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Vol. XX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1900.

No. 32

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# The Wine of Paradise. BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Would ye have cheeks like flowers "
Would ye have sparkling eyes?
Roses drink from the showers,
And so do all the flowers;
And every bird that flies
Drinks wine of Paradise.

Would ye have voices clear
As the blithe bird that files?
In the bright fountain near,
Reflecting the soft skies,
It dips its bill. We hear
Its praise of Paradise.

Would ye be loved by all,
And true to honour rise,
And be sun-crowned and tail.
In knowledge just and wise?
Drink crystal drops that fall,
The wine of Paradise.

### THE TALE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

In this volume Major Henty takes up another of the great historical epochs of European history. He weaves into the world-shaking events of that period the personal story of a sturdy English lad. and thus brings the human and personal interest of the event home to the hearts of his renders. The young hero crosses the channel to take part in the splendid struggle for freedom known as the Huguenot wars. He, of course, sides with the Protestants, and receives rapid promotion for his zeal and daring. He is entrapped in Paris with others on that is entrapped in Faris with others of that carful St. Bartholomew's eve when the ocsin gave the signal for the massacre w begin. It is a thrilling story, and the chapter which deals with the adventures of the young hero in making his escape is one which all boys will read with intense fascination. Numerous excellent engravings are given and a map of France of the period.

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

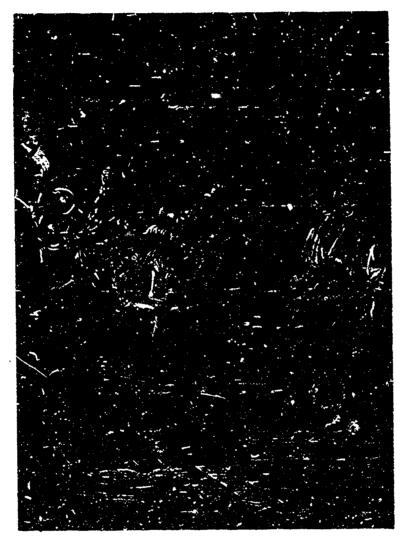
In 1521, the very year of Luther's trial at Worms, the New Testament was published in French, but the new doctrines fell under the ban of the Catholic clergy. The persecution spread throughout the "infected" provinces, and some of the fairest regions of France were turned into a desert. But like the Israelites in Egypt, the Reformed, "the more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and

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 I it was estimated that one-sixth of the population of France, and these its most intelligent artisans and craftsmen, were adherents of "the religion."

ligion."
Coligny was a scion of one of the greatest families in France. While prisoner at Antwerp he lay ill with a fever for many weeks, and profoundly studied the Scriptures. He boldly cast in his lot with this despised and hated Protestant party, choosing, like Moses, rather to suffer affictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a sea-

Civil wer for thirty long years rent the unhappy kingdom. As Coligny 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 to face confiscation, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, for yourself and children, and death at the hands of the headsman after

""St. Bartholomew's Eve: A Tale of the Huguenot Wars." Crown 8vo. By G. A. Henty. With twelve full-page illustrations by H. J. Draper. Blackie & Son. London, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$2.00.

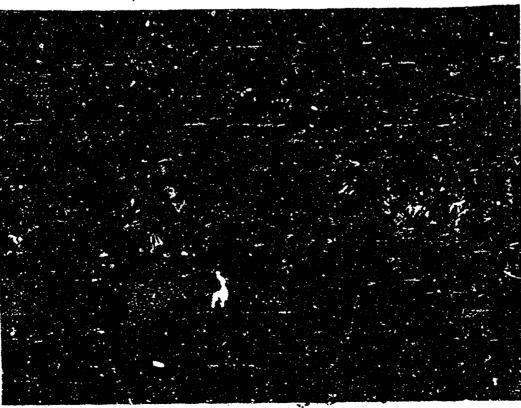


ASSASSINATION OF COLIONY.

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 Goo."

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 willing 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 not, and by a decisive victory he won a full toleration for the long-persecuted Huguenots. The perfidious Catharine plied her subtlest craft, and fawned and smiled, and "murdered while she smiled."



MANAGRE OF ST. SARTHOLDHAW.

