

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

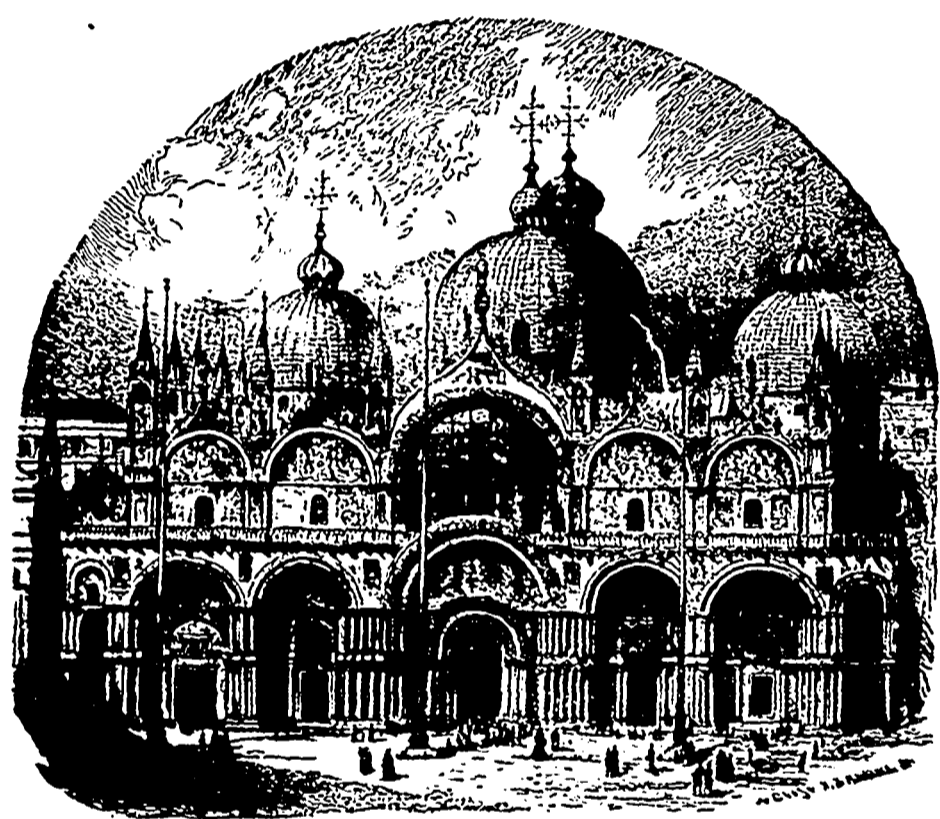
Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

RO. PH. SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

[No. 23.]



CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO, VENICE.

Venice From a Gondola.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a glorious City in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of the palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,

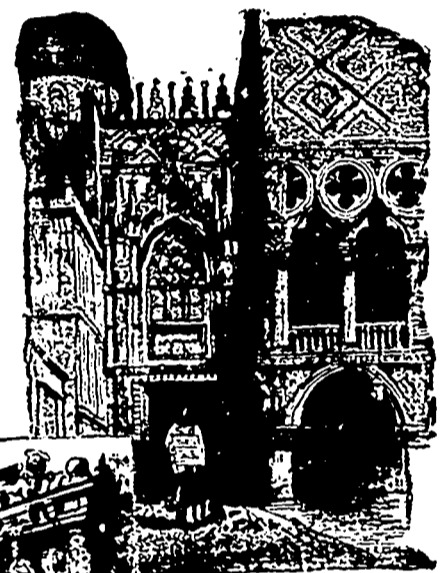
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently.

—Rogers.

In the fourth century a band of fishermen,
flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge
of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid
the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous,
they extended their commerce and conquests
over the entire Levant; and soon, like an exhalation
from the deep, rose the fair City of the Sea.
During the Crusades the city rose to opulence
by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she
became mistress of Constantinople and "held
the gorgeous East

in fee." The names of her merchant princes became familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fragrant with the perfumes of Arabia Felix, and tuneful with the notes of the bulbul from the gardens of Seniraz; and her walls were glowing with the breathing canvas of Titian and Giorgione.

In her golden prime Venice had forty thousand sailors, and her fleet carried the banner of St. Mark defiantly over every sea. At length the son of her ancient rival,

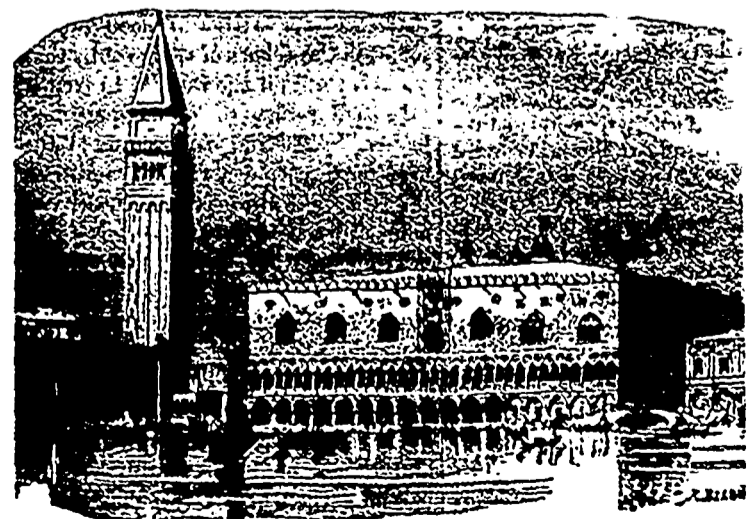


DOGE'S PALACE.



Doge's Tower.

Genoa, discovered a New World beyond the western wave, and snatched forever from Venice the keys of the commerce of the seas. Cadiz, Bristol, London, Amsterdam, became the new centres of trade; and the dis-crowned Queen of the Adriatic saw her glories fade away.



