

tures (portraits) makes a decorative band of color the whole length of the side and end walls. Those portraits are not paintings, but mosaics, that is, they were made by setting together small bits of different colored stone so as to give the effect of brush work. As we look up to the lofty ceiling, we find that paneled, and adorned with decorative patterns in gold. Close by us, at the nearer end of the vast building, we find the high altar, where the elements are consecrated during a

communion service, and where the alms of worshipers are offered to the Lord. Four beautiful alabaster pillars hold a decorative canopy of bronze above the altar itself, and on the canopy we can make out two words of a Latin inscription—*praedicator veritatis*, "a preacher of the truth." That is part of Paul's epitaph. His dust lies buried in a grave down below this altar.

Use a stereograph entitled, *Splendid Altar of St. Paul's-Outside-the-Walls, Rome*.

THE LESSON APPLIED

Give your body to Christ. He who came from above to live in a human body wants our body for his service. Our bodies are to be temples of the Holy Ghost. When Archbishop Whatey was dying, his chaplain read to him the eighth chapter of Romans, and then quoted the words of Philippians, "We look for the Saviour . . . who shall change our vile body." The dying man objected to the rendering and had it read to him again as found in the Revised Version,—"the body of our humiliation." "That is right," said the Archbishop. "There is nothing vile which God has made." But the body may be the instrument of a good or bad spirit. Let us make our bodies the instruments of Christ.

Give yourself to Christ. Each one of us must be priests as we make the offerings of our bodies. Now a priest had first of all to consecrate himself. It is no use offering the body without offering ourselves. The gift will not be accepted; but if we give ourselves, then every other gift will be acceptable.

Dare to be a nonconformist. Sometimes young people are asked to follow Christ and they reply, "I dare not," and the reason they give is that they would be the only Christian in their shop and fear the taunts and laughter of their companions. How different was the conduct of the young recruit,—a lad of eighteen years of age—who was the butt of the camp because he knelt and said his prayers. At length a battle came, and after a fierce fight, the dead body of the young Christian was carried back by his companions and buried, and the words put under his name, "Christian soldier." "He deserves it," they said, "and perhaps it may console him for all our abuse."

Be ye transformed. If the inner life of self-surrender to God is what it ought to be, the outer life of speech and conduct will become incandescent. Henry James tells of a young artist who wandered to Rome and there drifted into a life of selfish indulgence. His mother, in an American home, followed him with prayers continually,—prayers that made her forget herself, prayers that wrought a change in her very appearance, though she was not conscious of it. When at last she crossed the ocean and they met in a strange city, the artist son asked in surprise: "What has happened to your face? It has changed its expression." "Your mother has prayed a great deal," she replied. "Well, it makes a good face," he answered. "It has very fine lines in it." Prayer makes a good life, also. There will be lines of triumph in it.

Beware of self-conceit. Not many young people need to pray the Scotchman's prayer, "Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves." "As you grow in art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will judge the great poets as I now judge the great musicians. At your age I used to say 'I'; at twenty-five I said, 'I and Mozart'; at forty, 'Mozart and I'; now I say, 'Mozart.'" So the growing boy says, "I;" "I and father;" "Father and I;" and at last, "Father."

Cultivate a respect for others. Some one is reported to have said that the people of his neighborhood "looked upon the Doukhobors as cattle." That will never do. We are all members of the one body of Christ. In this conglomerate of races called Canada, we need above all things the cement of mutual esteem and affection to keep the growing edifice intact upon its foundations.