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BIBLICAL RECORDER

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International Sunday School Lesson. FIRST QUARTER, 1881. LESSON XIX.—FEBRUARY 27th. REV. A. G. DIXON, Asheville, N. C. CHRIST HEALING THE SICK. Luke 5: 12-26. GOLDEN TEXT.—The power of God was present to heal them.—Luke 5: 17.

not to speak to Jesus to let Him know what is in our minds and hearts. Let us beware then of cherishing impure thoughts. V. 23. Whether to spare to pay? Equally easy for Christ to heal soul or body. In our sickness now do we look to Him for healing as we should? V. 24. Power to forgive sins. A power which He has delegated to no man. He who has borne the penalty for sin, surely has the right to forgive sin.—Arise, take up thy couch. This showing that his palsied limbs had received strength. When Christ healed us in soul or body, He demands of us that we give some proof of it to the world.

“What the great learning teaches is to illustrate illustrious virtue; that which a man receives from heaven) to renovate the people; (by example) and to rest in the highest excellence. (The mental process by which the point of rest may be attained.) The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and that being determined, a calm imperturbableness may be attained. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful deliberation, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment of the desired end. Things have their rest and their completion. Affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last, will lead near to what is taught in the great learning. The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the Empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their own states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things. “Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their states were rightly governed. The whole Empire was made tranquil and happy. “From the Emperor down to the mass of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the person the root of everything besides. “It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it will be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for; and at the same time that what was of less importance has been greatly cared for. “This first chapter of the great learning is at once the text of, and key note to, all the Confucian philosophy. It is, of course, the religion of the government and of the literati; and is called by them the religion of China. And while they glory in their sage, and profess to be the followers of his precepts, let no one think for a moment that practical Confucianism of to-day is anything more than the shadow of what was written more than half a century ago. It is a treasured relic, before which all bow, just as a Buddhist will bow to or reverence a tooth, or any other relic, of Buddha. No one pretends to believe that it is possible for any one to observe the teachings of their ancient and revered sage. While all, who know anything about China and Chinese must admit that much of the teachings of Confucius is high-toned, and has been of inestimable value in unifying and preserving intact this empire for so many ages; it cannot be denied that it has been the cause of the worship of ancestors—serving deceased parents just as they should be served living—was the foundation of all good morals and consequently of good government. He said, “How greatly filial was Shun,” one of the first Emperors of China. “His virtue was that of a sage; his dignity was the imperial throne; for his dignity was that of the son of heaven,” his riches were within the four seas. He offered his sacrifices in his ancestral temple, and his descendants preserved the sacrifices to himself. Therefore, having such great virtue, it could not be that he should obtain the throne, that he should obtain those riches, that he should obtain his fame, that he should attain to his long life. “How far extending was the filial piety of King Wu and the Duke of Zhou. Now filial piety is seen in the skillful carrying out of the wishes of our forefathers, and the skillful carrying forward of their undertakings. In spring and autumn they repaired and beautified the temple hall of their fathers, set forth their ancestral vessels, displayed their various robes, and presented the offerings of the several seasons.”—Legg’s Translation. I could give you scores of extracts of a similar character, from the classical writings of the Chinese sages. The advantages and blessings to be expected from “filial piety” could not be presented to a superstitious people in a more tempting light—honor, riches, fame and a long life. This part of the philosopher’s moral teachings has been adopted by the whole people, and has come down to our day, and has been the cause of the most degraded form of idolatry; one that the Christian missionary finds to be the strongest hold of the power of darkness. The people say we can give up the worship of our idols, but do not ask us to throw away our ancestors. We are indebted to Confucius for this formidable barrier to the introduction of Christianity. One more extract from Dr. Legg’s translation of the Confucian classics will suffice. I will take the first chapter of the “great learning.” (The great study of man.) This may be regarded as the basis of all his other writings; it may be of interest to some of your thoughtful readers.