THE CAMPANILE AND DOGE'S PALACE.



SCENE IN VENICE.

As we glide along the iron way eagerly scanning the horizon, a dark blue line of towers and churches, seeming to float upon the waves, comes gradually into view; and with a leap of the heart we greet "the longed-for, the most fair, the best beloved City of the Sea."

"She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising from her fane of proud towers
At any distance with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers."

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As at the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings ex-
pand

Around me, and a dying glory smiles,
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land

Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her
hundred isles."

We quickly cross from the mainland, by a bridge over two miles long, to the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic.

It is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola. In the strange stillness there was a suggestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.

After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. I had only to step to the door and hold up my finger, when a gondolier, with the stroke of his oar, brought his bark to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted water way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I glided silently—

"By many a domè
Mosque-like and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings,
The fronts of some, though Time had shat-
tered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run
o'er."

Others are of a faded splendour wan, and seem Narcissus-like, to brood over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock the Jew and the Merchant of Venice. And

"Now a Jessica
Sings to her lute, her signal as shô sîta
At her half-open lattice.

I directed the gondolier to stop at

Gli Scalzi, a sumptuous church of the barefooted friars, and attended the singing of the Angelus. The scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea, the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

As the sun went down I sailed out into the broad lagune, over the glowing waves which seemed like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The sunset fires burned out to ashen grey. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's prow, and rowed me back to my hotel through a labyrinth of narrow canals threading the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the crowded dwellings of the poor. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna. As we traversed the narrow canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*preme* or *stali*—was heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till I scarce knew whether my strange experience were real or but the figment of a dream.

The great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band, sipping coffee at the cafés, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians, with their snowy robes; Turks, with their fez and embroidered vests; Albanians, Greeks, and Armenians; English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance which I attribute to the large infusion of Greek blood arising from the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner; and a dark bodice, scarlet ker-

chief, and frequently a yellow skirt and blue apron—a bright symphony of colour that would delight an artist's eye.

A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the façade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "Flying as doves to the windows," has been observed during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old Doge Dandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered to be forever maintained at the expense of the State.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this glorious pile:—

A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sun, shine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolt a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.*

*The Vandal-like proposal has recently been made to "restore" this matchless façade in modern workmanship. Such a vigorous protest, however, is raised against the scheme, that it will hardly be carried into execution.

Above the great portal ramp are the Greek bronze horses, brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis.

"They strike the ground resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils breathe ethereal flame."

As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received upon his neck the foot of Pope Alexander III., who chanted the while the versicle, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." "To Saint Peter I kneel, not to thee," said the Emperor, stung with the humiliation. "To me and to Saint Peter," replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not "meek and lowly," like his Master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest kings.

In that same porch the Doge Dandolo, "near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on," ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium.

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen! Christ shall come!" "Not in wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.'" The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

I lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of

the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. I stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps.

For six centuries and more the grey old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, where the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind. In the splendid library I saw a copy of the first printed edition of Homer, and rare old specimens of the famous Aldine classics.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, I entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed me the instruments of torture, the hideous apparatus of murder, the channels made for the flowing blood, the secret opening by which the bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he told me, although I doubt the story, that Byron once spent 48 hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon the sub-

ject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that I might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

The ancient arsenal is an interesting relic of the golden prime of Venice. It once employed 16,000 men, and Dante compares the Stygian smoke of the Inferno to that from its seething cauldrons of tar. In its magazine are the remains of the *Bucentaur*, the golden galley with three hundred rowers, from which the doge, arrayed in more than oriental pomp, used annually to wed the Adriatic by throwing into it a ring, with the words, "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii.*"—"We wed thee, O Sea, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord; And, annual marriage now no more renewed, The *Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored, Neglected garment of her widowhood."

The swords of the Foscari, the armour of the doges, the iron helmet of Attila, the "oriflammes that fluttered in the hot breath of battle in the days of the crusades," and other relics of the past, are also shown. At the gate is seen an antique lion from the plain of Marathon.

Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges, and the monuments of Titian and Canova. In one epitaph I read the significant words, "The terror of the Greeks lies here." I visited also the great hospital of St. Mark, with six hundred patients well cared for in the magnificent apartments of a mediæval palace.

The people whom I saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calico dress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. On the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huxter shops, I bought, as a souvenir, a black-faced Byzantine image of the Virgin. I had previously bought at Naples, for the modest sum of a penny, a couple of scapulars—a much-prized charm against sickness and danger. I visited two of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owners were summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

Two of the most interesting indus-

tries of Venice are the mosaic factory on the Grand Canal, and the glass-works on the Island of Murano. The mosaic is made of glass cubes, of which, I was told, 10,000 different shades were employed to imitate the colours of the paintings to be copied. The result, however, was less beautiful than at the stone mosaic factory which I visited at Florence. The Venetian glass-work is of wonderful delicacy and beauty; and the flowers, portraits, and other designs, which are spun by the yard, and which appear on the surface of the cross-section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill.

As I was rowed out to Murano, I passed on a lonely island the cemetery of Venice. How dreary must their funerals be—the sable bark, like that which bore Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gliding with muffled oars across the sullen waves!

