

Our Young Folks.

Fairy-Folk.

The fairy-folk have told you
Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like caps upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle down,
Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpane
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls,
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right,
But if you'd do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blessed as if the best
Of story books were true.

Hindoo Children.

I remember a very funny incident that happened one day while I was visiting a school in India. This school was near the street, where passers-by could look in, and where we could see all that was going on outside. I was sitting near the door on a stool hearing the little girls recite. Pretty little girls they were too, with their shining black hair braided in tight plaits all over their heads, and spangled with tiny dots of ornaments. While they were reciting, I noticed that quite a crowd of boys had collected at the door, and we were evidently objects of great curiosity to them. They very soon began to be noisy, as boys are apt to be, when a policeman, gorgeously attired in blue coat and scarlet turban, and brandishing a huge bamboo cane, came and dispersed them. They did not "stay dispersed," however, notwithstanding his official grandeur, and as soon as he was quite out of the way, came back, bringing with them three forlorn looking calves, with which they frolicked and played seeming to enjoy it immensely; and I must say that I was very much amused, too.

The little girls have their games also, and dolls, such funny ones—not elegant wax affairs like yours, with real hair, blue eyes that will go to sleep, and dainty dresses that will come off. No, they take a bit of cloth, roll it up tightly into a bundle, and put charcoal marks for the eyes, nose and mouth. Not very pretty dolls, you see, but they love them, and pet them, and talk to them just as you do, and seem to enjoy them as much, and perhaps more for they have so few pleasant things in their lives. I tell you these things, dear American boys and girls, to make you feel how much akin you are to these Hindoo children, and yet how vastly different; for this is the bright side of their young lives; the happy innocent part. But if I could show you the other side, show you their unloved baby-hood, their untaught childhood, as they grow up in ignorance and the vilest wickedness, bowing down to their uncouth idols of wood and stone, with no knowledge of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I am sure you would strive more and more to help to send that knowledge to them—that heavenly knowledge that will make them like you, make them really your brothers and sisters, because you will all be the "children of God."—*Children's Work for Children.*

What are you going to be?

Every boy has his idea of what he is going to be when he is a man. One will be a farmer, and have the handiomeest span of horses in the place; one will be a lawyer, and have a fine office in town; and another will be a merchant, and keep a splendid store. But never a boy pictures to himself that he will be a drunkard. Oh! no; and yet all the seven hundred thousand drunkards in the country were boys once, and had their visions of what they were going to be, just as you have now, though they never planned to be drunkards. How did it happen that so many of them became what they did not intend to be? I'll tell you, so that you can look out, and not make the same mistake. When they were planning what they were going to be, they had in their mind some young man that they thought real nice, just about right, and what they saw him do they tried to do. Perhaps he might have been a pretty good man in most things, and yet he had some bad habits. Well, the first thing the boy did was to imitate those bad habits. It is queer how it happens, but it is almost always so—the boy that imitates a man imitates his bad habits, if he has any. If you know a man that you think is pretty smart, and pretty nice, you look sharp to see if he doesn't have some bad habit, and you will be almost sure to find it. If he uses tobacco, that is his failing, and it will hurt him surely some day, and it will hurt you, too, if you learn to use it; and it will very likely lead to something worse. That was the first step that many of these drunkards took. On the whole, I think it is best not to copy after anybody, but be just as good, and true, and gentle as you know how, and ask God to help you. Then you will be sure to make the right sort of man. There was a lad once who tried both these ways. His father was a shipmaster and did not see much of him, and the boy thought he would make a man of himself right early. Before he was ten years old he would drink, and smoke, and swear, and play cards, like some of the sailors he had seen and imitated. Soon after he was ten years old his father took him on a voyage with him and began to see his boy's bad habits. One day he took him aside and asked him what he meant to be. "I mean to follow the sea," replied David. "Yes!" said his father, "be a poor, miserable, drunken

sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in a fever hospital in some foreign clime." His father saw what would come of all that. But that was not what David was planning. "No," said he; "I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do." "No, David," was the reply, "no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you become a man." This mortified David terribly, but it roused all his energies. From that day he laid aside his bad habits. Soon after that he gave his heart to God, and that saved him effectively. He grew up to be one of the best officers in the late war, and had the respect of all. Long will shine in the history of our country the name of Admiral David Farragut. You may never be so renowned as he, but if you are diligent and earnest, and shun all bad habits, you will surely make a name for yourself of which neither you nor your friends will be ashamed.—*Youth's Temperance Banner, September.*

Power in the Pulpit.

