



POOL OF SILOAM.

blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged?

"Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he."

Then the wonderful thing which Jesus had done was told to the Pharisees, who hated Jesus and would not believe that he was the Son of God. They found fault with Jesus because he had cured the man on the Sabbath day. Then they went and called the father and mother of the man who had been blind, and asked them how their son had been cured. The parents said, He is old enough to speak for himself; ask him. Then the Pharisees went to the man who had been cured, and tried to make him think that Jesus was a bad man. But this was his answer in part: "If this man were not from God, he could do nothing."

There is still more of this wonderful story to tell. It was not long before Jesus met the man he had cured, and he found him still blind, not blind in his eyes, but blind in his heart; for when Jesus asked him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" the man answered, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" Jesus answered, "I am he. It is he that talketh with thee." The man then worshipped Jesus, and his heart was filled with light and joy, and he could say in the words of the GOLDEN TEXT: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

A TRUE STORY.

JENNIE had never had a doll. This seems very strange to us, for every little girl we know has one, even if it is very shabby. Jennie lived a long way from New York—away out West. She went to Sunday-school and was in the infant class. She heard one Sunday that some young girls in New York were going to send a box of Christmas presents to the infant class to which she belonged; and how she hoped there would be a dolly for her! She thought she would love it so dearly, no matter how small and homely it was.

At last the box arrived, and the children met to receive their presents. As Jennie looked at the different packages she could hardly sit still. Her bundle was handed to her. It was wrapped in soft white paper. Jennie felt disappointed, for she thought, "It's too big to be a doll." So, with a little sigh, she opened the white paper, and there lay a rosy, smiling doll, beautifully dressed, looking up at Jennie with eyes as blue as her own. You can imagine how that dolly was hugged and kissed, and how carefully she was put to bed, for Jennie knew how tired she must feel after her long journey.

Jennie could hardly sleep that night, she was so happy at having a doll of her very own, and, besides, she had to choose a name for her, which was a very serious

matter. It took her some time to make up her mind. If you ever see a little girl named Jennie with a doll called Violet, you must ask her to tell you more about it.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

PETER PUT OFF.

I know a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Put-off, because he had such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lesson well but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he had put off learning his task from one hour to another until he is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another, and for the same reason he is late at school, because he can never be made to see that it is drawing near nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post they never get in time for the mail; and if he is to go away on the boat or train the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting till the hour is past.

He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back, he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind hand for everything from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for Church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own faults, and means to reform some time, but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and still find him only worthy the name of Peter Put-off.—*Little Sower*.

HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on a missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir,"

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Well, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here tells me so."—*Cumberland Pres.*