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre funereal-looking bark, draped in solemn black, its steel-peaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:—

"'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water boat from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a yoke upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

Gliding along a lateral canal in my gondola one day, I saw on a wall the words "*Capilla Methodistæ*—Methodist Chapel." I soon afterwards found it out. It was a private house in a very narrow street. I introduced myself, and was very warmly greeted by the worthy pastor, the Rev. Henry Borolly, and his wife. They were both Italian, but spoke French fluently. They represent the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. They showed me the chapel, a very comfortable room which would hold two hundred persons; but they spoke of the great discouragements and difficulties under which they laboured, and asked for the prayers of the Methodists of America on their behalf. After a very agreeable interview, Mr. Borolly courteously accompanied me back to my hotel, and gave me at parting a hearty God-speed and "*bon voyage.*"

On the last evening before I left Venice, I sailed, in a glowing sunset, to the Libo shore. In the golden

radiance, the marble city seemed transfigured to chrysopease and alabaster, reflected in the glassy wave. The purple curtains of the night closed round the scene, and only the long line of twinkling lights revealed where the Sea Queen lay. It was with a keen regret that I tore myself away for no spot in Italy, I think, exercises such a potent fascination over mind and heart. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these."

"All Right."

BY W. BARNETT.

I'm only an engine driver,
That works on the line of rail;
Without o'en a mother or sister,
Or wife, my lot to bewail.
It's not very lively to think of,
But I have a sensitive mind;
At least, that is for a driver,
A thing you may not oft find.

It's not very pleasant to fancy
Each day you may drive to death,
And yet that's the case with us drivers,
Safe neither in limb nor breath.
I've had friends on many an engine,
Who died in red blood on the line;
Crushed like a dog—and I'm thinking,
One day the same end will be mine.

Did I ever have a fond mother?
Well, stranger, I just think I had;
But 'twas years ago in the far off,
When I was a roving young lad.
Don't laugh!—I loved my good mother—
No, no, it wasn't a tear
I dropped from my smoky eyelids:
Do you want to hear me swear?

I used to, and that in earnest,
But that's some time ago:
I've got to be somewhat religious,
A respectable driver now.
It's praying, I s'pose, for our parson
Says that it's right to pray:
There's room for us drivers in heaven,
Last night I heard him say.

'Taint often I go to church,
For us chaps aint got no time:
From morning to night we're driving,
Along this old smoky line.
But I went, and felt very funny.
A dreadful sinner I guess:
And I've prayed that I might be religious
Tho' I wear but a driver's dress.

Well, there, I must turn on steam;
A driver's no time to lose:
The whistle's the word to us chaps,
And 'taint for ourselves to choose.
So push on, my hearty—I love
To hear her shriek in her flight;
It's only the signal that stops us,
And now the signal's "All Right."

The Rev. George C. Haddock's Work.

THE murder of the Rev. George C. Haddock by the liquor men of Sioux City, Iowa, has been followed by the closing up of two-thirds of the saloons then running in the town, the severe enforcement of liquor laws which were a dead letter there, the indictment of ten men for murder in the first degree, the disgrace of the mayor and the district attorney, and the complete revolution of public sentiment on the liquor question. It would have taken Haddock years to do in life what his death has accomplished in a few months; and the end is not yet.

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.



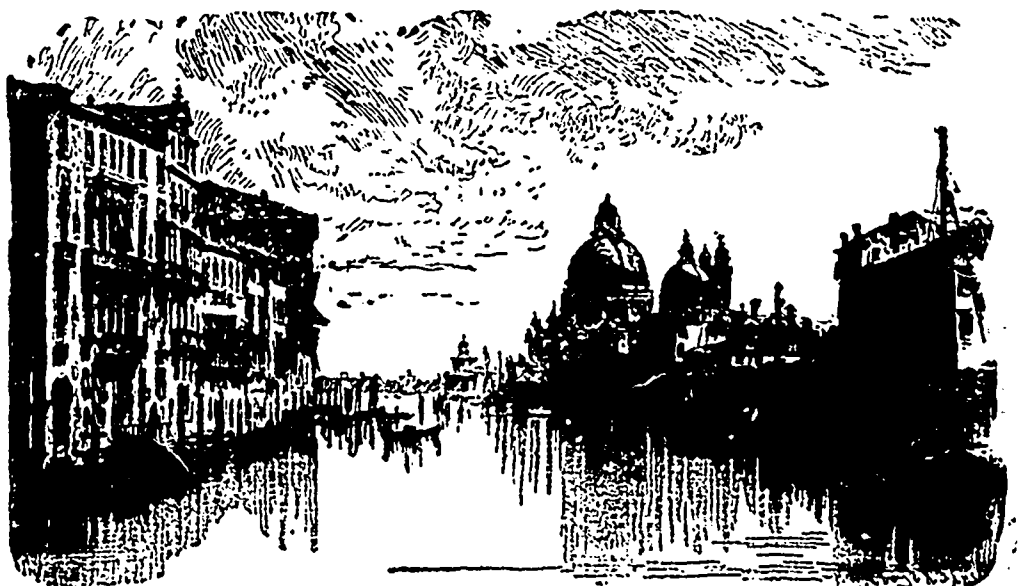
CITY OF VENICE.

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.



THE GRAND CANAL AND CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGNS.

"Tell Jesus."

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily cares that none may
know;
Trials which, little though they seem in one,
Oft fret thy life as water frets the stone.

Tell Jesus.

Is there a chord within thy aching breast,
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That oft is struck by cruelty and wrong,
Until thou fain would'st cry, "O Lord, how
long?"

Tell Jesus.

And does thy spirit grieve o'er doubts and
sin;
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within,
Poor tempted one, there is an eye above
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.

Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
Oh think, amid the tempest's might of One
Who cried in that dark hour, "They will be
done;"

Tell Jesus.

And dost thou moan in solitary mood,
Sighing because thou art not understood,
That in the world there is no spirit tone
To echo the sweet music of thine own;
To echo the sweet music of thine own;

Tell Jesus.

Oh, may this thought sustain thee in thy grief
Though earthly sympathy give no relief,
Yet there is One who bends from courts above
To sound all depths of human woe and love.
Tell Jesus.

The Two Paths.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"PLEASE, sir, will Johnnie and
Carrie sign my pledge?" asked little
Fannie Swan as she stood on the
piazza where Mr. Dustin was reading
his newspaper and smoking.