Those who never heard Mr. Moody have no idea of the tremendous force with which he at times presents the doctrine of redemption through the blood of Christ. An example is just now before us. On one occasion, week before last, while speaking on "the blood," he said: "When Abraham took the knife to plunge it into the heart of Isaac, God cried, 'Abraham, Abraham, spare thy son.' But when God's Son hung on Calvary, no voice was heard, 'Spare him.' No; God so loved Abraham that he spared his son, but God so loved you and me that he did not spare his Only Son. You may preach the moral character of Jesus Christ ten thousand years, and you will never save a soul. The blood was to be sprinkled on the doorposts, but not on the threshold. God never wants the blood trampled on; yet that is what sinners are doing. It is not anything in us, but only the blood, that saves."

Ministers who deny the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the efficacy of His blood, but who notwithstanding all their wealth of learning and culture, see their churches becoming less and less every year, might have their eyes open by devoting some study in this direction. And professedly orthodox ministers who seldom say anything to their people concerning the atonement and the blood of Jesus as the only remedy for sin, but who are surprised that members of their churches are so lifeless and conversions so few, their sermons so powerless may find the explanation here. The preaching which sets forth our depravity, our destitution of all spiritual good, our guilt, our helplessness, our danger, and the value and power of the blood of Christ to save unto the uttermost, is the preaching which the Holy Ghost makes mighty to the saving of the soul. It was so when Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, and it has been so ever since. It is the blood of Christ that justifies the believer and condemns the impenitent sinner. The presentation of this gladdens the saint, stimulates him, keeps him on his way, and it will be his great theme of rejoicing in heaven. And it is only when the sinner sees and feels his need of the blood of Christ, and its preciousness to his own soul, that he will be brought to repentance. Let this blood be magnified in every pulpit in the land.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

An Ideal of Content.

At one of the stations on the plains east of Cheyenne, while the other passengers were taking their meals, we strayed away to breathe the invigorating air, and were attracted by a common house-keeping arrangement not far from our train. The horse and cow were grazing at a little distance from the empty wagon, from which the top had been removed and converted into a house. Upon a miniature cooking stove the lady of the mansion, a rosy cheeked young woman, was preparing the dinner, while the husband was engaged in an employment the practice of which would not have suggested itself to us—heating into flat slabs the tin cans that he had picked up on his journey. These he said, were for the purpose of covering his roof when he built a house somewhere. "Some-where? And where is that?" we asked. "Well, now, mister," he replied, "you are too much for me there. I suppose we must stop somewhere by and by, but the farther we go, the less we want to. I like to keep going this way; my wife likes it, and the baby in there seems to like it, for she grows like a weed. We are none of us sick; we always have plenty to eat, and so we don't see the use of stopping. One of these days, I suppose, we shall get to the Pacific, and then we shall be obliged to stop. In the meantime, if we strike a good place we may build a house to live in for a spell, but for the present we are well enough off."—*Letter in the New York Evening Post.*

Never get Angry.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology—a present gratification of some sort—but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and he made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a fire-brand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged in at all?

Sabbath School Teacher.

ANNUAL REVIEW.—1876.

END OF THE YEAR.

It so occurs that the last day of the year is the Sabbath. All "last things" have some peculiar interest. The last day of the year is peculiarly solemn. It was thought wise to leave two Sabbaths without a fixed lesson, in the belief that in some of the Sabbath schools the birth of Christ would be made a theme, and that in many there would be a desire to turn to direct spiritual account the last day of 1876.

By a little effort on the part of superintendents, a very useful and a very spirited exercise may be conducted on some such plan as the following, which can be shortened or altered and improved at will.

We have come to the last Sabbath and the last day of this year, a famous and memorable year to us. Since the year began, there have been changes among us. (Here it would be proper to mention teachers or officers removed by death, or gone elsewhere. In some instances, pastors have been removed. It would also be proper to mention additions, new teachers, or scholars.) These speak to us. (1.) Let us recall our blessings. Class after class may mention one each, or pupil after pupil; the reviewer calling for or giving a text with each.

