

The Family.

THE SWEET SOUTH WIND.

OVER the fields and the waters there suddenly swept in
 April
 Something that seemed like a breath that was blown
 from far coasts of the sunlands.
 Languorous was it and sweet as are lilies or odorous
 spices,
 Laden with delicate hints of a summer not far in the
 distance
 Over the meadows and fields that, embrowned by the
 cold of the winter,
 Lay as if dead to the spring and with never a hope of a
 harvest,
 Silently passed the south-wind, and there suddenly sprang
 into being
 Millions of grass blades that tossed like an emerald sea in
 the sunshine,
 Daffodils as were those that gained Plato a consort
 in Hades,
 Buttercups golden and gleaming like gems on the hands
 of a maiden,
 Daisies that grew near the ground and yet ever and
 always gazed upward,
 Violets azure and yellow and white and of wonderful
 fragrance
 Over the trees in the orchard and forest it breathed in its
 progress,
 Bringing the sap from the roots to the near and the
 farthestmost branches,
 Swelling the buds till the willow was hid in a verdurous
 mist cloud,
 Touching the boughs of the maple that reddened with joy
 at the meeting,
 Leaving wherever it lingered assurance and promise of
 summer.
 Over the streams the beneficent breeze from the south-
 land swept gently,
 Filled all the waters with quick darting life that rejoiced
 in the springtime,
 Sent all the rivers, now freed from the grasp of the
 winter, exultant,
 Moving in shimmering, glittering, sinuous curves that led
 seaward.
 So on its way passed the wonderful wakening wind from
 the sunlands,
 Driving before it the frost and the cold of the winter,
 Reluctant,
 While in their stead came the warmth and the re-awakened
 life of the springtide,
 For in the wake of the life giving breeze flew the jubilant
 swallows,
 Twittered the robins and wrens, while the azure-hued
 wing of the bluebird
 Cut through the air like the blade scintillant that is famed
 of Toledo.

Thus in mid-April the heart of another springtide was
 awakened.
 Faster the blood ran along through the veins in the
 glorious weather,
 Generous impulses quickened and waxed in the glow of
 the season.
 Winter was banished, and with it the cold and the after-
 noon twilight,
 And, as the wall of his storms in the north passed at last
 into silence,
 May could be seen in the distance approaching, her lap
 full of blossoms.

—Oscar Fay Adams.

SCOTLAND'S PSALMS.

THE oldest version of the Psalms in English
 metre, is that of Sternhold and Hopkins. Thomas
 Sternhold was groom of the robes to Henry VIII.
 and Edward VI. He was a man of great strictness
 of life, and being scandalized at the wicked ditties
 sung by the courtiers, he versified fifty-one of the
 Psalms, and had them set to music, flattering him-
 self that the courtiers would sing them instead of
 their loose and wanton sonnets; but it is not prob-
 able that any of them did so. Sternhold's fifty-
 one Psalms were published in 1536, and in 1563
 John Hopkins, a minister in Suffolk, with the assent
 of several other pens, finished what Sternhold had begun,
 and published a version of the whole Psalms. This version gradually got
 into use throughout the Church of England, and
 continued to be used, until displaced by the present
 received version of that church, subsequent to 1636.
 The version of Sternhold and Hopkins was
 reprinted in Scotland under the auspices of the
 General Assembly, for the use of the Church of
 Scotland, very soon after its appearance, but with
 considerable variations. Different versions of as
 many as forty-one Psalms were substituted. The
 version of the Psalms thus gotten up continued to
 be used in Scotland till the introduction of the
 present version in 1650.

In 1631 what is called King James's version of
 the Psalms was published. The device on the
 title-page represents King David on one side,
 holding a harp, and King James on the other, hold-
 ing a book. The title is the "Psalms of King David."
 Translated by King James. The real history of
 the so-called King James version is that it was
 written by Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie,
 afterwards Earl of Stirling, and a poet of no small
 reputation in his own day. The "royal" version
 found little favour in the eyes of the Scottish church.
 It was republished in 1636, very much altered,
 however, in consequence, no doubt, of the opposi-
 tion which had been offered to it. This revised
 version was attached to the notorious "Service
 Book" of 1637. A patent of exclusive privilege to
 print it for thirty-one years had been granted to
 the real author, the Earl of Stirling. But Jenny
 Geddes threw her stool in St. Giles Kirk, and the
 King was balked in his plans, and the Earl of his
 profit. Though the British Solomon condescended
 to father this version, little more can be said in
 praise of it, than that the best of it was not bad.