honor of an image of Confucius in their Oh-Koong. Now just as soon as a young man has the honor of being admitted to the privilege of participating in the examinations at the Oh-Koong, he becomes filled with pride and self-conceit; his cup is full of Confucius and the glory of his position, so honorable in the sight of men; he has no room for anything else. Confucianism, then, with its concomitant, ancestral worship and Jung-eh, reinforced by superstition, stands out as the seemingly impregnable citadel, that must be stormed before Christianity can be said to have secured a firm footing under the honest protection of this corrupt government. We have laid siege to this citadel. Our agencies, sapper and miners, are at work. True, our numbers are small, and we have no reserve; we are not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. With the blessing of God, which is sure, and the constant presence of Him who said, “And Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” a blessing that is conditional on our observing all things whatsoever he has commanded, we know that it must in time yield to the force of divine truth. The heaven is at work. Already there are commotions in certain quarters; Confucius will die with us, for it is moored in every heart, and by the government. We shall have a fierce struggle; but God reigns; and He can make the wrath of man praise Him. Hope in God and work while it is day.

from two to a dozen children, boys and girls, with strings or ropes tied to the front door steps, in bathing. How convenient to have a bath house at one’s door! Of course, all the filth and stench of the city are cast into the water, and there seems to be such a thing as coming out in as bad condition as when one goes in; for besides all the filth that falls into the tub, the water is full of soap suds and other things that are not good for the skin. And yet, for all this, there are many things to charm, especially when we remember the former glory of Venice. Byron has beautifully expressed it: “I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, A palace and a prison on each hand; I saw from out the waves her structure rise, As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand. A thousand years their cloudy wings expand, Around me, and a dying glory smiles: O’er the far times when many a subject laid Locked to the winged Lion’s marble pile, Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred Isles. The cars now run to the city over the famous bridge which is two and a half miles long, all of brick, stopping at the end of the Grand Canal. Reaching the hotel, we brush off the worst of the dust and prepare for a ramble. Dinner is served at which we meet a young man from Alabama, who has somewhat familiarized himself with the places of special interest, and who proposes to stroll with us. We go down to the large open Piazza, or square in front of St. Mark’s, where we find hundreds of gondolas waiting, like bees around public squares in New York. The moon has just made its appearance over the historic waters of the blue Adriatic, and is occasionally veiled by the fleecy clouds which glide through the east-hill sky. Evening is fast falling, and the mixed multitude, kissing alike the rosy cheeks of the fair American belle, the swarthy dimples of the Italian beauty, and the furrowed brows of the haggard faces of beggars with a surprising impartiality. Every thing invites to a ride. We enter a “laarse” and glide slowly, sweetly, noiselessly away. Up the Grand Canal we go, viewing the palaces of the princes of former years on either side, and ever and anon meeting a gondola with a merry, joyous throng. There is a coffer on the wharf, brilliantly illuminated, having a band of music to attend the passers by. In front, there are chairs and seats arranged around tables to accommodate hundreds of people, and they are all occupied. Europe has not some of the luxuries which we enjoy in America—such as ice-cream, soda water, lemonade, etc. They have something that they use in their place, but to me they are poor substitutes. But all over the principal drinks are wine and beer—men women and children drink these. Now we will take a short walk around the square in front of St. Mark’s Cathedral. This occupies the same place in Venice that St. Peter’s does in Rome. There is a kind of gallery or colonnade on three sides of the square, on a level with the pavement. All along this there are little shops, selling all kinds of articles, articles of merchandise, which consist principally of jewelry of every conceivable kind, cutlery, photographic and stereoscopic views, books, albums, glass-ware, and notions generally. A good deal of the jewelry is of Venetian gold,—the same as that of which candle-sticks are made in America. One of their principal industries is the work in glass; and it is wonderful how many different articles they can manufacture from it,—brooches, necklaces, trivets, and comets, dresses and an endless variety of other things. The curiosities in this line are sufficient to repay one for a trip to Europe. But it is time that we were paying our homage to King Morpheus, for the hands of the clock in the tower point to X:30. So we make our way back through the crooked, winding streets, so narrow in some places that you can touch the walls on both sides with your hands,—in fact, some of the alleys are just wide enough to admit one man at a time, and if two happen to meet, they have to turn aside and squeeze by. There are no vehicles here, you know, and all their transportation is by water. Consequently the night’s repose is interrupted only by the continuous tread of the passing multitude,—not even the barking of a dog, nor the mewling of a cat is heard. So, affectionately enfolded in the arms of Somnus, the night glides sweetly away. The first sound that would disturb the peace of our repose is that of a human being, squalling at the top of his voice. I jump up and put my head out of the window to see the cause of such distress, and find a diminutive form passing along amid the mixed throng, bearing across the back of his neck a pole four or five feet long, to each end of which is attached a huge tin vessel, and he toddles on crying, “Aqua! aqua!” He has water for sale. In a little box he carries ice and in a small one some bottles, full of syrup and essence of lemon, cinnamon, vanilla, and other things. He is a “water carrier.” He offers a glass of water for five centimes (one cent), and if you wish it flavored, he squirts a little of the syrup into it—just enough for you to taste it. There are scores of these water vendors passing, and they find ready sale for their merchandise. For the heat is so oppressive in the middle of the day that every thing of a cooling tendency is very acceptable.

