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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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 flies?
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 tall,
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 readers. 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 fearful St. Bartholomew's eve when the assassin gave the signal for the massacre to 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.

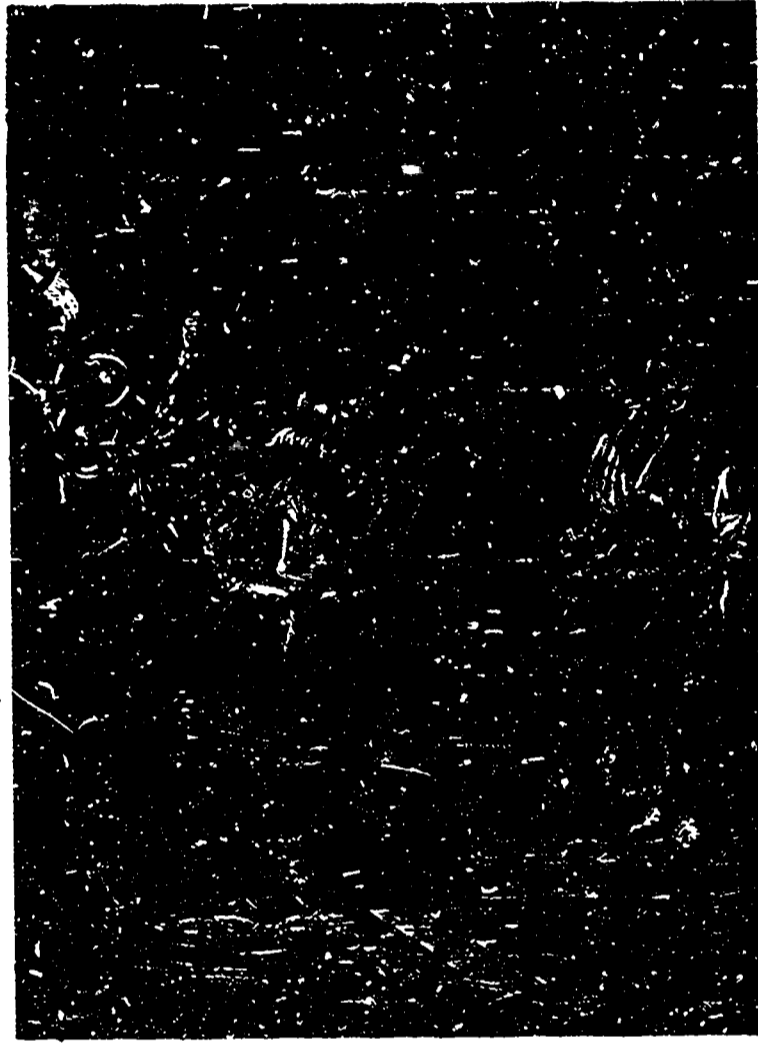
No historic record presents features of more tragic and pathetic interest than that of French Protestantism. Its chief incidents may be thus summarized:

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 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."

Colligny 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 afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Civil war for thirty long years rent the unhappy kingdom. As Colligny 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 COLIGNY.

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."

Domestic bereavements one after another now befell Colligny. 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 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."



MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

On the eve of the blackest crime of the age "all went merry as a marriage bell." Under the plea of protection the Huguenots were lodged in one quarter of Paris, around which was drawn a cordon of guards. The awful eve of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1572, arrived. The king sat late in the Louvre, pale, trembling, and agitated, his unwomanly 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 through the darkness," and the tocsin 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, with three hundred soldiers, rushed to the lodgings of the Admiral. Its doors were forced. Colligny, 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 Colligny?" demanded a bravo of Guise's, bursting in. "I am," said the hero soul. 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 repeated till France had immolated, in the name of religion, 100,000 of her noblest sons.

Throughout Protestant Christendom 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 ambassador and sternly rebuked this outrage on humanity. Her minister at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denounced the crime.

Ere long a dreadful doom 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 midnight chambers were haunted by hideous dreams. "The darkness" we quote from Frodoe—"was peopled 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 on the great tribulation to the blessed and devout man did not tire out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

"I fall to find," said Besant. "In any gallery of worthies in any country of any century any other man so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. 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."

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Best, the Cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.' with prices and subscription details.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. JELLYMAN, 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal, N. S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1900. SHOOTING STARS. BY OLIVER C. FARRINGTON.

