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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899.

No. 16.

THE NORMANS and THE HUGUENOTS

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a curious fact that in conflicts between Northern and Southern nations, the men of the north are almost always victorious. It seems as if the milder climate and luxuries of the south enervate both the body and the mind. A striking illustration of this is shown in the invasion of France by the Northmen, under Rolf or Rollo, in the ninth century. The degenerate successors of Charlemagne—Charles the Fat, Charles the Simple, Charles the Bald—by their wealth and cowardice offered a tempting prey to the bold Norse pirates, who pillaged the coasts of Europe as far as Sicily. In the days of Charles the Fat, they swarmed up the Seine as far as Paris, with 30,000 warriors and 700 war galleys, and laid siege to the city—even then a great feudal stronghold. There is an island in the Seine, known as the

"OLD CITY,"

on which is now situated the great cathedral of Notre Dame. This the Northmen besieged for thirteen months, and were bought off only with large ransom. Eventually, they settled in the country, gave it the name of Normandy, and became, under William the Conqueror, the eighth in line of descent from Rollo or Rolf, the Norman conquerors of Britain.

No historic record presents features of more tragic and pathetic interest than that of French Protestantism. Its chief incidents may be thus summarized:

In 1521, the very year in which "the monk that shook the world" confronted the power of the Empire at Worms, the New Testament was published in French, and Lefevre and Farel were preaching throughout France the vital doctrine of the Reformation—salvation by faith. But the new doctrines fell under the ban of the Sorbonne. The persecution which began with the burning of six Lutherans in the Place de Greve spread throughout the

"INFECTED PROVINCES."

Thousands were massacred, towns and villages were burned to ashes, and some of the fairest regions of France were turned into a desert. But like the Israelites in Egypt, the Reformed, "the more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." Before the death of Francis it was estimated that one-sixth of the population of France, and these its most intelligent artisans and craftsmen, were adherents of "the religion."

COLIGNY

was a scion of one of the greatest families in France. His own promotion was rapid. He became in quick succession Colonel, Captain-General, Governor of Picardy and Admiral of France. While prisoner at Antwerp he lay ill with a fever for many weeks. During his convalescence he profoundly studied the Scriptures. He had always sympathized with the Reformed faith, but now he openly espoused the Calvinist Creed. He boldly cast in his lot with this despised and hated Protestant party, choosing, like Moses, rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Relying on the edict of toleration, the Huguenots of Vassy were assembled one Sunday morning for worship. The Duke

of Guise with his men-at-arms riding by swore that he would "Huguenot them to some purpose." With his airless butchers he fell upon the unarmed congregation and slaughtered sixty-four and wounded two hundred.

THE "MASSACRE OF VASSY"

was the outbreak of the civil war, which for thirty long years rent the unhappy kingdom. As Coligny on hearing of this massacre, pondered in his bed by night the awful issue before him, he heard his wife sobbing by his side. "Sound your conscience," he said, "are you prepared

not, and by a decisive victory he won a full toleration for the long-persecuted Huguenots. The perfidious Catherine plied her subtlest craft, and fawned and smiled, and "murdered while she smiled." The young king seemed to give his full confidence to Coligny. His sister, the fair but frail Margaret of Valois, was given in marriage to the young Protestant hero, Henry of Navarre; and on the eve of the

BLACKEST CRIME OF THE AGE

all went merry as a marriage bell." The cautious fish have taken the bait," exulted the treacherous Medici. The nuptials of Navarre and Margaret of Valois at length took place—on a great scaffold in front of the even then venerable Notre Dame. Four days later, August 22nd, as Coligny was returning from a visit to the king, a shot from a window shattered his arm and cut off a finger. The king and queen-mother visited with much apparent sympathy the wounded Admiral, and disarmed his noble nature of distrust. It was, he

through the darkness," and the flash of death was caught up and echoed from belfry to belfry over the sleeping town. Then the narrow streets became filled with armed men, shouting, "For God and the king." The chief of the assassins, the Duke of Guise, with three hundred soldiers, rushed to the lodgings of the Admiral. Its doors were forced. Coligny, wakeful from his recent wound, had heard the tumult and was at prayer with his chaplain. "I have long been prepared to die," said the brave old man. "Save your lives if you can, you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to God."