On the eve of the blackest crime of the age "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Under the ples of protection the Hugue nots were lodged in one quarter of Paris, around which was drawn a corden of guaids. The awful eve of St. Barthelomew, August 24th, 1572, avrived. 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 bow. "Begin, then," he cried, and a pistel shat rang out on the sizil night air. He would have recalled the signal, but the "royal tigress" raminded him it was too late; and "even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain I Auxerrols tolled heavy and becoming through the darkuess," and the toosin of death was caught up and echoed from belfry to belfry ever the sleeping town. Then the narrow streets became filled with armed men, shouting. "For God and the king." The chief of the assassins, with three hunded soldiers, rushed to the lodgings of the Admiral. Its doors were forced. Coligns, wakeful from a 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, "I commend my soul to God." "Art thou Coligny?" demanded a brave of Guise's, bursting in. "I am," said the here soui. The soldiers rushing in despatched him with daggers. "Is it done?" demanded Guise, from the courtyard 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 Medicis might gloat upon it in her boudoir. The dishonoured body, after being dragged for two days through the streets, was hung on a gibbet.

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." Candles burned in all the windows of the Catholic houses, lighting the human hyenas to the work of slaughter. 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. For a week the carnival of death continued. The scenes of slaughter were

The scenes of slaughter were repeated till France had immointed, in the name of religion. 100,000 of her noblest sons.

Throughout Protestant Chris

Throngout Protestant Christendem a thrill of horror curdled the blood about men's hearts. They looked at their wives and babes, then clasped them closer to their breasts, and swore eternal enmity to Rome. For once the cold language of diplomacy caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London, Elizabeth, robed in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black, received the French am bassador and sternly rebuked this outrage on humanity Herminister at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, foarlessly denounced the crime.

Ere leng a dreadful doom over took the wretched Charles, the guity author, or at least instrument, of this crime. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris His midnight sumbers were haunted by hideous dreams "The darkness" we quote from Froude—"was poopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mowing at him, and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood, 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 well; I am lost. He sighed, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy and passed to the great ribunal of the skes. The bloody and de-eitful man did not live out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died. "I fall to find," said Besant, "In any galiery of worthies in any country or any century any other man so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. The world is forever emobiled 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:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1900

#### SHOOTING STARS.

BY OLIVER C. PARRINGTON

All of you have been out of doors on a cloudless ovening, and have seen a star apparently fall from its place in the sky, and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon.

Perhaps you have wondered, as I used to be the control of the sky and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon.

Pethapa you have wondered, as I used to do, how long it would be before the datas would all be gone from the sky, since one fell so often. I did not then know, what I have learned since, that "shooting stars" are not true stars at all, but only bodies which appear for an instant, and then disappear forever. Let us call them meteors, and thus avoid concluding them with real stars, for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe. In common specie, however, the term meteors is largely confined to these shooting stars which are however, the term meteors is largely con-ined to these shooting stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then Since they do not, how-ever, differ from the shooting stars in any important respect, so far as we know, may important respect, so far as we know, may of such subjects consider then the sam of such subjects consider then a study

Now, if meteors never came any nearer Now, if meteors never came any nearer the earth than do those which we so often see, we should know nothing about them But sometimes one of them is seen to come directly down to the ground I makes a bright light as it falls sometimes so intense as even to outshine the aun itself. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with hissing, spluttering noise, throwing howers of sparks as it descends. ally, too, loud reports are heard as it ally, too, foud reports are heard as it appasses through the air, as if aerial armies were cannonading one another, and as the sound of the conflict dies away, long rolls of echoing thunder shake the earth. When the astonished people thereabouts have recovered from their fright and hayen to the way there the motors.

abouts have recovered from their fright and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find burfed in the soil—if the soil has any depth—a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hens egg, but some-times big enough to weigh several hun-dred nounder. dred pounds

dred pounds.
It is usually still not if picked up very soon after its fall, and its surface will be found to be covered by a thin crust, or varnish, made by the melting and flowing of its outside.
This crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gran in colour, on the pickes of metal it is of a rusty brown colour and the interior of the mass is nickel white. The surface

of these bodies is indented by little pits or hollows which look for all the world as if the mass had once been soft as a piece of putty, and some one had pressed it with his thumb in many places.

