

Our Young Folks.

After Supper Fun.

Supper is over! Now for the fun; This is the season Child-rear must rue. Papa is reading— Says of a one boy, Pray did you ever Hear such noise? Riding on "camels" Over the floor— Feet one's a squirrel Clitabing the door, There goes the baby Flat on his nose— Brother was trying To tickle his toes. Little he minds it— Though he would cry, Changed it to laughter, As Lynn galloped by Order is nowhere— Fun is the rule— Think they are children Just out of school. Do not be crusty— Do not forget; You like to manage— Sometimes do yet. Home will be sweeter Till life is done, If you will give them One hour of fun.

The Young Merchants.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it, my boy?" "The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over. "So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." But, he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like, to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?" "It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly. "You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will always find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are these lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand. "Yes sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and purchase being made the gentleman went away. "Harry, what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about these lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away." "Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

Much too Loud.

It was house-cleaning time, and the wooden clock, whose place was in the dining-room, found itself on the library table, face to face with the black marble clock that belonged in the parlor. "Why, where in the world did you come from?" asked the wooden clock, in a harsh, loud voice. "I never heard you tick, or strike. Have you been in the house long?" "Fifteen years," replied the marble one, in low tones. "Fifteen years!" repeated the wooden clock, holding up its hands in wonder. "That's a long time. I've only been here three. And did you never talk louder than you do now?" "Never," said the marble clock. "And don't you ever strike?" "Often than you do; for I tell the half hours, as well as the hours. Listen, I'm going to strike twelve in a moment." And at the end of the moment rang out a sweet tinkling sound, like the chiming of wee silver bells. "Ha! ha!" laughed the wooden clock, rudely. "Do you call that striking? Just hear me!" and it struck the midday hour with such a brazen clang that the bronze lions on each side of the marble clock started and put their paws over their ears. "There, what do you think of that?" it said, as the last stroke died away. "And my ticking can be heard all over the house. How much more valuable I must be than you are." "There's where you make a great mistake," said the marble clock, quietly. "You are much too loud. I am worth at least twenty of you." "Twenty of me!" said the wooden one, so indignantly that its tongue—in other words, its pendulum—nearly fell off. "Yes," said the marble clock, "exactly twenty. The more refinement one has—" "Refinement?" interrupted the loud talker. "What's that?" "I mean," answered the marble clock, "the nicer one is the less noise one makes." "Oh, indeed!" said the wooden clock, scornfully. "Well, for my part, I like to hear myself speak, and like others to hear me, too. I don't believe in clocks being seen and not heard." "By the by, weren't you shut up in a closet last evening?" asked the low-voiced one, slyly, "because somebody had a new book and wanted to read in peace? Then you couldn't have been either seen or heard." "I wish they'd take me back to the dining-room," said the wooden clock. "I always did hate house-cleaning—putting out of its place, and forcing a clock into the company of stink-up strangers."—Margaret Byington, in the Independent.

We create difficulties to ourselves in the methods of Divine Providence and grace.

Sabbath School Teacher.

Address of the Rev. S. L. Gracey.

