



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

No other city was ever like Venice. It is built on about eighty islands in the Adriatic Sea, and instead of streets there are canals, and instead of carriages, gondolas. For a thousand years or more this city has ruled itself, and was the proud and haughty queen of the Adriatic. It was governed by fifteen hundred nobles. These chose three hundred senators, the chief of whom was called the doge.

On one side of the canal in the picture was the doge's palace, on the other side the prison. Accused persons were tried, and if found guilty, were led across the Bridge of Sighs and passed into prison, and from the sight of mortal men for ever. Here they stayed, if they were not at once put to death, until memory and hope were gone. What sad tales these prison walls could tell!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 60.] LESSON X. [Sept. 3.  
PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

Acts 27. 30-44.] [Memory verses, 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Trusting, v. 30-37.
2. Working, v. 38-41.
3. Saved, v. 42-44.

PLACE.—St. Paul's Bay, Malta.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Paul had appealed to Caesar, and to Caesar he must go. Agrippa and Festus sent him to Rome. He was placed with other prisoners in charge of Julius, a "centurion of Augustus' band," or regiment. Their voyage was full of adventure and peril. They were at length shipwrecked off the coast of Melita.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Shipmen"—Sailors, who had formed a plot to leave the ship. "Nothing"—No regular meal. "Knew not the land"—Even a native Maltese would probably not have recognized the spot. "Rudder-bands"—The ancient rudders were paddles, one on each side of the stern, bound when the ship drifted, and loosed now they were needed to steer with. "Two seas met"—Literally, a two-sea place. The promontory probably jutted out under the surface of the water, and the ship stranded on this some distance from the land.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we should trust in the promise of God!

2. That, while trusting God, we should use every effort.
3. That, though we may trust and work, our salvation is of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the shipmen try to do? "To escape in a boat." 2. What did Paul ask the men to do? "To take some meat." 3. What did Paul do when he had taken the bread? "He gave thanks to God." 4. What was finally done to escape death? "They ran the ship aground." 5. What was the result? "They escaped all safe to land." 6. What says the Golden Text? "God is our refuge," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Relation of faith and works.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Is, then, the soul of man created to live forever?

It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies.

What is the other part of man?  
The body, which is flesh and blood.

WAS IT A LIE?

You may judge for yourself. It was in this way:

Irene and Gertrude were sent by their mamma to Aunt Susan's on an errand, and mamma had said, "Don't ask to have Bessie come home with you." For it was a way of these girls to bring their cousin Bessie back with them whenever they went to the old square house on the hill, where she lived with ever so many brothers and sisters.

Bessie was a dear girl, and everybody loved her, but on this particular afternoon the little girls' mamma was very busy, and she wanted them to look after the baby on their return, instead of running off to the attic to play with dolls.

Aunt Susan—poor, careworn woman—was very busy, too, and she could not well spare Bessie, for there was a baby at her home, too; so it was right all around. Was it, though?

Irene "did the errand," as the children used to say, and then, oh, how she did dislike to part with Bessie!

"I wish Bessie could go home with us, don't you, Gertrude?" she asked, looking anxiously at Aunt Susan.

"Yes, I do wish she could," echoed Gertrude.

"Can't I go, ma?" asked Bessie.

Aunt Susan looked more careworn than ever, as she thought of the stout men from the farm, and the hearty men from the shop, and the boys from school, coming in presently, all of them with appetites like wolves; and the baby ready to wake; but she looked at the three children—who were waiting for her decision with such anxious faces you would have thought all their happiness in life depended on it—and her

gentle mother heart reproached itself for selfishness.

"You may go, Bessie," she said.

But all the way home Irene's sensitive conscience reproved her for acting contrary to her mother's wishes, so that she was not happy even with darling Cousin Bess at her side.

Irene's mamma looked a little surprised, but she spoke pleasantly to Bessie, and allowed the little girls to go to their play among the old spinning-wheels, and boxes of dresses, piles of disabled umbrellas, and antiquated cooking utensils, stowed away under the rafters of the sloping roof. A most fascinating play-ground was that.

But Irene was not happy. Yet when her mamma asked, "Did you invite Bessie to come home with you?" they both said, "No, ma, we didn't. She come without our asking her."

Irene said to herself, "I have not told a lie," but somehow she felt in her heart as though she had. What do you think about it?



Nice to be a Boy, But Not a Man.

BY GRACE S. BURGESS.

TUMBLING on the fresh, green grass  
Shouting as my playmates pass:  
"Come and tumble here with me,  
This is jolly fun, you see!"  
Flying kites, and cracking whips,  
Carving toys and floating ships,  
Hunting squirrels, digging worms,  
Trading knives on easy terms,  
Climbing to the chimney top,  
Never being told to stop  
As I run, or jump, or play,  
Save when mother says, "Now, Ray,  
Come and help me quick!" or when  
The bell has rung for school, and then  
With my sister, looking sweet,  
Close beside me on the seat,  
Riding to the district school  
Where there is not one bad rule,  
And doing many other things  
I cannot think of now—each brings  
Only happiness and joy;  
Oh! 'Tis nice to be a boy.

Going down to town, and there  
Meeting ugly men who swear,  
And run against you rough and rude;  
No matter where you are, intrude  
Men who use the weed and smell,  
How, I doubt if I could tell;  
Nasty though, and have them say  
In such a confidential way;  
"Take a cigar?" If you say, "No,"  
"Getting pious, Jim? ho! ho!"  
Have them most insulting shout,  
Then pull and jostle you about,  
And finally: "Well, come and drink?"  
Before you've time to even think  
They drag you in where whiskey's sold:  
And you must take the drink when told  
Or be ridiculed; I know,  
For my pa is used just so;  
Nice to be a man? no! no!

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"THE truth shall prevail." Wycliffe uttered these words in 1378 when summoned to a meeting of convocation at Blackfriars and forbidden to circulate the Scriptures. The prophecy is fulfilled. The house where the words were spoken is now occupied by the British Bible Society. The building of the Religious Tract Society of London stands upon the spot where the Bibles were once publicly burned. Voltaire's house in Lausanne is now occupied by a depository of the American Bible Society. Copies of the Scriptures are daily being sold in Florence on the square where Savonarola was burned for preaching the repentance of the Gospel.

ALWAYS A POISON.

YEARS ago an aged and eminent man said: "If there is a particle of depravity in a man's heart a glass of brandy will find it out and stir it up." And what is true of brandy is true of alcohol in every shape. From the time of Noah till this day its effects have shown that it has an affinity for the worst parts of our nature. Hence we cannot be too careful in guarding young people against it. Strong drink is everywhere and always a poison. Let us firmly resolve that we will have nothing to do with it.

WEARING THE CANGUE IN CHINA.

THE most common of the lawful modes of punishment in China is the wearing of the cangue. This is a square collar made of boards. The person's crime, and the time which he is to wear the cangue, are written upon the upper or front side of it. He is placed, in the day-time, in the street near the spot where he committed his offence; in the evening he is taken away by the constable of the neighbourhood, and in the morning he is returned to his usual place of exposure, where he begs his living, unless his friends supply him with food. This is done from one to three months, according to the offence.

By an ingenious apparatus lately invented it has been shown that in Glasgow on a wet morning there are 7,500,000 dust particles in a cubic inch of air. It is calculated that in London nearly 100,000 tons of sulphur are produced annually by coal consumption and thrown into the air.

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