

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Charm Winter's blushing cheeks of snow,
From her pale cheeks and her frosty hair;
Dusts of dark night, slow drifting down,
And bright stars of heaven and earth.

must have been fearfully bitten. He has
been taught to do some kinds of work, but
not faithfully. He seems to have lost all
the use of his eyes; he ranges freely with the
other children, among whom he has his friends.

ABOUT UNREALITY IN SPEECH.

No one can go through this disorganised
world without listening to a fearful quantity
of public speech; civilization only seems to
multiply the talkers; every real or fancied
thing is preached into you or at you; and
the wearied hearer cries out often in his
soul, "O for more reality in speech!"

A STRANGE STORY.

TURNING "THE TABLES ON DARWINISM.

The Amherst Student contains a letter
from Prof. J. H. Seeley, dated Allahabad,
India, November 25th, 1872, detailing a
strange fact that came under his observa-

tion far from Arga, in northern India, is
a mission station of the Church Missionary
Society, connected with which is an orphan-
age with several hundred children, now under
the efficient care of the Rev. E. G. Erhardt.

litical, every-day, domestic emotions. Your
nerves thrilled, and your tears dropped cop-
iously upon his scene of the death-bed, or
return of the prodigal to his father. It was
a great triumph of pathos. But the curious
point was this: the preacher was himself
swayed by emotion, you cried pathos be-
cause he did, he climaxed the pathos with
a sob; but as soon as he had made a due
oratorical pause, he quickly wiped his
eyes and went on with his sermon with
unwearied fortitude, just as if nothing
had happened, as if he had not broken his
heart and sobbed before five hundred people
only five minutes ago.

The platform of the church is not distin-
guished for more reality than the pulpit.
Many of the speeches one hears are as hol-
low as drums, and sound as well. And
some speakers have a habit, born of their
vanity, of keeping every pretty or striking
thought they have been able to conceive,
and then grouping them into speeches
which they carry up and down through life
and to and fro in the colony, till their ora-
tions on this and that become common
jokes. You have heard a man, otherwise
good enough, make a speech which has sug-
gested to you the analogy of a woman with
a passion for vulgar jewellery, who cannot
attend an evening party without decking
herself profusely with her ornaments. A
woman is most impressive when her adorn-
ment is sparing and chaste, and so is a
speech. Passing from the platform to the
domestic meetings of the church, we find
too much unreality in our class and prayer
meetings. The experience of the church
has created some grand religious phrase-
ology which is much too freely and carelessly
used in our classes; and perhaps if peo-
ple would just say what they really feel in
the simplest language they would sweep
away half the current objections to meeting
in class.—Christian Advocate (Sydney).

THE ACTIVE ELEMENT IN PLAY.

We make, of course, a great mistake if
we overlook the active element in play, and
children and grown persons must not get
their sport too easily, nor ensue to them-
selves by sedentary amusements. Here
the important distinction of the active and
passive voice opens upon us. In base-ball,
in cricket, in billiards, in bowling, and in
quits and foot-ball, there is wholesome stir
of the limbs and the blood, and also good
exercise for the perceptions and judgment.
Spinning the top and flying the kite, play-
ing marbles and battledoor, are milder
sports, yet they have their use for the mind
as well as the body, and they have place in
physical education too important to allow
any sensible man to despise them. We
tend generally very much, however, away
from all these outdoor active plays, and
we like to get our amusement as easily as
possible, with the least loss of time or cost
of effort. Hence the great prevalence of the
sitting plays, the sedentary recreations. These
are of various kinds, according as they
quicken the perceptions and the under-
standing at the table, as in the case of
draughts, backgammon, or the less objec-
tionable forms of card playing; or as in
the case of riddles and charades and coun-
ter-draws, they stir the wits; or in the play
of girls with dolls and puppets, which start
the fancy; or lastly in the games of chance,
that move hope and fear without calling
out any worthy action of mind or heart,
and which are of doubtful service even in
their mildest forms, so ready are they to
encourage the accursed passion for gaming.
Now we certainly need to bring out the more
active class of plays, and men of business
and the professions would be much better
every way if they would keep up the usages
and the spirit of their youth by going with
their children and young people to the base-
ball ground or the bowling-alley. It is the
merest drivelt to speak of any of these whole-
some sports as bad because they are some-
times abused. A billiard-table and a bow-
ling-alley are no more evil in themselves
than a dining-room or a bath-house, for
each of these may and has been perverted
to monstrous corruptions.