Upon the question, "What can Sunday schools learn from secular schools?" Mr. Gracey, of Weymouth, Mass., said: We may learn to have the place of meeting bright and cheerful. Yes, more; to make it airy, beautiful, attractive. Adorn it with pictures, flowers, and works of art. In the matter of order we may learn much. Silence is not essential to orderly activity. The buzz of a school where all are engaged in eager study of the Word, is sweet music in the ear of God. Let every wheel be in place, all in good running order, and all moving by the power of the Holy Ghost. We may learn to set our classes that every scholar may constantly be under the teacher's eye, and so that the teacher may easily look each scholar directly in the eye. The magnetism of the teacher's eye is lost when pupils are ranged on a long bench. We may learn to question with wisdom and persistence; to stick at one thing till it is mastered; to have each pupil recite; to repeat, and review, and examine; in short, to drill, drill, drill, until we are sure that none has failed to catch the lesson we desire to impart. A wise adaptation of lessons to the capacities of pupils will be found a necessity, if we study the secular schools. The Corliss engine at the Centennial Exhibition drives the tremendous machinery which does the heaviest work, and it also moves the tiny appliances of the watch factory. The power is applied wisely in each case, else it would be insufficient in the one and disastrous in the other. Each pupil and each class of pupils needs attention as separate machines, and to each its own treatment is due. We may also learn to explain thoroughly. Too often it is assumed that scholars understand the teacher's terms, while occasional accidents reveal a total misapprehension to be existing in the scholar's mind. Great attention is given in secular schools to the fitness of teachers for their respective posts. Not every good man is "apt to teach." Nor is every teacher competent with all grades of pupils. A giant in the adult class often proves utterly at a loss among the little ones. Sunday schools should give attention to these matters of fitness; not merely because of its relation to the success of the schools, but because incompetent teachers on Sunday stand in wretched contrast with the effective instructors of the week. Trained teachers must be had in Sunday schools. Teachers must learn to arrange their own questions for the class, and not consent to follow line after line the question books, however good they may be. They must avoid routine, and yet not allow variety to degenerate into disorder. We must learn to secure home co-operation. Every home from which children go to the secular schools is run to a great extent to forward the children's school work. Meals are timed to their necessities, and study hours are arranged. Home helps the secular school, and it should help the Sunday school. Finally, we judge of the importance of what is taught by the attention paid to the teaching of it. School furniture and apparatus is an immense department in trade. Preparations to use these appliances are made with the utmost care in our common schools, and in the more advanced institutions of learning. These studies, for illustrating which such care is taken, are honored by the care. But do not many of us dishonor that which we profess to teach? He who goes to his class unprepared upon the Lord's day, virtually says, "To teach the Bible is a small matter. If I were going to teach fractions, I would need to brush up a little, but God's word,—saving truth,—that's a small affair."

Capitals of Israel.

The seats of the government and the centres of the religion of the Hebrew nation, during the earlier period of its national life, are traceable to the cities of Shechem, Shiloh, Gibeah, Nob, Gibeon, Bethel and Hebron. It was not until a comparatively late date, in the history of the nation, that Jerusalem became the capital. It was, perhaps, chosen mainly for its natural strength, its central position, and its remoteness from the great highway of the nations which so frequently passed by Palestine, giving it thus the advantage of a certain immunity from disturbance, and of investing it with the power of safety. It became prominent during the reigns of David and Solomon, and continued the capital of the united nation, and, after the division, was made the seat of government of the kingdom of Judah. The kingdom of Israel may be said to have had three places as seats of government and centres of national authority. Shechem was the first capital of the kingdom of Israel, and was a very ancient city. It was situated in the narrow valley between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, and thirty-four miles north from Jerusalem, and six or seven miles southeast from Samaria. It was originally a Hivite city, of which Hamor, the father of Shechem, was the leading man. After the conquest of Canaan, by the Hebrews, it fell to the lot of Ephraim; was assigned to the Levites, and became a city of refuge. During the lifetime of Joshua it formed a centre of union to the several tribes. Jeroboam, the first king, having fortified it, made it the capital of the new monarchy. After the return from the captivity Shechem became the centre of Samaritan worship. The modern town is called Nablous or Nablus, being surrounded with beautiful scenery, and contains about 8,000 inhabitants; but only about fifteen or twenty Samaritan families remain. Tirzah was the second capital, and had its location north of Shechem. It was an ancient royal city of the Canaanites. It was captured by Joshua, and appears to have been a place of proverbial beauty. Jeroboam had chosen it as his principal residence. His successors continued it as the royal residence, until Zimri, in a state of desperation, burned the palace, and perished in the ruins. According to Dr. Robinson, Tirzah is to be identified with Tel-Zabab, a thriving modern town, north of Nablous, occupying rather a commanding position, surrounded by groves of olive. Samaria was the third and last capital of the kingdom of Israel. Ouzi, who prevailed in the ensuing contest with the kingdom, after reigning six years at Tirzah, bought the hill of Samaria and there built the city of Samaria, B.C. 884, and made it the seat of government. The site of the city is one of rare attractiveness, combining strength, fertility and beauty. For two centuries Samaria retained its power and dignity as the capital of Israel. During this period it was the seat of idolatry. Ahab built a temple to Baal there, and from this circumstance a portion of the city, perhaps fortified by a separate wall, was called "the city of the honor of Baal." This temple was destroyed by Jehu about B.C. 884. During the reigns of Ahab and Joram Samaria was unsuccessfully besieged by the Syrians; but it was ultimately taken by the Assyrians, under Salmanneser, after a siege of three years, in the reign of Elishah, B.C. 721, and then followed the end of the kingdom of Israel. For the next seven hundred years Samaria passed through various trials and experiences, both of adversity and prosperity. As we approach the Christian era we find Herod rebuilding it with great magnificence, naming it Sebaste, in honor of the Emperor Augustus, and settling a colony there of 6,000 persons. He also enlarged its circumference, and surrounded it with a strong wall. Such, in New Testament times, was Samaria, where Philip preached the gospel, and where a church was gathered by the apostles. But, in course of time, it began to decay, and the city that once was so great and beautiful, is now only a mass of ruins!

