

The Two Paintings.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

THE sun sank low in western sky,
But yet its bright beams slanting fell
Upon a painting, hanging high,
Whose beauty charmed me, as a spell.
A maiden fair with golden hair,
That parts with every passing breeze,
Was clinging to a rude cross there,
As if some danger near she sees,
And 'neath its shelter would find rest,
Secure from all her soul might harm;
As startled eaglet seeks its nest,
When first it hears the gun's alarm.

Around, tall rocks are looming high,
And sombre trees dark shadows cast;
Across the blue vault of the sky
The fleecy clouds are hurrying fast,
As if to seek some lone retreat,
For shimmering through them sunbeams fall,
And hurry on with flying feet
To brighten and disperse them all.

And still the maiden clinging there,
Both arms uplifted grasp the cross,
Each glance turned heavenward speaks a prayer,
Her soul in earnest thought is lost
And as I looked, there *seemed* a voice
To speak from heaven with wondrous thrill,
It maddled the troubled heart rejoice
To hear the answer, "Peace, be still."

Again, my eager wandering gaze,
Fell on a painting near the first,
As over it with golden rays,
The sun in parting glory burst.
The same rude cross and shadowy tree
With tall rocks rising all around,
While wild flowers sweetening the breeze
Are springing from the mossy ground.

But, streaming through yon cloud's wide rift,
A clearer tide of sunlight beams;
As over all the bright rays drift
On trees and barren rocks to gleam,
The same slight figure clinging there,
The same, yet not the same, for lo!
Gone from that brow is look of care,
And from that face it's touch of woe.

One arm uplifted grasps the cross,
The other is stretched down to save
A helpless wanderer tempest-tossed
Stranded by life's tumultuous wave.
For having gained that blest retreat,
Where restful peace the soul o'erflows,
To guide another's erring feet,
To that *same* refuge swift she goes.

And so through life, when thy own heart
So filled with peace the Saviour gives,
With his *commandment*, for thy chart,
Go teach some other soul to live.

MARK xvi. 15.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

BY MISS K. F. KIMBALL.

WITH the close of the year 1887-8 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle completes the tenth year of its history, and as we look back over the past decade the results of this movement seem little less than marvellous. Since the organization of the Circle in 1878 more than one hundred and thirty thousand people have begun its course of reading, while during the last five years of this period the number of students enrolled has been more than double the membership of the preceding five years.

Nearly forty-five hundred members of the Class of '87 completed last year their four years' course of reading. The Class of '88 will add nearly, if not quite, as many more to the membership of that society. More than twelve hundred graduates have this year been pursuing special courses of study, and recent letters from many of these students show how deep and strong is the tie that still binds them to the Chautauqua Circle. One says, "I can

never tell all that the Chautauqua reading has been to me. With the cares of a large family on my mind and almost all the work done by my own hands, with much sickness and sorrow, it has been my refuge and help, and almost my only recreation. I place the Chautauqua reading next my Bible in its influence on my life." Another writes, "My enthusiasm is not lessened, but rather increased as the years go on. This is the sixth year of my reading. My attention was called particularly to the C. L. S. C. soon after our only child left us for our Father's home above. I took up this course as a diversion from my sad thoughts, and can truly say it has been not only a profit, but one of the greatest blessings of my life. It would be a severe trial to give it up now."

The study of American history, and beyond our northern boundary, that of Canadian history, has led to much careful investigation of local historical records, and the memories of the "oldest inhabitants" have frequently been taxed to satisfy the demands of inquiring students whose courage and enthusiasm seem quite in proportion to their numbers.

These and hundreds of similar reports which cannot here be enumerated, with their records of success or of failure, enthusiastic, despondent, humorous or pathetic, show how closely Chautauqua touches the daily life of many a community.

