SORG OF THE SEASONS.

Charact Winter threshor thaker of more Presidenting field and woo tond little; Dine day a dark nights, dow teefling to the And block-and alv severe and cell! And swift the meaning draffing with And still they change til all to done.

Young Spring with proon, o in her eyes. And from the the front does, wouth, And megic for he ifor the rooks Of builting flowers when wind is conth. And swife the seasons chelling ran-And so they change till all is done.

Then Summer stands erect and fall. with early capaise for the last, thiel, toltaged woods and a litte flux seas, And fond bud chippins to the dawn. And swift the seasons the ling van -And so they change till all is done.

Brown Autumn, autet with rigo fraite, And buy ands sucked with harvest gold, And nory theses for the leaves, And silent cloud skies soft enrolled, And o the seasons circling run-And still they change till all is done

swift species one Life from less to more. The child, the near, the work, the rest, The sebering mind, the ripening soul, Till youd rall is bright and blest. For vo the seasons circling run-And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder—if indeed the orb Of life revolves round central Light, For ever true to central force, And steadfast, corm the balm or blight. And so indeed the seasons run-And last is best when all is done.

| Chambers's.

A STRANGE STORY.

TURNING THE TABLES ON DARWINISM.

The Amherst Student contains a letter from Frof. J. H. Soeley, dated Allahabad, India, November 25th, 1872, detailing a strange fact that came under his observation in his recent travels. The professor's story recalls the tradition in regard to the infancy of Romulus and Remus, and sug-gests that Darwin's theory of the Descont of Man may be superseded by another, taking the ground that the lower creation is man's descendant rather than his ancestor. The letter is as follows:

Not far from Arga, in northern India, is a mission station of the Church Missionary Society, connected with which is an orphanage with several hundred children, now under the efficient care of the Rev. E. G. Erhardt. The region around is infested with wolves, by which, every year, numbers of children are carried off and devoured. But in two instances, at least, instead of being killed and caten, the children have been kept alive and nourished with, if not by, these beasts. Whether the story of Romu-lus and Remus be a myth or not, this is an actual reality, for the children themselves have been captured from the welves and brought to the orphanage above mentioned. They are both boys, and apparently from seven to eight years of age when taken. They were found at different times, the last one in March of the present year. Some hunters, smoking wolves out of a cave, were startled, when the wolves appeared, by the appearance among them of a creature looking strangely human, but running rapidly on all fours like the wolves, though not so rapidly as they. He was caught with difficulty, and there was no mistaking that he was a child of human parentage but with the habits, and actions, and appetites of a wild beast. The hunters brought him to the orphanage, where he was re-ceived and cared for. Although his phy-sical form and features were sufficient to show that he was a Hindoo child, there were no other indications about him of anything human—in other respects, in the language of Mr. Erhardt, "a perfect animal." He had no speech, but a whine. He would wear no clothes, tearing from him everything of the sort whenever put on. He would eat nothing but raw flesh, and when he dwark he language the vector sith. when he drank he lapped the water with his tongue. Left to himself, he would hide in some dark spot during the day, for which he would come out at night, and prowl about the enclosure, picking up bones, if any were to be found, and ravenously gnawing them. It at first seemed impossi-ble for him to walk erect, but after much difficulty he was taught to do so, and also to use a fork and spoon, and to drink like a human being. Though treated with the utmost care and with great patience and kindness by the Christian hands and hearts which received him, he pined away and died, after he had been in the orphanage a little over four months. In all this time he could not be made to utter a word; he was never seen to smile nor show any signs of joy, or shame, or gratitude. But Mr. Erhardt, who gave me this account, assured me that his face looked more intelligent than the average of Hindoo children, and that his color and features indicated that his paper tage, must have been indicated. his parentage must have been in a family of high caste. The other boy I myself saw, a few days since, at the orphanage, where he was brought about six years ago, having been then captured much as was the first-mentioned boy, and having shown precisely the same habits as belonged to hun. Ho bas not yet spoken a word, but he has ex-changed the whine, which was at first his utterance, for sounds expressive of pleasure, and apparently also of gratitude. He no longer prefers raw flesh for food, but eats bread and fruits with ravenous avidity. He walks erect, but with a strangely awkward gait, throwing out his hands with overy step. His hands are perfectly formed, but he uses them awkwardly. A piece of bread tossed to him at a little distance, A piece which he was eager to get, he could not catch, but let it fall clumsily to the ground. He wears clothes, to which he was, at first, as averse as the other boy. His forehead is low, but his face would hardly be called dull-certainly not iductio. His eyes have