of A SERMON, preached by Dr. Washington Jones at Mount Gilbo Church. THE DEVIL IN DRESS PARADE, ETC. “Again the devil taketh him up into exceeding high mountains, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them: And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.—Matt. 4: 8-9. It is with peculiar delight that I this day appear for the first time before the intelligent congregation of Mt. Gilbo Church. Your fame and good works, my hearers, have gone abroad in the land, and my heart has long panted to meet you and stand before you and preach. And behold the good time has come, and I assure you that there is at least one happy heart here that will be profane, and I never was that. The right and noble thing for the devil to have done was to have said to Christ: “You see these kingdoms. I made a savage grab at them, and laid heavy claims to them, but they are not mine. All that I possess in them is ill-gotten, and I will not have ill-gotten gains about me. I hereby return them to their true owner. Thine they are and thine shall have them all back again without any ‘ifs’ but the reason why he did not say this was because he was the devil and a Christian. If he had been a real Christian he would not have wished to have these things, when he knew they were not his by right. All Christians know that by experience. 4. Then I call your special attention, my sobbing hearers, to another proposition in the text, and that is the point that I wish to bring before you. “All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” This brings out very clearly the nature of the devil, and I sometimes think that we do not resemble him in anything more than in this “fall thou down and worship me” disposition. This disposition is found in every age, in every clime and in everybody—but me. As I jog joggling over the earth on my sore pony, I see it, deplore it, condemn it, and sometimes I almost fear that I may some day feel it. It is a very strong and undying passion when it once takes hold of a man, and how I would dread it if I could have it! The roaring catarrh, the deafening thunder, the enraged lion and the burning prairies, are not more fearful than this awful word “fall down,” and oh, my beautiful audience, with what an emphasis and a bite of the lip did the devil use it here to Jesus. He did it just as we, or rather you, do to one another! It is fall down, down, down in the dust. Get low, get low, get low on your knees. I must rise, but you must come down—that is the devil’s nature, and this part of him crops out very freely in us, or in you about Mt. Gilbo church, and all over the world. And that other part—“worship me”—means much. Not only must you come down, but I must be worshipped, honored, petted, exalted, magnified, enlarged and glorified. “That was the way the devil felt and talked, and that is human nature as well as the devil nature, or rather, it is the devil nature controlling our human nature. It would take ever so many hours to tell the history of the cases of this sort that I have seen in my travels. I must name a few and call up to my valued congregation here to supply others from their own observations. There was Sam, Drapshot, who had money and vanity of mind, who married Jane Simpkins. Now Jane was poor but pretty, and it was a rising step with her to go into the Drapshot family. So the Simpkins liked the match, encouraged Jane and spent the last dollar in the family to see her wedding day all right and set off. Yes, and the Simpkins wanted to cultivate Drapshot because he was a little up in the world, and they thought that he might help them. But as soon as he got Jane and learned what they were in for, he frowned, put on airs to the whole family and cried, “fall down, come down at once, and let me be the best of both worlds, and let the devil be in him, and they had no love, no peace, no joy and Jane died! All this because Drapshot was forever crying, “fall down and worship me.” Peter Brownlee was a member of Turkeyville church, and he was not all that he ought and might have been. Some were really offended by his walk. He was exalted, but Peter saw his error and came with tears and said: “I repent, do forgive and let me serve the Lord.” But that is not to be done. Let him fall down to me. Let me set my foot on his neck, roll him in the dirt, slime him over with the devil’s slime, and let me be great and let him be little, meek and tremble before me, and then I will be satisfied with his confession and petition. Let him fall down to me and let me humiliate him, and all will be well.” That church was ruined by that cry of the desecrated tomb, and all favored him far more than they loved him, because he had the spirit of the devil in him and he was one to be feared! It is the spirit of Christ in us that makes people love us.