#### Glory to God.

The following lines of the Quaker poet, Whittier, written at the close of the American war express the sentiment that fills every heart at the Prospect of

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun

Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!

How the great guns, peal on peal,

Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel.
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we, That our eyes this glory see, That our ears have heard the sound !

Loud and long Lift the old exulting song: Sing with Miriam by the sea He has cast the mighty down: Horse and rider sink and drown; He hath triumphed gloriously!

met at Centreville, the nearest rallway

station.

Uncle Timothy had not visited his brother before since the twins were babies, and it was an open secret that this rich city uncle, who had no son of his own, wanted to take one of his nephews to educate and train up in his

beginess to cleate and then the probabilities of the business. The sorry to leave you, boys," said Mr. Ball, "but you can get the potatoes picked up by sit o'clock, and your play spell will have to come some other day." "That's all right, father," answered Tom, cheerfully.

Joe dug his bare toes into the soft ground, and said nothing, "Oh! by the way, boys," called Mr. Ball, as he started off across the field, there is a certain potato I meant to look for. Bring it home if you find it." "What do you spose he meant by that "masked Tom.

"Oh! it was just one of his jokes," said Joe.

sald Joe. "No, he meant something, and I'm go-

"No, he metait something, and I'm going to find out what, if I can," said Tom.
"Come on, Joe, let's get at lt."
"Go chase yourself!" answered Joe,
crossly. "I'm hot and tired, and I'm
going to get good and rested before I be-

gin again

glu again."
"Well, then, good-bye, lazy-bones, for we shall have to sprint if we finish before supper-time."
Several bags were filled and tied up before Joe folt rested enough to help, and even then his work was "steady by jerks," as his brother told him. At last from Centreville came the faint sound of the cir o'clock whistles

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PRETORIA, LATE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns, wi alone is Lord and God !

#### A CERTAIN POTATO.

BY HARRIET C. BLISS.

It was a hot day, and Mr. Ball and his two boys, Tom and Joe, had been digging potatoes all the morning. Now, at noon, they sat under the big chestnut-tree eat-

they sat under the big chestnut-tree cating their lunch.

In they sat under the big chestnut-tree cating their lunch.

Some of the same, we shall get 'em

lucked up by three o'clock' said Tom.

O father! If we do, can we have the

rest of the afternoon to work on our

boat?" asked Joe.

Wh., Jes., you've been good boys to

stick so closs to this job, and I guess

you deserve a !!ttle play spell."

"I wish we could afford to keep a
man," grumbled Joe.

"If Jack hadn't got loose that night,

the couldn't have eaten meal enough to

kill himself, and we should have had the

two hundred dollars for him the fact

day," said Tom, "then we should have

had a man this summer."

"Yes," said Mr. Ball, "Jack made it a

"Yes," said Mr. Ball, "Jack made it a

"Yes," said Tom, "then we should have

"I four," but you boys have

hard year for us; but you boys have been brave, and we shall soon be on our

Who's that climbing over the fence?"

"Who's that climbing over the fence?" he asked, sitting up.
Why, it's Jennie! What d'you
s'pose she wants?" said Joe.
"I'm afraid's comething's wrong at
mone, said Mr. Bail, anxieusly.
"I'd and the word of the so far
and the word of the so far
and unless it was something import-

ant."
By this time Jennie was near enough
for them to see that she had a letter in
her hand.
Tom ran to meet her, and in a few moments they knew that Uncle Timothy
was coming that very day, and must be

Joe straightened himself up, and called: "Six o'clock, Tom! I'm going to

auit "Why, we can't quit till the potatoes are all picked up!" answered Tom, with one hand on his stiff back.

are all picked up!" answered Tom, with one hand on his stiff back.

"Can't! What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Father didn't say they'd got to be done to-night, and besides they'll be home pretty quick now, and Uncle Timothy ain't going to catch me looking like this now, i tell you! First impressions, you know."

"Ma says he was always awful particular about his clothes," admitted Tom, but father expected us to finish this Job. Come on, Joe," he added, coaxing-ly, "it won't take long now."

"No, sirce, not if I know myself. going to look out for number one."