history, that the lower creation is man's descondant, rather than he ancestor.

ABOUT UNREALITY IN SPEECH.

No one can go through this disorganised world without listening to a fencial 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 ories out often in his agony, "O for more reality in speech!" Cartyle has said in his bitterly violent way that the speech of this generation is "mostly from the teeth outward," and that the finest nations of the earth are degenerating into "wind and tongue." We must confess a feeling of comical sadness while listening to many of the men who assume to talk to to us. A famed and practised speaker addresses us on a subject of the hour. His speech flows smoothly enough. The machinery of his memory works noiselessly, the thoughts treep out in admirable order. and his correctness would satisfy a bishop. The elecution is finished and energetic. The chmaxes go off one after another like well constructed fireworks. The whole speech is clever and laborious. But it lacks one thing—reality. Minds that are not critical or analytic feel that some important art but not of truth. The cannon roared when it was July fixed, but the shot hit no mark, and you secretly doubted whether the gun was really shotted. There was the sound of an earthquake, doubtless, but nothing fell to the ground. In contrast with such a speaker look at this one who comes to you with defective elecution, ludicrously awkward gestures, and whose thoughts tumble out upon you as John Foster's are said to have done upon his hearers. You feel that this man is uttering the irrepressible convictions of an earnest soul, and he is forcible despite his de-Many an able minister has gone from a meeting in which torrents of unreal eloquence have been poured upon a clapping and stan ping, alias "this highly respectable and intelligent," audience, with thankful relief to a class meeting in which he could hear twenty nucouth but real sentences from some poor illiterate woman.

The thing condemned in this paper is not a falsehood, but the utterance of truth by a man who does not feel it himself, who does not realise what he says to others. Our point is that the truth of the speaker's soul. Truth should be spoken by the true to the mighty. When Christ preached his own gospol his hearers said that never man spake like him. It is not denied that truth has power independently of its utterer. It is not forgotten that Paul rejoiced in the preaching of men whose motive was to add to his bonds; but that such preaching was as effective as Paul's or Priscilla's no common-senso man can believe. "We believe and therefore speak" is a Scripture enwrapping the grand secret of successful oratory. Some crude people mistake imagination for soul. They listen to a man whose vivid imagination shines and glows through his His narratives are dramatic, his descriptions are graphic, he is equal to So-cratic dialogue, he is quite a genius in wrecking ships and managing life-boats; ladies have been known to faint away during his panoramic sermon on the New Jerusalem; and is not such the realism that is wanted? Nay; his soul has not spoken, and your soul has not heard. Reality is a product of the believing soul, not of the brilliant imagination. We want men to speak to us whose souls are inspired by the truth they utter, and then we may lope to become partakers of their inspiration; for it is confessedly difficult for the hearer to rise above the speaker.