Why did he thus put in conditions that would spoil so clever a stratagem? He knew that Jesus could not accept this condition, and let he makes it! I do not accuse you, my dying congregation, of ever making a vain show of liberality by putting in an “if” or a condition that others could not comply with, and thus gain to yourselves all the honor of disinterested liberality, while at the same time you retain all your possessions! Nay, to make even a hint of such conduct on your part would be to say that you are a devilish set, and that would be profane, and I never was that. The right and noble thing for the devil to have done was to have said to Christ: “You see these kingdoms. I made a savage grab at them, and laid heavy claims to them, but they are not mine. All that I possess in them is ill-gotten, and I will not have ill-gotten gains about me. I hereby return them to their true owner. Thine they are and thine shall have them all back again without any ‘ifs’ but the reason why he did not say this was because he was the devil and a Christian. If he had been a real Christian he would not have wished to have these things, when he knew they were not his by right. All Christians know that by experience. 4. Then I call your special attention, my sobbing hearers, to another proposition in the text, and that is the point that I wish to bring before you. “All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” This brings out very clearly the nature of the devil, and I sometimes think that we do not resemble him in anything more than in this “fall thou down and worship me” disposition. This disposition is found in every age, in every clime and in everybody—but me. As I jog joggling over the earth on my sore pony, I see it, deplore it, condemn it, and sometimes I almost fear that I may some day feel it. It is a very strong and undying passion when it once takes hold of a man, and how I would dread it if I could have it! The roaring catarrh, the deafening thunder, the enraged lion and the burning prairies, are not more fearful than this awful word “fall down,” and oh, my beautiful audience, with what an emphasis and a bite of the lip did the devil use it here to Jesus. He did it just as we, or rather you, do to one another! It is fall down, down, down in the dust. Get low, get low, get low on your knees. I must rise, but you must come down—that is the devil’s nature, and this part of him crops out very freely in us, or in you about Mt. Gilbo church, and all over the world. And that other part—“worship me”—means much. Not only must you come down, but I must be worshipped, honored, petted, exalted, magnified, enlarged and glorified. “That was the way the devil felt and talked, and that is human nature as well as the devil nature, or rather, it is the devil nature controlling our human nature. It would take ever so many hours to tell the history of the cases of this sort that I have seen in my travels. I must name a few and call up to my valued congregation here to supply others from their own observations. There was Sam, Drapshot, who had money and vanity of mind, who married Jane Simpkins. Now Jane was poor but pretty, and it was a rising step with her to go into the Drapshot family. So the Simpkins liked the match, encouraged Jane and spent the last dollar in the family to see her wedding day all right and set off. Yes, and the Simpkins wanted to cultivate Drapshot because he was a little up in the world, and they thought that he might help them. But as soon as he got Jane and learned what they were in for, he frowned, put on airs to the whole family and cried, “fall down, come down at once, and let me be the best of both worlds, and let the devil be in him, and they had no love, no peace, no joy and Jane died! All this because Drapshot was forever crying, “fall down and worship me.” Peter Brownlee was a member of Turkeyville church, and he was not all that he ought and might have been. Some were really offended by his walk. He was exalted, but Peter saw his error and came with tears and said: “I repent, do forgive and let me serve the Lord.” But that is not to be done. Let him fall down to me. Let me set my foot on his neck, roll him in the dirt, slime him over with the devil’s slime, and let me be great and let him be little, meek and tremble before me, and then I will be satisfied with his confession and petition. Let him fall down to me and let me humiliate him, and all will be well.” That church was ruined by that cry of the desecrated tomb, and all favored him far more than they loved him, because he had the spirit of the devil in him and he was one to be feared! It is the spirit of Christ in us that makes people love us.