In 1643 appeared a version of the Psalms by
 Francis Rous. At this period, as is well known,
 an attempt was being made to bring about a uni-
 formity in the doctrine, discipline, and form of
 church government and worship of England and
 Scotland. A new version of the Psalms was de-
 signed as a part of the uniformity. Rous' version
 of 1643 is interesting on this account, that after
 undergoing much revision and elaboration it was
 ultimately adopted in Scotland, and is the version
 which is still sung there.

Rous' version was republished in 1646. In the
 interval, since its first publication, it had undergone
 repeated revisions, and it was not until it had been
 critically examined by the General Assembly and
 reported on by the various Presbyteries, that the
 version, as it now stands, was adopted and sanc-
 tioned by the General Assembly in 1649, and by
 the Committee of Estates early in 1650. On the
 15th day of May, in that year, it was, for the first
 time, used publicly in Glasgow, and so continues
 until this day.

Many and zealous attempts have been made to
 displace it, but all with signal ill success. Commit-

tees of Assembly have laboured over the attempt
 in vain. The longer at book stalls frequently seen
 still-born looking volumes, being versions of the
 Psalms in metre, and commonly bearing "to be
 printed for the author"—too plain a sign of caution
 in the trade, and of extenuation of music to the
 luckless poet. Time after time have these attempts
 been renewed, but no rival has yet been found to
 supplant the venerable version of 1650. There is
 no other way of accounting for the firmness with
 which this version has held its place than because
 it is worthy of it. The stiffness of Scottish prej-
 udices is pretty considerable, but there is no doubt
 that, had a really better version, or one that had
 succeeded in marrying the solid merits of the old
 psalter to the graces of modern verse, even been
 tabled, it would have been recognized and accepted.
 True, there are plenty of uncouth rhymes—rugged,
 tuneless rhymes—and obsolete expressions to be
 found in the present version. But, on the other
 hand, what good taste does not admire its severe
 and manly simplicity, notwithstanding these insig-
 nificant defects. It would be easy to out-do the
 present version in smoothness of numbers, in re-
 finement and elegance of expression; but its affect-
 ing simplicity and likeness to the original, in which
 its value lies, would be overlaid and lost.

In addition to its intrinsic merits, the present
 version of the Psalms has a value to Scottish
 Christians which no other could have. The version
 has been sung by their martyrs; its melody has
 been swept in plaintive Eolian wail on moorland
 breezes, in days when it makes the "canliest" of
 them all poetical to think of. Their fathers for gen-
 erations have lifted up their souls to the praises of
 God in it. They learned it by heart at their moth-
 er's knee; it is mingled with their religious litera-
 ture, its expressions lie readiest to them when
 they seek to utter their spiritual feelings and ex-
 periences. No; a new version of the Scottish Psalms,
 with all the elegance of modern finish, could never
 be what the present version is to the people of
 Scotland. Entrenched among all these endearing
 associations, the present version will, in all proba-
 bility, continue to be used until it shall be anti-
 quated by the changes which the English language
 will undergo in the course of two or three centuries.
 The Scottish pastors of that distant day will, no
 doubt, undertake the task so well performed in
 other days. Till then, let no promising young man
 hope for fame as the author of a new and improved
 version.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CHRISTIANITY AND POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, in an article
 in the April *Century* with the above caption, says:
 "I have not mentioned this demand for the entire
 secularization of our schools for the sake of oppos-
 ing it at this point in the argument, but rather for
 the sake of calling attention to a manifest deteriora-
 tion of public morals which has kept even pace
 with this secular tendency in education. Twenty-
 five or thirty years ago most of our public schools
 were under Christian influences. No attempt was
 made to inculcate the dogmas of the Christian
 religion, but the teachers were free to commend
 the precepts of the New Testament in a direct,
 practical way; to the consciences of their pupils,
 and some of us remember, not without gratitude,
 the impressions made upon our lives in the school-
 room by the instructors of our early days. All this
 has been rapidly changing; and, contemporane-
 ously, it is discovered that something is wrong with
 society. Grave dangers menace its peace; ugly
 evils infest its teeming populations. Pauperism is
 increasing. The number of those who lack either
 the power or the will to maintain themselves, and
 who are therefore thrown upon the care of the
 state, is growing faster than the population. The
 cure of this alarming evil is engaging the study of
 philanthropists in all out-cities. Crime is increas-
 ing. The only state in the Union that carefully
 collects its moral statistics brings to light some
 startling facts respecting the increase of crime
 within the past thirty years. In 1850 there was
 one prisoner in Massachusetts to every eight hun-
 dred and four of the population; in 1880 there was
 one to every four hundred and eighty-seven. The
 ratio of the prisoners to the whole population
 nearly doubled in thirty years. But it may be said
 that this increase is due to the rapid growth of the
 foreign population in Massachusetts. There would
 be small comfort in this explanation if it were the
 true one; but it is not the true one. The native
 criminals are increasing faster than the foreign-
 born criminals. In 1850 there was one native
 prisoner to every one thousand two hundred and
 sixty-seven native citizens; in 1880 there was one
 native prisoner to every six hundred and fifteen
 native citizens. The ratio of native prisoners to
 the native population more than doubled in thirty
 years."

