

"very clear against Mr. McCleary (no pun intended) that we were not understood to be making any surrender" when my letter did not even so much as hint, nor do I even now say that any surrender whatever had been made. I must crave the privilege of a 2nd short letter in reply to the rest of Dr. Carry's.

J. W. McCLEARY.

Notes on the Bible Lessons

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, ON
THE INSTITUTE LEAFLETS.

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BIBLE LESSON.

"Jacob's Burial and Joseph's Death."—Genesis 1. 12, 26.

Having in this series of lessons studied the record of God's dealings with man, (a) before the flood, (b) after the flood, and seen how God the Creator of the heavens and the earth, entered into special revelations with, and gave special revelations to a certain family, and manifested himself as in a peculiar sense, "the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," we come to-day to the closing scenes of this period of sacred history. May God the Holy Ghost bless His own word to the souls of teachers and scholars. Jacob, having blessed his sons, and given them his last charge, died; and was "gathered unto his people." He freely resigned his spirit into the hand of God, Who gave it, his soul went to the assembly of the souls of the faithful which after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity.

(1). *The Grave in Canaan.* Jacob died in full assurance that God would fulfil his promise, and bring his sons into possession of the land of Canaan (ch. xlviii. 21). He therefore, that they might regard the land of promise as their home, commanded them to bury him with his fathers, (ch. xlix. 29), in the cave of Machpelah, surrounded as it was with sacred memories; here lay the mortal remains of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, and Leah, and here he had cut out for himself (ch. l. 5), a niche for his own body. There their bones are still lying, waiting for the resurrection day.

(2). *The Funeral Procession.* Joseph mourned and wept for his father, but he sorrowed not as those who have no hope; the same faith that has sustained Jacob was his support and comfort. To do honor to Joseph, a public mourning for his father by the Egyptians, lasting seventy days, took place. Jacob's body was embalmed, and then Joseph asked a favour of Pharaoh, which was at once granted, it was to bury his father in Canaan, "a very great company" (v. 9), went from Egypt to Canaan, not only Jacob's sons, but all the great men of the kingdom attended to show the great respect in which they held Joseph their deliverer, and how highly they esteemed his father, Jacob. When the funeral procession, which must have numbered hundreds of people, reached Canaan, the inhabitants of the land (v. 11), were much impressed with the "grievous mourning" in the "floor of Atad," and they gave a special name to the place, meaning "the mourning of the Egyptians." After the funeral the Israelites all went back to Egypt. Jacob's death was a solemn event for his family. They now fear that Joseph will avenge their conduct to him, so they at once present a petition to him, (vs. 16, 17) praying for his forgiveness. How little they understood Joseph's character! They could not comprehend his noble and forgiving spirit. He had long since fully forgiven them, but they could never forgive themselves. His tender heart was touched by their humiliation, so (v. 19) he assures them, and reminds them how much good God had brought out of their evil. He had saved the lives of numbers of people. In the same way the wickedness of Christ's enemies was overruled to bring about the world's redemption, compare Acts iii. 17, 18; Rom. viii. 28; 2 Cor. iv. 17. What a beautiful

trait in Joseph was this loving, forgiving spirit, see Rom. xii. 19, 20; Prov. xv. 21, 22; St. Matt. v. 44.

(3). *The Promised Land.* After this they lived peacefully and happily in Goshen. Joseph lived to be an old man (v. 22) 110 years, and saw his great grandchildren, but he never forgot the God of his fathers, so when the time came for him to die, he reminded his brethren of God's promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and impressed on them that Canaan was to be their ultimate resting place, and not Egypt, where they were only sojourners. To impress this deeply on them, he bound them by a solemn obligation to bury him in Canaan, see how his faith is alluded to in Heb. xi. 22. He then, like his father Jacob, died, waiting for God's salvation, and his bones 200 years later, were buried by Joshua in Spechem, (Josh. xxiv. 82). Let us not forget our Promised Land, where the many mansions are, see St. John xiv. 2, 8. May we in faith and patience maintain the confident hope of Christ's return, and be able to say,

My times are in Thy hand,
My God I wish them there,
My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
Entirely to Thy care.

