

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, December 26th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 57-61: MARK xv. 42-47: LUKE xxiii. 50-56: JOHN xix. 31-42: The taking down from the cross. The burial. The watch at the Sepulchre.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 162, 163.

Sunday, January 1st, 1871.

Subject: The New Birth.

Recite.—S. C., 164, 165.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LVII.

Sa-b-eans Joel iii. 4, 8.
 E-n-o ch. Jude 14.
 N-a-z-arene Matt. ii. 23.
 E-l-e-azar 1 Sam. vii. 1.
 H-a-zael 2 Kings viii. 13-15.
 SENEH—BOZEL. 1 Samuel xiv. 4, etc.

BIBLE SCENES.

No. XI.

Here is a picture of a funeral-procession, but not an ordinary one, for it does not reach the burial place:

Look at the city on that northern slope of a rugged ridge which rises above a fertile plain. A large funeral procession has just passed through the gate, bearing to his rocky tomb in the hill-side one cut down in the morning of life. The sad train is met by a multitude of people, who are ascending the steep road from the plain. Their leader is touched with tender compassion for the chief mourner, who has lost her last earthly stay, and he speaks soothingly to her. He comes forward, and the bearers pause as he touches the bier. At his word of command—oh wondrous sight!—the spirit returns to that shrouded body, which rises from the bier, while clear speech flows from the lips so lately sealed in death. A great awe falls upon the multitude, and finds meet expression in reverent praise to Him who holds the keys of hell and of death.

Who were the principal persons noticed? and where do we read of them?

CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

THERE WERE WHISPERINGS IN THE HEAVENS.

There were whisperings in the heavens,
 There were murmurings in the clouds,
 There were harp-tones full of sweetness
 From the joyous angel crowds,
 There were songs from holy voices,
 There was brightness o'er the morn.
 And Nature thrill'd with gladness
 When our Saviour Christ was born.

It was in a lonely manger
 Where the Son of God was laid,
 And naught of grandeur comforted
 The Holy Mother maid;
 But in stillness and in beauty,
 While the shepherds round adored,
 Slept in loved and loving tenderness
 The Mother and her Lord.

And angels hovering guarded him
 With love extended wing,
 And sang their songs of hope for man,
 And glory to their King;
 So let us learn to love like him,
 Like him for sorrows mourn,
 Nor forget 'twas God who loved us
 When our Saviour Christ was born.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Gather around the Christmas tree:
 Gather around the Christmas tree!
 Ever green
 Have its branches been,
 It is king of all the woodland scene;
 For CHRIST our KING is born to-day,
 His reign shall never pass away.
 Hosanna in the highest.

Gather around the Christmas tree!
 Gather around the Christmas tree!
 Every bough
 Bears a burden now,
 They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
 For CHRIST is born, his love to show,
 And give good gifts to men below.
 Hosanna, etc.

Gather around the Christmas tree!
 Gather around the Christmas tree!
 Tapers bright
 In the branches light,
 Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight,
 For CHRIST, our LIGHT, was born to-day,
 His glory ne'er shall fade away.
 Hosanna, etc.

Make no vows to perform this or that: it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.—Fuller.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—Chesfield.

Paris has been the scene of outrages probably greater than any other city of Europe. It is supposed by many that the terrible sufferings now being endured there, are but the precursor of a total destruction of the devoted city, as a judgment for its former iniquities.

It had arisen to the pinnacle of splendor. Luxury and vice grew side by side until the pursuit of pleasure seemed the reigning power. Whether its inhabitants will by these calamities learn righteousness, humility, and the fear of the Lord is perhaps the condition on which its doom or recovery now rests. The St. Bartholomew's day Massacre is one of the dark spots of its history. The following brief account of that awful butchery of the Huguenots is given in *Harper's Magazine*.

MASSACRE OF BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

The clock of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sounded over silent Paris. Its ominous peal awoke an awful clamor, such as the earth had never witnessed before. A clang of bells responded from every tower and belfry, the adherents of the Pope seized their arms, rushed to the houses of the Huguenots, and murdered every inmate, from the sleeping infant to the gray-haired grandsire and the helpless maid. The city had been suddenly illuminated, and from every Catholic house the blaze of torches lighted up the labor of death. Beneath their rays were seen women unsexed, and children endowed with an unnatural malice, torturing and treating with strange malignity the dying and the dead. It is impossible, indeed, to narrate the details of this awful event, over which Catholic kings and priests rejoiced, and for which the infallible Pope at Rome gave public thanks to God.