The following would naturally be mentioned:

(a) Our being—from God (Ps. c. 3).
(b) Our power to understand (Gen. i. 27; Gen. ii. 7).
(c) God's beautiful works that tell of Him (Ps. xix. 1). How much they tell (Rom. i. 20).

(d) Our fair country with all its blessings (Ps. xvi. 6). It has had a century of liberty and independence and growth and innumerable blessings, for which we should praise God. All celebrations and shows will be worse than nothing if they make us think of man only. (See Nebuchadnezzar's mistake, Dan. iv. 30.)

If it is desired to vary the exercises, the hymn, "God bless our native land" may here be sung.

(e) God's word; Sabbath; church; ministers; sacraments (2 Pet. i. 3).

(f) Jesus Christ, His Son, our Saviour, who is in the substance of the Word; the Lord of the Sabbath; the Head of the Church; the Chief Shepherd of the ministers; and the Life of the sacraments (John iii. 16).

(g) As many of us as have hope in Him. (Here mention might be made of as many as trust that they have come to Christ during the year and confessed Him (Eph. ii. 8). (At the close of this enumeration a doxology might be sung.)

But there are others who have not yet received the Saviour. Let us re-call today what we need to know and feel in the heart if we would have life.

Take the "three R's," as they have been called:

(1) *Ruin by the fall* (Rom. v. 12).
(2) *Redemption by Christ* (Eph. i. 7).
(3) *Regeneration by the Holy Ghost* (Tit. iii. 5).

Or the following order may be chosen to bring out the way of life, and fix it in the mind:

(a) *What has God done?* Loved, pitied, and given Christ for us (Tit. ii. 11).
(b) *What has the Son done for us?* Died for us (Rom. v. 8).

(c) *What has the Holy Ghost done?* Inspired the Scriptures; qualified ministers; striven with our hearts, and offered Himself as our inward teacher and comforter (1 Thess. v. 19).

(d) *What has the Church done?* Borne witness to the truth as it is in Jesus, prayed for us, and set up the means, as the Sabbath School, the good book, for our regular instruction (Acts xv. 22; 1 Tim. iii. 16).

(e) *What have we to do?* "Only believe" (Acts xvi. 31); or, which is the same, "receive" (John i. 12); or "come" (Matt. xi. 28); or "trust" (Matt. xii. 21).

(f) *What follows?* We have life (John iii. 36), for we are one with Christ (John xv. 5; Gal. ii. 20); have righteousness (Rom. x. 10); and become heirs of God (Rom. viii. 17).

Then we become "converts," for we have turned to the Lord. Then we are "penitents," for we look to Christ and mourn for sin. Then we are "saints" (Eph. i. 1). Then we are "believers" (Acts v. 14). Then we are "brethren" (Eph. iii. 1). Then we are "disciples" (Acts xx. 7). For all these words describe true Christians, according as we look at them from one point of view or another.

And those who have not come, may come to-day. Here is the invitation to them (to be read solemnly from the Bible by the reviewer: Isa. lv. 1; John vii. 37; Rev. xxii. 17).

Is the year to end with Christ knocking at your heart's closed doors? or will you let Him come in?

(A moment of silence, to be followed by a brief audible prayer for those not yet in Christ.)

Now we are looking towards another year. We are to live to God through 1877, if God spare us. We need some helps to knowing the way. He has given them. Among the plainest are the Ten Commandments (which the school may be made to repeat; or if time is wanting, the substance of them may be drawn out by concise questions).

These were given when the church did not know as much of Christ and the Holy Spirit as we now know. Here is another help to us in Gal. v. 22, 23. "Trees of righteousness" bear this fruit.