Among the most magnificent events of the year must be mentioned the competitive examination for the Class of '88, held in Chicago under the auspices of the Northern Illinois Chautauqua Union in May. Valuable prizes were given by prominent publishing houses in New York and Chicago, and twenty students, business men and women, house-keepers, teachers and people of leisure, ranging in ages from twenty-two to sixty-four years, entered the contest. One month later, at the annual banquet of the Union in Chicago, the first prize was awarded to a busy mother living on a large farm in Illinois, whose study hours for four years had been won from a life of cares and responsibilities only by great patience and self-denial, and who made a journey of ninety miles, leaving her home at two o'clock in the morning, to be present at this Chautauqua gathering. The first prize for the best essay on subjects connected with the year's work was also awarded to a woman, the head of a family with heart and hands already more than full, but who possessed the courage and perseverance born of earnest conviction. No incident in all the ten years of our history illustrates more strikingly than this the power of the C. L. S. C. to reach and help mature men and women surrounded by daily cares, and in many cases denied early educational advantages, but who long for a broader culture for themselves and for their children.

The work begun a few years ago among the prisons and penitentiaries, though hampered by very serious difficulties, has yet made steady advance.

There are also zealous Chautauquas in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey, China, Siam, India, Persia, Burmah, Egypt, New Zealand, South Africa, Brazil, Chili, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and 3,000 in Japan.

Besides these direct results of the work of the C. L. S. C., its influence has proved a stimulus to education in many ways, not so clearly apparent but none the less effective. Mr. Cook, our secretary, writes from Scotland: "There is reason to believe that the benefits of the system have been adopted by many who have not as yet become members."

The kingdom of science, like the kingdom of God, can only be entered in the character of a child.

"If I had but the Moon!"

It is the cry of most of us. We all cry it.
"If I could have the good I never can have, I would so gladly relinquish the good I hold in my hand!"

An unknown English author says --
"Little men sometimes, though not so often as is taken for granted, complain of their destiny, and think they have been hardly treated, in that they have been allowed to remain so undeniably small, but great men, with hardly an exception, nauseate their greatness for not being of the particular sort they most fancy."

"The poet Gray was passionately fond of military history; but he took no Quebec.

"General Wolfe took Quebec, and whilst he was taking it, recorded the fact that he would sooner have written Gray's Elegy." Carlyle, who panted for action, and whose heroes were Wellington and Cromwell, sat still and wrote books. He stood by at Auldgarth Bridge, which his father had helped to build, and with pride and even envy said: "A noble craft, that of a mason. A good building will last longer than one book in a million." If Carlyle had had the fashioning of his own destiny, we should have had "blows" instead of "books."

A certain longing after excellence makes men admire qualities which they do not possess; and an ignorance of their own deficiency makes them believe that they might succeed in walks of life for which they are totally unfitted.

Almost all men look at results, knowing nothing of the labour and trouble it has taken to reap them. The fact that so many are discontented shows that there are nearly equal difficulties in all paths of life.

The best way is to be pure, self-reliant, industrious and prayerful, leaving the results with God.

On the Vistula.

SOME years ago, during a flood of the river Vistula, in Poland, a truss of hay came floating down the current, and was washed ashore close to the home of a large landowner. Fancy the amazement of the bystanders when they discovered thereon a real "happy family," which had made the voyage in peace and safety! A wolf, a fox, and a hare made up the strange party—the two former seemingly quite at their ease, while Mrs. Puss alone wore a terrified air in the too near presence of her natural enemies.

In the same region it is very common, after a flood, to find the lowlands bordering the Vistula enriched with a harvest of fine fresh fish, which are left in the soft sticky mud when the waters retire. The peasants rush in crowds to collect these treasures, which are often excellent in quality, and which they either sell at once in the nearest market or preserve for their own use.

The Vistula is in many respects a dangerous river, not alone from the sudden rush of its waters, but because of the quicksands which abound in many parts of its course. The rush of its current is also so rapid, that deep holes are sometimes formed in the very bed of the stream, in places which had hitherto been safe for bathing.

A few years since, a party of seventeen peasant women, merrily enjoying their bath, joined hands, and began to dance in a ring. All at once there was a cry—a confusion—and the whole party were seen to sink beneath the surface, never to rise again. The cause of the accident proved to be the formation of one of these pits by the ever-changing stream. The poor folk, though they knew the ground, had lost their footing, and were drowned in the swirl of the waters.