Within the palace of the Louvre itself, where a few days before every saloon had rung with festivity, and where mask and dance and throngs of gallant knights and maidens had greeted the nuptials of Henry and Marguerite, now echoed the groans of the dying Huguenots, and the shrieks of the terrified Queen. In the evening Marguerite had been driven by her enraged mother from her presence and from the arms of her sister Claude, who would have detained her, and was forced to go trembling to the apartment of her husband, lest her absence might excite suspicion. She lay awake all night, filled with a sense of impending danger; she pretends that she knew nothing of the approaching event. Henry's rooms were filled with his companions in arms, who passed the night in uttering vain threats against the Guises, and planning projects of revenge. Toward morning, they all went out in company with the King; and Marguerite, weary with watching, sank into a brief slumber. She was aroused by a loud cry without of "Navarre! Navarre!" and a knocking at the door. It was thrown open; a man, wounded and bleeding, pursued by four soldiers, rushed into the room, and threw his arms around the Queen. He clung to her, begging for life. She screamed in her terror. The captain of the guard came in and drove off the soldiers, and the wounded Huguenot was allowed to hide himself in her closet. Marguerite fled hastily across the halls of the Louvre to her sister's room, and, as she passed amidst the scene that had so lately rung with the masks and revels of her wedding night, she saw an other Huguenot pierced by the spear of his pursuer, and heard the clamor of the general massacre. Faint and trembling, she went to her mother and the King, threw herself at their feet, and begged the lives of two of her husband's retainers.

Meantime, when Henry of Navarre had left his room in the morning, he had been arrested and carried to the King's chamber; but of the throng of Huguenots who had attended him in the night only a few escaped. Each man, as he passed out into the court, between two lines of Swiss guards, was stabbed without mercy. Two hundred of the noblest and purest reformers of France lay piled in a huge heap before the windows of the Louvre; Charles IX., Catharine, and her infamous train of maids of honor, inspected and derided them as they lay dead. All through that fearful Sabbath day, the feast of St. Bartholomew, and for two succeeding days, the murders went on; the whole city was in arms; every hat or cap was marked with a white cross, and every Catholic was converted into an assassin. Charles, a raging lunatic, rode through the streets, laughing and jesting over the fallen; the streets were filled with corpses; the Seine was turned to blood; many Catholics grew rich by the plunder of the Huguenots; and it was believed that the King and his brother, Anjou, shared the spoils of opulent merchants and skilful goldsmiths. The Papal nuncio, Salvati, overjoyed at the spectacle, wrote to the Pope that nothing was to be seen in the streets but white crosses, producing a fine effect: he did not see the heaps of dead, nor the scenes of inexpiable crime. Charles IX. shot at the flying Huguenots from his bedroom window. The rage of the murderers was chiefly turned against women and infants. One man threw two little children into the Seine from a basket; another infant was dragged through the street by a cord tied round his neck, by a throng of Catholic children; a babe smiled in the face of the man who had seized it, and played with his beard, but the monster stabbed the child, and, with an oath, threw it into the Seine.

For three days the massacre continued, with excessive atrocities; a month later Huguenots were still being murdered in Paris. It is computed that several thousand persons perished in that city alone. In every part of the king-

dom, by orders of the King, an effort was made to exterminate the Huguenots; and Lyons, Orleans, Bordeaux, and all the provincial towns ran with blood. Four thousand reformers are said to have been killed in Lyons. At Bordeaux, Auger, the most eloquent of the Jesuit preachers, employed all his powers in urging on the work of slaughter. "Who," he cried, "executed the divine judgments at Paris? The angel of the Lord. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of the Lord, however man may try to resist him!" The number of the slain throughout France has been variously estimated at from ten to one hundred thousand. History has no parallel to offer to this religious massacre, even in its most barbarous periods.

THE BLACK YEAR.