Many good men have been in our thoughts during the studies of this year. Let us make up our minds to be faithful in our places, like David; true to our friends, like Jonathan; to be bold, like Peter after Pentecost; gentle and good, like Barnabas; brave and forgiving, like Stephen; diligent, like Paul; obedient, like Philip and Cornelius. Let the girls learn to love, like the excellent woman; to labor, like Dorcas; to encourage the prayer-meeting, like Mary (Acts xii. 12); and to rejoice in the joy of God's people, like

Rhoda, as seen in the year's lessons. The sins and faults to be avoided might be instanced: Saul's pride, Absalom's undutifulness, Job's hardness, Solomon's idolatry, Ananias' lying, Simon's double-mindedness, the Pharisee's folly, the drunkard's cup, the Jew's bigotry, and above all their unbelief. (All these might be turned into questions.)

The exercise may be closed by the singing of the hymn,

"For thy mercies and thy grace,
and the Lord's Prayer."

Upon this, all the year's labors, and on the efforts of all the Lord's servants, in every place, may there rest His abundant blessing!

Only One Child.

One time, when the army of Italy was crossing the Alps, three-score and more years ago, on that famous expedition with which all adventurous history rings, a nameless drummer boy was swept from the ranks by the sudden dash of an avalanche, hurrying him down into a deep hollow, lined with never-dissolving snow, such as frequently lies along among these desolate mountains. Singularly enough, he was not seriously injured by the plunge; he had slipped and slid over the crust of ice, and his light body had met with very few bruises and no blows that were fatal.

He clambered up to the top of the mass, and waved his hands aloft to show that he was alive. Along the giddy brink, two-hundred feet above, the advancing train slowly and wearily filed on. His drum still hung suspended from his neck. It could not be said just what he intended,—to keep his blood warm, or to attract the notice of the men,—but he began to beat the military calls and changes to which he had been trained. In that clear, frosty air, sound goes to an almost incredible distance. Every stroke of the tattoo, the reveille, the advance, the charge, was heard by every soldier that marched on; they commented admiringly upon the pluck of the brave little musician, who patiently kept his sticks flying.

Of course the path up the mountain side zig-zags, in order to rise over the immense acclivity. Thus it came to pass that for awhile the whole army would be out of sight, and then return again, near in line, but farther up the steep. Clear and echoing floated up that rattling drum-beat on their ears. Hardly veterans were there, who wept as the hours passed, and they perceived they were leaving the poor boy behind. No command seemed likely to come now for any effort to save his life. Word had already been sent to the Emperor, but he had decided to leave the lad where he was. What was one single drummer-boy to the army of Napoleon Bonaparte! And before long it became evident that so the lad understood it likewise.

He redoubled his activity. Natural fear of freezing stimulated him for a short time to renewed exertion, and he vigorously plied his arms to keep his life-pulse warm. Far along the thin bright ridge above him, he saw the vanishing columns growing fainter. At last he knew that they did not intend to give him rescue. Then brave in the midst of absolute despair, he suddenly changed the brisk relief-call he had been beating, to a sadder strain, and a deeper meaning. He paused a few moments, then began a funeral march. They all heard these sober strokes of death in the cold air, but could give no heed.

It can be well understood that every father of a son at home, among that vast host, yearned over the lad with deep suffering of agony that was almost stifling. For as he saw the courageous endurance, and finally, the heroic surrender, when the tired boy at last decently composed his limbs on the snowy bank to die, with the frost for his shroud, and the falling night for his pall, he shuddered to think this lost lad might have been his own.

Since that, for many a year so the romances of those days tell us—the veterans of the Italian campaign have hushed their voices at the campfires as they told the tale of the drummer-boy of the Alps, and thought of the silent solitudes where now his slender body lay frozen beside his drum.

Only a child! Yet children have souls. Souls are more than bodies. Immortal life is more than temporal. Yet the calm world marches on as if empires hung on the balance of a moment, and even the drum-beat of a soul calling for help need not be heeded or heard.—*Dr. Robinson, in Sunday School World.*

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears; only because of this, a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat monotonously by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy gave place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malice, all because of the spell words of scandal, and magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woe and most mournful are the uncalculated tragedies that issue from gossip and destruction, most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.—*All the Year Round.*

The Morality of Sunday-Schools.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a letter written from England to the *London Advertiser* about the late Turkish atrocities and the English foreign policy, said that he had once been told that "a morality" which would not do homage to success, however achieved, was fit only for Sunday-Schools! And he adds, significantly enough, "I believe in the morality of Sunday-Schools. I believe that it is not only alone Christian, but alone strong, and that greatness, whether individual or national, can be achieved permanently in no other way."