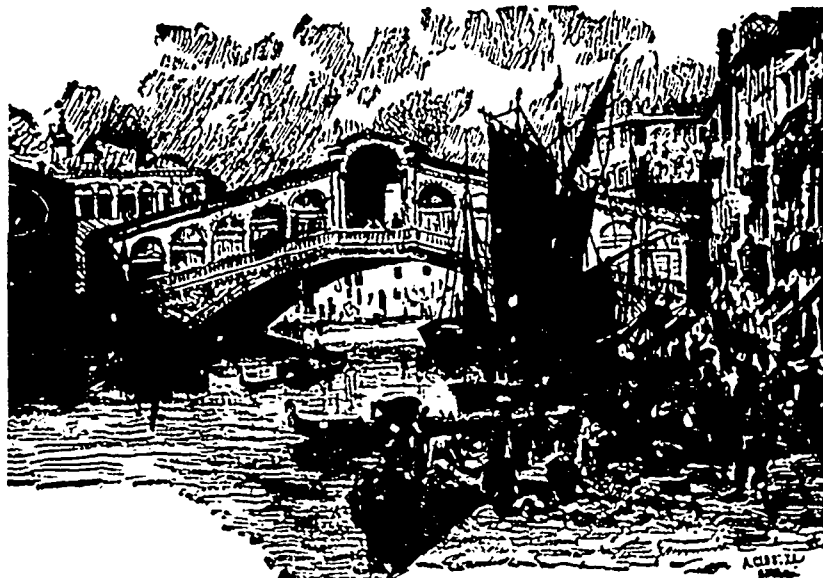
"What kind of a pledge is it?" he
asked.

"A temperance pledge," answered
Fannie. "It is a promise never to
taste of any kind of liquor, so they
won't ever be drunkards," she added,
gaining courage as she spoke.

"I'll risk them," responded the
father. "I don't want them to make
any foolish promises. When they
grow up, if they want to drink a glass
of liquor, I don't want them to feel
they must tell a lie to do it. They
will know enough to take care of
themselves; so you can just run along
with your pledge to some-
body who needs
it.

This was Fannie Swan's first
effort to obtain
signatures to
the total abstin-
ence pledge,
and naturally
she was discour-
aged. She went
home and told
her mother it
was no use for
her to try any more.
She was sure she should
fail every time.

But the next morning
she was more hopeful,
and, encouraged by her
parents, started out
again. She had only



THE RIALTO AND GRAND CANAL.

crossed the street when she met a boy
who was in the class with her at school,
and asked him at once if he would sign
her temperance pledge.

"Sign it? Of course I will," he
replied heartily; and taking paper
and pencil from her hands, wrote his
name in large, plain characters. As
he returned them he said: "That is
the best I can do with my knee for a
table; but I'll swear to my mark
every time, and keep my pledge to
the end."

It was easy after this for Fannie
Swan to ask others, and when she
compared notes with those who had
enlisted in the work at the same time
as herself she found she had obtained
the largest number of names.

"Child's play," remarked Mr. Dustin,
who could not easily forget the rebuff
he had given. "Such pledges don't
count for anything when a boy comes
to think for himself. Wait a few
years and you'll find my words proved
true."

Twenty-five years have passed since
then. The boy whose father objected
to his signing the pledge and the boy
who was so willing to sign it are still
living in their native town. They
were schoolmates and friends in the

old time, but they are now far apart
in social position.

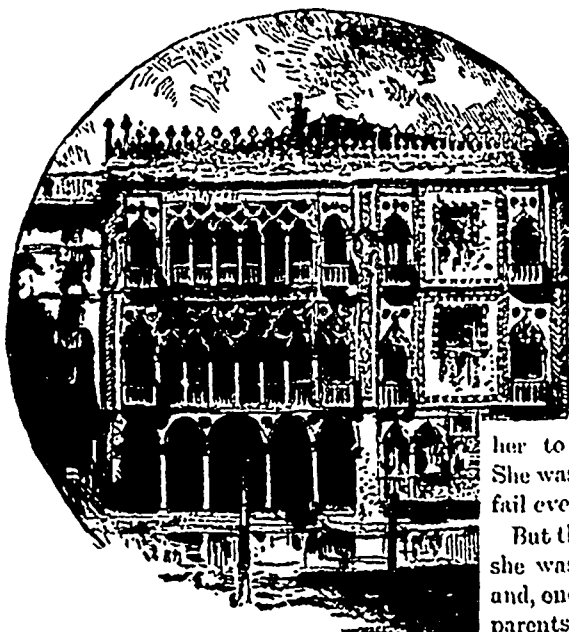
One frequents the lowest saloons,
and is often intoxicated for days. He
broke no pledge when he started on his
downward career, but he has broken
his mother's heart and disgraced the
father who was so sure of him.

The other is an honourable Christian
business man, respected by all who
know him. Signing the pledge may
have seemed like "child's play" to
those who saw his laughing manner,
but it was far more than that to him.
It was a restraint upon him when he
mingled with others less scrupulous,
and as he frankly acknowledges, it
has had no small influence in making
him what he is.

