

HOME & SCHOOL

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Go Back to Golgotha.

So I, go back to Golgotha,
Neath the cross of Jesus seat thee;
Lay to heart his anguish there,
As, thorn-crowned, he hangs to
greet thee;
If thou mock him, or disown,
Surely thou art more than stone.

See thou here, the pallid form,
'Tis the earth and sky uplifted;
While the life-blood trickles warm
From the flesh the spear has rifted.
Ah! I understand that start,
For he dies of broken heart.

Lamb of God! O spotless One,
I deserve what thou'rt enduring:
Pain and anguish; all thou'st done
Me, from sin and death securing.
I deserve the fiery flood
Thou hast quenched for me with
blood.

Ah! such love, my gracious Lord,
I could never back repay thee,
On thine altar, at my word,
All earth's kingdoms could I lay
thee;
What I have is henceforth thine;
Ah, how full this heart of mine!

'Tis thy travail, now I know,
That to thee this heart be given;
Thou hast bought it here below:
Bought it for thyself and heaven.
Thou art mine—I will be thine!
Life or death, thy cross the sign.

Crucify my flesh and blood!
Be the world by me forsaken;
Let me find in thee all good,
With a faith and trust unshaken;
On the cross though fixed I be,
'Twill be happiness to me.

All my wants in thee supplied,
Happy living, happy dying!
Nowhere else have I to bide:
To thy wounds for refuge flying.
He who thus shall come to die,
"It is finished!" loud may cry.
—B. Schmolke.

10:

Mountaineering in Switzerland.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was by a pass like that here shown that I first entered Switzerland. The road from Italy followed the winding valley of the Ticino. The scenery was a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crowned the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleamed through the dense foliage and leaped headlong from the cliffs. Huge fallen rocks bestrewed the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies.



A MOUNTAIN PASS IN SWITZERLAND.

From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy waterfall. Before sunset I set out for my first Alpine climb. A steep winding path ascended the hill to a pilgrimage chapel. Along the wayside were a number of shrines adorned

with glaring frescoes, and rudely carved pathetic dead Christs, with an offering of withered flowers before them. I gathered some beautiful anemones, which swung their censers in the mountain air, and drank deep delight from the sublimity of the prospect which lay before me. Coming down I lost the path, when a peasant woman, mowing in the fields, dropped her scythe and tripped down

the steep slope to point out the narrow, winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports for vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortable, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

"The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep."

Early the next morning I climbed to my seat on the top of the lumbering *diligence*, in which I was to cross the Alps. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain perils. It is like a stage coach, with another coach out in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. We rattled through the squalid, stone paved, ill-smelling town, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a distant slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow-drifts.

At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of both men and women were very picturesque. Here