"Good-bye, old plodder," he cailed, as he climbed the fence. "You'll be sorry you didn't come too when you see me start for the city."

Foor Tom! He did want the promised education, and Joe would-certainly get

education, and Joe would certainly get ahead of him in his uncle's favour if he was neatly dressed, and ready to greet the travellers.

the travellers.

It was slow work, this picking up potatoes one at a time. The sun seemed hotter than ever, if it was near sundown.

Altogether, Tom's thoughts were Altogether, Tom's thoughts were gloomy, but he kept bravely on, and at last had the satisfaction of tying the last bag, and starting faithful Dobbin toward home.

The long-expected uncle had just arrived as Dobbin plodded up the lane.

Tom could see Joe shake hands, and

tom could see Joe snake nands, and then jump to get satchel and umbrella from the carriage. Really the bright, manly-looking fel-low, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made already.

already.

"Ready-made boys don't grow on every bush, but it looks as though you had the one I want right here," said Mr. Timothy Ball quietly to his brother.

"Wait till you've seen the other one,"

was the answer.
"Where's Tom?" he asked, turning to "Where's Tom ?" he asked, turning to.
"Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your ciothes changed, and Tom only just coming home?"
"I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flushing a little under the steady gaze of the

two men.
"Did you do your share of the work?"
asked his father sternly.
"I worked till six o'clock," came the
rather defant answer.
"Come, James, don't be hard on the
boy; let us see what the other fellow is
like."

Ilke."

And, suiting the action to the word,
Uncle Timothy disappeared around the
corner of the house.

Tom had just finished scrubbing head

and hands and feet at the pump in the yard, and now, in spite of bare feet and overails, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured looking boy who come to speak

Jacc. and now, as bright, healthy, good-natural now mas a bright, healthy, good-natural new powers of the season o

"Oh!" laughed Mr. Ball, "the last one was the one I wanted, and Tom found it."—S. S. Times.

#### The Testimony of the Man Born Blind.

BY JOHN BAYS. (John 9, 25.)

He stood before the Sanhedrim; The scowling Rabbis gazed at him; He recked not of their praise or blame; There was no fear, there was no shame. For one upon whose dazzled eyes The whole world poured its vast surprise. The open heaven was far too near, His first day's light too sweet and clea-To let him waste his new-gained ken On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, "Who art thou" What has thou been? What art thou now?

now? Thou art not he who yesterday Sat here and begged beside the way, For he was blind."

"And I am he. For I was blind, but now I see.'

He told the story o'er and o'er;

He told the story oer and oer;
It was his full heart's only lore,
A Prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with c'y,
And made him see, who had been blind
Their words passed by him like the wi,
Which raves and howis, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock. The hundred-fathom-rooted rock. Their threats and fury all went wide; They could not touch his Hebrew pride Their sneers at Jesus and his band, Nameless and homeless in the land, Their boasts of Moses and his Lord, All could not change him by one wor.\( \)

I know not what this man may be Signer or saint; but as for me, One thing I know—that I am he Who once was blind, but now I see."

They were all doctors of renown, The great men of a famous town, With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wis

Beneath their broad phylacteries: The wisdom of the East was theirs, And honour crowned their silver hairs. And honour crowned their silver hairs. The man they jeered and laughed to accorn Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born; But he knew better far than they What came to him that Sabbath day; And what the Christ had done for him, He knew, and not the Sanbedrim.

#### Come. Saviour.

BY M. LOUIS SWART.

Ere evil days are falling,
while sweet thy voice is calling,
would come, O loving Saviour, unto thee;

or freely grant thy pardon—
or freely grant thy pardon—
or freely grant thy pardon—
with me.

All conscious of my weakness, In lowliness and meckness I would come, O loving Saviour, unto

thee;
Oh, every day and hour,
Be thou my guiding power—
Come, loving Saviour, now, and dwell with me

May all the hopes I cherish, May all affections perish, That separate and sever, Lord, from thee. O dearer than all other, Than sister, yea or mother— Come, loving Saviour, now, and dwell with me.