Family Reading.

FOUNDRED AT SEA.

The land I knew was a stealthy foe,
And a treacherous friend to me;
I looked for ill, and it gave me ill—
But I trusted in thee, O sea.

My home was wrecked in the far-off past,
For my wife was no wife to me,
The children died, and my friend was false—
But I trusted in thee, O sea.

So long companions, to part like this!
With the gallant ship slain by thee,
And torn and maimed, as with human spite—
And I trusted in thee, O sea!

The faith is shattered, the idol fall'n,
I renounce thee, O traitor sea!
O Thou who rulest the waves and storm,
Mighty Father, I come to Thee.

BOOKS FOR THE GUEST CHAMBER.

At one time I was staying in a house where the guest chamber contained among the furniture a little shelf of books. I have often thought of them since, with a wonder that more careful hostesses did not provide the same. Nights when I could not sleep, and mornings when I waited in my room for the breakfast-bell, I dipped into the contents—a volume or two of poems, some short stories, and interesting travels comprised the whole—and I found not the least pleasant part of my visit in those quiet moments by the window that overlooked the great old-fashioned garden. Any housekeeper could spare six or eight books from her library, and almost any guest would bless her for the thought. A little workbasket fully stocked, pen, ink, and paper ready to hand—the visitor cares nearly as much for these as for fresh towels and extra coverings. The Golden Rule, which is a guide to all branches of good housekeeping as to all branches of business, comes to one's aid here, and what we care most for in another's home we should endeavor to give the owner in our own.—*Ruth Hall, in Good Housekeeping.*

A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs, as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and to keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when

a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in the days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND.

Man has no better friend, outside of the human family, than the dog—and very few in it, a cynic might say, who are as good. The fidelity and devotion of the dog have been proverbial from the earliest time. When Ulysses returned after his long wanderings, his dog, *Argus*, was the first to recognize him, and die at his feet. The story of the hound, *Gelert*, has made the circuit of the earth. But these are poetical dogs, it may be said. Well, there are historical dogs, whose existence cannot be denied. There are the dogs of Frederick the Great, especially little *Biche*, whom, on one occasion, when he was hiding under a bridge from some Austrian soldiers, he buttoned in the breast of his coat, where she remained perfectly silent until the danger was past; there is, also, the favorite dog of Mary Queen of Scots, that creeping after her on the scaffold, watched the executioner as he beheaded her, and would not leave the coffin until it was buried.

Not to linger in the company of such famous dogs, the number of which increases as we write, let us turn to the breeds most serviceable to man, particularly the St. Bernard and the Newfoundland. To the St. Bernard dog has been assigned the duty of rescuing travellers lost in Alpine snows. Their sense of smell is so keen that although a perishing man may be buried several feet beneath a snow drift, they will detect the spot, and, scraping away the snow with their feet, exert themselves in his behalf, howling so as to be heard at a great distance. In the early part of the present century one of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, as a reward for having saved the lives of twenty-two snow-bound travellers.

The sagacity of the Newfoundland dog, in cases of drowning, exceeds the narrow limits of instinct. A case in point is that of Mr. William Phillips, who, while bathing at Portsmouth, England, ventured out too far, and was in imminent peril. The bystanders, seeing this, urged two boatmen to go to his rescue, which they refused to do, unless they could be assured that they would be well paid. Comprehending the situation at once, a Newfoundland dog plunged into the water, and rescued the struggling swimmer. In gratitude to his deliverer, Mr. Phillips purchased him from his owner, a butcher, and gave thereafter an annual dinner in honor of the event, at which he was assigned the post of honor, with a plentiful ration of beefsteak. He had his portrait painted by Morland, and engraved by Bartolozzi, and it was worked into all his table linen, with the motto—"Verum extu's mari."

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Cardinal Newman says the true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment, his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never