

Living for Jesus.

Ever day to live for Jesus!
How blessed life would be,
If gratefully, dear Saviour,
We gave each day to thee!
Thy love to us, so boundless,
We never can repay,
But we a loving service
May tender day by day.

Ever day to speak for Jesus,
With sympathy and love,
To those who're sorely tempted,
And bid them look above,
Where Christ, the only Refuge,
Is waiting to receive
All those who need a helper,
And on his name believe.

Ever day to work for Jesus
To try, for his dear sake,
Wherever he has placed us,
The bread of life to break;
To do some deed of kindness,
Another's burden bear,
And with the poor and needy
Our blessings freely share.

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Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

**\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

Among the thousands of graduates of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the present year, was Mr. K. A. Burnell, of Illinois, the well-known lay evangelist, who has literally preached the world around. A private letter from him, although not written for publication, is worthy of insertion here, in view of the interest it will have to the thousands of readers who are familiar with him and his good work. He says: "As a lad in old Northampton, I looked longingly to eight miles distant, Amherst. The rocky farm, fourteen miles out (from where I had come), could not send a boy to college, and I continued at the jack plane. My last winter at school was in the good old town of Jonathan Edwards. Ten dollars as prizes in ten unequal parts,

was given to the ten who had most credit. It's ever been a wonder to me that I should receive 'Crabbe, Herbert and Pollock,' as first prizes; you will wonder with me, knowing that Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale, was my competitor. If I did outdistance him as a boy, he has triumphed over me continually as a man. More than two score years have passed, and yesterday, at the hand of Chancellor Vincent, I received my C. L. S. C. diploma. Nearly eight hundred of '87's' took them on the ground, and from five to six thousand received them by mail."

BEGIN each day with prayer.



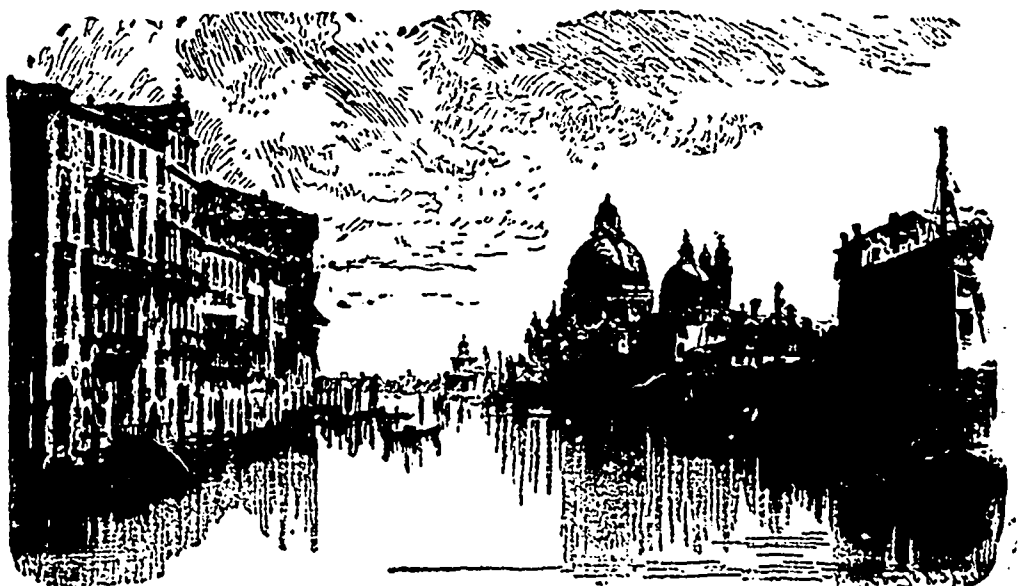
CITY OF VENICE.

An Old Man's Word.

I MET him one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be said. He had just passed the milestone of life labelled "Seventy years." His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff; his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eyes were dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cane carried him slowly along.

"Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be merry?"

"All are not," said he.
"Well, why, then, should you be merry?"
"Because I belong to the Lord."
"Are none others happy at your time of life?"
"No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow across his countenance. "Listen, please, to the truth, from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man of three-score years and ten shall be found to gainsay my words—*The devil has no happy old man.*" Selected.



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