"ART THOU COLIGNY?"

demanding Besme, a bravo of Guise's, bursting in. "I am," said the hero soul. Then looking in the face of the assassin, he said calmly, "Young man, you should respect my gray hairs, but work your will, you abridge my life but a few short days." Besme plunged a sword into his breast, and the soldier rushing in despatched him with daggers. "Is it done?" demanded Guise, from the court-yard below. "It is done, my lord," was the answer and they threw the dead body from the window to the stone pavement. By the fitful light of a torch, Guise wiped the blood from the venerable face. "I know it," he cried joyfully, "it is he," and he spurned the dead body with his foot, and ordered the hoary head to be smitten off, that the unsexed Medici might gloat upon it in her boudoir. What became of it is not known. One story reports that it was sent, as an acceptable present, to the Pope of Rome; another, that it took its place with those of the murdered Flemish nobles, Egmont and Horn, in Philip's cabinet at Madrid. The dishonoured body, after being dragged for two days through the streets, was hung on a gibbet. When the king came to glut his revenge by gazing on his victim, as the courtiers shrank from the piteous object, "Fie," he exclaimed in the words of the monster Vitellius, "the body of an enemy is always a pleasant sight."

Through the narrow streets rushed the midnight assassins, shouting, "Kill! kill! Blood-letting is good in August.

DEATH TO THE HUGUENOTS!

Let not one escape." The sign of peace, the holy cross, was made the assassin's badge of recognition. The Huguenot houses were marked, and their inmates, men and women, maids and matrons, old age and infancy, were given up to indiscriminate massacre. The queen mother and the "dames of honour" from the palace windows feasted their eyes on the scene of blood, and the king himself, snatching an arquebuse, shot down the wretched suppliants who fled for

refuge to his merciless gates. For a week the carnival of death continued. The streets ran red with blood. The Seine was choked with corpses. Throughout the realm, at Meaux, Angers, Bourges, Orleans, Lyons, Toulouse, Rouen, and many another city and town, the scenes of slaughter were repeated till France had immolated, in the name of religion, 100,000 of her noblest sons. Young Henry of Navarre was spared only by the tears and prayers of the king's sister, his four-days' bride.

ROME HELD HIGH JUBILEE

over this deed of death. Cannon thundered, organs pealed, and sacred choirs sang glory to the Lord of Hosts for this signal favour vouchsafed his Holy Church, and on consecrated medals was perpetuated a memorial of the damning infamy forever. In the Sistine Chapel may still be seen Vesuri's picture of the tragedy, with the inscription "Pontifex Colignii necem probat." "the holy Pope approves the slaughter of Coligny."



SIEGE OF OLD PARIS.

to face confiscation, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, for yourself and children, and death at the hands of the headsman after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to decide." "They are gone already," the brave soul replied. "Do not delay, or I myself will bear witness against you before the bar of God." He cast in his lot and fortune with the persecuted religion and rode off next morning to join the Huguenot army of Conde.

DOMESTIC BEREAVEMENTS

one after another now befell Coligny. His two brothers—"His right and left hand," he said, died, not without a suspicion of poison, and in swift succession, his wife, his first-born son, and his beloved daughter Renee, and his chateau was pillaged. Still he waged, though with heavy heart, the unequal conflict with his foes. At Moncontour a pistol shot shattered his jaw, yet he kept his saddle and brought off his army, although with the loss of six thousand men. Still his high courage faltered

thought, the private malice of the Guises, his implacable foes.

The arch-conspirators, the hardy Medici, Anjou and Guise for the king was rather the tool than a mover of the plot—urged on the preparations for their

WICKED PLOT.

Under the plea of protection the Huguenots were lodged in one quarter of the city, around which was drawn a cordon of Anjou's guards. The awful eve of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1572, arrived. The king sat late in the Louvre, pale, trembling, and agitated; his unwomaned mother urging him to give the signal of death. "Craven," she hissed, as the cold sweat broke out on his brow. "Begin, then," he cried, and a pistol shot rang out on the still night air. He would have recalled the signal, but the

"ROYAL TIGRESS"

reminded him it was too late, and, "even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain, l'Auxerrois tolled heavy and booming

In the gloomy twilight of the Eternal the dark-browed Phillip on the reception of the tidings, laughed for the first in his life—men said—a sardonic exulting, fendish laugh.

But throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about their hearts. They looked at their wives and their children, they clasped their arms to their breast and swore eternal enmity to home. For once the cold language of diplomacy caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London, Edinburgh, and in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black received the French ambassador and sternly rebuked the outrage on humanity. Her mission at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denoted the crime.