5. We sometimes learn what is the nature of true religion by direct teaching, and sometimes by contrast. Let us learn of Jesus and the nature of his religion, by contrasting his spirit with this man in the devil in the text. Jesus is “meek and lowly of heart.” When he saw the evidence of hypocrisy he readily forgave.—Luke vii: 47. He “reviled not when he was reviled.” He prayed for his enemies, while they mocked him on the cross. He commands us to forgive and to love and pray for those who persecute us. Such is the spirit of Christ, and we must have that spirit or we are none of his.—Rom. vii: 9. It is not according to Christ’s religion that we cry to fall down to us, but that we humble ourselves and be “clothed with humility.” The meek inherit the earth, and a quiet and peaceable disposition is a great value before the Lord. Now we can judge whether we have the spirit of Christ or the devil, and we may well know that we are Christ’s if we have his spirit and follow him, and we shall be with him in glory forever. But with the devil’s spirit in us, and manifested, we may well know that we belong to him and will go to him when we die. Whose spirit have we, my beloved hearers? This question will soon be answered at the Judgment Seat of Christ, and its answer will fix our destiny.

Christ came from Nazareth to Capernaum. Since last lesson He has performed several miracles. Those related by Luke are the casting out of the unclean devil in the synagogue, healing Peter’s mother-in-law, miraculous draught of fishes. Christ came from Nazareth to Capernaum. Since last lesson He has performed several miracles. Those related by Luke are the casting out of the unclean devil in the synagogue, healing Peter’s mother-in-law, miraculous draught of fishes.