When hitter tears are welling, When passion's tide is swelling, would come, O loving Saviour, unto

Be thou my consolation, In grief and in temptation, Come, loving Saviour, then, and dwell , loving with me

I know that naught can harm me, if thou, O Lord, doth arm me With strength that cometh only, Lord, from thee;
) with thy love protect me, and by thy word direct me, Come, loving Saviour, now, and dwell

with me. Dorchester, Ont.

# Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER VI.

ARNOLD STRONG MAKES A DISCOVERY. A more unequal match can hardly be: Christian must fight an angel; but you

see valiant man, by handling sword and shield,
Doth make him, tho' a dragon, quit
the field."

-Pilgrim's Progress.

—Pilgrim's Progress.

The young minister walked thoughtfully home from the fisherman's cottage. The sun was shining bright in a cloud-less aky: Its rays gilded now the weather cock on the church spire, and now the painted sign above the Maypole, ever and anon filling the windows of light. Only the tossing and foaming of the waves were left to remind one of the terrible storm. The young man had no eye for the beauty of the ocean or beach. His thoughts were busy with the strange events of the day, and especially with the words of Tom Kinnion.

"I can't believe that Tom is right," he said, half aloud. "The people will support temperance principles when they see the folly of the opposite course. They

he said, half aloud. "The people will support temperance principles when they see the folly of the opposite course. They have been trying a license law for many years. Surely the effects of this periodous system are aiready visible. Phobe said that Fairport had changed incredibly since she came here Many young men who then would have been sahamed to be seen entering the May pole, now walk into the taternia the daylight, with no feelings entiment must be taken to be seen entering the May pole, now walk into the taternia. It is dreadful! I burdly think Tom was right extensive the proper of the seen that the tatern would not endorse a thorough the proper new movement. There may be individuals who will oppose it, but the thurch as a body politic must, if it be built on the Rock of Ages, advance upon every social and moral evil, and crush it out."

A sudden creaking in the sand caused A sudden creaking in the sand caused Mr. Strong to pause in his reverie and glance around. He saw a man slinking behind the rocks, and endeavouring not to be seen. The motions of the man were so peculiar that he hastoned his steps and came alongside of his why, MacDuff, is this you? I could scarcely make you out. I add difficulty in determining whether were a man o beast at a little distance. A terrible to the same of the

storm we've had"

A scowling face appeared above the rocks, a mingled expression of fear and dislike visible in every feature. In one hand he held a square package which he was endeavouring to hide under his Kersey jacket.

"Yaas, I reckon we hev. What d'yer want o' me?" The appearance of the fisherman iodicated that the presence of the minister was unwelcome. To livit on the minister was unwelcome. On the minister with our church of the minister was the control of the minister with our church annex and "Humph I" was the only answer from MacDuff. Seeing that his presence was not wanted, Arnold Strong went on his way, mystified at the reception he had received, "What have I done that this man should show such a positive aversion for me? I fear all is not right. Why should he be trying to hide behind those rocks ? It looks like foul play. I like not the face or actions of the man, I must be on my guard. MacDuff is my onemy."

I must be on my emember of members of members.

Had the minister looked back he would have seen a clenched flat shaken at him menacingly. The conclusion which he had just reached was correct. MacDuff con his enemy.

had just reached was correct. MacDuff was his enemy.
As he passed the tavern the proprietor stepped outside and saluted blm.
Mr. Strong, I am very glad to make your aquaintance, very glad. I am a regular attendant at your church, as you probably have noticed, and I enjoy your preaching very much. Am airraid Fairport will not be able to keep such a growing young man long. Perafraid Fairport will not be able to keep such a growing young man long. Per-haps you can find a way to dispose of this," slipping a twenty dollar bill into the minister's hand. "That will buy he little wife some notion." Mr. Strong crushed the bill in his hand. He read the character of the man before him, and surmised the motive which promitted the donation. It was a bribe,

If he accepted it, he would thereby place

smack his lips, and reach out his hands

smack his lips, and teach out his manager for the glass.

"Joe knows what's good, don't he \* lie's a chip of the old block No more new, that's a good boy. Too much will make him sick. Go now to your mother

make him sick. Go now to your motter and let her clean you my.

God pity the helpless babes who leave their mother's arms only to fall a prey to the dragon intemperance. How can they be rescued, when hands, even of parents, are reached forth to drag them down to prediction! Yet! it may be that they shall be plucked as brands from the hurning.