But to be more definite and tedious, consider the reality that is so prevalent in the Christian pulpit. The preacher may be a man who has been advantaged by ample scholastic and theologic training; his social virtue may be unimpeachable, and his intellectuality enviable. His sendous may be finished works of homiletic art-full of strong thought from first to last; but all this avails but little where the living, breathing soul is absent—such a man is known as a talented bit of feebleness. The writer recently heard a sermon from a popular preacher, an undoubtedly capable man, delivered to a very large and intelligent congregation. The preacher had a splendid roice, and his knowledge and use of the language was masterly; but his sermon seemed barret of soul and of that higher thought which the mind can generate only whom it is under the inspiring power of reanty. In true pulpit power a hund le local preacher will often surpass the most accomplished ministerial orator. All men that take to the pulpit are generous enough, probably, to wish that souls may be saved by their preaching; but with too many of them the sermon is first of all a work of art, designed oither to make or sustain a reputation-and the soul-saving idea comes in as a secondly. Of course not many souls are saved. It should be noted that you may have not only thought without feeling, but also thought with spurious feeling. A most strange object of study would be the pathos of the pulpit. You heard of a pathetic preacher, a melting orator, a man famed for wooping congregations. You went to hear lnm, and found his reputation true. His a wild and restless, but not as inquiring, look. His inware reprotuding, and his reputation true. His awayering his craterical will as a ship does teeth are well-formed and thoroughly human. On his left cheek are sears hearing plainly the marks of teeth, where he your soul in its deed life, but your super-

must have been fearfully bitton. He has | tierd, every-day, dome the emotions. Your he in taudit to do some kinds of work, but merves thrilled, and your tears dropped co-not faithfully. He seems to have lost all plously upon his secure of the doublished, or de no to escape; he mingles freely with the return of the prodigel to his father. It was other children, maning whom he has his fare other children, maning whom he has his fare others. When the first boy mentioned was brought to the araboungs, this one was made to understand that he must teach the other how to cat, drink, and walk, and walk are of he did, he climated the paragraph with a rob; but as soon as he had made a large trivial ways, he quietly released his other how to cat, drink, and walk, and with it son; but as non-its no had made a made of the improvement of the younger due oratorical paise, he quietly wiped his one, in these respects, seems due to the of-cycs and with on with his seemon with forts of the older one. The infrance from the extraordinary instances is strangely at land happened, as it he had not broken his the extraordinary instances is strangely at had happened, as if he had not broken his variance with many affirmations now curboard needs about a before two hundred people vortance with many affirmations now current. It does not point in the least to man's derivation from the lower creation, but exactly to the reverse. If we only look accurately, and think closely, we shall find much more evidence, both in Nature and listory, that the lower creation is once; with thousands-more's the pity! Not many years ago the writer visited an Australian town in which laboraced a minister of some mark. He was worned before hand that the preacher had no pathos, of which, being a little eccentric, he was secretly glad. In due time he sat to hear the man who had no pathos, but before the sermon ended, he had thanked God that for once a man talked to him who had true pathos. Neither did he cry nor any of his learers. His voice was clear and stendy throughout. His sermon was the product of a healthy mind, and was free of all scenes. His thoughts were fresh and racy, diffusing checatulness. He talked that night to morbid people with such an insight of their disease as could only come from a deep sympathy; but instead of crying over them he prescribed some restorative physic I mean he gave them wise, tender, help-

ful thoughts. The platform of the church is not distinguished for more reality than the pulpit. Many of the speeches one hears are as hollow 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 orations on this and that become common clement was wanting. It was a work of jokes. You have heard a man, otherwise art but not of truth. The cannon roared good enough, make a speech which has suggested 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 adornment 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 phraseology which is much too freely and carolessly 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 e overlook the active element in play, and children and grown persons must not got their sport too easily, nor enfeeble them-solves 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 quoits 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, playing 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. 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 understanding at the table, as in the case of draughts, backgammon, or the less objectionable forms of card playing; or as in the case of riddles and charades and commdrums, they stir the wits; or in the play of girls with dolls and puppots, which start the fancy; or lastly in the games of chance, that move hope and fear without calling out are 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 drivel to speak of any of these wholesome sports as bad because they are sometimes abused. A billiard-table and a bowling-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 netive 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 crass to be plays, and when the victory secures either a valuable prize or a substantial honor, the sport is too serious a business, and sometimes it brings health and even peace of mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard and Yate 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 heat-race is of a piece with the scramble of life, and one must not be overdainty 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 geniality and harmony as possible. We cannot ask young men, indeed, to be coutent with dancing all the time with ladies in sympathetic round and party regulation.