A DREADFUL DOOM soon overtook the wretched Charles, the guilty author or at least instrument, of this crime. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris. His night-dreams were haunted by hideous dreams. "The darkness"—we quote from Froude—"was peopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mouthing at him and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—ever blood." The night he died, his nurse, a Huguenot, heard his self-accusations. "I am lost," he muttered; "I know it but too late, I am lost." The sight, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy, and passed to the great tribunal of the skies. The bloody and deceitful man did not die out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

"I fail to find," said Besant, "in any gallery of worthies in any country or of any century any other more so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. There was no one like him, not one even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and steadfast, as the great admiral. The world is forever ennobled, life is richer, grander, truer, our common humanity is elevated and dignified, because such as he have lived and died."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUTH FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899

AN HEROIC CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

We have read few more pathetic stories—of that of the capture and probable death of the Rev. Mr. Rijnhart, a missionary in China. Through a native of Holland Mr. Rijnhart has special interest in us in Canada. He has been English while working in the factory of the Cobban Company in Toronto. He became deeply interested in missions, and walked most of the way to San Francisco to enter Chinese mission work. He penetrated into the "Forbidden Kingdom" of Tibet, found his way back to Toronto, married a Canadian lady, Miss Dr. Carson, and with her returned to China and Tibet. Amid the dreadful scenes of the Chinese war they ministered to the bodies and souls of the wounded Chinese, and set out once more on their mission of mercy for the Hermit Kingdom. Their little babe died, was buried in a

drug-box, and over its grave the heart-broken parents rolled a huge stone to keep the beasts of prey from devouring its body. While seeking help for the misfortune, Mr. Rijnhart, and his heroic wife were left to struggle back to China. In the hour of her bereavement she "leaned her head on God"; and was graciously supported in coming to Toronto, where her husband if alive, or be assured of his fate if dead. It is a tragic story, but full of heroism, as most missionary stories are.

It would, in our judgment, have been much wiser to have gone out under some missionary society, which can exercise direction, oversight, and some degree of protection, than in this free-lance style. Yet in this manner Xavier visited Japan, and the Moluccas three hundred and fifty years ago. Had the Rijnharths been successful they would have hailed as heroes where many have failed. Our own missionaries in the disturbed Province of Szechuen are not without serious peril, but they are also doing the greatest good, and the most successful mission by which the highlands of Tibet may be most successfully entered.

A QUESTION OF HONOURS.

BY E. D. A.

The school had been saddened for several days over the fact that Ellen, the shoemaker's daughter, must stop school before the session closed. She was a cheery, helpful girl, with the generosity that is found in a large measure with limited means. She would turn the rope longer for us to jump than any other girl, would stay in at twelve to help a slow pupil, and in all respects had been a blessing to the school. Her father had been disagreeable to her. The illness of her mother, which had threatened for months to keep her at home, made this place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged. This place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged.

This place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged. This place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged.

Nellie was troubled about the sad situation that had come to Ellen. As she passed the crab-apple tree so fragrant with blossoms, the sweet odour brought to mind the preceding spring, when Ellen had made from them a beautiful wreath with which to crown her the most successful pupil in the whole school. These memories lingered with her while she climbed the long hill that led up to the schoolhouse, where Ellen was waiting for her. Nellie noted the girl's usual sunny smile, and after a little questioning divined the cause. Persons who are in the habit of observing the expressions that come with different emotions would have traced the reason. The look in Nellie's face for a few moments, then it deepened into one of resolve as indicated by the firm-set lips and made doubly sure in the tight grasp of Ellen's hand. Nellie did not comprehend the situation, but with a resolve intense on success was mustering her forces for its accomplishment.

"What right have I to meddle with your word and allow Ellen, who stooped to her, to have her place? So far, the honours between the girls were equal. Should she yield the place now, would it be quite so great a triumph to have the distinction after Ellen had left the school?" Nellie went with this, as she did with all hard questions, to the teacher, but she refused to decide for her. It was a point of so much personal interest. She tenderly laid her hand on Nellie's head as she said "You must determine this for yourself, dear. This is Friday, and your own distinction goes with you today. This is the fifth honour of this kind, and it would entitle you to special mention and commendation by the Board of Trustees. You know your father is president of the board. This meant a great deal to Nellie. Her father was a good speller and very proud of Nellie's record, as he doubtless thought she had inherited much of her ability along this line. The girls were finally the class was called, and Nellie took her place at its head with more perturbation than she had ever felt before. Only the teacher and Nellie knew of her purpose. Three of four they had spelled around, and it was again Nellie's turn to spell. "Saddir" was given out by the teacher. Nellie hesitated a moment, and spelled "S-a-d-d-i-e-r." Next Ellen spelled it correctly and went ahead. Tears of gladness filled her eyes and a triumphant gleam in Nellie's eyes. The class looked on in amazement that so simple a word should have been

missed by Nellie. A speculation as to the true cause followed, and was confirmed by Nellie's silence. There had come to Nellie the opportunity to shine, and she had not let it pass, neither did such an act fall of recognition by either the teacher or pupils.