This testimony from a man whose profound study of political history entitled his opinions to no little respect, might well put to shame the shallow sneers which we too often hear of "the morality of Sunday-Schools." Mr. Goldwin Smith, coming to the subject from the demonstration of facts, finds that righteousness alone truly "exalteth a nation," and that Sunday-School morality "is alone strong." It is so because it is based upon the revealed will of God, the Word which endureth forever, which "is pure, making wise the simple," because it is founded, not on man's fluctuating opinions and short-sighted wisdom, but on the teachings of Him who spoke as never man spoke, who taught that sin begins with the sinful desire, and that "success" lies in the favor of Him who requires of men "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God."

Let us rejoice that the children of a young nation should be early grounded in the "morality of Sunday-Schools;" and let us hope that being trained in the way they should go, they will not depart from it. Mr. Smith further remarks that "sybaritism and cynicism have been very successful in sundering down humanity." It is a significant commentary on the "new gospel" of "humanitarianism," which takes the welfare of mankind as the divinity which is to shape its course. After all, man needs to find his Father in heaven before he can truly find his brother on earth—and without loving the God whom he has not seen, he is little likely to love the brother whom he has seen, to any purpose. Human selfishness is too strong to be subdued by any love of man which does not spring primarily out of the love of God.

How to Lead Others to the Saviour.

Dr. William Ormiston, in the course of a sermon on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God!" at the late convention of Christian workers in Philadelphia, uttered these eloquent words: Are you going to point any one to Jesus? (1) Be sure you yourself have found him. (2) Have a deep human sympathy with the perishing. Hold them up to look as the Israelites held up their dying friends, turn around their heads, hold open their eye lids. That is what I tried to do last night in the inquiry meeting. There is no patent way of being converted. Every conversion differs from another, as does every face, form, or character. What we have in common is our sin and Saviour. You can't reason men into the kingdom of God. You must get nearer to their hearts than that. The holiest of all baptisms is the falling of a believing mother's tears upon her baby's head. I remember the room where my mother used to take me with her alone to pray. O, these congregations of one! This preaching from the lips of our mother as she murmurs a prayer for our salvation! Whosoever will, may come to Christ. It requires much ingenuity and terrible squirming for a sinner to get beyond the reach of that Divine invitation. Come, and come now. The Spirit and the bride say come. It makes little difference between two men whether one dying Christless, dies upon a bed of down, and another upon a pallet of straw. In three minutes their state will be alike. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!

"The King could not Sleep."

I was reading in the Book of Esther, and at the first sentence of the 6th chapter, a picture came before my mind; a picture of poverty amid boundless wealth, of want and longing, and unsatisfied desire, where everything was gathered that the earth could give. The peasant comes home from his daily toil and falls asleep. The child, weary with its play, falls asleep. But the satrap of the East, "which reigned from India, even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces," could not sleep. He had couches of gold, covered with tapestry of purple and fine linen, but on them he could find no rest. He had costly wines, but they failed to steep his senses in repose. He had singers and players upon instruments, but none of them had any effectual lullaby for the unhappy king. The best boon of Providence to this weary world was denied to its mightiest monarch. He could order the execution of thousands and be obeyed; but when he summoned sleep to his eyes and slumber to his eyelids, his mandate was in vain. How powerless, then, this despot. He could not assure, at will, one of the commonest of all blessings. How dependent on God, "who giveth sleep," this proud idolater, with the scepter in his hand, and the crown upon his brow! And how suggestive this picture is of the poverty of riches, of the insufficiency of rank, or station, to make their possessor happy. How suggestive of the worthlessness of all mere earthly good, and of the value of the peace of God, of His love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Those who are His children can cast themselves into His arms anywhere, under any circumstances, and find rest to their souls. Then he who trusts in God is richer and mightier than Ahasuerus was. He can get freely, and for the mere asking, what all the king's wealth and power could not secure.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Be economical of your time. Do not waste a minute. However long we may live, our lives will be but short at best, and the vast realities of the coming world require that we should spare no pains in getting ready to meet them. Labor, pray, watch, play—do all things always in their right proportion. But do something. There is no time for moping.