

And then I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone;
He only knows the tears I shed,
For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the Home above,
Where the school life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

—E. A. Godwin.

Helpful Words from Bishop Doane.

Consider the fretfulness of restiveness under the discipline of life. Unbroken colts that champ the bits, and toss their heads, and pull against the reins—you have seen them, how they are hot, and breathless, and lathered with foam. And the strong hand holds on with steady pressure, till they are worn out with resistance, and succumb. That is the discipline of life. God's hand would hold us still, till we can feel and get our part in the magnetism of His calm and patient purpose; and grow patient, and calm, and strong, in harmony with Him. Fret not thyself. The old Greek word for patience means, lying under the pressure and the presence of God's hand, till we learn to suffer and be still. It is St. Peter's thought to "humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He might exalt in due time."

We use the word "broken" of a horse, not meaning mean-spirited and cowed, but trained and lifted up to the dignity of conscious self-control. So I would have you not break your hearts, as birds against the bars, or colts against the bits, with the fret of vain resistance to the wise, strong Will: but only let yourself be "broken" in this better sense of training, that shall develop in yourselves mastery, and the dignity of discipline.

The Master's Touch.

Let your life show that it has been sealed to the right. The pupils of a great artist were left alone for some weeks, on account of the absence of their teacher. But one morning as they entered their study-room, they beheld upon the crude work of this and that one of their number the discerning touches of a practiced hand which had traced in here and there the delicate shades and lines that approached the perfection their less skilful hands had failed to achieve. "The master has come," they cried, looking about them for the form of their admired and revered teacher, for well they knew that none of their own number could have done the work they saw before them.

So let our work in life appear. The Master's hand is ready to assist us. Let us not disdain the aid, but, accepting His willing guidance and counsel, let us so labor that the world will know who is our helper and guide. The Master's touch gives life and beauty to the handiwork of the humblest of His creatures.

The Turned Lesson.

"I thought I knew it!" she said,
"I thought I had learnt it quite."
But the gentle teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,
Not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost;
It was something else that gave the pain.
She could not have put it in words;
But her teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the bird
In the depth of an autumn wood,
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.
Then the gentle voice was heard:
"Now I will try you again."
And the lesson was mastered—every word;
Was it not worth the pain?
Was it not kinder the task to learn,
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart"?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side
Till the page is really known,
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone,
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love,
(For He knows the loss)—can we refuse?

But, oh! how could we dream
That we knew it all so well!
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell!
And, oh! how could we grieve once more
That patient One
Who has turned so many a task before!

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
"Line upon line,"
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

impressing him with faith in her heavenly mission. She assumed male attire, a suit of white armor, and with a sword and white banner put herself at the head of the French troops. The inspiration of her enthusiasm was contagious. Victory after victory was obtained under her banner, till finally she conducted the Dauphin to Rheims, where he was crowned. Joan now thought her mission was accomplished, and was earnestly bent on return to her home. The insistence of her king overbore her design and she remained with the army, and was present in many subsequent conflicts, but her old inspiration seemed to have deserted her and she became subject to fearful forebodings. She was at last captured by a Burgundian force and sold to the English for some three thousand dollars. Being conveyed to Rouen, the headquarters of the English, she was brought before the spiritual tribunal of the Bishop of Beauvais as a sorceress and heretic, and after a long trial, accompanied by many shameful circumstances, she was condemned to be burnt to death.

Our picture represents a supposed visit of the Bishop to Joan while in prison, accompanied by his secretary, during which he used all his ingenuity and exercised all the terrors of his spiritual authority to wring some confession from her, but in vain. Joan's truthfulness, sincerity, and purity of character foiled all efforts to obtain just grounds for her condemnation, which was at last based on most disgraceful trickery. The intricate circumstances connected with her trial and condemnation reflects home upon the nation she defended, and are a blot upon the records of the enemies she repulsed.

The Shah's Museum.

The Shah of Persia has a museum in his palace at Teheran, and it is said to be a curious place. It contains jewelry and treasures of different kinds worth a fabulous amount. The so-called Peacock Throne, carried off from Delhi one hundred and fifty years ago, is alone valued at many millions. In this museum one may also see vases of agate in gold and lapis-lazuli, said also to be worth millions, and alongside of them empty perfume-bottles of European make, with gaudy labels, which can be had at twopenny apiece. One sees priceless mosaics and exquisitely-painted cups and cans and vases which were presented by some European potentate, and side by side with them one notices horrible daubs, veritable sixpenny chromos, picked up no one knows how or where. One perceives glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes; beryls of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut, and cheek by jowl with these one's eyes see cheap music-boxes, Jew's-harps, squeaky hand-organs. The Shah must also be in a condition to "bull" the market in pearls; for here

is, for instance, a big glass case half filled with beautiful pearls—mostly from the Persian Gulf fisheries—of all sizes and degrees of loveliness. The crown jewels are in a little box which is always locked, and the keys of which the Shah himself ever carries, walking or sleeping. The contents of this box, and of the several vaults where he keeps his never allows others to view, although the museum may be visited once a year by the European diplomatists and the friends that they vouch for.

An exchange tells a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day, when the doctor called, the patient complained that the new drink made him sick. "Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be. I'll try it myself." As he spoke he poured some of the tea into a skillet and set it on the fire. Then, having warmed it, he tasted it, smacked his lips, and said: "Excellent, excellent!" "Man," said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "Of course; what other way should it be suppit? It's excellent." "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man. Try wi' that and see hoo ye like it."



JOAN OF ARC.

Then let our hearts "be still,"
Though our task is turned to-day,
Oh! let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way,
Till, sitting only at Jesus' feet,
As we learn each line
The hardest is found all clear and sweet.

—F. R. H.

Joan of Arc.

The Maid of Orleans stands out the strangest and most romantic figure in history; the most sober records when they deal with her read like the pages of a modern novel. A village maid of humble birth, of enthusiastic and imaginative temperament, she was eminently pious and modest; her imaginative-ness was combined with much good sense and intelligence. She was very early subject to visions and unearthly voices, and as her feelings became wrought upon by the miseries of war around her native place, occasioned by the raids of the English, her excitable mind gave new form to the revelations she supposed herself in all sincerity to have received. Joan of Arc was only fifteen when she felt herself called to go and fight for the Dauphin. She persisted in spite of all opposition from her relations, and finally succeeded in obtaining access to the Dauphin and