The year 1870 will be known in future times as the bloody year, or the black year, or by whatever name men describe dark and terrible passages in history. More blood has been shed within the last two months than in any equal period of modern times, even than in the most destructive campaigns of Napoleon, in the invasion of Russia, followed by the retreat from Moscow. Battles have been fought more bloody than Borodino; on a single day the carnage equalled that of Leipzig and Waterloo rolled into one. After the battle of Gravelotte a writer followed the line of the dead for seven miles. Heaps of corpses lay on every hand a ghastly spectacle, men and horses, friend and foe

"In one red burial blent."

The battle plain is now covered with graves, while far away in every city of Germany, as well as of France, the hospitals are filled with the mangled remains of that terrible day. In addition to the carnage of the field, we read of the desolation of provinces, of villages burned, of peasants flying in dismay from their late homes, and seeking refuge with the beasts of the forest. Such is the tale of horror which makes the world turn pale, and which can only be described in language like that of the Book of Revelation, when a seal is opened or a vial full of plagues is poured out into the air.

WAR LETTERS.

LIFE IN PARIS.

From the Special Correspondent of the London Daily News. (by balloon.)

PARIS, Nov. 10.—No pigeon has come into Paris since the 28th October—that is a fortnight ago. What keeps them back? Some say the Prussians shoot them; others believe that hawks have been let loose upon them, for many hawks, unknown before, have lately been seen about Paris; and the general opinion is that the pigeons will not fly at this time of year. The birds have peculiar ways. They refuse to fly late in the afternoon, and at this time of year also they are unwilling to travel, especially against the wind. However this be, it is a fact that two dozen balloons (not counting the one which carries this) have been started from Paris; that 173 pigeons have gone off in these balloons; that only 22 pigeons have returned, and not one in the last fortnight, in which the weather has been exceptionally bad. So we are given over to guesses and rumours of what is being done in the provinces; and this dreadful ignorance aggravates the indecision which prevails. We are distracted morning, noon, and night, with rumours which are first timidly asserted, then denied, then repeated, then confirmed, then doubted, then disbelieved, then revived, then crossed with other rumours, then finally shelved. You who live in the healthy atmosphere of a public opinion which can correct itself by accurate information from the uttermost ends of the earth, must have strong imaginations to be able to sympathize with Paris, void of news, and subsisting on rumours, some supplied by the wild fantasy of the Parisians, and some due to the exaggerations of the Prussian outposts. But after all, to know nothing and to do nothing is to waste time, and time brings us nearer to the end of our resources. If Paris were resolute, she has provisions by means of which she could defy the enemy till January; if she is not resolute, and sees no good reason to be deprived of her flets of beef and mignon outlets of mutton, she may soon show great impatience. The weather has become very cold; the butcher's shops have become very empty; and it is painful in the extreme to see crowds of women standing in line before the butchers' shops, and standing there for hours in the cold, all for fifty grammes of meat, including bone, or say an ounce without bone. I have wondered for many a day at the patience of the people waiting hours upon hours at the doors of the butchers' shops for small doles of meat, which are less for people well to do than many a lapdog in London enjoys. It is through mismanagement and want of organization that they have to wait so long for their little portions. But if this cold continues they will soon cry out in terms which will frighten the Government. It is had enough to have to stand in line for a couple of hours in the cold if there is meat to be had; but how if there is none? I know that in my district no meat was to be had for the last four days; in the district next to mine the butchers' shops were shut for five consecutive days.

I have hitherto laughed at the mention of "rats and mice, and such small deer." It seemed to be too good a joke that they should be eaten and that we should ever come to cats and guinea pigs. But to day I have really met with people who have been devouring these animals. They had a *salbris* of rats for dinner yesterday, and speak of the dish as no means bad. The rats are indeed being sold in the

streets at prices varying from threepence to sixpence. A friend of mine declares himself to be so enamoured of cat that henceforth all the cats about his house in England will be in danger of their lives. I think I told you in a recent letter that they are selling the beasts in the Jardin des Plantes. We have for dinner just now in select circles, yak, and bear, and kangaroo, and monkey; and here is a list of prices of some other articles of food:

Ham, the pound 8 fr. Lyons sausage (made of ass) 16 fr. Horseflesh 2 fr. to c. 50. Ass or mule, the pound 6 fr. A goose 25 fr. A chicken 15 fr. A pair of pigeons 12 fr. A turkey 55 fr. A rabbit 18 fr. A carp 20 fr. A dozen eggs 4 fr. c. 60. A cabbage 1 fr. c. 50. A cauliflower 2 fr. A pound of fresh butter 50 fr. A pound of salt butter 14 fr. All tending to show that a severe pinch is coming very soon.