Confucius, the latinized name of the Chinese philosopher Koong-Foo-Tse, was the founder of the system we call Confucianism. He is said to have been born about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. He lived to the age of 72, and died about ten years before the Western philosopher, Socrates, was born. Judging from the effects of his example and writings, he was raised up and endowed with wisdom that fitted him to be, in the absence of revelation, the light of a great and populous empire. His system of philosophy and moral teachings have been to the Chinese what the laws of Moses were to the Jews. And the Chinese have fallen as far short of the spirit of his ideal man, as the Jews have in keeping the law in the spirit in which it was designed to be kept. They both alike retain the ritual formalities of what is required by their ancient teachers; and both adore their respective sages as they should adore the God of heaven. Confucius was a great and good man, and the tendency of his moral teachings was in the main good. When asked to give in one sentence a rule for the guidance of one’s whole life, he said: “Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you.” This is a negative of the golden rule. His whole system consists in a minute description of the relations and duties of men to each other, to their parents, to their superiors in age, to the government and to their ancestors; with the view of promoting good manners, good morals and good government. He, time and again, laid great stress on the importance of proper attention to the offerings to ancestors—“filial piety.” In his study and meditation on the wants and tendencies of human nature, he conceived that the worship of ancestors—serving deceased parents just as they should be served living—was the foundation of all good morals and consequently of good government. He said, “How greatly filial was Shun,” one of the first Emperors of China. “His virtue was that of a sage; his dignity was the imperial throne; for his dignity was that of the son of heaven,” his riches were within the four seas. He offered his sacrifices in his ancestral temple, and his descendants preserved the sacrifices to himself. Therefore, having such great virtue, it could not be that he should obtain the throne, that he should obtain those riches, that he should obtain his fame, that he should attain to his long life. “How far extending was the filial piety of King Wu and the Duke of Zhou. Now filial piety is seen in the skillful carrying out of the wishes of our forefathers, and the skillful carrying forward of their undertakings. In spring and autumn they repaired and beautified the temple hall of their fathers, set forth their ancestral vessels, displayed their various robes, and presented the offerings of the several seasons.”—Legg’s Translation. I could give you scores of extracts of a similar character, from the classical writings of the Chinese sages. The advantages and blessings to be expected from “filial piety” could not be presented to a superstitious people in a more tempting light—honor, riches, fame and a long life. This part of the philosopher’s moral teachings has been adopted by the whole people, and has come down to our day, and has been the cause of the most degraded form of idolatry; one that the Christian missionary finds to be the strongest hold of the power of darkness. The people say we can give up the worship of our idols, but do not ask us to throw away our ancestors. We are indebted to Confucius for this formidable barrier to the introduction of Christianity. One more extract from Dr. Legg’s translation of the Confucian classics will suffice. I will take the first chapter of the “great learning.” (The great study of man.) This may be regarded as the basis of all his other writings; it may be of interest to some of your thoughtful readers.

Reminiscences of a Long Missionary Life. BY REV. M. T. YATES, D. D. NUMBER 45. CONFUCIANISM. Confucius, the latinized name of the Chinese philosopher Koong-Foo-Tse, was the founder of the system we call Confucianism. He is said to have been born about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. He lived to the age of 72, and died about ten years before the Western philosopher, Socrates, was born. Judging from the effects of his example and writings, he was raised up and endowed with wisdom that fitted him to be, in the absence of revelation, the light of a great and populous empire. His system of philosophy and moral teachings have been to the Chinese what the laws of Moses were to the Jews. And the Chinese have fallen as far short of the spirit of his ideal man, as the Jews have in keeping the law in the spirit in which it was designed to be kept. They both alike retain the ritual formalities of what is required by their ancient teachers; and both adore their respective sages as they should adore the God of heaven. Confucius was a great and good man, and the tendency of his moral teachings was in the main good. When asked to give in one sentence a rule for the guidance of one’s whole life, he said: “Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you.” This is a negative of the golden rule. His whole system consists in a minute description of the relations and duties of men to each other, to their parents, to their superiors in age, to the government and to their ancestors; with the view of promoting good manners, good morals and good government. He, time and again, laid great stress on the importance of proper attention to the offerings to ancestors—“filial piety.” In his study and meditation on the wants and tendencies of human nature, he conceived that the worship of ancestors—serving deceased parents just as they should be served living—was the foundation of all good morals and consequently of good government. He said, “How greatly filial was Shun,” one of the first Emperors of China. “His virtue was that of a sage; his dignity was the imperial throne; for his dignity was that of the son of heaven,” his riches were within the four seas. He offered his sacrifices in his ancestral temple, and his descendants preserved the sacrifices to himself. Therefore, having such great virtue, it could not be that he should obtain the throne, that he should obtain those riches, that he should obtain his fame, that he should attain to his long life. “How far extending was the filial piety of King Wu and the Duke of Zhou. Now filial piety is seen in the skillful carrying out of the wishes of our forefathers, and the skillful carrying forward of their undertakings. In spring and autumn they repaired and beautified the temple hall of their fathers, set forth their ancestral vessels, displayed their various robes, and presented the offerings of the several seasons.”—Legg’s Translation. I could give you scores of extracts of a similar character, from the classical writings of the Chinese sages. The advantages and blessings to be expected from “filial piety” could not be presented to a superstitious people in a more tempting light—honor, riches, fame and a long life. This part of the philosopher’s moral teachings has been adopted by the whole people, and has come down to our day, and has been the cause of the most degraded form of idolatry; one that the Christian missionary finds to be the strongest hold of the power of darkness. The people say we can give up the worship of our idols, but do not ask us to throw away our ancestors. We are indebted to Confucius for this formidable barrier to the introduction of Christianity. One more extract from Dr. Legg’s translation of the Confucian classics will suffice. I will take the first chapter of the “great learning.” (The great study of man.) This may be regarded as the basis of all his other writings; it may be of interest to some of your thoughtful readers.