All of you have been out of doors on a cloudless evening, and have seen a star appearing to 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 do, how long it would be before the star would fall from its place in 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 confounding them with real stars, for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe. In common speech, however, the term meteors is largely confined to these shooting stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then. Since they do not, however, differ from the shooting stars in any important respect, so far as we know, most of the learned scholars who make a study of such subjects consider them the same. Now, if meteors never came any nearer to us 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. It comes a bright light as it falls sometimes as intense as that heard in the sun itself. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with a hissing, spluttering noise, throwing out showers of sparks as it descends. Usually the loud report is heard only as it passes 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 who have abouts have recovered from their fright, and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find buried in the soil, or the soil has any depth, a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hen's egg, but sometimes big enough to weigh several hundred pounds. It is usually still hot 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. The crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gray in colour, on the pieces 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, written at the close of the American war, express the sentiment that fills every heart at the Prospect of peace.

It is done! Clang of bell and roar of gun Send the tidings up and down. How the bellies 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!"



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 brass chains Tell the nations that He reigns, Who 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 eating their lunch. "I wish you were smart, we shall get 'em picked 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. "Why, yes, you've been good boys to stick so close to this job, and I guess you deserve a little play spell." "I wish we could afford to keep a man," grumbled Joe. "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 something's wrong at home," said Mr. Ball, anxiously. "Mother would never send her so far alone unless it was something important." "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

met at Centreville, the nearest railway 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 business. "I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Mr. Ball, "but you can get the potatoes picked up by six 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 s'pose he meant by that?" asked Tom. "Oh! it was just one of his jokes," said Joe. "No, he meant something, and I'm going to find out what, if I can," said Tom. "Come on, Joe, let's get it!" "Go chase yourself!" answered Joe, crossly. "I'm hot and tired, and I'm going to get good and rested before I begin again." "Well, then, good-bye, lazy-bones, for we shall have to sprout if we finish before supper-time." Several bags were filled and tied up before Joe felt 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 six o'clock whistles.

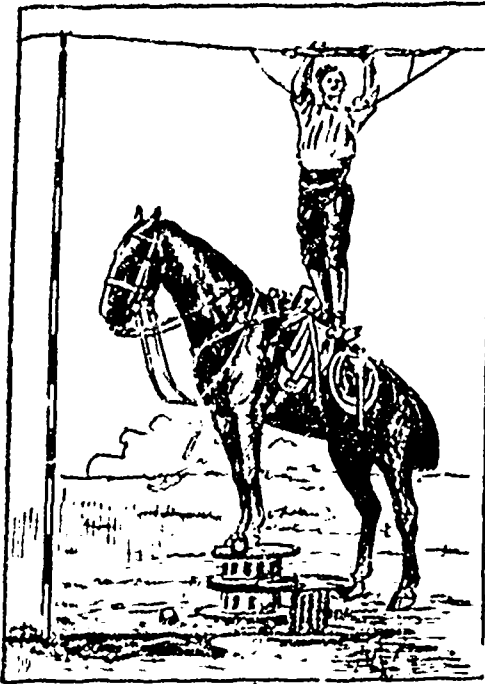
"Wait till you've seen the other one," was the answer. "Who's Tom?" he asked, turning to Joe. "Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer. "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your clothes changed, and Tom only just coming home?" "I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flushing a little under the steady gaze of the two. "Did you do your share of the work?" asked his father sternly. "I worked till six o'clock," came the rather defiant answer. "Come, James, don't be hard on the boy; let us see what the other fellow is like." 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 overalls, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured looking boy who came to speak to his uncle. "Well, young man, why weren't you here with your brother to meet me? This is a cool welcome for an uncle who only has your case in mind these years." "I know, uncle, said Tom, giving his hand. "I was dreadfully sorry not to come up sooner, but I've only just finished my work, and I leave your work until it is finished?" Uncle Timothy asked, with a quizzical smile. "Oh, yes, I might if 'twas my own work," laughed Tom. "Yes, said his uncle, "I see." A week later when Uncle Timothy started for his Western home, Tom was the boy who went with him. "You see, Joe," he explained, the night before they left, "I want a boy who will look after my interests, one who is willing to work overtime, if need be. The surest way to advance number one in this world is to forget all about him. Look out for your father, Joe, and perhaps your turn will come yet." "Father," asked Joe one day a week later, "what did you mean about that special potato you wanted us to look for?" "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; His red eyes, of light, were not to blame; There was no fear, there was no shame. For one upon whose dazzled eyes The whole world poured its vast surprises. The open heaven was far too near, His red eyes' light too sweet and clear. To let him waste his new-gained ken On the hate-colded face of men.

But still they questioned, "Who art thou? What art thou been? What art thou?" Thou art who 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; It was his full heart's only lore, A Prophet on the Sabbath day, His red eyes' light too sweet and clear. And made him see, who had been blind. Their words passed by him like the wind. Which raves and howls, but cannot shake. The hundred-fathom-rooted rock. Their sneers 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 word.