It is becoming a very practical question
how far the active sports should become so
intense and personal as to excite emulation
and influence partisanship, as is so often the
case with our rowing matches and ball-
playing. Here a second distinction, based
upon emulation and its absence, presents
itself. Too often these contests cease to be
plays, and when the victory secures either
a valuable prize or a substantial honor, the
sport is too serious a business, and some-
times it brings health and even peace of
mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard
and Yale or Oxford and Cambridge rowing
for the mastery, but the brave fellows who
are straining their muscles to win the day
for their color are not especially jolly, and
no work is harder than theirs. Young men
must, indeed, be manly, and not mind
roughing it sometimes, and the boat-race is
of a piece with the scramble of life, and one
must not be over-dainty in play when we
are to try our hand and take our chance in
the rough-and-tumble of the world. It is
best, however, to give to manly plays as much
generality and harmony as possible. We
cannot ask young men, indeed, to be con-
tent with dancing all the time with ladies
in sympathetic round and party regulation.

Nor can we hope to confine them to the
routine of the gymnasium and its leaf-
of turning and climbing. Military sports meet
their active temper very well, and marching
and countermarching with banners and
music are better and more friendly exer-
cise than the everlasting fight for supremacy,
whether with the ear, or the foot-ball, or
the cricket bat. It is well to calm the
pulses of youth, and even of childhood, by ad-
ding play of representation to active sports,
and a finer quality of fellowship goes with
hearing music, seeing tableaux and pictures,
walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing
quietly amidst pleasing scenery, or join-
ing in a social party with its constant
change of scenes and persons and recrea-
tions. We ought to make more of this
style of amusement, and try to refine and
dignify the love of fun in our young people
by more taste and beauty.—Dr. Samuel Os-
good, in Harper's Magazine for July.

FOUR PORTRAITS.

Four faces among the portraits of modern
men, great or small, strike us as supremely
beautiful, not merely in expression, but in
the form and proportion and harmony of
features—Shakespeare, Raphael, Goethe,
Burns. One would expect it to be so; for
the mind makes the body, not the body
the mind; and the inward beauty
seldom fails to express itself in the
outward, as a visible sign of the invisible
grace or disgrace of the wearer. No that
it is so always. A Paul, apostle of the Gen-
tiles, may be ordained to be "in presence
weak, in speech contemptible," hampered
by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere ap-
parently with the success of his mission,
perhaps for the same wise purpose of Pro-
vidence which sent Socrates to the Athe-
nians, the worshippers of physical beauty,
in the ugliest of human bodies, that they,
or rather those of them to whom eyes to
see had been given, might learn that soul
is after all independent of matter, and not
its creature and its slave. But in the gen-
erality of cases, physiognomy is a sound
and faithful science, and tells us, if not
alas! what the man might have been, still
what he has become. Yet even this former
problem, what he might have been, may
often be solved for us by youthful por-
traits, before sin and sorrow and weakness
have had their will upon the features; and
therefore, when we spoke of these four
beautiful faces, we alluded, in each case, to
the earliest portrait of each genius we could
recollect. Placing them side by side, we
must be allowed to demand for that of
Robert Burns an honorable station among
them. Of Shakespeare's we do not speak,
for it seems to us to combine in itself the
elements of all the other three; but of the
rest, we question whether Burns's be not,
after all, if not the noblest, still the most
loveable—the most like what we would
wish that of a teacher of men to be. Raf-
faello—the most striking portrait of him,
perhaps, is the full-face pencil sketch by his
own hand in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford
—though without a taint of littleness or
efficiency, is soft, melancholy, formed en-
tirely to receive and to elaborate in silence.
His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped.
Goethe, even in his earliest portraits, looks
as if his expression depended too much on
his own will. There is a self-conscious
power and purpose and self-restraint and
all but scorn upon those glorious lineaments,
which might win worship, and did; but not
love, except as a child of enthusiasm or of
relationship. But Burns's face, to judge of
it by the early portrait of him by Nasmyth,
must have been a face like that of Joseph
of old, of whom the Rabbis relate, that he
was mobbed by the Egyptian ladies when-
ever he walked the streets. The magic of
that countenance, making Burns at once
tempter and tempted, may explain many a
sad story. The features certainly are not
perfectly regular; there is no superabun-
dant of mere animal health in the outline
or color; but the marks of intellectual beau-
ty in the face are of the highest order, cap-
able of being but too triumphant among a
people of deep thought and feeling. The
lips, ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of
passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are
parted, as if forced to speak by the inner
fullness of the heart; the features are
rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the
bones show thought massively and man-
fully everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon
you with bonalless good humor and sweet-
ness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise—
a gleam as of the morning star, looking
forth upon the wonder of a new-born world
—altogether,

A station like the heron's Mercury,
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
—Charles Kingsley

There's no slipping up hill again, and no
standing still when once you have begun to
slip down.

It's well we should feel as life's reckon-
ing we can't make twice over; there's no
real making amends in this world, any more
nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by
doing your addition right.

It is understood that the Rev. William
Stewart, St. George's-in-the-Fields, Glasgow,
has been appointed to the Chair of Bible
Criticism in Glasgow University, vacant by
the appointment of Professor W. P. Dick-
son to the Chair of Theology.

It is said that the entire Persian Mission,
with forty missionaries and sixty teachers
under the care of the Presbyterian Board,
costs less annually than the current ex-
penses of some of the New York city
churches.