Nellie found herself pre-eminently the most popular girl in the school. When her expectant father heard from her own lips what a conflict she had had with ambition, but how after three or four failures she had finally triumphed, he pronounced this the greatest victory yet won by a member of his family, and ordered Nellie's portrait to be placed beside her revolutionary ancestor, who had gained great honours at Valley Forge. He was heard to say as he turned with admiration from the pictures: "I shall grove no longer about not having a son to take that place."

A TENDER HEARTED ENGINEER.

One never knows the value of an amiable deed, says The Youth's Companion, till he knows all its consequences; and the merit of it is not known to them all beforehand. An engineer and a passenger train on a Mississippi railroad was driving through a snowstorm, eagerly scanning the track as far as he could see, when, half way through a deep cut, something appeared, lying on the rails. It was a sheep with her two little lambs.

His first thought was that he could rush on without damage to his train; but the air-brake failed, and he had to stop. In the storm touched him, and he pulled the stop-brake and sent his fireman ahead. In a few minutes the fireman came back with a terrified face. There had been a dead animal, and beyond the cut the track was covered with rocks. It seemed certain that if the train had gone on at full speed, in the blinding snow, that it would have been impossible to stop in time to escape the accident. In the absolute sense the incident was providential; but circumstantially, the passengers on that railway train owed their safety, if not their lives, to an engineer, who was so tender hearted to kill a sheep and her lambs.

THE FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS.

The battle of Solferino, fought in 1859 between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians, was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Twenty thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the allies were killed and wounded.

To Henry Dunant, a Geneva philanthropist who witnessed the battle, it seemed that the wounded, not the soldiers who met instant death, were the real unfortunates. Thousands who might have been saved by timely help died upon the battlefield.

Monsieur Dunant and other volunteers. The Youth's Companion tells us, did all they could to relieve the suffering, but this was comparatively little. The Geneva authorities were asked what could be done to mitigate the horrors of war? He dwelt upon the problem until he was able to suggest a plan of action; and this he set forth in a pamphlet called "The Red Cross."

He advocated an international society composed of volunteer nurses, who should hold themselves in readiness to follow armies and aid the wounded of any nation—provided the latter were neutrals and non-combatants, engaged in works of mercy.

With this pamphlet the Red Cross Society practically began. Monsieur Dunant's project was warmly welcomed by his own Swiss Government; and when he went to Paris, seeking to organize a convention of the powers, he found that this also had been known. On the very day after its publication, Madame de Staël, sister to the Duc de Broglie, caused the Red Cross badges to be placed in her drawing-room. To visitors who asked their meaning, the lady made such favorable mention of both Paris society and the French Government were soon committed to the Red Cross principle.

A thoughtful conference which organized the society was held at Geneva in October, 1863. By the end of the following year thirteen Governments had officially approved the society's purpose. Only a few days after the war was ended the good it has done for the world was gauged by the single fact that, during the Franco-Prussian war, the German society alone expended thirteen million dollars. But the story does not end here. After Monsieur Dunant had won his victory for the world, he had his own battle to fight, his own tragedy to meet. Unfortunate business ventures cost him his

fortune, and he learned what destitution meant.

Happily his misfortunes came to an end. The Dowager Empress of Russia and the Federal Council of Switzerland granted him pensions. These were supplemented by a sum of money contributed by citizens of Stuttgart, Germany. Now in his peaceful old age the philanthropist knows that these tributes from three nations express the feeling of all toward the man who reminded them that the claims of humanity are never wholly to be disregarded—even in war.

BOYS WHO SPOOLED.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nursery man in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hampering at a nut. "When will he be back?" "Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week." "The other boy, Jimmie, just now followed the man out. The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time." A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor man. Jim, however, has purchased an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house and married. He is now a well-to-do farmer by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother stammered, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The rector, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly inherited. But it can be increased by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—Springfield Republican.

The Little Sailors.

By GEORGE H. LOEHL, D.D.

Where the fading colours of sunset glow
In the mists of the closing day,
Lies an island fair where little boys go,
And little girls, too, I should say.

When their restless feet grow tired of play,
And their toes, all at once, seem old,
They sail to this island so far away,
Like mariners hardy and bold.