(To be continued.)

#### JESUS AND THE BLIND.

Our picture shows how Christ treated the poor fellows who lined the roads of Palestine eighteen inundred years ago just as they do now. And how did he treat them? First, there are some things he didn't do: It le neyer laughed and talk about something else so as not to see their rags and sores; he nover spoke harshly to them, he gave them no money, for he had none, he could not use shelter, for "he had not where to lay his head." Remember this, that the beggars he helped were not tramps—able-bodied men who would rather beg than work; they were poor fellows who were blind or dumb or impotent or paralyzed er leprous, and they must beg or starve. Now will see how he gave sight to Bartimaeus. Luke 5. 12-16, tells how he healed loath-

Carrier of

himself under obligation to this wicked man, to do nothing which would injure his business. Not for a moment would be entertain the thought. Looking the landlord full in the eye, he said,

"Mr. Charles I thank you for your kindly interest I thank you for your kindly interest I thank the would at the outset it we understood each other. I stand on a square temperance platform. Total abstinence is a part of my religion. For the supremacy of constitutional prohibition I shall work and pray. I feel an interest in you, Mr Chase, and bear you none but kindly feelings, but I hate your business and pronounce it a curse to Fairport. Knowing now what my principles are, I hardly think you will care to bestow this roner upon me. Still, if you walling the wants of a maily, the father of whom squanders all his earnings in the May-Die. I wish you good-day, sir."

I will use the charging he catered the tavern, muttering, "Old fellow, you have fung down the gauntlet. It is well. I vow eternal war upon you temperance principles. We'll see which is the stronger, with his old Bourbon." With these words, he drained. glass with evident reliab.

lish. "Me taste," said a little voice at his "Me taste," said a little voice at his elbow, it was baby Chase who made the request, a chubby toddler scarcely out of his mother's arms. A spoonful of the sweetened dregs was put into the child's mouth, and the father laughed long and loud to see the little fellow

some lepers. John 9 reports what he did for a man who had never seen a ray of light, and John 5.1-9, shows his real pity for a man who had been sick for thirty-eight years.
We find from these and other instances

We find from these and other instances that Jesus pilled beggars, forgave their sins, and restored their health And from his own words we know that he would have us, who love him and who call ourselves Christians, care for the needy, comfort the sorrowful, nurse the sick, and endeavour by wow and do do so the control of to convince all men and women and children that a loving Christ will forgive their sins

#### THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

There is no more beautiful paraphrase than James Montgomery's version of the Twenty-third Psalm, beginning,

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know."

The version which we give below will scarcely compare with it for poetle beauty, but the circumstances of its composition and preservation are in-teresting as given by Miss Gelder, in the accompanying letter to pr English saltefore measures.

the accompanying letter to no English religious magazine:
"More than sixty years ago I was a very little girl living among the Lancashire hills with my widowed mother One day she returned from a visit to relations in South Yorkshire. Docesster, and Sheffield, I think. She told reshe had paid a visit to 'the poe' Montgomery' a fact while, occited my won der and admiration, also said be west avery old man, and that on his last birth-

day his little nephew had repeated to him the Twenty-third Psalm. The old poet was so delighted that he prt the psalm in rhyme to piezse the child, and my mother repeated the verses to me. I had a good memory in those days, and astonished her next day by repeating the lines with only one indiaks. I have never forgotten them, and never been them written, but they may have appeared in print.

8. R. Gelderd."

The Lord is my Shepherd, and I am his

The Lord is my Snepnere, and I am als sheep. His flock he from want and from dauger doth keep; In pastures all verdant by night I abide, And he chooseth my path where the still waters glide.

If ever I wander, a silly sheep roam, He seeks his poor truant and follows it

home,
Then shows by his footsteps the way I should take; And, true to his promise, will never for-

Though through the dark valley of death

I should trend, All darkness before me, the rocks over-

My Shepherd is with me, why fear any

His red and his staff they shall comforme still My enemies frown, but they can do no

more,
My wants are supplied, and my cup runneth o'er.
Surtly goodness and mercy my steps
shall attend,
Till I reach the bright mansions of bliss without end.