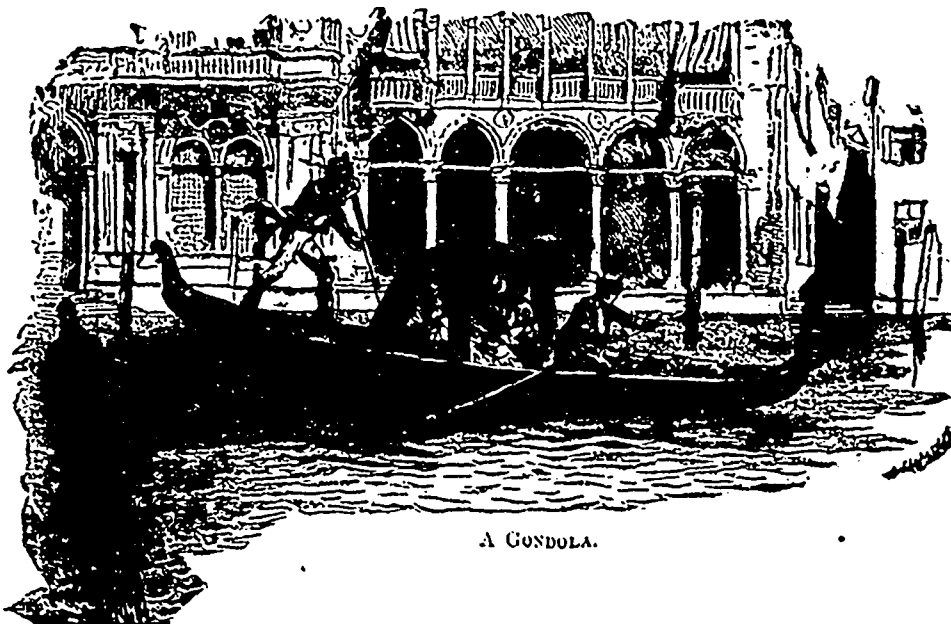
Two paths opened before two boys,
and each has walked in his own chosen
way. Two paths open before every
child who reads this.

See to it, my reader, that you choose
the path leading to prosperity, happi-
ness, and eternal life.—*Temperance
Banner.*

Be pleasant and kind to those around
you. The man who stirs his cup with
an icicle spoils the tea and chills his
own fingers.



THE GOLDEN HOUSE—VENICE.



A GONDOLA.

Autumn.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

The autumn winds are shrilly whistling round us,

While never ceasing falls the dreary rain,
The sky o'ercast, a cheerless dome above us,
As if the sun would ne'er shine out again.
Beneath the maple's shade, where late we sat,
To while away the lazy hours that seemed so long.

The fallen leaves lie withered now, and rustling,

Whisper to us, the summer's past and gone.

And now the fallen leaves are lying withered,
Or softly rushing o'er the barren field,
In mournful tones they tell us life is fleeting,
That days pass swift and are forever sealed;
Each one a page, a leaf of our life's story,
Till the brief summer of our lives has flitted by,

And autumn comes, to stay the angel's pinion
And tell to us that we too must droop and die.

Oh! let us live that when our days are numbered,

And closed the scene and record of our life,
We each may come with garnered sheaves rejoicing,

While every heart with lasting joy is rife.
Sow well the seed in spring-time, and in summer

Watch well the plants here given to our care;

When autumn comes, our life's work all accomplished,

We'll rest from labour in the glad home
"over there."

GRATTON, Sept. 11th.

Art.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Art is almost as useful as history or arithmetic, and we ought all to learn it, so that we can make beautiful things and elevate our minds. Art is done with mud in the first place. The art man takes a large chunk of mud and squeezes it until it is like a beautiful man or woman or wild bull; and then he takes a marble grave-stone and cuts it with a chisel until it is exactly like the piece of mud. If you want a solid photograph of yourself made out of marble, the art man covers your face with mud, and when it gets hard he takes it off, and the inside of it is just like a mould, so that he can fill it full of melted marble, which will be an exact photograph of you as soon as it gets cool.

This is what one of the men who belong to the course of lectures told us. He said he would have shown us exactly how to do art, and would have made a beautiful portrait of a friend of his, named Vee Nuss, right on the stage before our eyes, only he couldn't get the right kind of mud. I believed him then, but I don't believe him now. A man who will contrive to get an innocent boy into a terrible scrape isn't above telling what isn't true. He could have got mud if he'd wanted it, for there was mornamillion tons of it in the street; and it's my belief that he couldn't have made anything beautiful if he'd had mud a foot deep on the stage.

As I said, I believed everything the man said; and when the lecture was over, and father said, "I do hope, Jimmy, you have got some benefit

from the lecture this time," and Sue said, "A great deal of benefit that boy will ever get unless he gets it with a good big switch,—don't I wish I was his father, O I'd let him know." I made up my mind that I would do some art the very next day, and show people that I could get lots of benefit if I wanted to.

I have spoken about our baby a good many times. It's no good to anybody, and I call it a failure. It's a year and three months old now, and it can't talk or walk; and as for reading or writing, you might as well expect it to play base-ball. I always knew how to read and write, and there must be something the matter with this baby or it would know more.

Last Monday mother and Sue went out to make calls, and left me to take care of the baby. They had done that before, and the baby had got me into a scrape, so I didn't want to be exposed to its temptations; but the more I begged them not to leave me, the more they would do it; and mother said, "I know you'll stay and be a good boy while we go and make those horrid calls;" and Sue said, "I'd better, or I'd get what I wouldn't like."

After they'd gone I tried to think what I could do to please them and make everybody around me better and happier. After a while I thought it would be just the thing to do some art and make a marble photograph of the baby, for that would show everybody that I had got some benefit from the lectures, and the photograph of the baby would delight mother and Sue.

I took mother's fruit basket and filled it with mud out of the backyard. It was nice thick mud, and it would stay in any shape that you squeezed it into, so that it was just the thing to do art with. I laid the baby on its back on the bed, and covered its face all over with the mud about two inches thick. A fellow who didn't know anything about art might have killed the baby, for if you cover a baby's mouth and nose with mud it can't breathe, which is very unhealthy; but I left its nose so it could breathe, and intended to put an extra piece of mud over that part of the mould after it was dry. Of course the baby howled all it could, and it would have kicked dreadfully only I fastened its arms and legs with a shawl strap so that it couldn't do itself any harm.