There's never a cloud floats over that land,
So there's never a gloomy day,
The children sport on the golden sand,
And never grow tired of play.

For the girls there are dolls that really play,
And games of all sorts for the boys,
And those talking dolls—they actually walk,
What a land of marvellous joys!

And children who go to this land, I'm told,
Have always a smile on their face,
They never grow weary or even old—
Is it not a wonderful place?

There's never a scowl or frown over
Or there,
Or then cross, ugly words,
Their faces are bright as the sunlight
Fair.

And they sing at their play like birds
Would you like to go to this happy isle,
My dear little girl or boy?
Then rest in mamma's soft arms for a while.

And soon you will enter its joy,
Her arms are the ship that carries you
And her songs are the breezes light,
While she lingers a moment to breathe a prayer,
For her brave little sailor at night.

The Loss of the "Birkenhead."

BY FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

The Birkenhead troop-ship was wrecked Feb. 26th, 1852, by striking a pointed rock off Simon's Bay, in South Africa. Only one hundred and eighty-four persons were saved by the boats, out of six hundred and thirty-eight on board.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,

When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;

Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,

Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink,

The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear,
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the barque devours."

The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,

Until our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks,
No thought,
By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek;

Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught,
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;

Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;

They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

JOHN, THE NURSE.

Several years ago, when yellow fever was raging in Memphis, a stranger entered the city and went directly to the relief committee.

"I want to nurse," he said.

The physician looked at him critically. These were appalling times. The city was quarantined. Patier were numbered by hundreds, and nurses were so scarce as to command their own prices.

The man who had applied for this perilous position was the last person one would have picked out for such a service. He was of rude appearance. His face was coarse, with no trace of heroism in it.

His hair was cropped close, and he huffed as he walked. The physician concluded he was not fitted for the work, and told him he was not needed.

"I wish to nurse," said the stranger. "Try me for a week. If you don't like me then, dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages."

The doctor again looked at the man's eyes with professional scrutiny, and found them unflinching.

"Very well," he said, "I'll take you, although, to be candid, I hesitate to do so. Keep honest and sober. What's your name?"

The man hesitated. "Anything," he answered. "It doesn't matter. Call me John."

The doctor, not liking the mystery, but in straits for nurses, gave the man directions and set him to work.

"He wants money," thought the doctor, "and takes this desperate way of making it. I'll keep my eye on him."

But John proved that he needed nobody's eye upon him. With quiet persistence he worked his way into the confidence of those about him, and in a few

weeks had become one of the most valuable nurses on that heroic force. To storm yellow fever is as deadly an undertaking as the ride of the Light Brigade. John was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence was hottest he worked the hardest.

The suffering and the sinking adored him. To the neglected and the forgotten his rough face was as the face of an angel. In a way of his own he spoke of Christian trust to his dying patients.

"I cannot understand God," he would say, "but I know Christ well." Before the nurse knew it he was greatly honoured in the stricken city.

Yet there was still something suspicious about the hero, and especially about his conduct on pay day. He dodged around back streets, and when he returned he was always without money.

What did he do with his large wages? One day he was followed. The spy felt confident that he should entrap John in some misdemeanour. Relief boxes had been placed in certain streets for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. Before one of these, in an obscure spot, the suspected nurse stopped, and put into the box the whole of his week's earnings.

That was John's noble secret. But his story, like that of many another heroic life, had a tragical end. John sickened and died of the plague. When his body was made ready for its unnamed grave, a livid mark was found upon it—the terrible brand of a criminal—and the hospitals rang with the news that John, the noble nurse, had been a convict.—Youth's Companion.

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"So you owned up, did you?" "I just told the simple truth; says I, 'Clem, you know yourself you are not doing Tom any good; you are taking him into mischief that he hasn't the sense to get out of, or keep out of, and I told him so; that's the whole of it.'"

"How did the captain take it?" "I thought he'd want to fight, right off, and I didn't feel like anybody's brave boy at the minute; Clem could mash me into jelly, and the boys would think he'd served me right; they're tremendously under back to the captain."

Another shout from the playground. Clem was outdoing himself, and the boys were going wild; Lewis and Paul left the shade of the tree to join the crowd of spectators, and the question was not answered. Lewis did not hear how Clem took the simple truth.

But the question got itself answered a few weeks later. The Alleghan boys were having a mass meeting, at which Clem was choosing nine boys from the various clubs, to form a "picked nine." The school had been challenged by St. Anthony's College, quite an unusual honour, and all local jealousy was laid aside in the loyal desire to win honour for old Alleghan.