No Christian Work in Vain.

Two incidents are recorded in the New Testament, which should encourage all earnest Christian laborers, either because they are copious of having made mistakes, or because they are not fruit following their sowing, are tempted to despair. The poor widow, who she cast her two mites into the treasury, contributed to maintain a corrupt religion. Mary, who she broke the alabaster box, was criticized by the disciples, because she had uselessly expended a large sum which might have aided many poor. Viewed from the standpoint occupied by short-sighted men, each made a great mistake, and neither could have hoped largely to advance the interests of the kingdom of God. But see how the Master transforms even the mistakes of His consecrated people into the ministers of righteousness. Can any other two acts, done by disciples, match these two seeming mistakes, as over-living forces in the Church of God, for quickening self-sacrificing benevolence? Who may compute the blessed influence exerted during eighteen centuries by the stories of the two mites and the alabaster box? Mistakes are the result of intellectual imperfection. All of us make them. But let us rejoice, not only that our Lord retains us in his service in spite of our errors, but that he also uses these errors as his own instruments. And this he does, not now and then, as an exceptional favor to his short-sighted disciples, but as the rule of his kingdom. It is the law of his administration. He chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. Only let those who read these words of encouragement be consecrated;—only let them give their all, like the widow, and sacrifice their best, like Mary, and they need never despair about results. The omniscient Lord will use even their seeming errors to bless mankind. This was the conviction of the great Apostle Paul, else he never would have written this inspiring exhortation: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—Sunday School Times.

Majesty of Christ's Presence.

Independently of all tradition, we may believe with reverent conviction that there could have been nothing mean or repugnant—that there must, as St. Jerome says, have been "something starry"—in the form which enshrined an Eternal Divinity and an Infinite Holiness. All true beauty is but "the sacrament of goodness," and a conscience so stainless, a spirit so full of harmony, a life so purely noble, could not but express itself in the bearing, could not but be reflected in the face, of the Son of Man. We do not indeed find any allusion to this charm of aspect, as we do in the description of the young high priest Aristobolus whom Herod murdered; but neither, on the other hand, do we find in the language of his enemies a single word or allusion which might have been founded on an unworthy appearance. He of whom John bore witness as the Christ—He whom the multitude would gladly have seized that he might be their King—He whom the city saluted with triumphal shouts as the Son of David—He to whom women ministered with such deep devotion, and whose aspect, even in the troubled images of a dream, had inspired a Roman lady with interest and awe—He whose mere word caused Philip and Matthew and many others to leave all and follow him—He whose one glance broke into an agony of repentance the heart of Peter—He before whose presence those possessed with devils were alternately agitated into frenzy and calmed into repose, and at whose question, in the very crisis of his weakness and betrayal, His most savage enemies abran and fell prostrate in the moment of their most infuriated wrath—such a One as this could not have been without the personal majesty of a Prophet and a Priest. All the facts of his life speak convincingly of that strength, and endurance, and dignity, and electric influence, which none could have exercised without a large share of human, no less than of spiritual gifts. "Certainly," says St. Jerome, "a flame of fire and starry brightness flashed from His eye, and the majesty of the Godhead shone in his face."—Dr. Farrar's Life of Christ.

The heart which glows with the love of God will ever be quick to see work for the hand to do for the glory of God.

The Jerusalem Chamber.