-Classmate

Miss Marjorle—"And how is your son James getting on, Mr Giles?"
Giles (whose son has gone to London in service"); 'Well to tell yet the truth, Miss Marji, Olin terry troubled about im. Of the control o

## The Devil of Names.

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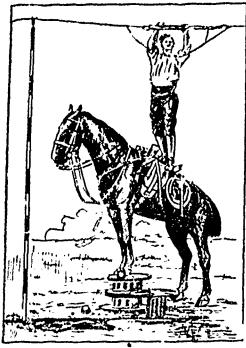
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A JOINT FOUND NECESSARY.

### The Blind Man in His Darkness.

The blind man in his darkness Beside the highway sat; He heard the trampling footsteps Throng to the city gate. They told him Christ of Nazareth That hour was passing by : And "Jesus, have thou mercy,"
Was then the blind man's cry.

And when the people chid him, Still louder cried he,
"O Jesus, Son of David,
Have mercy upon me." O joy! He stands and calls him! O gush of great delight! His pitying words have given The blessed gift of sight.

We too had sat in darkness, Lost in our sin and care.
With blind eyes turned to heaven, That saw no Saviour there, If Jesus had not made us His own by love and grace Here in his church to serve him, And see at last his face

Then let us rise and follow, Since Christ has called us in, And cast away the garments Of slothfulness and sin; Till from our dim dark vision Each scale be rent away, And we behold his glory, And see the perfect day.

### ARMY TELEGRAPH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Notwithstanding the charge against the British War Office, made by some English scientific journals, that it is hostile to science and averse to the use of recent and improved methods, the claim is made that the English Army Telegraph Corps has reached a higher state of perfection than any similar body. Although the corps has not yet used wireless telegraphy, and has thereby brought down on its head the condemnatory articles referred to just above, it seems to be very expert in the ordinary telegraphic methods. The Electrical Review has an article on the subject, from which we quote as follows:

There is no doubt that the telegraph battalion of the British regular army is a sperbly drilled and trained body of men. who should show the highest efficiency. The horses of the mounted corps are especially trained for the difficult service expected of them. . The illustrations showing the mounted men are of the most interest. It will be seen that the rider stands on the back of his horse to attach the wire to the lance-like pole, whose sharp end is driven in the earth, while another illustration shows one of the well-trained horses standing on wire reels in order to gain the necessary height for his rider to make a joint in the

We are told that in the Dongola expedi tion of 1896 the battalion kept up with be blind. the troops on the marc., and that a 2. "Wh telegraph had been laid to each camp by the time the troops had established themselves in it. The wire was carried in reels on camels backs. In South Africa the wire is carried in the usual way on light-wheeled reels or on

readers mule-back Newspaper understand the importance o will enormous importance of the operations of the field telegraph corps accompanying General Buller through Natal, where the Boers have destroyed all lines of communication. The messages from Ladysmith and Estcourt arrive either by pigeon or by a native messenger who lurks in the veldt by day and takes his chances at eluding the Boer guards at night.-Literary Digest.

Nearly two hundred skilled telegraph operators from the British Post Telegraph Department have gone to the seat of war in South Africa, and have been rendering spiendid service. The Wheatstone automatic system is used on the field of battle, and probably for the first time in the history of war-fare. It was worked duplex. Telegraphers were under fire for a whole day at Modder River, and still sent their messages. Both official desputches and press messages numbering 100 000 words After the were sent at this time Magersfontein battle the operator sent despatches at the rate of 200 words per minute, according to the

New York Sun, from which we derive our information A tape, of course, was prepared by punchers in advance.— Scientific American.

# LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII.-AUGUST 19. THE MAN BORN BLIND. John 9. 1-17. Memory verses, 4-7. GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9. 25.

### OUTLINE

1. "Who did sin, this man, or his parents?" v. 1-3.

2. "I must work the works of him that sent me," v. 4-7.
3. "How were thine eyes opened?"

v. 8-12.
4. "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" v. 13-17.

Time.—A Sabbath day in the fall or early winter of A.D. 29.

Place.—Jerusalem, and especially the pool of Siloam.

nnot be, for he was born dind. Is he then punished for ils parents' sin ?"