It would be the jolliest chance of the session, for they were to play on St. Anthony's grounds, which meant a trip down the bay, being entertained in the historic old town, and having what was called in the inveterate boy slang, "a swell time."

As the young captain called out name after name, a generous shout of con-

gratulation went up after each one; all were chosen now except the umpire, and many hopes were centred on this place.

"For umpire," said the captain, and there was a breathless pause—"Paul Sterrit."

But there was no applause; the surprise was so great that perhaps the boys doubted their own ears; doubtless the disappointment was great too.

Paul flushed; he felt the disapprobation of the boys more keenly for the minute than even Clem's generosity, and swallowing the lump in his throat, he had actually opened his lips to decline the place, when the silence was again broken by the captain: "All you fellows know," he said, in his rough way, "that I don't pick Sterrit for his beauty, nor because he loves me; but idiots as you seem to be, you can't pretend not to know that Paul Sterrit has more pluck about telling the truth and standing up to it than any boy in Alleghan."

Then the crowd cheered enough to satisfy anybody, though Paul always believed it was Clem they were cheering, and perhaps he was right. Don't you feel like giving him a little send-off yourself? For next to the boy who could not be made to flinch from the truth, comes the one who does him honour for it.

Our Alleghan boys do not yet know, perhaps, why the simple truth is the bravest, safest, highest, sweetest thing in the world, though sometimes the hardest for the moment. But they will learn some day, if by cherishing the truth they grow worthy to learn, that it is because it is divine; because it is a showing forth of him who said of himself, "I am the Truth."

A six-year-old boy came home from Sunday-school boasting that he could beat his class singing.

"How do you make that out?" said his father.

"Why, pa, I got done 'way before any of the rest."

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes;"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around;"
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night,
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit;"
But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
Do you think he "plays 'possum?" he seems quite sincere;
But—Isn't he queer?

—St. Nicholas.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A GOOSE.

"Why is the goose silly?" repeated Grandpa Longbow, putting down his paper. "Do you know that the goose was once the wisest of all creatures? You don't? Then it might be well for little boys and girls to hear the true story of what happened to the goose."

"Long ago, when the rabbit had the longest tail of any creature living, and when the eagle, then the most timid of birds, used to live on pumpkin seed, the goose was very wise. It walked about with a dignified bearing that you can yet see traces of, in spite of its waddling; and by asking questions of every one, it learned all that was really to be known about the dry land. But the learned goose was still unsatisfied."

"Why?" it exclaimed, "the world is more than three-fourths water; and, although I know all that is to be known on and about dry land, I am ignorant of everything in the water."

"So the goose set about learning how to swim and dive; and after many years of study or questioning it learned all about the water and the creatures that have lived in it. But still it was not satisfied."

"I know very little about the air," said the learned goose. "I must now learn to fly like the eagle, so that I will be able to take longer journeys than are possible to one who only swims and walks."

"After much practice the goose learned to fly; and that enabled it to travel so much and learn so much that it finally fell ill with brain fever. When it recovered its mind was affected, and it couldn't tell whether it belonged to the sea like the gull, the dry land like the hen, or the air like the eagle. And ever since it has been wandering about—a homeless, witless, foolish bird, and all because it asked too many questions and learned too much."

"No; I will not tell you how the rabbit lost its tail, and the eagle became brave and fierce. Remember the fate of the goose, and don't try to learn too much at once."—Independent.

JEROME AND HIS BIBLE.

The books of the Old Testament were written in Hebrew, those of the New Testament in Greek. Translations of these had been made for the use of the Roman Christians, who spoke the Latin language. But about 400 A.D. Jerome, a great scholar and a most holy man, was asked by the Emperor, says The Classmate, to translate all the sixty-six books into Latin, and thus give the Roman Christians a Latin Bible which they might be sure was correct. He had lived a long time in the Holy Land, and it is said that no man who appeared for a thousand years after Jerome's time could have done this work so well. The great Latin Bible of Jerome is known as the Latin Vulgate, and it is chiefly from this that we got our first English Bible, about 1400 A.D.

It must not be supposed that copies of the entire Bible in Latin were plentiful. It was not until 1450 A.D. that John Gutenberg first printed the Latin Bible. Prior to that time all copies were made by hand, and this was tedious and expensive. Accordingly, men had to be content with a copy of the Psalms, or of Matthew's Gospel, or some other single book of the Scriptures.



"I NEVER WAS IN SUCH A BOX."

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"Well, sir—I never was in such a box! I didn't know what to say. And very likely I've made a mess of it."

"What did you say?" asked Paul Sterrit's listener.

