

Wycliffe.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Distant beacon on the night,
Full five centuries ago,
Harbinger of Luther's light,
Now three hundred years aglow,
Priest of Lutterworth, we see
All of Lutterworth in thee.

Lo, the wondrous parallel—
Both gave Bibles to their land,
While, the rage of Rome to quell,
Princes stood on either hand;
John of Gaunt and Saxon John
Cheered each bold confessor on.

Both are rescuers of souls,
Cleansing those Augenean eyes,
Superstition's hiding holes,
Nunneries and monkeries;
Both gave liberty to men,
Bearding lions in their den.

Wy 'ffe, Luther, glorious pair,
Great twin brethren of mankind,
Conscience was your guide and care,
Purifying heart and mind;
Both before your judges stood,
There I stand, for God and good.

Each had lived a martyr's life,
Still protesting for the faith,
Yet amid that fiery strife
Each escaped the martyr's death;
Rescued from the fangs of Rome,
Both died peacefully at home.

GRANDPA'S BOY.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

George Field's father was dead, and he lived with his mother at his grandfather's. He was the idol of the old man, who would often say proudly, "George is bright and handsome—just as my son Philip was at his age, he'll make his mark in the world."

Nothing the house afforded was too good for George. Every want and caprice was promptly supplied by the doting grandfater.

Mrs. Field saw with an anxious eye this over-indulgence would be harmful to her only son, and strove in a firm, wise control to counteract the pernicious effect of Mr. Field's course.

"George is grandpa's boy. Son Philip is dead, and I must do all I can for his child," he declared. Every morning Mr. Field was in the habit of mixing sugar, whiskey, and water, which he drank before breakfast.

Often the sugar, which settled at the bottom of the glass, flavoured with whiskey, was given to George.

The little fellow smacked his lips, and said:

"This is good, real good; I love it, grandpa."

"Yes, grandpa knows what will taste good to his boy," Mr. Field replied with great satisfaction.

On went the weeks. George drank daily this apparently harmless mixture, and grew to love it. A terrible enemy was lurking to mercilessly destroy all that was innocent and noble in the boy. Fifteen years passed.

George Field had inherited his grandfather's property. The old man's will was made wholly in favour of "his boy." What became of this large property? Where at thirty were the proud hopes that centred around his early life?

Let me show you another picture.

A city missionary was going through a narrow street where the people were poor and degraded, because grog-shops were near together. He saw a man leaning against a lamp-post, and as he was passing he said pitifully: "Give me a quarter, sir—a quarter," holding out his hand tremblingly. Mr. Dean looked into the face of this miserable beggar, so ragged, dirty, and friendless. "George Field!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm almost gone. Shall not last long. Give me a quarter, I haven't a place to sleep; not one cent to buy a mouthful of food."

Mr. Dean took his hot, feverish hand. He drew the arm of the wretched man in through his own, and conducted him to a room that was warm and bright.

What a wreck was this man! Every trace of moral, mental, and physical power gone; uncombed hair, red eyes, with a vacant, hopeless expression.

"George," said Mr. Dean tenderly, "begin to-night to conquer the enemy of your life. I will do all I can to save you."

"Save me! no, no, I'm almost gone. I cannot do without liquor; it may keep me from heaven, but I cannot give it up." It was a terrible confession.

"Oh, dear, I was grandpa's boy. He put the enemy in my stomach which has taken away my brains. He gave me when a child the sugar flavoured with whiskey, which settled at the bottom of the tumbler. There he planted the seed of my destruction."

Rapidly the doomed man grew worse. Mr. Dean visited him often. "My end is near," cried George Field. "I have wasted my substance in riotous living. What will become of my soul?" hopelessly.

Jesus came to save sinners, to save you," returned Mr. Dean with moist eyes. "He can pardon; he can save, trust him." A low cry of agony was his only answer.

George Field remained silent some time, then he whispered pleadingly: "God be merciful to me a sinner; I do trust him."

That night the end came. This is a true story.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 8.

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.

1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14. 3.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Present Life, v. 9-12.
- 2. The Future Life, v. 13-2.

Time and Place.—This epistle was written in the winter of A.D. 52-53, from



A ROLLING BRIDGE.

Corinth, to which Paul had gone immediately after his departure from Athens.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Working and waiting for Christ.—1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2.
- Tu. The glorious coming.—2 Thess. 1.
- W. The day of the Lord.—2 Peter 3. 1-12.
- Th. Coming of the Son of man.—Matt. 24. 29-39.
- F. Idleness condemned.—2 Thess. 3. 1-16.
- S. Ready.—Matt. 25. 1-13.
- Su. Right use of talents.—Matt. 25. 14-30.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Present Life, v. 9-12.
 - What is our Golden Text?
 - How are we to treat one another in the absence of our Lord?
 - How are we taught to love?
 - What goodness of the Thessalonians does God recognize?
 - What does he "beseech" them?
 - What three duties are mentioned in verse 11?
 - To what fact does he allude by the phrase "with your own hands"?
 - For what good result of "honest" living does he hope?
- 2. The Future Life, v. 13-2.
 - What assurance is given about believers who have died?
 - What reason have we for that hope?
 - By whose authority is this spoken?
 - How shall the Lord come again?
 - Who shall rise first?
 - What shall the risen and living saints then do?
 - What is known of the time of his coming?
 - To what is the coming day likened?
 - What is the purpose of all this lesson?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. The resurrection of the body?
- 2. The everlasting happiness of believers?

