

A Picturesque Burano

by Dr. Habberton Lulham



AN OLD WOMAN OF BURANO

THOUSANDS of travelers hopefully seek Venice yearly, their imaginations long fed by the painters and poets who have pictured the beautiful city in hues and terms which, though it may be true to their own highly cultivated senses, tend to bring no little disappointment to the ordinary beholder. For Venice, but too often, proves to the latter not quite the fairy Venice of his visioning, his chief disappointment being, perhaps, its lack of those glowing colors which he has been led by books and picture galleries to expect. And nowadays this falling short of his ideal is increased by the vulgarizing effect of the penny steamboat—the vaporetto, with which the Venetians seem so contented—that sets his gondola rocking as it passes, and stirs up that in the sleeping canal waters which had better been let lie; to say nothing of the motor-boat, which is threatening to do for the gondola what the "taxi" is doing for our hansom at home.

If such a traveler is leaving Venice with a sense of disappointment, let him by no means depart till he has visited the fisher island of Burano; for, if he but choose his day and hour well, he will assuredly take home with him a satisfying picture of one spot at least, glowing with color and teeming with a picturesque life, that has outrun his most hopeful imaginings.

There can be few more pleasant experiences on a fine, warm afternoon in spring or autumn—in early May or mid-September for choice—than to take a gondola, with two good rowers, and win one's first sight of Burano.

A gondola it must be, not the vaporetto, that one may arrive alone or with a well-chosen companion, and not as one amongst a crowd of chattering, sight-seeing snapshots.

The way to Burano takes one through about six miles of lagoon landscape to the eastward of Venice. The island is situated about five miles northeast of Venice, in northern Italy. The chief industries of the people are market gardening, building of boats and fishing; the women are employed principally in lace-making. The island of Torcello also belongs to Burano. It is located on an adjacent isle and the principal attractions that would interest travelers are the two museums of antiquities and the cathedral, which was built in the seventh century and was rebuilt during the year 1098. This cathedral contains many valuable mosaics.

It is a populous little place, with a busy community of fisherfolk and lace-makers. In the struggle for existence it has fared better than its older and once more prosperous neighbors, Mazorbo and Torcello; the former it has, in fact, annexed by means of a long, arching, wooden bridge, which, seen from the low seat of a gondola, looks like that on a willow-pattern plate.

Approaching the island, one may find one's gondola passing or passed by increasing numbers of fishing boats racing each other home to Burano; finely bronzed, statuesque men stand bending lustily to their oars, their half-clad forms showing many a fine play and molding of muscle. The sails of these boats are of delightful coloring—saffron and sienna, orange, red and burnt umber—and are often emblazoned with fantastic designs, or with stars, flowers or portraits of patron saints.



A QUAYSIDE IN THE FISHER-ISLAND OF BURANO

each sentence ends in a sort of crooning diminuendo.

One is loath to leave the little island and row home at last. But the lagoon is quieting down to a pearly gray in the evening light, though still flushed to seaward with a faint rose, which touches also the far-away peaks of the Euganean hills. Presently the moon rises behind Murano, and ere long a welcoming path of reflected lamp-lights shines on the water, from Riva and Piazzetta, and soon Danielli's landing stage receives one again. But that first glimpse of the brilliant, vivid scene in the fisherman's canal at Burano, of the healthy, handsome old faces and the laughing young ones, will haunt a grateful memory for many a day.

And Adelle herself may still be found there, only two years older, and still, one may hope, wreathing her flowers, tending her old folk and her little friend, working busily at her lace, and affording, in her gracious being, recompense for many a disillusionment of travel.

A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether the others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or, better still, to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note and not a line on a card, which may always be considered casual, saving the bother of a note. The card, which should be accompanied also by that of the husband when a woman is married, is addressed to the widow or widower, as the case may be, or to the parents when the death has been that of a child.

Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted. If one is keenly desirous of expressing a sympathy which is felt, one may wait until after the funeral services and send flowers to the person most deeply bereaved, as the wife, or widow. Only at that time are blossoms received by an individual; that is, any sent before a funeral are supposed to be for use at the services and are not retained in the house. Those sent several days afterward are undoubtedly meant for the use of the individual to whom they are addressed.

It is a very pretty thought to show such an attention a week or so after a funeral, for those in affliction are more than apt to feel that their grief is quickly forgotten by their friends, who are all sympathy at first. It is not necessary that any note shall accompany the box, but the recipient is required to send a note of thanks, written either by herself or another member of the family or a friend for her.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 9, 1910
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Matthew 25:14-30. Memory verse 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."—Matt. 25:21.

TIME.—Tuesday afternoon, April 4, A. D. 30. Immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—On the slopes of Mount Olivet, overlooking Jerusalem.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The parable shines clearest in the light of the circumstances. Jesus and his disciples are still on Olivet, overlooking Jerusalem and the Temple in all their glory. Jesus had just foretold their destruction. Let the disciples learn a necessary lesson from the cause of that ruin.