JOHN KNOX'S CLOCK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. World* writes
 from Huntington, Pa., concerning an ancient time-
 piece once owned by John Knox:

"Not on account of its intrinsic worth, but owing
 to its historical value, W. H. Woods, Esq., of this
 city, has in his possession a clock that would com-
 mand perhaps as high a figure as any other time-
 piece in the country. It was built at Paisley, Scot-
 land, by Eavin Skeoch, in 1560, and was owned by
 John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, from whom
 Mr. Woods is a lineal descendant. John Knox
 died in 1572. His big clock was handed down to
 his family for nearly a hundred and fifty years,
 when it finally came into the hands of John Withers-
 poon, father of one of the signers of the Declara-
 tion of Independence. When John Witherspoon,
 the son, left Scotland in 1768 to take charge of
 Princeton College, he brought the old heirloom
 with him, and when he was elected to the Con-
 tinental Congress the old timepiece was ticking in
 his parlor, and indicated the hour of his departure
 to transact his patriotic duties.

"Dr. Witherspoon prized the clock very highly.
 He cleaned it himself at regular intervals, and took
 pleasure in showing it to his friends and the mem-
 bers of Congress. When he died he requested
 that it should remain in his family and descend to
 the first-born of succeeding generations. At the
 death of Dr. Witherspoon, in 1794, the clock came
 into possession of his daughter Marion, who subse-
 quently married the Rev. Dr. James S. Woods, of
 Lewiston, in this State, who died in 1862. At the
 death of Mrs. Woods, shortly after, the clock came
 into the possession of its present owner, W. H.
 Woods, in whose parlor it now stands. The clock
 is still a good timekeeper, eight feet high, built
 of rosewood, with brass works. Mr. Woods was urged
 to place the clock on exhibition at the Centennial,
 but refused to let it be taken from the house."

THE IRON WOLF.

"I conducted the services two months ago," said
 a clergyman, "at the funeral of one of my parish-
 ioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago,
 as a young man, he commenced work for himself
 and his young wife with one hundred acres of land,
 and he ended with one hundred. He was a skilled,
 industrious working man, but he laid by no money
 in bank. I understood the reason, as I listened to
 the comments of his neighbours and friends.
 "It was always a warm, hospitable house," said
 one. "The poor man was never turned away from
 that door."

"His sons and daughters all received the best
 education which his means could command. One
 is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teach-
 ers; all lead useful, happy, and full lives."
 "Said another neighbour, 'Those children sitting
 there and weeping are the orphans of a friend. He
 gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's
 niece. She lived with them for years. That young
 fellow who is also weeping so bitterly was a wall
 that he rescued from the slums of the city.'"

And so the story went on, not of a miser who
 had hoarded dollar on dollar, but of a servant of
 God who had helped many lives, and who had
 lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance
 into life and joy.

On my way home from the funeral, I stopped at
 the farm of another parishioner, who said to me,
 in a shrill, rasping tone,—

"So poor Gould is dead? He left a poor account.
 Not a penny more than he got from his father.
 Now I started with nothing, and look there!"
 pointing to his broad fields. "I own down to the
 creek! D'ye know why? When I started to keep
 house I brought this into it the first thing, taking
 an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of
 the closet. Every penny I could save went into
 its jaws."