The mud wasn't half dry when mother and Sue and father came in, for he met them at the front gate. They all came upstairs, and the moment they saw the baby they said the most dreadful things to me without waiting for me to explain. I did manage to explain a little through the closet door while father was looking for his rattan cane, but it didn't do the least good.

I don't want to hear any more about art or to see any more lectures. There is nothing so ungrateful as people, and

if I did do what wasn't just what people wanted, they might have remembered that I meant well, and only wanted to please them and elevate their minds.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Blind Man's Testimony.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The world poured its vast surprise;
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his now-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;

For I was blind but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls but cannot shock
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock,
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint, but as for me
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their broad phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honour crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew and not the Sanhedrim.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Noble Girl.

SOME years ago there lived in Sweden, with her wealthy relatives, an orphan girl named Agnes Henderstrom. There seemed to be danger of her growing up a spoiled child, but when quite young she became a Christian, and began to work for others. She is now living in London, where she has a great influence for good among sailors. A brief sketch of her life is given in the *Pansy*:—

"One day she heard a Swedish minister preach, and soon after Agnes gave her heart to Jesus. Strangely enough, she began herself to preach to her people—now in school-houses, now in great halls. Often she would address, on the streets of London, great crowds of the worst sort of people. For years she thus toiled on among the wretched and wick'd and dangerous people who infested east London. Once she was speaking alone, in an awful place, to twenty drunken sailors, while they yelled and blas-

phemed. Still she continued, as best she could, to tell them the wondrous story of redeeming love. Think of the 'spoiled Agnes' coming to be such a brave, true woman! She still shudders to remember those awful moments when she did not know but those wretches would tear her to pieces. They did not: they became quiet and subdued. The next evening they came, bringing some of their comrades with them. Then came a small lecture-room by her efforts—then a large one. A few years ago Miss Agnes went among the good people of London and told them about the wretched people among whom she was labouring, especially the wicked sailors. They gave her money to build a home for sailors, when they came on shore without friends, and an army of saloons tempting them to drink, and waste all their earnings in riotous living. Well, after waiting some months for builders to finish the work, she clapped her hands—not on a guitar, as when a child, but together, as she walked through this home. She is solo manager of the sailors' boarding-house. There she sees that the beds are clean and the meals good. She has books and papers, and, best of all, her dear Master, Jesus, in this home. More than a thousand sailors are thought to have been saved from their wicked ways through this wonderful Agnes Henderstrom."

Boxwood.

Boxwood, on which the engravers make such fine wood-engravings for illustrated newspapers, is imported mostly from the Mediterranean shores of Spain and Turkey. It comes in small blocks of a roundish but irregular form, and perhaps an inch thick. This shape represents the outline of the tree-trunk or the main branch from which they were sawed off. The box tree, as a good many readers may not know, is a variety of the odorous dwarf box which, only two or three feet high, is cultivated in this country in gardens and used for forming edgings for flower-beds and gravel-walks; and even the tree from which the wood is cut for engravers' use never grows to any large size: twenty feet is about its usual height. It is, moreover, a slow-growing tree, as trees having very hard, dense wood usually are; and it need not be surprising, therefore, that the largest blocks imported for the engravers rarely exceed five inches in diameter. In making a picture large enough to cover a magazine page a good many separate bits of wood have to be used. Putting these together so that every part fits exactly, and no white lines show in the printed picture is a trade by itself.

Boxwood, being of such slow growth, is becoming scarce. The supply does not keep pace with the modern demand. Some substitute is anxiously looked for, and even celluloid is being tried in some experiments, but with no promising results.

The True Shepherd.

[The following lines were found, it is said, upon the person of Faber, after death; set to music—a sweet, rippling melody and harmony—and now sung by a few persons in Europe and America.]

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me,
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me—
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way—
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

At first I would not hearken,
But put off till the morrow—
But my life began to darken,
And I grew sick with sorrow—
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

At length I stopped to listen—
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw his kind eyes glisten,
So ready to receive me—
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

He took me on his shoulder—
So tenderly he kissed me—
He bade my love grow bolder,
And said—how he had missed me;
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

I thought his love would waken,
The more and more he knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I think I hear him say,
As he comes along his way,
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us—
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear him say,
As he comes along his way,
“Wandering souls, oh, do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me—
I am their Shepherd true.”

Longest Tunnel in the World.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over a hundred years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lower part of the Gran valley. The work is now complete, and according to the *Bauzeitung für Ungarn* it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gotthard, and two and one-half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height

is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches.

This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least the present generation has no cause to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with the water-raising appliances amounts to £15,000 a year. There is one further point, however worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they certainly were better off in the price of labour. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years, and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French revolution enhanced the cost of labour and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made. For ten years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally the tunnel was completed in 1878, the remaining part costing £22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.—*Scientific American*.

Home Life in the Country.

In the quiet of country and even of suburban life, men ought to get more time for communion with God. Things are around which ought naturally to lead the heart upwards to Him. Alas! however, there are many who have no longing for the quiet in order that they may have fellowship with God. To such it might be unpleasant. Conscience might take occasion to speak too loudly. Others only find in quiet the opportunity for dreamy contemplations of their importance. Secluding themselves in a selfish isolation, they shut themselves off from active service such as they might render. An Elijah fled for a selfish quiet to Horeb; Jonah, for the same reason, took a voyage to Tarshish. This spirit benefits neither self nor others. The quiet should be used, not for self, but for God. When Moses ascended Sinai, or when John went into the wilderness, or Paul went for three years into the desert of Arabia, it was to serve others. So, when our great Master went into the desert to be tempted, or up Tabor's to be transfigured, or out of Jerusalem to Bethany, it was that he might come back to be of more service unto man. Is there not in this a hint to suburban idlers who escape from the conflict of sin in the city? All quiet at some Bethany should be a preparation for the rougher work of life, and for active effort for God.