"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 deep-wise. Each with his broad phylacteries; The wisdom of the East was theirs. And honour crowned their silver hairs. The man they jeered and laughed to scorn Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born; His name was better far than theirs. What came to him that Sabbath day; And what the Christ had done for him, He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

Joe straightened himself up, and called: "Six o'clock, Tom! I'm going to quit." "Why, we can't quit till the potatoes are all picked up," answered Tom, with one hand on his satchel and the other on his hat. "Can't! What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Father didn't say they'd get to be done to-night, and besides they're all 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 paring peculiar about his clothes," admitted Tom, "but father expected us to finish this job. Come on, Joe," he added, coaxingly, "it won't take long now." "No, sire, not if I know myself. I'm going to look out for number one." "A hard-bye, old feller," he called, as he climbed the fence. "You'll be sorry you didn't come too when you see me start for the city." Poor Tom! He did want the promised 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. 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 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 hand the satchel and umbrella from the carriage. Really the bright, manly-looking fellow, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made 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.



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 superbly 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 wire."

We are told that in the Dongola expedition of 1896 the battalion kept up with the troops on the march, and that a 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

mule-back. Newspaper readers will understand the 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 Eastcourt 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 splendid service. The Wheatstone automatic system is used on the field of battle, and probably for the first time in the history of warfare. It was worked duplex. Telegraphers were under fire for a whole day at Modder River, and still sent their messages. Both official despatches and press messages numbering 100,000 words were sent at this time. After the 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.



BLIND BEGGAR, JERUSALEM.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "He saw." He earnestly 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 be blind.

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 explanation—the man's own sin? That

cannot be, for he was born blind. Is he then punished for his parents' sin?"

3. "Neither hath this man 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"—Better, "We must work," the duty is as imperative on the disciples as on the Master. "Night cometh"—Jesus means death is coming to all.

6. "Spat . . . clay"—It was a current idea of the Jews 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, out of lot 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."

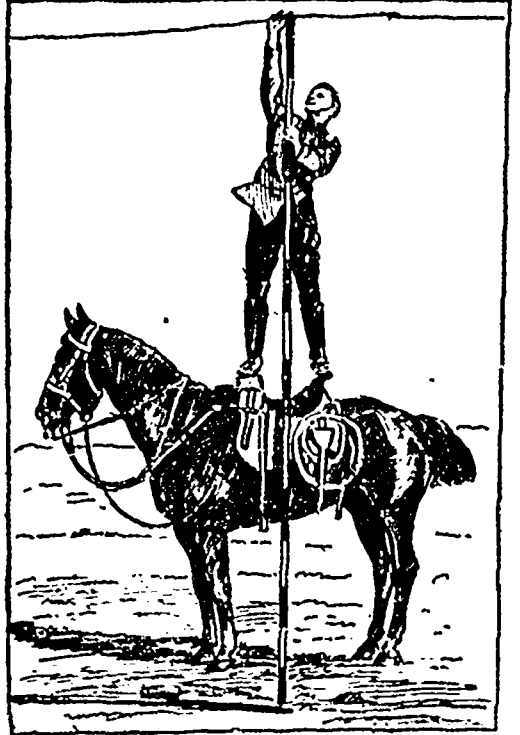
10. "How were thine eyes opened"—Personal experience always has an interest to men, whether it be in the physical or the spiritual life.

11. "He answered and said"—He told a straightforward, simple story, from which all cross-examination of the rulers could not make him averse.

12. "Where is he"—Either that they might satisfy a natural curiosity to see one who could do such a work, or that they might arrest him as a Sabbath-breaker.

13. "They brought to the Pharisees him that aforesaid 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.

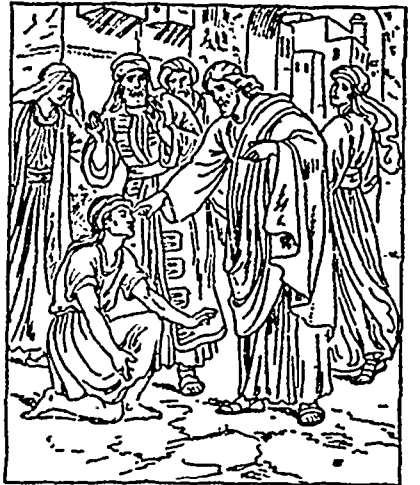
14. "It was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay"—The curing itself may not have been a breach of the Sab-



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



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

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 blindness?

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 received the blessing if he had not obeyed?
What effect had this upon his neighbours and others?
How did they question him?
How did his answer proclaim the divinity of Christ?



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 Sabbath.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The man born blind.—John 9. 1-17.
Tu. "One thing I know"—John 9. 18-29.
W. 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.
Su. Spiritual discernment.—1 Cor. 2. 7-16.