"Well, you see, Lewis, it was this way: I have been after that little rowdy, Tom Kregloe, to keep away from Clem Fauntleroy, Clem wasn't doing him any good at all."

"Clem is not such a bad lot," objected Lewis.

"No, Clem has no end of grit, and if he could once see things right, he'd go for the right, then and there; I hope he will some day. But Tom, you know, is a soft chap, and he thinks Clem the biggest Injun going. Well, as I said, I kept after Tom, and told him plainly that Clem was no fit chum for him."

"And Clem heard of it?"

"Oh! of course; a fellow always hears such things; and he came right up to me in a crowd of boys, and says he, 'I hear you think I am not fit company for your pet lamb.'"

"Pretty hard on you, old man; what did you say?"

Paul did not answer immediately; the shouts of the Alleghan boys at a little distance, announced a home run on the baseball ground; it was Clem Fauntleroy, always first in sport, as he was too often first in mischief.

"What would you have said?" asked Paul, turning back to the conversator.

"It's too late for you to be asking advice now," laughed his companion, "but I'm fond of Clem myself; I certainly should not like to set up as his enemy."

"I couldn't deny it, you know."

"No, you couldn't deny it, but there are ways of getting round a thing; couldn't you say it was a misunderstanding?"

"I think he understood it only a little too well," answered Paul, in his down-right way.



CORALS.

I Live For Those Who Love Me.

I live for those who love me,
And for those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to halt that season,
By gifted minds untold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of action,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

A GREAT MAN'S DEED.

Dr. Broadus told a Sunday school this incident:

"An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry, he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"'You are lonely here,' said the missionary. 'Has any one called upon you?'"

"'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'several persons have called. Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me.'"

"'Mr. Gladstone called? What did he read?'"

"'He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me.'"

"'What a beautiful position—the greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.'"

CORALS.

BY ELLA R. CHURCH.

Of the numerous animals and insects which are at work a great portion of the time for our benefit, none are more remarkable than the coral zoophytes. Fathoms deep under the sea they toil patiently year after year, building great masses of reefs, or coral islands, of which human beings take possession, while often their finer work is torn away from its sea-bed and the little workers are destroyed.

For a long time coral was supposed to be a plant, and a famous naturalist declared that he had found the flowers of the coral. The pictures which illustrated his book certainly looked like flowers and on examining a branch of coral it is seen to be full of small holes. Through these holes appear little live blossoms in the shape of milk-white rosettes which belong to the same family as the sea-anemones. Another naturalist, who discovered this, said, "I put the flower of the coral in vases full of sea-water, and I saw that what had been taken for a flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an animal like a sea-nettle or polyp. I had the pleasure of seeing the

feet of the creature move about, and, having put the vase full of water which contained the coral in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small animals seemed to expand. The polyp extended his feet and showed what we had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal, which advanced and issued out of its shell."

The little coral polyp has eight arms around its mouth, which is really a very convenient place for them, as they are bordered with fine fringes constantly in motion, which agitate the water about them and bring into their mouths their necessary food. Sometimes these arms roll themselves up very much after the fashion of fern-leaves in bud, and they are seldom altogether quiet.

The queer little workers produce various kinds of coral, some of which is much more valuable than others; but it is for the "jeweller's coral," as it is called, with its beautiful tints of red and pink, that men go down into the sea in ships. Next to pearls, this species of coral is the most valuable product found in the sea. White coral is far more common, and in some places large branches of black coral have been discovered.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30.

THE COMFORTER PROMISED.

John 14. 15-27. Memory verses, 25. 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Comfort of the Spirit, v. 15-20.
 2. The Comfort of Love, v. 21-25.
 3. The Comfort of Knowledge, v. 26.
 4. The Comfort of Peace, v. 27.
- Time.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30.
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

15. "Keep my commandments"—The word "my" is emphatic. The commandments are those which he gave the disciples during his ministry. The better rendering is, "Ye will keep."

16. "I will pray"—The pronoun I is emphatic. The prayer is to the Father and for the disciples. The word "pray" implies greater nearness of approach than the word "ask" in verse 14. "Another Comforter"—That is, another Advocate or Helper. The Comforter is

literally one who responds to a call. "Another" implies the advocacy of Christ. "Abide with you forever"—In contrast with Christ, who was about to depart from them.

17. The Spirit of truth—Because his work is to bring divine truth to the hearts of men, with power to their life. Whom the world cannot receive. Because it has only natural eyesight and not spiritual. He dwelleth with you.—Hence is known by you. Dwells because seen and invited. A voluntary reception.