A TRIP ABROAD. NUMBER 30. A ride of 183 miles takes us first through the Tuscan Apennines, one of the grandest parts of Europe, over bridges, tunnels (45 in all) and galleries in uninterrupted succession; then we obtain beautiful views of the valleys and gorges, and of the luxuriant beauties of Tuscany, “the Garden of Italy,” pass Bologna, the broad valley of the Po, along by Padua, and at 4:30 P. M. reach Venice. The fields of hemp along the road especially attract our attention. In some places the stalks are ten or fifteen feet high. There is a certain splendor which yields in the wheat prospectus to be enormous. We step out of the train and, in the language of Mark Twain, “into a hearse,”—gondola. There are scores, if not hundreds, of them in waiting. They are about 30 feet long, and three or four wide, tapering off at each end into a point. They are invariably black, and are lined with black cloth or velvet, and have pillows or morocco cushions for seats. Each has a little cabin with window, curtains and a mirror, which occupies the centre, and can easily be replaced by an awning. The prow rises in front to the height of the cabin, and is crowned with polished steel. They are propelled by one, two or four gondoliers, who stand, if one, behind; if more, near both ends. Their movements are as graceful as a nymph, but their dress is scant, consisting of a blue flannel blouse, trimmed with white, and a pair of gaudy, and all go when the gondolier once very gay, when the water so changed them that they were very expensive and the Republic forbade the use of colors in the trimmings, and clothed them all in black. There are 30000 of them constantly gliding back and forth through the canals, as noiseless as a ghost and as graceful as a swan. One thousand of these number belong to private families, while the others are for public use, and kept for hire. You can rent one by the day for about two dollars and a half, gondolier and all; go when you wish, and where you please, provided you make an agreement before starting. If not, you may look out for trouble. The gondoliers always expect “la bobia,” (a few centimes extra for a drink.) Venice, you know, is situated on a number of small islands two or three miles from the main land. It was first settled, they say, by the inhabitants of upper Italy, who fled hither in small boats to escape the cruel treatment of the barbarian hordes of the North. In their invasion of the South there was no such thing known then as ships of war, it was an easy matter for them to defend themselves from any attack by land, being thus entirely cut off from all communication, save by water. There are 72 islands within the corporate limits and covered by the city, with 32 more immediately surrounding. (104 in all.) These are connected by 898 bridges, 300 of which are public, the others private. There are only two bridges across the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the form of the letter S, and yet one well acquainted can go to any part of Venice on foot. There are 120 small canals, only six feet deep, used for ordinary purposes. The Grand Canal, however, is sixteen feet deep, and in front of St. Mark’s, twenty-six feet. The average width of these canals is ten or twelve feet, except the Grand Canal, which is from fifty to one hundred feet. The population is about 130,000. It looks very strange to see fashionable young ladies come out of their marble palaces, dressed within an inch of their lives, get into a boat and glide off to pay “top calls.” (Almost every house in Venice is contiguous to one or more of these canals, so that within a gondola one can go just where he chooses.) They row up to the front door, get out of the steps. At certain times of the day, you may see

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II. The Paralytic Sinner Healed.—17-26. COMMENTS. I. Th. Luper Healed.—12-16. V. 12. Verse gives us (1) The hopeless condition of this poor man—full of lepro