With hunger works disease. People talk of the horrors of war, and fix their imaginations in the slaughter of battle. But really the increase produced by battle in the death-rate of a people is small in comparison with the increase which may be produced by a bad season or by a passing contagion. One feels this very vividly in Paris, where—putting the killed and wounded in battle out of account—the death-rate has mounted up to double what it was. In the Sedan week the number of deaths were about 900. Now they are about 1,800. The deaths from small-pox alone are now 380 a week—that is more than ever they were. There was a time when the disease seemed to be steadily diminishing, and likely to be forgotten. Now the Mobiles from the provinces are catching it, and it is in greater vigour than ever. All this, however, is little noticed, because it is not concentrated in a field of battle, because it is brought together only in a statistical table. But it is real and terrific notwithstanding, and it indicates but too clearly the suffering which abounds.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—It is rather interesting to see the balloons go off, and I had the pleasure of seeing two launched this morning—the Nipco and the Daguerre—from the station of the Orleans Railway. I have seen many of Nadar's balloons launched, from the Place St. Pierre, from the Great Northern Station, and from the Garden of the Tuilleries, but I had not yet seen any of Godard's take the air; and as considerable importance is attached to the two which set sail to-day I started at day-dawn for the Orleans railway station, whence they were to rise. It required, however, a good deal of faith to keep up one's interest in the special mission of these balloons, which is indicated in the names of photographic celebrities given to them. Their mission is to arrange for the return of answers to the letters which are despatched from Paris. We have now been eight weeks beleaguered, and though the siege has brought privation and misery to many, I believe the misery of silence and ignorance is to be ranked above all the other disquietudes of these eight weeks.

After describing the messages sent by carriers-pigeons and the proposal to photograph letters and papers on tissue paper to be sent by them, the writer visits a balloon factory near the Orleans Railway station. He says:

All the railway carriages have been removed, and balloons take their places. They are most of them green with parti-coloured stripes of yellow and maroon at either end, and they have less of the pear shape than the balloons of Nadar. M. Nadar makes his balloons of cotton, and after they are finished he gives them three drenchings of varnish. The Brothers Godard, on the other hand, have all their cloth varnished and rendered waterproof and airtight before they proceed to cut it out. From there of of the station may be seen hanging long pieces of gingham, which have been well dipped in varnish, and are being thus dried before being cut. In the vast hall close at hand, where the luggage is given out, there are long tables where the cloze is cut, and where several hundreds of girls are continually engaged in sewing the pieces together. Elsewhere there are sailors engaged in netting the cordage which is to envelope the balloon, and sustain the basket underneath. When it is proposed to start a balloon, it is emptied of the atmospheric air which inflates it, as it rests on the railway station, and it lies limp on the ground like the skin of an enormous green snake, with the valve for a monthpiece. The long snake-skin is then inserted into the net, which is carefully fixed at one end to the hoop of the valve; and all is now ready for the inflation of gas. Thirty or forty men come forward and carry the balloon like a corpse to the wide open space from which it will take its departure. There is a large gaspipe nearly a foot in diameter ready to fill it. The filling takes about an hour, and it is difficult, as one watches the process, not to think of the balloon as a living thing, it so moves and heaves, and flutters about, as with a sense of returning life. While the inflation proceeds the balloon is held down by forty or fifty men, who grasp the cordage, each assisted by three or four bags of ballast, which they adjust with hooks to the network. At last the balloon has its full allowance of gas, and then the hoop with the basket hanging from it is attached to the cordage.

Two balloons were thus prepared to-day, and the Messrs. Godard invited about a couple of hundred of their friends to see them start. First of all a pilot balloon was sent up to see which way the wind blew. This is a paper balloon, about eight feet in diameter. The day was magnificent, after a long term of villainous weather, not a cloud in the clear, cold sky of this bright November morning. The pilot balloon bounded up with amazing velocity. When it attained a great height it found a current of wind that blew it eastward, perhaps a point or two to the north of east. I at once came to the conclusion,