Sor can we hope to confine them to the routing of the gymnasium and its leate of turning and climbing. Military sports meet their active temper very well, and murching and; countermarching with banners and music are better and more friendly evercise than the everlastine fight for supremacy. whether with the our, or the foot-ball, or the cricket but. It is well to calm the pulses of youth, and even of children, by adding plays of representation to active sports and a finer quality of followship goes, with herring music, seeing tableaux and pictures walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing waiting in the meas, or lowing or some-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 tions. We ought to make more of this tyle of amusciuent, and try to refine and dignity the love of fun in our young people by more taste and beauty .- Dr. Samuel Os. good, in Harper's Maga ine for July.

FOUR PORTRAITS.

Four faces umong the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as suprenely beautiful, not merely in expression, but in

the form and proportion and ha mony of features.—Shakespeare, Raffaelle, Goethe, Burns. One would expect it to be so; for the mird makes the body, not the body the mind; and the invaced beauty soldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer. No that is so always. A Paul, apostle of the Gentiles, may be ordained to be "in presence weak, in speech contemptible," hampered by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere apparently with the success of his mission, perhaps for the same wise purpose of Pro-vidence which sent Socrates to the Athenians, 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 genorality of cases, physiognomy is a sound and faithful scionce, and tolls us, if not, alas I 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 Burn'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. Raffaelle—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 efferninacy, is soft, melancholy, formed entirely to receive and to elaborate in silence. His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. Goothe, even in his earliest portraits, as if his expression derended too much on his own will. There is a self-conscious power and purpose and self-restraint and all but scorn upon thoso glorious lineaments, which might win worship, and did; but not love, except as a child of enthusiasm or of relationship. But Lurn's face, to judge of it by the early portrait of him by Nasinyth, 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 superabundance of mere animal health in the outline or color; but the marks of intellectual beau-ty in the face are of the highest order, capable 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 boundless good humor and sweetess, with simple, eager, gentle surprisea gleam as of the morning star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world -altogether,

A station like the herald Mercury, New 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

It's well we should feel as life's a reckening 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 Roy. 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. Dickson to the Chair of Theology.

It is said that the entire Persian Mission, with furty missionaries and sixty teachers under the case of the Presbyterian Board, costs less annually than the current ex-nenses 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 qualiof providing to the condance with the pro-visions of the canon law." A debate fol-lowed which the A—hbishop of Canterbury summed up by saying "that serious ovils have already arison in the Church from this practice, and that it was ovident 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 instance—revoke the license of curates who onsouraged confessions.

Random Rendings.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and

Auger and jealousy can no more bear to ose oight of their elegant than love.

I counsel you to study untification, and to be dead to this world.--Butherford.

Childhood has no torebodonys, but then it is roothed by no momories of outlived for-

Among the various excesses to which button nature is subject, moralists have never numbered that of being too tond of the people who openly revite us.

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

Oftentumes nothing but adversity will do for us. We need to be stripped of every carthiy 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. - Bonar.

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

I think half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayor to God are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a merbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.—Beecher. 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 summer.—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 inferiority and weakness, cries to the great Crea-

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 Moravious told them of the creation and fall of man; but when they heard of redooming love, their frozen hearts melted like snow in spring. Preach salvation by the sacraments, exalt the Church above Christ and keep back the dectrine of the atonemont, and the devil cares 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 falso-as the poor, commonplace liar still does! I have heard speakers who gave rise to thoughts in me they were little dreaming of suggesting! Is man, then, no longer au "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 tengue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you jingle to frighten crows, and make bees hive ?—Car-

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 overlung 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 question. He was absorded 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 theold cow follow him all round the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand just as a dog would. I think it is because father loves them, mother. You know he will often get up to give pussy sommening 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 pleasent when he is talking to his little boy.

Charlie smiled. " Father loves me," he said, "and I love hun dearly. He loves the birds, too, I amsure. 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 eatch 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 Puli pussy's tail, nor classe the heas, nor try to frighten the cow. Never hurt or tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everyhody that knows you will love you too."-Britich Workman.