Many and great talents had been committed to the Jewish nation. No nation had ever received so great a trust as they—the divine Revelation, religious truth, and best of all the Messiah, the Son of God; and thus power to become a blessing to all the world.

This nation had refused to use these talents entrusted to them; again and again they had buried the talent instead of using it; and now they were about to murder their Messiah, instead of using him, and thus to bury this talent in the earth.

The parable lay in full view before the disciples' eyes. What the city then was, multiplied into the new Jerusalem of the Revelation, could have been theirs evermore by faithful use of the divinely entrusted talents. The loss of all, "the outer darkness," "the weeping and gnashing of teeth," as the fruit of unfaithfulness, lay in the prophetic vision shown by Christ.

And now that buried talent was brought forth and was to be entrusted to the disciples and to the Christian church they were to found. The five talents were now offered to them, and the vital question was what they would do with them. The two courses were made very plain to them by the parable. It was written in letters of light on their sky, printed indelibly on their minds.

A man traveling into a far country, and therefore wishing to leave his affairs in competent hands. He represents Jesus Christ who was about to leave his disciples and go to heaven, which was a far country in the sense that his servants could not have visible communication with him: He was to leave the spread of the gospel, and the salvation of the world in the hands of his disciples, although he was with them in invisible but real presence.

The servants denote all those to whom the interests of the kingdom of heaven were entrusted. The Jewish rulers are among those represented by the man with one talent, for they looked upon the kingdom of God placed in their charge as a matter of small account compared with their own selfish interests. The apostles and early Christian leaders received some five talents, some two, some one; and so do all Christ's professed followers, and all who have received from Christ the privileges and blessings of his gospel. The principle applies to all men, for all have been entrusted by God with many things.

Robert Louis Stevenson was talking one day to the children of a school in Samoa about the Parable of the Talents, and told them there were three possessed by them all. Tongues, to be used to make all about them cheerful and happy. Faces, to be kept as bright as a new silver coin, that they might shine like lamps in their homes. Hands, to be kept employed in useful work cheerfully done.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant. He had his lord's approval. Faithfulness, not success, nor the amount gained, was rewarded. God will say "Well done" only to those who have done well. There are no empty compliments in the day of judgment. "Hallelujah Chorus" he saw the heavens opened and all the angels and the great God himself! A modest man of moderate ability said that he could not expect God's Well done, but he did expect that he would say, Well tried; Well attempted.

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, participate in his joy and share with him in his pleasure, the same kind of joy which our Lord himself feels. Leighton's words on this entering into the joy of the Lord are beautiful: "It is but little we can receive here, some drops of joy that enter into us, but there we shall enter into joy, as vessels put into a sea of happiness." The joy of the Lord Jesus Christ, of which the faithful, like him, shall partake in some measure here, and in its fullness hereafter, is the joy of a free activity in doing right, like the joy of motion in health, like the song of a bird in the morning.

Edward Everett Hale writing of George Washington says: "He was always subordinating himself to the duty that was before him. He was born, as we saw, to small opportunities; he made them great. He was educated with comparatively small advantages; he made them the first of advantages. He was brought up among simple people. He learned among the simple people the way in which to dictate to kings and to handle generals. You must let me reverently repeat the words of Scripture: 'He was faithful in a few things; he was made ruler over many things.'"

Munyon's
Witch Hazel
Soap

is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.

Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL.



Ethel—Was she glad when he told her the old, old story?
Marjorie—You bet she was. Why, that girl never heard it before.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the **Castor** Signature of **Chas. H. Littleton** In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Not Strictly Orthodox.
Police Justice—Young man, what is your religion, if you have any?
Chauffeur (arrested for overspeeding)—Something like Jim Bludso's, your honor—never be passed on the highway.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive
About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoe. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 5c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

His First Lesson in Economy.
"When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Farley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.
"Frank," he said, "the Fourth of July is coming soon. You'll want some change then. Let me be your banker until then and you'll have some money for firecrackers, torpedoes, lemonade and peanuts."
"I emptied my pockets into his hand and every day thereafter until the Fourth I turned over to him my small earnings. When the day of days came around I had a fund that enabled me to celebrate in proper style, while many of my playmates were flat broke. It was my first lesson in thrift, and it was a good one. Hundreds of Cleveland people would be glad today to testify to the fact that when John H. Farley was a friend of a man or a boy he was a friend indeed."—Cleveland Leader.

The Weeds Return.
"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.
"Lose heavily?" inquired his friend.
"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."
"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."
"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

A FOOD DRINK.

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:
"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee."

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."
"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."
"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous."
"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.
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