

## The True Shepherd.

[The following lines were found, it is said, upon the person of Faber, after death; set to music—a sweet, rippling melody and harmony—and now sung by a few persons in Europe and America.]

I WAS wandering and weary,  
When my Saviour came unto me,  
For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
And the world had ceased to woo me—  
And I thought I heard him say,  
As he came along his way—  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

At first I would not hearken,  
But put off till the morrow—  
But my life began to darken,  
And I grew sick with sorrow—  
And I thought I heard him say,  
As he came along his way,  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

At length I stopped to listen—  
His voice could not deceive me;  
I saw his kind eyes glisten,  
So ready to receive me—  
And I thought I heard him say,  
As he came along his way,  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

He took me on his shoulder—  
So tenderly he kissed me—  
He bade my love grow bolder,  
And said—how he had missed me;  
And I thought I heard him say,  
As he came along his way,  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

I thought his love would waken,  
The more and more he knew me;  
But it burneth like a beacon,  
And its light and heat go through me;  
And I think I hear him say,  
As he comes along his way,  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,  
What will best and longest please us—  
Follow not the ways of others,  
But trust ourselves to Jesus;  
We shall ever hear him say,  
As he comes along his way,  
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,  
My sheep should never fear me—  
I am their Shepherd true.”

## Longest Tunnel in the World.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over a hundred years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lower part of the Gran valley. The work is now complete, and according to the *Bauzeitung für Ungarn* it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gotthard, and two and one-half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height

is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches.

This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least the present generation has no cause to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with the water-raising appliances amounts to £15,000 a year. There is one further point, however worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they certainly were better off in the price of labour. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years, and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French revolution enhanced the cost of labour and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made. For ten years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally the tunnel was completed in 1878, the remaining part costing £22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.—*Scientific American*.

## Home Life in the Country.

In the quiet of country and even of suburban life, men ought to get more time for communion with God. Things are around which ought naturally to lead the heart upwards to Him. Alas! however, there are many who have no longing for the quiet in order that they may have fellowship with God. To such it might be unpleasant. Conscience might take occasion to speak too loudly. Others only find in quiet the opportunity for dreamy contemplations of their importance. Secluding themselves in a selfish isolation, they shut themselves off from active service such as they might render. An Elijah fled for a selfish quiet to Horeb; Jonah, for the same reason, took a voyage to Tarshish. This spirit benefits neither self nor others. The quiet should be used, not for self, but for God. When Moses ascended Sinai, or when John went into the wilderness, or Paul went for three years into the desert of Arabia, it was to serve others. So, when our great Master went into the desert to be tempted, or up Tabor's to be transfigured, or out of Jerusalem to Bethany, it was that he might come back to be of more service unto man. Is there not in this a hint to suburban idlers who escape from the conflict of sin in the city? All quiet at some Bethany should be a preparation for the rougher work of life, and for active effort for God.

Now, it was not only because Bethany was a quiet village that Jesus loved it, but there was one true home there. It was the nearest approach to a home that Jesus had on earth. He

set a high value on domestic life. Life in towns is less domestic, and more public. Many have only rooms, not homes. There is so little in them to hold men to them. Hence, excitement in public is sought to supply the place of home joys. When this is the case the attachment to home, as a home, is lessened. The house becomes a place where we board, not where we are at home. This is an evil. We might lay it down as a rule, that in proportion to the attachment of men and women to their homes so is the strength of a nation's life.

There was real home life at Bethany. In it there was a true element of joy. All loved Christ, and each loved the other. Many were the happy hours spent by Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, when alone. But how their pulses must have quickened in anticipation of happier still as they heard that well-known and anxiously-listened-for footstep of Jesus approaching their lowly door! How happy they were when they could sit round and listen to His teachings concerning the Resurrection, or the Church, or concerning life in Heaven, or of the meeting of friends there, and of the occupation of the saved, and of the last great day.—*The Quiver for October*.

## The Shepherd's Appeal.

HAVE ye seen my lamb that has gone astray,  
Afar from the shepherd's fold,  
Away in the deserts "wild and bare,"  
Or on the mountain cold?  
Have ye ever sought to bring it back  
By a word, or a look, or a prayer,  
Or followed it on where it wandered lone,  
And tried to reclaim it there?

Ye gather each week in the place of prayer,  
And ye speak of your love for me,  
And pray that your daily life may bear  
Some fruit that the world may see.  
Ye mean it well; but, when once away,  
Do you live that life of prayer?  
Is the soul of the lamb that's gone astray  
Your chief and greatest care?

Ye speak of the good that ye mean to do  
Among your fellow-men;  
Yet ye tarry oft 'mid the joys of earth—  
They are watching your footsteps then.  
And while ye have stopped for pleasure or  
ease

The lamb that has gone astray  
Has wandered farther 'mid darkness and sin  
Along the forbidden way

Ye meet in your counting-house rooms for  
gain,  
And count the cost each day;  
Do ye ever count what the cost may be  
Of the lamb that has gone astray?  
The cost of that soul will far outweigh  
Your stocks and your piles of gold.  
Can you leave your gains and your wealth  
untold  
To gather it into the fold?

It is perishing now in the bleak and cold,  
While ye might have saved its life.  
Are ye thinking too much of your ease and  
your gains

To enter the Christian strife?  
When the reck'ning is called and the balance  
made,

Will the wealth of a single day  
Atonc for the loss of a dying soul—  
For the lamb that has gone astray?

—F. Marsh, in *Advent Review*.

## A Chinese Hospital.

In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai, there has stood for forty years a free native hospital, mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo mat and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house-surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards, and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56, and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come, and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing; for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai hospital, of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting-room, seated for 300, is crowded with men, women, and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon, many of the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk. . . . I have known in one year, among those cured in our hospital, thirty men and women received into the Christian Church."—*The Quiver for October*.

*Eighty-Seven*. By PANSY (Mrs. Alden)  
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Price \$1.

Mrs. Alden has created quite a Chautauqua literature. She is in hearty sympathy with the great educational movement which Chautauqua symbolizes. This book is especially written for the 5,000 Chautauquans for the class of 1883. But all Chautauquans, and all who care to understand that greatest educational movement of our times, will find it very interesting and instructive reading. Under the form of a story the author has grouped the actual experiences of many students as given in letters which she has received. We commend the book especially to our younger readers.

If we practise goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—*Cicero*.