"It's surprising how many pennies you can save
 when you have a purpose. My purpose was to die
 worth one hundred thousand dollars. Other folks
 ate meat; we ate molasses. Other men dressed
 their wives in merines; mine wore calico. Other
 men wasted their money on schooling; my boys
 and girls learned to work early and keep it up late.
 I wasted no money on churches, or paupers, or
 books, and—he concluded triumphantly—and now
 I own to the creek, and that land with the fields
 yonder and the stock in my barn are worth one
 hundred thousand dollars. Do you see? and on
 the thin, hard lips was a wretched attempt to laugh.

"The house was bare and comfortable; his wife,
 worn out by work, had long ago crept into her
 grave; of his children taught only to make money
 a god, one daughter, starved in body and mind,
 was still drudging in his kitchen; one son had
 taken to drink, having no other resource, and died
 in prison; the other, a harder miser than his father,
 remained at home to fight with him over every
 penny wrung out of their fertile fields."

"Yesterday I buried this man," continued the
 clergyman. "Neither neighbour nor friend, son
 nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children
 were eager to begin the quarrel for the ground he
 had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all he only had
 now earth enough to cover his decaying body."

"Economy for a noble purpose," added the good
 old clergyman, "is a virtue; but in the houses of
 some of our farmers it is avarice, and like a wolf,
 devours intelligence, religion, hope, and life itself."
 —Selected.

OLD-FASHIONED SCRAP-BOOKS.

SOME of us recall with pleasure the old-fashioned
 scrap-book. Its contents were ordinary printed
 pictures, with here and there in odd corners little
 clusters of conundrums, or humorous items, gath-
 ered from the press. When children, we spent
 hours over the books, first preparing them, then
 looking at the pictures. The more carefully made
 books were often pictorial histories. As current
 events were illustrated in the weekly papers, the
 illustrations were cut out and pasted into the scrap-
 book. This was a veritable *omnium gatherum*,
 comic pictures being as freely honoured as the
 more sedate. Civic scenes and martial glimpses,
 home life and life abroad, matters ecclesiastical,
 political, and social, maritime views and land-
 scapes, animals and men, anything and everything
 pretty that crossed the threshold of home found its
 way into the scrap-book. No particular order was
 observed, the pages being filled one after another
 utterly regardless of suitable association. A cath-
 edral might find itself in proximity to a scene illus-
 trative of a Mother Goose story. This afforded
 opportunity for surmises. To the minds of little
 folk the scrap-book possessed perennial freshness.
 Every home should have a scrap-book. It will serve
 to entertain juvenile visitors. Then, too, we all
 know of families where the children see few pic-
 tures, and have few sources of amusement for
 winter evenings. A present of a well gotten up
 picture scrap-book would be appreciated in many
 such homes. Why should not those of us who re-
 ceive many picture papers remember such families,
 and make them a scrap-book? Do not let it be so
 large as to be unwieldy. It need not be ornamental
 on the outside. If plain and strong it can be used
 without fear of injuring it. Pleasant indeed to my
 mental eye is the picture that comes up of a certain
 family group, the centre of which was an old fam-
 ilar scrap-book. It afforded endless amusement,
 recalled history, and its pictures served as the basis
 of many stories from grandpa, or some other kins-
 man or friend who was sufficiently interested in the
 children to investigate with them the countless
 wonders of the scrap-book. In later days I have
 seen scrap-books made up with advertising cards of
 many colours, and still more varied combinations.
 These are not to be despised, but for a scrap-book
 that can often be studied, and of which one will
 not soon tire, I would choose the old picture-book
 of childhood's days.—*Ex.*

THE roses come and the roses go,
 But the roots of the roses live under the snow.
 Wrapped in a dreamless sleep they lie
 Till the sunshine shall waken them by and by.

Sheltered behind her cloudy bars,
 Night keeps her army of glittering stars,
 The light wind rushes o'er hill and plain,
 And each silvery star comes back again.

Friendships are born and friendships die,
 But the love of the soul is kept on high.
 The blossoms of faith may come and go,
 But the roots of the roses live under the snow.

—*Ex.*

—What do you think would be the result if every
 member of the Church increased his subscription
 to the Mission Schemes by ten cents.

THE CRANK DEFENDED.