Now, it was not only because Bethany was a quiet village that Jesus loved it, but there was one true home there. It was the nearest approach to a home that Jesus had on earth. He

set a high value on domestic life. Life in towns is less domestic, and more public. Many have only rooms, not homes. There is so little in them to hold men to them. Hence, excitement in public is sought to supply the place of home joys. When this is the case the attachment to home, as a home, is lessened. The house becomes a place where we board, not where we are at home. This is an evil. We might lay it down as a rule, that in proportion to the attachment of men and women to their homes so is the strength of a nation's life.

There was real home life at Bethany. In it there was a true element of joy. All loved Christ, and each loved the other. Many were the happy hours spent by Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, when alone. But how their pulses must have quickened in anticipation of happier still as they heard that well-known and anxiously-listened-for footstep of Jesus approaching their lowly door! How happy they were when they could sit round and listen to His teachings concerning the Resurrection, or the Church, or concerning life in Heaven, or of the meeting of friends there, and of the occupation of the saved, and of the last great day.—*The Quiver for October*.

The Shepherd's Appeal.

HAVE ye seen my lamb that has gone astray,
Afar from the shepherd's fold,
Away in the deserts "wild and bare,"
Or on the mountain cold?
Have ye ever sought to bring it back
By a word, or a look, or a prayer,
Or followed it on where it wandered lone,
And tried to reclaim it there?

Ye gather each week in the place of prayer,
And ye speak of your love for me,
And pray that your daily life may bear
Some fruit that the world may see.
Ye mean it well; but, when once away,
Do you live that life of prayer?
Is the soul of the lamb that's gone astray
Your chief and greatest care?

Ye speak of the good that ye mean to do
Among your fellow-men;
Yet ye tarry oft 'mid the joys of earth—
They are watching your footsteps then.
And while ye have stopped for pleasure or
ease

The lamb that has gone astray
Has wandered farther 'mid darkness and sin
Along the forbidden way

Ye meet in your counting-house rooms for
gain,
And count the cost each day;
Do ye ever count what the cost may be
Of the lamb that has gone astray?
The cost of that soul will far outweigh
Your stocks and your piles of gold.
Can you leave your gains and your wealth
untold
To gather it into the fold?

It is perishing now in the bleak and cold,
While ye might have saved its life.
Are ye thinking too much of your ease and
your gains

To enter the Christian strife?
When the reck'ning is called and the balance
made,

Will the wealth of a single day
Atonc for the loss of a dying soul—
For the lamb that has gone astray?
—F. Marsh, in *Advent Review*.

A Chinese Hospital.

In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai, there has stood for forty years a free native hospital, mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo mat and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house-surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards, and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56, and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come, and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing; for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai hospital, of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting-room, seated for 300, is crowded with men, women, and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon, many of the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk. . . . I have known in one year, among those cured in our hospital, thirty men and women received into the Christian Church."—*The Quiver for October*.

Eighty-Seven. By PANSY (Mrs. Alden)
Pp. 342. Toronto: William Briggs.
Price \$1.

Mrs. Alden has created quite a Chautauqua literature. She is in hearty sympathy with the great educational movement which Chautauqua symbolizes. This book is especially written for the 5,000 Chautauquans for the class of 1883. But all Chautauquans, and all who care to understand that greatest educational movement of our times, will find it very interesting and instructive reading. Under the form of a story the author has grouped the actual experiences of many students as given in letters which she has received. We commend the book especially to our younger readers.

If we practise goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—*Cicero*.

The Home That is Happy.

The burdens are lightened
That many hands bear,
And pleasures are brightened
That many hearts share,
And the home that is happiest,
Brightest, and best,
Is where they all labour,
And where they all rest.

Where no care worn father
The brunt of work bears,
And no gray-haired mother
Is burdened with cares;
Where no tired elder-sister
Is helper alone,
But each one is busy
Till all work is done.

But helping each other
In labour or play,
In happiness ever
The year pass away,
For pleasures are brightest
That many hearts share,
And burdens are lightest
That many hands bear.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON VII. [Nov. 13

CHRIST'S WITNESS TO JOHN.

Matt. 11, 2-15. Memory verses, 2, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He was a burning and a shining light
John 5, 35.

OUTLINE.

1. John's Question.
2. Christ's Answer.

TIME. - 28 A. D.

PLACE. Capernaum. John the Baptist in prison at Castle Macherus.

RULERS. - Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS. Again our lesson takes us backward in time, though forward in the chapter of the gospel. This lesson in time belongs just after the healing of the centurion's servant, which was the first lesson of the quarter. Between that incident, and this one of the poor prisoner John sending to Jesus his half-despondent inquiry, had come that first wonderful miracle when Jesus had raised from the dead the young man who was being carried forth to be buried. Let us turn to the story.

EXPLANATIONS. - *In the prison.* In the castle, or fortress, of Macherus, near the Dead Sea. It was a very strong fortification. *Two of his disciples.* - Evidently Herod had given John such liberty in the castle as allowed his disciples still to wait upon him *He that should come.* That is, the Messiah so long expected. *Do we look.* - Shall we look. Evidently John himself had begun to doubt whether the One whom he had proclaimed was really the Messiah. *Blessed is he, who ever shall not be offended in me.* A caution to John not to mistake the true nature of Christ's ministry and kingdom. *A real shaken.* John is asserted not to be vain, and fickle, and easily swayed, despite his question of doubt. *Clothed in soft raiment.* - A strong reminder of John's austere manner, and coarse garb, in contrast to the effeminacy of his enemies in Herod's court. *More than a prophet.* One who had actually seen the Messiah. *The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.* - A figurative allusion to the rapid entrance of men into the kingdom of heaven which characterized the age. *This is Elias.* - Or, the Elijah, who was to come before the Messiah. See Mal. 4, 5.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. John's Question.
What was the question which called forth the words of our lesson?
What is meant by "he that should come?"
What testimony had John a year and a half before given to Jesus?
What made John doubt?
How came he to be in prison?
What was the character of this prison?