WHAT SHE HEARD.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

There is an old saying that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Well, perhaps, if they do not, they get good sometimes.

Little Mary Holmes and her mother were sitting together in the grounds of their summer hotel. Mrs. Iverson, passing near, was guilty of eavesdropping.

"Why do you sigh so, mamma?" "There is something so sad in my letter. It is about a beautiful educated woman who has become a drunkard."

"Why, mamma, I thought only wicked men were drunkards."

"No, dear; any one who loves and takes strong drink can be a drunkard."

"Mrs. Iverson drinks wine every day at dinner. Her eyes get bright, her cheeks get red, and she laughs too loud for a lady, I think."

"Impudent little creature!" said Mrs. Iverson, hurrying on, and angry, as if Mary had been talking to her. Still she could not forget the words, and that day at dinner no one heard her laugh. After dinner she felt low-spirited, and sat alone in one corner of the piazza. Her two little boys were playing not far away, and with them a boy they had just got acquainted with.

"Don't you like champagne?" asked Tommy Iverson.

"I never had any," said the little friend.

"We have it often at dinner, and mamma gives us a little," said Ned Iverson; "but I like red wine better. When Tom and I get older we will always drink wine. Rich men all do, and we want to be rich and own a yacht."

"Yes, indeed, we do; folks on yachts have lots of fun."

"My Uncle Jerry owns a yacht and he is rich, but he don't drink wine. He is a temperance man," said the other boy.

"What is a temperance man?" asked Ned.

"A—a Christian, I guess—a real good man like Uncle Jerry."

"My mother is a Christian. I heard her say so, and she drinks wine, lots of it—so now," said Tommy.

The new boy lost a marble just then, and all set to hunting for it.

Next day Mrs. Iverson had a long talk with her boys. They learned that, on the whole, she thought good people ought not to get a habit of wine-drinking. She meant to stop, and wanted her boys to think as she did.

She was a kind mother, who had not lost all her influence, and so Tommy and Ned agreed to all she said.

No one saw her drink wine again, and her boys did not grow up to use it. For once a listener heard what was good for her, if not "of" her.

A ROLLING BRIDGE.

BY ALICE WOLCOTT.

This curious little bridge is in the north of France, and is called by the French the "Pont Roulant." A lady who is visiting there has written this account of it. The bridge moves across the water like a ferry-boat on wheels. The little stream it crosses is an arm of the sea, and runs between the towns of St. Malo and St. Servan in Brittany, and they cannot have a fixed bridge over it, as it connects the harbours of both towns with the big sea, and ships large and small of all kinds are continually coming and going. Now you will ask, "Why not have a real ferry-boat?" Well, one of the wonderful things about

this beautiful coast is the height of the tides; they rise and fall from twenty-eight to forty feet. So when the tide has run half-way down you would have to go down a steep ladder to get on a ferry-boat, and when entirely out there would be no water at all for the boat to float on. They have therefore laid rails on the bottom of the river and this funny movable bridge runs across, backwards and forwards, high tide or low, pulled from side to side by an endless chain worked by a steam engine.

Lately a fine causeway has been built around the harbour, with a drawbridge, which, though much further, sadly interferes with the "Pont Roulant" in taking the most of the passengers.

They tell us in old times they often took 3,000 people over the bridge in one day, and though they only charge a sou, equal to one of our pennies, for each passenger, that makes a good sum at the end of the year.

I crossed one day and did not like the bridge at all; the tide was low and we seemed a long way above the water and in great danger of tipping over, and the motion is most disagreeable. However, they say it never tips over, but sometimes sticks in the mud which accumulates on the rails.

One day this happened when among a number of other people a nun was crossing. All the passengers but herself were taken off in a boat, but she did not think it was proper to go down a ladder, so sat solitary and forlorn all day till the trouble was remedied and the poor bridge with its one occupant reached the shore.

The Fiddler.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

Sometimes if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws the bow across the string
In crevice and in crack;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain
And floods the earth with light,
You will hear this strange musician
Playing,—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearth-stone,
Sometimes underneath the floor,
He plays the same shrill music,—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cold, gray stone,
He tightens up his sinews,
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,
From the corner of your room,
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the sound,
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry round!

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