosy and sweet like other babies, but he could not see—he was a blind boy.

Now and then the white and gray doves would fly so close to him he heard the flutter of their wings; and at times, when the air was full of sunlight, and he heard the bees buzzing and whispering their secrets way down in the hearts of the flowers, or from the distant hills the shepherd's pipe or the ringing of the mule bells, he would wonder how it would seem if he could really see it all.

Passers-by would notice the quiet, sightless little boy, sometimes stopping a moment to speak to him, sometimes dropping in his hand a coin, some sweetmeat, fruit, or a fragrant flower, and little children would stop their play and stand looking at him curiously, whispering softly, "He cannot see, he is blind!"

So his childhood passed, and, now a man, he was still sitting there. He alone was helpless, and though he had grown to be a man, the old couple always thought and spoke of him as a boy. "We are getting old," they would say, "and will soon be gone, and then who will care for our boy and lead him to his seat by the temple?"

This Sabbath afternoon he was listening to the passers-by, and he heard them speak of a great physician, a wonderful healer, who made the blind see, the lame walk, who had done all manner of wonderful things in the cities near by, and was now coming to Jerusalem. It troubled the blind beggar to hear them say such things. He had no faith in their talk. How could the blind be made to see?

Just then there was an unusual stir, and a cry of,

"HE IS HERE!" "HE HAS COME!"

"Let us see what he can do!" There was a sound of many feet, a crowd eager and wondering pushed along, men and women following with haste, children calling to one another, "Come and see!" A multitude of old and young, some believing, some ridiculing, all curious, all following a little group who, out of compassion, stopped where the poor blind beggar sat. One among them stepped forward, laid his hand on him, and looked into his upturned face, with the sightless eyes moving restlessly round and round, never seeing, and appealing more than any words could have done. Always moving, never still, so that you wondered if even in sleep the lids shut out that ceaseless roll! The idlers sauntering along waited to see what was going on.

A boy who had elbowed his way through the crowd to the beggar's side, had, as he stood there, idly scraped up with the toe of his foot a little pile of fine white clay; and the Great Healer, who liked to show the doubting, unbelieving ones how the simplest things in nature were his work, and could be made to minister to man's necessities, stooped down, and, taking up a little of it, moistened it with his mouth into a smooth paste, and tenderly supporting the blind man's head, he carefully spread it over his eyes, then told him to go outside the city walls to the beautiful pool of Siloam and bathe them.

THE CROWD LAUGHED AND SNERRED,

they did not believe he could be cured, and they ridiculed the idea of his going outside the city walls with the clay over his eyes; so they scattered on their various ways with jeers and shouts, and only the parents, one or two of their friends, and the little children (with their unflagging interest in anything unusual) followed the believers who led the blind man beyond the city walls, the groves of olives, and gardens of figs, to the clear pool of Siloam, whose waters to this day are said to be eye-healing. The pool was like a great stone basin, with a flight of steps leading down to it.

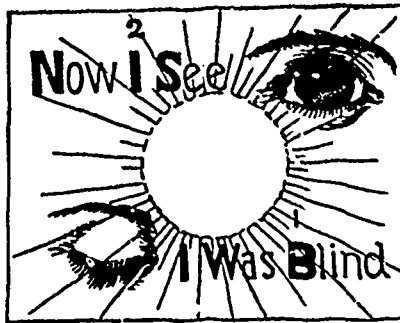
The blind man went slowly down the steps, and with a trembling hand bathed his eyes again and again in the grateful, cool water. He longed to see; had wondered as he walked along if it could be possible! From the moment he had felt the gentle touch on his eyes and had heard that voice, tender and trust-commanding, he had half believed; as he walked down the steps of the pool he had prayed inwardly that his dearest wish might be granted, if only for a moment, and the restful water on his eyes completed his faith; he believed that he would!

Raising his face, he was bewildered for an instant, and then, full of delight,

HE KNEW THAT HE COULD SEE!

An old man, with outstretched hands, said in a trembling voice, "My boy!" and he saw his father! His mother's wrinkled face bent over him, half smiles, half tears, and for the first time his eyes responded to her look of love.

The fishermen mending their nets wondered at the joyous cry of thanks-



THE BLIND MAN.