"Neither hath this sinned"-That is, nor sinned in any peculiar way calling for the punishment of blindness; he was a sinner only as we all are. "But that"—In order that.
"The works of God"—The miracles which Jesus was constantly doing, and one of which he proposed now to do. This poor blind man should become a voucher for the divinity of Jesus.

4. "I must work "-Botter. "We must work;" the duty is as imperative on the disciples as on the Master. "Night cometh" -Josus means death is coming

6. "Spat . . clay"—It was a current idea of the Jows that both saliva and clay had curative qualities. Jesus used them as means at hand.

7. "Wash in the pool"—Wash off the clay into the pool.
Which is by interpretation, Sent"—Or, sending; that is, outlet of waters. "The pool by its very name was a symbol of him who was sent into the world to work the works of God, and give light to the world by providing

a fountain in which not only all uncleanness is washed away, but all ignorance and blindness of heart."—Abbott.

8. "He that sat and begged"—He was

well known in the streets.

9. "I am he"—There were many things about this poor man's healing which he did not understand, but he could say, 'One thing I know, I was blind, now I see."

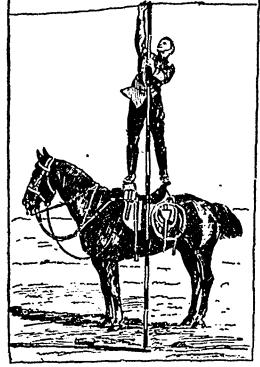
10. 'How were thine eyes opened"-Personal experience always has an interest to men, whether it be in the physical or the spiritual life.
11. "He answered and said"—He told

a straightforward, simple story, from which all cross-examination of the rulers

could not make him swerve.
12. "Where is he"—Either that they might entisfy a natural curiosity to see one who could do such a work, or that they might arrest him as a Sabbati-

13. "They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind "—These friends and neighbours were perhaps well-meaning people, not intending to make mischief, but they are going the way to make it.

"It was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay "-The curing itself may not have been a breach of the Sab-



PUTTING UP A WIRE.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. 1. "Who did sin, this man, or his parents ?" v. 1-3.

Where had Jesus and his disciples

Whom did they see on the way? What question did the disciples ask of



How did the Jews regard personal infirmity? Does sin ever bring its own punish-

What was Christ's answer?

What did he do?

What is the meaning of Siloam? How did the Jews regard the Pool of Siloam?

2. "I must work the works of him that sent me," v. 4-7. How was "God made manifest" in the

blind beggar? Is there anything too mean or lowly

to glorify God?

What lesson may be drawn from the

man's ready obedience?
What is the cure for spiritual blind-

What is the use of miracles?
Do we need them in these days?
What did Christ say of himself. Verse 5.

In what did he come to bring light? What is here meant by night?

3. "How were thine eyes opened?" v. 8-12.

What was the result of the beggar's visit to Siloam?

Would he have re-sived the blessing What effect had this upon his neigh-

bours and others? How did they question him? How did his answer proclaim the divinity of Christ?

He went and ame zeeing



BLIND BEGGAR, JERUSALEM.

# LESSON HELPS.

1. "He saw" He carnestly gazed, until his disciples noticed his interest in the blind man. "From his birth"—He probably repeated this sad fact over and over in a monotonous whine. Blind beggars in our own great cities nearly always, by painted sign or by their own words, tell passers by how they came to

2. "Who did sin"-The Jews generally believed that all special afflictions were divine punishments for special sins. Modern people often make the same assumption. "This man, or his parents"

-As if they had said, "What is the ex-

bath, but making the clay was, according to the rabbins.
16. "This man is not of God, because"

The truth of the miracle is granted. 17. "He is a prophet"—According to

a Jewish maxim a prophet might dispense with the observance of the Sab-

# HOME READINGS.

M. The man born blind.—John 9. 1-17. "One thing I know"—John 9. 18-29. Tu. The eye of faith -John 9. 30-41. Th. The healing touch — Mark 8, 22-26.
F. Blinded minds.—2 Cor. 4, 1-7.
S. Seeing the invisible.—2 Kings 6, 8-17.

planation—the man's own sin? That | Su. Spiritual discornment.—1 Cor. 2, 7-16.