The Jerusalem Chamber itself, though an unpretentious building when in its external appearance and its internal arrangements incorporated with two events in the history of England, the one of which the great dramatist of English literature has rendered famous forever, the other of which has exerted an influence on all English speaking nations such as is simply incalculable. Here it was that Henry IV., coming up to London, covered with a hideous leprosy, and almost bent double with pain and weakness, laid him down to die. It was apparently, the only room in the Abbey which had conveniences for a fire. It was the early spring; the Abbey itself was chilly; and to the Jerusalem Chamber the king was carried by his attendants, and there laid upon a pallet before the great fire-place. It is in a room in the palace of Westminster adjoining that Shakespeare places that most affecting scene, in which the young prince puts on his own head the crown of his sleeping father; and thence he represents the king carried to his own death to the Jerusalem Chamber for his death. King Henry. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swoon? Warwick. 'Tis called Jerusalem my noble lord. King Henry. Laud be to God—'ere then may I be must end. It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die but in Jerusalem; Which vainly I supposed, the Holy Land— But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. The other and more important, though less dramatic, scene, which renders this chamber memorable in history, is intimately connected with the history of the church and the development of theology. Here it was, driven by the cold, as Henry IV. had been, from the Abbey itself, that the famous convocation of Presbyterian clergy was held which undertook to change the character of the Established Church of England, but which, ending seemingly in failure, really resulted in organizing a church whose scope and influence have out-run their wildest dreams. This little chamber is the birth-place of the Presbyterian denomination. Here, and in the chapel of Henry VII., changing their sessions in part according to the weather, sat the famous Westminster Assembly. Out of these walls came the Directory, The Longer and Shorter Catechisms, and that famous Confession of Faith which is still the accepted symbol of theological doctrine of one of the largest Protestant denominations in England and the United States. In this chamber sit the committee now engaged in the revision of the Bible. —Lyman Abbott, in Harper's Magazine for July.

The Genealogy.

Norman Macleod once attended a meeting of scientists in which the meteoric theory was discussed. He seems to have been greatly stirred by the assumptions of what is called advanced thought, for he made a speech whose wit charmed if its logic did not convince. He afterwards wrote to a friend that, "perhaps the men of science would do well, in accordance with these last results, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way: I. The earth was without form and void. II. A meteor fell upon the earth. III. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. IV. From these proceeded the British Association. V. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good."

Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Abbey of to-day looks on the England of the nineteenth century, which she nursed in the eleventh, and guided and guarded through all the tempestuous experience of the turbulent youth time that intervened before years brought experience, and experience discretion and self-control. It has seen England successfully Saxon, Norman, and English. It has seen it Roman Catholic, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Protestant again. It has seen it an absolute monarchy, a constitutional monarchy, a republic, and a monarchy again. Within its walls mass has been chanted and the Anglican service has been read, and under its roof the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith was organized, and from thence was published. It lived through the wars of Normans and Saxons, welcomed William the Conqueror, witnessed the alternate despotism and abject submission of John, saw the Magna Charta wrested from his unwilling hand, beheld the land ravaged with the long wars of the rival roses, barely escaped demolition in the hideous but fruitful reign of Henry VIII., was re clothed with honor in the more hideous and barren reign of Bloody Mary, rejoiced in the peaceful and benignant reign of the unscrupulous but sagacious Queen Bess, witnessed the conflict between constitutional law and Caesarism, culminating in the death of Charles I., but ending only with the accession of William and Mary. Born on an island remote from any town, and environed by an almost impenetrable wood, it has lived to see London stretching out its boundaries till now the once secluded resort of world-wearied monks is in the heart of the busiest and most populous commercial centre of Christendom. Born in an age without carriage roads, it has lived to see the island of Great Britain intersected by innumerable railways. Born in an age when commerce was unknown, when piracy was honorable, when war was a trade, and consequently there was little trade but war, when post-offices were unknown, because few knew how to write, and books unheard of, because the printing-press was as yet unconstructed and few knew how to read, it has lived to see the Anglo-Saxon race mistress of the ocean by its commerce rather than its navy, master of the world by its civilization rather than its arms, laying aside the bow for the cannon, and the cannon for the printing-press, substituting for the activities of the mere animal vigor of its sometimes brutal boyhood the more enduring and beneficent activities of refined manhood. —Lyman Abbott, in Harper's Magazine for July.

British and Foreign Notes.