18. "Comfortless"—Better still, fatherless. "Desolate" is the word in the Revised Version. "I will come to you"—In the spiritual presence of the Comforter.

8. "Because I live, ye shall live also"—Mark how the two lives are connected. The higher the eternal life, is meant.

20. "At that day"

—The day of the gift of the Comforter. The first reference is to the day of Pentecost, but it may refer to every spiritual awakening.

"Ye in me, and I in you"—

That is the oneness of the Father

and the Son, and the presence of Christ

to the believer.

21. "Hath my commandments"—More

than hears or knows them, but bears in

mind and keeps in the life. "He it is"

—And he only.

22. "Not Iscariot"—To make it clear

that he was not the traitor. "Not unto

the world"—For Judas was surprised as

he thought of an earthly Messiah who

must display to the world the glory of

an earthly king.

26. "The Comforter"—Or Advocate;

the Holy Ghost, or Spirit. "He shall

teach you"—More than teach is meant;

impression through truth is implied, and

through truth once spoken by Christ, but

which has faded from the minds of the

disciples.

27. "Peace . . . my peace"—My is

emphatic. Men in the East said then,

as now, as they met and parted,

"Peace!" Christ gave no empty salu-

tation. "He is our peace!" (Eph. 2.

14), and this peace was his farewell gift

to the disciples, and precious indeed. He

purchased and brought it to the race.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Comforter promised.—John 14. 15-27.
 Tu. To testify of Christ.—John 15. 17-27.
 W. The Spirit of truth.—John 16. 1-15.
 Th. The Revealer.—1 Cor. 2. 9-16.
 F. Led by the Spirit.—Rom. 8. 12-17, 26-28.
 S. The prophecy.—Joel 2. 23-32.
 Su. The Spirit given.—Acts 2. 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Comfort of the Spirit, v. 15-20.
 What proof of our loves does Jesus ask?
 For what does he promise to pray?
 Golden Text.
 What other name for the Comforter is here given?
 Who cannot know him?
 What assurance does Jesus give his disciples?
 What prophecy does he make in verse 19?
 What does that mean?
 What, then, would the disciples know?
2. The Comfort of Love, v. 21-25.
 What reward is promised to those who love Jesus?
 What question did Judas (not Iscariot) ask?
 What was Jesus' answer?
3. The Comfort of Knowledge, v. 26.
 Who sends the Comforter?
 What other name is here given?
 What will the Holy Ghost do?
 Is there any school or college where spiritual knowledge can be acquired?
 Can we get it even from the Bible without the help of the Holy Ghost?
 Is he promised to all Christians? Yes. Verses 16, 17.
4. The Comfort of Peace, v. 27.
 What blessing did Jesus leave to his disciples?
 How does the peace he gives differ from that of the world?
 Is it possible for any ordinary Christian boy or girl to have heavenly peace in his heart at all times?
 What final encouragement does our Lord give?



IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

One of the most impressive sights at sea is a full-rigged vessel riding the billows. Sometimes she is heaved up high and then apparently swallowed up by the waves. Sometimes it seems as though she would never come into view again, so long does she remain concealed behind some huge, intervening wave.

Let All The People Sing.

Some Good Music Books to Sing From.

- Saving Grace.** For use in Religious Meetings. By Alonzo Stone, Charles A. Bechter, Adam Geibel, R. F. Lehman. Heavy paper cover, single copies, postpaid . . . \$0 15
 Per dozen, postpaid 1 50
- Pentecostal Praises.** For Revival Services, Young People's Meetings, and Sunday-schools. By W. J. Kirkpatrick and H. L. Gilmour. Boards, single copies, postpaid 0 35
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- Sifted Wheat.** For Sunday-schools, Young People's Societies, Devotional and Revival Meetings. By Charles H. Gabriel. Boards, single copies, postpaid . . . 0 35
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- The Search Light.** For Sunday-schools and Gospel Meetings. By A. F. Myers. Boards, single copies, postpaid 0 35
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- The Seed Sower.** For Sunday-schools and Gospel Meetings. By A. F. Myers. Boards, single copies, postpaid 0 35
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- The Chorus of Praise.** For use in Sunday-schools, Young People's Meetings and the Social Services of the Church. Edited by Jas. M. Black. Boards, single copies, postpaid 0 25
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- Songs for Young People.** The Sunday-school and the Church. Edited by E. O. Excell. Boards, single copies, postpaid . . . 0 25
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- Songs of Praise and Consecration.** Compiled and Edited by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Single copies, postpaid 0 12
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