WHAT would we do were it not for the cranks?
 How slowly the tired old world would move, did
 not the cranks keep rushing it along! Columbus
 was a crank on the subject of American discovery
 and circumnavigation, and at last he met the fate
 of most cranks, was thrown into prison, and died
 in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now!
 Oh, yes, Telemachus, we usually esteem a crank
 most profoundly after we starve him to death. Har-
 vey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of
 blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was
 a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse
 was a telegraph crank. All the old abolitionists
 were cranks; the Pilgrim Fathers were cranks;
 John Bunyan was a crank; and any man who
 doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

And, by the by, the crank you despise will have
 his name in every man's mouth, and a half com-
 pleted monument to his memory crumpling down
 in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your
 native village will know that you ever lived. Deal
 gently with the crank, my boy. Of course some
 cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very
 slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one
 thing and you can't understand him. A crank,
 Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it
 makes the wheels go around, it insures progress.
 True, it turns the same wheel all the time, and it
 can't do anything else, but that's what keeps the
 ship going ahead. The thing that goes in for vari-
 ety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred
 times a day, that is no crank; that is the weather
 vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank
 heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my
 son. May be you couldn't be a crank if you would.
 Heaven is not very particular when it wants a
 weather vane; almost any man will do for that.
 But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks very
 carefully for the best man in the community. Be-
 fore you thank heaven that you are not a crank,
 examine yourself carefully, and see what is the
 great deficiency that debars you from such an
 election.—*Burdette.*

A DISORDERLY MAN'S LECTURE.

"Where's my hat?"
 "Who's seen my knife?"
 "Who turned my coat wrong side out, and flung
 it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy. When you came into the
 house last evening you flung your hat across the
 room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked 'em
 right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it
 a toss, and now you are annoyed because each
 article hasn't gathered itself into a chair, to be
 ready for you when you dress in the morning.
 Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it to save
 one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is
 under your bed, where it rolled when you hopped,
 skipped and jumped out of your trousers. Your
 collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks
 on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the
 kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest
 way. I would rather fling my hat down than hang
 it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge
 than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the
 risk of spilling a new coat than to change it. I
 own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but,
 ah, me! I had to pay for that ten times over!
 Now set your foot right down and determine to
 have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes
 last longer and look better than a slovenly man
 can do with four. He can save an hour per day
 over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He
 stands twice the show to get a situation and keep
 it, and five times the show to conduct a business
 with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he
 is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner,
 his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his
 books will show neither blot nor error. An orderly
 man is usually an economical man, and always a
 prudent one. If you should ask me how to be-
 come rich, I should answer: "Be orderly—be ac-
 curate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.

IN an address delivered before the New York
 State Press Association, one of the speakers (Judge
 Tourgee) expressed himself in the following strik-
 ing language: "The rumeller cannot do
 half the harm in a year that a bad man who has
 the long end of the lever of a press can do in a
 week. He writes in our brain, when we think we
 are only thinking ourselves. The man behind a
 newspaper comes into our daughter's heart before
 she is a woman, to elevate or to degrade it. He
 comes into our boy's heart before he is out of his
 first boots, either for good or evil. There is not a
 man present but who, looking into his past life,
 could say to some periodical—that did me infinite
 good or the opposite." The speaker hoped that the
 divine who had opened the meeting with prayer
 would forgive the expression, but it seemed to him
 that the earliest mention of the press we have is
 found in the New Testament, and is not far from
 right; "many sought to come unto Him, and could
 not for the press." Many a good man has been
 transformed into a fiend by it. Many a good
 woman's life has been turned to shame by the press
 of to-day. Those who are sent out for news some-
 times have a nose for scandal; and according to
 the adage, "send a buzzard to market, and you will
 have carrion for dinner." Scandal is printed so
 freely that the young daughter grows up with the
 idea that her mother's virtue is an old-fashioned
 thing. The danger is not so much that men who
 direct the press will be grossly corrupted, as that
 they will become blinded to their personal re-
 sponsibility."

DON'T.—Do not fret, murmur and complain, and
 by all means do not take up the idea and insist on
 it that people are not using you properly, that you
 deserve more notice than you get, and that if you
 are not better attended to you will break away and
 go into some kind of solitude. Do not do this, for
 if people see you are incorrigibly set upon it they
 will let you go, and after a little forget you, while
 you will perish under the influence of a self-con-
 suming bitterness. As a rule, if one is doing his
 duty he has sympathy enough to keep him cheerful
 —*United Presbyterian.*

We are confident that no one who carefully reads
 this paper for a year will say that he does not get
 value received for his money. We hope that many
 new readers will join our ranks this year.