Why was John the Baptist so strongly guarded?

What was the common opinion of John among the people? Matt. 21, 26.
What was the end of John the Baptist?

2. Christ's Answer.

What kind of an answer did Jesus make, affirmative or negative?
Why did he answer as he did?

What prophecies concerning Messiah were best known?

How had Christ answered this very question in his first sermon at Nazareth?

Why was the caution contained in ver. 6 necessary?

What feelings was John's question likely to awaken in the minds of his hearers?

How did Jesus meet this feeling?
What made John the Baptist great?
What made him least in the kingdom of heaven?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Sometimes doubts will come to the truest Christian. They do not come from sinful hearts always. Sometimes they come from imprisoned bodies.

Jesus had John open his eyes and ears to his works. We can dispel doubt in no better way. Keep open eyes, listening ears, and ready heart for what God is doing now, and doubts will vanish.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord." John did the wisest thing he could have done. He went straight to Jesus.

John was, after all, a hero. He was "the greatest," because he had seen the Christ no other prophet had; he was "the least," because he never saw the cross. We have, Am I "a burning and a shining light?"

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study the whole life of John the Baptist, and find the leading elements of his character. Specially review the lessons which, previous to this, have introduced him.

2. Draw a map of Palestine and locate Macherus and Capernaum, and mark the route the two disciples had to go to have the question answered. It was a long way.

3. Search the different prophecies to which Jesus makes reference in his answer to John. Isa. 29, 18; 35, 5, 6; 42, 7; 61, 1.

4. Notice this particularly. John's question wanted a distinct avowal from Jesus that he was the Messiah. Jesus' answer was a complete answer, and yet was a refusal to acknowledge himself the Messiah. Find the reasons for both men's positions in the history of the times. Why did Jesus hesitate? "Ben Hur" is a good book to read while studying these lessons.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - The Messiah.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. And what further lesson should we learn?
Our infinite debt to the Redeemer Himself, who in his love laid down his life for us.
John x, 11. The Good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

A. D. 28] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 20

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

Matt. 11, 20-30. Memory verses, 27-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Matt. 11, 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Judgment.
2. Mercy.

TIME. - 28 A. D. Immediately after the last lesson. Dr. Strong divides the verses, and assigns verses 25-27 and 28-30 into two different periods in the last six months of Christ's ministry, not long before his crucifixion, verses 28-30 being spoken on the earlier of the two occasions. Other writers think that the whole section (verses 20-23) was given at once, and a part of it afterward repeated.

PLACE. - Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS. - The words of the lesson seem to have followed so closely upon the last that there is no break to be connected.

EXPLANATIONS. - *Upland.* - Rebuke. *Mighty works.* - Miracles. *Repented not.* - Did not turn from their sins to his service. *Sackcloth.* - A coarse kind of cloth worn by people as a sign of grief. *Ashes.* - Sprinkled

on the head as a token of mourning. *More tolerable.* - Their condition less terrible. *Day of judgment.* - The final judgment at the end of the world. *Exalted into heaven.* - By the privilege of being the home of Christ. *To hell.* - Here meaning the place of death, not of punishment hereafter. *Did these things.* - The knowledge of gospel truth. *Wise and prudent.* - Learned people, such as the scribes. *Babes.* - Meaning people of a teachable and humble heart. *Of my Father.* - By my Father. *Knoweth the Son.* - Understands all the mysteries of Christ. *Labour.* - The burdened in soul. *Give you rest.* - Peace of heart. *My yoke.* - Of obedience and cross-bearing. *Yoke is easy.* - Because it is a yoke lined with love.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Judgment.
Upon what cities did Christ at any time pronounce woes?

What evidence is afforded in these verses that Jesus performed many unrecorded miracles?

What ought to have been the effect of these miracles?
What do Christ's words show was the chief purpose of his teaching?

Had the day of mercy for these cities passed?

What interesting historical fact concerning Tyre in connection with Christianity? Acts 21, 3-6.

What do these verses teach to be the basis of future judgment?

How had Capernaum been exalted to heaven?

How has she been cast down to hell?
Why more tolerable?

2. Mercy.

What sudden change in the thought and utterance of Jesus?

Who were the wise and prudent?
Whom did he mean by "babes?"

What were the "THINGS" which were hidden?

Why should Christ feel thankful that these things were hidden from any?

What does Christ assert is his relation both to those who accept and to those who reject him? ver. 27.

What is the call of mercy which closes this lesson?

What is the promise which Jesus gives us?
What "yoke" did he have in mind with which his yoke is compared?

Does Christ promise freedom from toil?
What is the divine law in Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is an example in scriptural Rule of Three: As Tyre and Sidon were to Bethsaida, so is Bethsaida to the present day. What answer? Many a so-called Christian will receive a severer sentence than the so-called heathen.

"It would have," if only it had heard. What will be the "D" that shall confront us at the judgment?

The yoke of sin is terrible to bear. But we must bear some yoke.

Labour is Christ's royal law; but rest is Christ's brotherly gift.

Rest comes only to the learner who has Christ for his teacher.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study the miracles which were done in Capernaum. How many?

2. Find all the instances in which Jesus directly addressed God as his Father; there are five in all. John 11, 41; 12, 28; 17, 1; Luke 23, 34.

3. What customs are alluded to in these lessons? Was there any record of a city in the Old Testament that did repent at preaching?

4. What facts of Old Testament history find confirmation in Jesus' words?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - Retribution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. What do you mean by Christ's exaltation?

I mean the honour put upon him by the Father because of his obedience even unto death.

Philippians ii, 9. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him a name which is above every name.

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs: "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

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