Have you ever seen a blind person? Can you think how it must feel to be blind? Shut your eyes a moment, and try to think. But you can't, really, for you know that you can open your eyes again. Can a blind man work, just as others do? Can he help himself? How sad it is! How long had this man been blind? Oh, to think that he had never seen the sun and sky, the flowers and stars, his mother's face, or anything about him. Could he make himself well? Could any doctor heal him? Had he anything to do then? Yes. "Go, wash," Jesus said. He could obey. He did. Then when the Pharisees quarrelled about its being done on the Sabbath, and asked the man and his parents again about the deed, and tried to make the man tell more than he knew, he said he only knew one thing—he was blind, but now he saw. It must have been a good man who did such a good deed. Then the Pharisees would not let the man belong to the synagogue any more, so they put him out, but, oh,



BLIND BEGGARS IN
JERUSALEM.

(See Lessons in this Number.)

giving they heard, and leaving their work went down and looked at him. They could not, at first, believe that this was really he who was born blind, but as they spoke he called them by name, for he had known them by their voices for years. They shook his hands, they questioned him, and followed him to the city. The country was all aglow, the sky blazing with the golden atmosphere of an oriental sunset, the mountains piled up like great temples in the clouds, the domes and towers of the city lighted up with a splendour that recalled the "New Jerusalem!"

"Its streets are paved with gold, its walls are made of precious stones, its gates are pearl!" What a sight for eyes that never before had seen! They entered the city walls, and as they met neighbours and old friends, the question was asked, again and again: "Is this the blind beggar?" Soon they met

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN,

who asked the man he had healed, "Do you believe on the Son of God?" He answered, "Who is he? Let me see him that I may believe;" and as he said this he raised his head, and his newly found eyes saw a face not like any other—a divine face, with a glory and sweetness that drew him to it with great power, and the voice that said, "I am he," was as gentle as music, as tender as a caress! The beggar, his countenance lighted up with happiness, cried, not afraid nor trembling, but joyful and exultant, "Lord, it is thou; I believe!" And from that time he and his parents, who were filled with gratitude, joined the little band of believers, and went about praising God and trying to teach others to love him.

Jesus met him. He must have gone to find him this time. He told the man who he was, and the man said, "I believe."

Do you see this open eye? It is a seeing eye, not a blind one. What did the man say was the one thing he knew? "I was blind, now I see." Was that enough to make the man glad? Was that enough to prove that Jesus was good and powerful? If Jesus could open blind eyes, could he not do anything? Did the man have to understand all about the great Son of God, all about what Moses wrote of the coming Messiah, or Anointed One, all about the way the Lord did miracles, in order to see, or to believe in Jesus? Oh, no. Do we have to understand everything in the Bible and all Jesus does, before we can belong to him? No. We can be his if we know as much as the blind man did. We will put "I see" in our lesson chain. That is what we want most. Sin keeps us from seeing Jesus as our Saviour. He can make us see him, in our hearts.

English friendliness toward the United States has been shown strikingly of late, not only in the speeches of English statesmen and the comments of the press, but in popular demonstrations. At the recent celebration of Lord Mayor's Day in London, one feature of the procession was a car containing figures representing Britannia and Columbia. A week later, at Portsmouth, when the ram battleship Formidable, which is said to be the largest warship in the world, was launched, the British and American flags were entwined on the official stand.

BITS OF FUN.

Never look a gift automobile in the motor.

A specialist in diseases of the throat is credited with saying, "The best chest-protector is worn on the sole of the foot."

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator. "Neither," he replied; "I was a donkey."

First Statesman—"I see that you were interviewed at length yesterday."

Second Statesman (surprised)—"Is that so? But, now I think of it, I did find a reporter's card when I got home."

A young Englishman, being asked at dinner whether he would have some bird's-nest pudding, said, turning to the hostess:

"Ah! yes, bird's-nest pudding, and what kind of bird may have made it?"

"Oh, it was the cook coo made it," was her prompt reply.

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shoes to give me?"

"No, I have not; besides, those you are now wearing seem to be brand new."

"That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."

"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," he observed, in the course of a conversation with his tender spouse.

"I don't know about that," she said, testily.

"Well, I am certain," he exclaimed. And for a long time he was puzzled why she burst out laughing at him.

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