A GENTLEMAN in Australia spends £5,000 a year in the circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in that country. The distress in the famine districts in both India and China is reported in the latest advices to be increasing. The Old Catholic census in Germany shows that the number of adherents of that faith is 53,610, as compared with 49,804 last year. An English vicar and his congregation have fallen out about the use of the Moody and Sankey hymns, the congregation objecting. Mr. HENRY VENABLE, the English viceroy, has started on a tour through Australia. He will return home by way of California. The Presbyterian Church of England consists of 264 congregations, divided into 1,275 Presbyteries. The dots on churches and manse amount to £99,955. It is said that Queen Victoria's chaplains no less than seven—among them Canon Farrar, author of the "Life of Christ," and Canon Daokworth, who accompanied the Prince of Wales to India—are testotallers. The guardians of the Mohammedan shrine at Mecca have sent to Turkey what remains of the accumulated gifts that generations of pilgrims have heaped upon the prophet's altar, and which amount to the godly sum of 200,000,000 piastres, or about \$3,600,000. The Vatican Journal, the *Unita Cattolica*, states that the English Ritualists continue to prepare neophytes for the Catholic Church in Rome, and announces the "conversion" of four English clergymen who, it says, have courageously renounced their rich livings to enter the true Church. GEORGE ELIOT and her husband, LEWIS, are not used to churches, and recently, while they were guests of the Rev. Mr. JAMES, the Greek scholar, they went to his church; and they, not being familiar with the place, found themselves sitting in the Bishop's chair, beside the communion table. It is said that there is an almost complete equality in the numbers of the two sexes. In France this balance is most nearly attained, where for every 1,000 men there are 1,007 women. In Sweden, to 1,000 men there are 1,064 women; while in Greece, to the same number of males there are but 993 women. The French Republicans are organizing for the contest that is on them. They have unanimously selected M. Thiers as their leader. The late Prime Minister, M. Jules Simon, has assumed the editorship of a Republican newspaper. The government is severely punishing newspapers which criticize its policy with more freedom than it thinks proper. Editors have been imprisoned and fined. Mr. JOSEPH COOK has finished his lectures for the season, and announces that he will begin a new course in October. The *Congregationalist* says: "It is no exaggeration to say that no such course of lectures as the present has ever been delivered in Boston; no, nor in any American city." If Mr. Cook, in meekness and humility, stand the praise he receives, he will be more remarkable as a Christian than as a lecturer. KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has written to the Pope congratulating him on the approaching anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate. The Pope has replied, thanking the king, and begging him not to permit the Italian government to dissolve parishes and confraternities of their property, saying that otherwise he should be constrained to protest. The king has made no reply to the Pope's letter. DESPATCHES from various sources indicate that Pius IX. and his bishops are not insignificant factors in the perplexing problem of European complications. The Spanish government has thought it necessary to protest to the Pope against the clergy in that country. MacMahon is soliciting the friendship of the Holy Father, and hopes that "his holiness will continue that benevolence" towards France that "he has always manifested." MR. GLADSTONE last week addressed the largest political assembly that has ever been known in Birmingham, England. His theme was the question involved in the European war. The *London Times* says of this gentleman that he "is now pre-eminently the Liberal leader, or, let us say with his opponents, the Radical leader. All that has a true and clear ring of Liberalism in the country, all that may be counted upon to endure and have weight in any future contest between the two great parties of the State, now attaches itself to his name." JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the eminent historian, died in Dorsetshire, England, on May 29th, aged about sixty-three. Mr. Motley was born in Dorsetshire, of a wealthy and influential family. He received a careful education, graduating at Harvard in 1831, and afterwards studying in German Universities. While abroad he made the acquaintance of Bismarck, which continued intimate through life. He read law and was admitted to the Bar in 1836, but his attention was chiefly given to literature. His first book, published in 1839, was a novel, and was a failure. His second, published ten years later was also a novel and was also a failure, at least as far as respects popular appreciation. About 1850 he became interested in the history of Holland, and decided to write "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," a work which at once gave him distinction among the most eminent historians of the time. This was followed by the History of the United Netherlands, and the Life of John Barneveldt—everywhere recognized as works of extraordinary ability and interest. Mr. Motley, it will be recollected, was also for six years U.S. Minister to Austria and for a short time to England. Though God is not tied to instituted ordinance, we are; and no extraordinary gifts will set us above them, but rather oblige us so much the more to conform to them.