Four hundred and eighty priests of the
Church of England asked the Convocation
of Canterbury to "consider the advisability
of providing for the licensing of duly qual-
ified confessors in accordance with the pro-
visions of the canon law." A debate fol-
lowed which the Archbishop of Canterbury
summed up by saying: "that serious evils
have already arisen in the Church from
this practice, and that it was evident from
the discussion that every bishop present
was opposed to 'habitual confession.'" He
spoke in strong terms of other ritualist
practices, and said he would not scruple to
do again what he had done in a similar in-
stance—revoke the license of curates who
encouraged confessions.

Random Readings.

We hand talks over to God's mercy, and
show none ourselves.

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to
see sight of their objects than love.

I counsel you to study—meditation, and
to be dead to this world.—Luther's foot.

Childhood has no forebodings, but then it
is soothed by no memories of outlived sor-
row.

Among the various excesses to which
human nature is subject, moralists have
never numbered that of being too fond of the
people who openly revile us.

When you are reading a book in a dark
room, and come to a difficult passage, you take
it to a window to get more light. So take
your Bibles to Christ.—McCloughy.

Oftentimes nothing but adversity will do
for us. We need to be stripped of every
earthly portion, that we may seek entirely
our portion in Jehovah Himself. We need
to be turned out of a home on earth, that
we may seek a home in heaven.—Boaz.

There is an old proverb of a rusty shield
that prayed: "O, sun, illumine me," but
the sun replied, "First polish yourself."
The Christian who expects to be anything
honorable, strong, and happy, must be in
such a condition that the influences of God
can reach him.

I think half the troubles for which men
go slouching in prayer to God are caused by
their intolerable pride. Many of our cares
are but a morbid way of looking at our priv-
ileges. We let our blessings get mouldy,
and then call them curses.—Becher.

For Christ when He cometh is nothing
else but joy and sweetness to a trembling
and broken heart, as here Paul witnesseth,
who setteth him out with this most sweet
and comfortable title, when he saith,
"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."
—Luther.

As faith is the evidence of things not seen,
so things that are seen are the perfecting of
faith. I believe a tree will be green when
we see him leafless in winter; I know he is
green when I see him flourishing in sum-
mer.—Warwick.

Prayer to God is a moral necessity. It
is the instinct of humanity—of the creature
toward the Creator. Before reason and
without it, the soul, in its conscious inferi-
ority and weakness, cries to the great Creator
for help.

There is more joy in enduring a cross for
God than in the smiles of the world; in a private,
despised affliction, without the name
of suffering for His cause, or anything in
it like martyrdom, but only as coming from
His hand, kissing it and bearing it patiently,
yea, gladly, because it is His will.

The Greenlanders were unmoved, so long
as the Moravian told them of the creation
and fall of man; but when they heard of
redeeming love, their frozen hearts melted
like snow in spring. Preach salvation by
the sacraments, exalt the Church above Christ
and keep back the doctrine of the atone-
ment, and the devil eats little—his goods
are at peace. But preach a full Christ and
a free pardon, and then Satan will have great
wrath, for he knows he has but a short time.
—J. C. Ryle.

False speech is probably capable of being
the falsest and most accursed of all things.
False speech, so false that it has not even
the veracity to know that it is false—as the
poor, commonplace liar still does! I have
heard speakers who gave rise to thoughts
in me they were little dreaming of suggest-
ing! Is man, then, no longer an "Incarnate
Word," as Novalis calls him—sent
into this world to utter out of him, and by
all means to make audible and visible what
of God's message he has; sent hither and
made alive even for that, and for no other
definable object? Is there no sacredness,
then, any longer, in the miraculous tongue
of man? Is his head become a wretched
cracked pitcher, on which you juggle to
frighten crows, and make bees hira?—Car-
lyle.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

"Mother, the birdies all love father,"
said a boy of five years, as he stood with
his mother watching the robins enjoying
their morning meal of cherries from the old
tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Char-
lie?" "O, yes! I love him, and you love
him; but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the
ies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this ques-
tion. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all the
creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad
to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know,
always comes to him, and seems to know
exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow
follow him all round the meadow, and the
other day I saw her kicking his hind just as
a dog would. I think it is because father
loves them, mother. You know he will of-
ten get up to give pussy something to eat;
and he pulls carrots for the cow, and pats
her, and talks to her; and somehow I think
his voice never sounds so pleasant as when
he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when
he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled.

"Father loves me," he said, "and I love
him dearly. He loves the birds, too, I am
sure. He whistles to them every morning
when they are eating cherries, and they are
not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost
near enough to catch them. Mother, I wish
everything loved me as well as they do
father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they
will. Love all living things, and be kind
to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog.
Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens,
nor try to frighten the cow. Never hurt or
tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly
to them. Feed them and seek their com-
fort, and they will love you, and everybody
that knows you will love you too."—Brit-
ish Workman.