

Our Young Folks.

The Boy Sculptor.

Four hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young friends of Piero de Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savants and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," as he is often called.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well. It covered the statues and fountains, and made grotesque figures of the shrubs, which were out in curious forms.

"Let us make statues, and decorate this gallery," proposed one, a youth of fourteen. "Of what?" said another.

"Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they plunged into the snow without a thought of their costumes of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling it in masses at different places along the gallery, and shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snowman" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

But Michael Angelo saw in the distance the statue of a faun, headless and much injured, which had been brought from some old ruin. "Ah! I will make a head to this faun," and he began shaping and moulding the damp snow.

As he worked, his companions gathered around him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features. Stepping back to get a good look at his work, he ran against some one, and to his amazement, discovered it was the great noble himself, who, followed by all his guests, had entered the gallery the youthful artists were decorating for them, while they were so engaged as not to perceive them.

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said: "This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice. But, Michael, do you know that this is a statue of an old faun, and the old do not have all their teeth? You have given him more than we have. Is it not so, my friends?"

"You are right, my lord," and with one stroke, Michael knocked out a tooth and made the hollow in the gum which showed its loss. Every one was delighted with this intelligent and discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophecies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Among the noble guests were his father and his uncle, who had sternly discouraged all Michael's attempts at art, and deemed it an unworthy thing that the heir of the princely house of Canossa should handle the sculptor's chisel even in sport. But now, flattered by the praise of Lorenzo, the great patron of art, they looked smilingly on, and Michael knew as he rode home that night with his austere relations, that his long-forbidden love of art could now be indulged; the glory of his boyhood's dreams was to become the glory of his life.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with the delight of Lorenzo's notice? Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe? Could he know that under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent Christian temple on the earth, people of all nations would come to do him homage?

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects did not know how to construct a scaffold which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work all night. He covered the ceilings with beautiful paintings of scenes taken from the Old Testament. Thirty years afterward, he painted on the end wall of the chapel the wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment. Thousands of people visit it every year, and gaze on it with reverence and wonder and delight, for it is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Begun long before, many artists had worked upon it, but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and to leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame. And it was the work of an old man. At seventy, other men generally lay down their life's labor, but he commenced the painting of the "The Last Judgment," and the building of St. Peter's was in progress at the time of his death, when he was ninety.

A Laconic Answer.

In a school in the west of Ireland, a few years ago, were two boys about the same age, fifteen or sixteen. Their names were Pat F., and Philip O.F. There were many intelligent young people in the school, but Pat and Philip took the lead in most things; and, indeed, visitors were often surprised at the remarkable readiness and appropriateness of their replies to the miscellaneous questions put to them. Philip has become a missionary of the cross in Turkey. We do not know what has become of Pat, at that time by far the most promising boy in the school.

We remember, on one occasion Mr. B., well known in the neighbourhood, paid a visit to the school. He was desirous of trying at once the knowledge of the

Scriptures possessed by the scholars, and their power to apply it to the solution of controverted points. Mr. B. assumed the language of an opponent of the general reading of the word of God.

"Boys," said he, "what right have you to read the Bible?" "Every right, sir," said the boys, "for Christ said, (John v. 40) 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"All very well," said Mr. B., "to prove that big people may read—men and women who have come to years of maturity—but what has that to say to little fellows like you?"

"The word of God is fit for little people too," said Pat, "for we read (2 Tim. iii. 15) that Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child."

"But," said Mr. B., "Timothy afterward, you know, became a priest. Your text only proves that young boys who are going forward to the priesthood should be taught the Holy Scriptures."

"O, but, sir," said Pat, with a bright twinkle of his intelligent eye, that proclaimed he had the best of the argument even before the answer came, "wasn't Timothy (2 Epistle i. 6) taught by his grandmother? and sure, sir, she wasn't a priest!"

Mr. B. acknowledged himself beaten.

"Be."

A young lady had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend, hearing her complaint, said: "God gives us many things to do, but don't you think he gives us something to be, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," Marion looked up with pensive eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says, 'be kindly affectionate one to another.'"

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Become little children."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, making no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The teabell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I will have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that he commands. It is easier to do with a rush than be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion, emphatically.

Helping a Lame Friend.

We suppose English sparrows are meant in the following item from the New Brunswick Times. They are interesting little birds, and in no respect more so than in their conduct toward each other:

The myriads of sparrows that nestle in the ivy which clings to and covers the wall of Christ Church, St. Johns, occasionally display a surprising amount of intelligence in their little acts of kindness to each other. This was beautifully illustrated yesterday morning about ten o'clock. From a tree located about opposite Northrop's, in Church street, a sick or crippled sparrow fell to the ground, and fluttered about the sidewalk in vain efforts to regain a place of safety.

Several of its little companions gathered around it, and seemed greatly concerned for it, and by their incessant chirping attracted a swarm of the little winged escort from the church walls. Efforts were then made by several of the number to lift the helpless bird by catching its wings in their beaks; but there seemed to be a difficulty in getting started together, and the effort was futile; and then the chattering increased perceptibly, as if there was a general scolding going on.

Presently several of the birds flew away, one shortly returning with a twig about four inches long and an eighth of an inch thick. This was dropped before the sick one, and at each end was picked up by a sparrow, and held up so that the sick bird was enabled to catch the centre of the twig in its beak, and with the aid of the other two, it flew over the fence into the churchyard, and from tombstone to tombstone, until the church was reached, when they disappeared in the ivy, followed all along by the swarm of their companions, chirping as if in great joy. The whole affair lasted about five minutes, and was viewed by several spectators, who looked at each other in the greatest surprise.

An Unusual Scene.

Mrs. Jauvier, writing from India the Presbyterian ladies of America, speak thus of the emergency of securing burial for a native Christian woman, in which of course no heathen would assist.

"Suddenly and unexpectedly, a native Christian female teacher was removed by death. During her short illness she was permitted to give a full and triumphant testimony to the power of the religion of Jesus. And then arrangements had to be made for her burial. There was no native Christian congregation to carry her to the grave, and thus an opportunity came to show what is meant by 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' The band of Christian soldiers, some of whom had but very recently come out of darkness into light, volunteered to bear to their last resting place the remains of one who, though of different race and color, belonged to that body of which Jesus Christ is the Head. We assembled in the mission school house in the bazaar, and a crowd of heathen, some attracted by the novelty of the scene, and others influenced by a respect for the departed, gathered around." The minister standing beside the open coffin, addressed his hearers in the native language. The little heathen school girls united in singing the last hymn which their teacher had taught them—the Hindustani version of "Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move."

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move," and then these brave Christian soldiers, with loving sympathy, accompanied the bereaved husband and his little ones to the

cemetery. A running fire of musketry would not have been so hard to bear as were the wonder and contempt manifested by those who, from every barrack and hill-top, gazed down upon them, as they passed along with martial tread and noble bearing. It was a sight which angels must have hushed their harps to look upon. At that last great day, when Jesus shall acknowledge before assembled worlds what has been done for His "little ones," that band of soldiers, who so nobly dared thus to show their colors, will receive more lasting honors than any awarded for deeds of bravery by the great ones of earth.

God is our Refuge.

The following incident occurred at a church in Ireland, not far from Newry (it is said at Ahorey), during the memorable year of the rebellion, 1798.

The congregation had assembled for worship. The pulpit, which was at the further end of the building, was occupied by Thomas Campbell. Some one suddenly rushed into the church, crying aloud, "The Welsh horse* are coming!"

This formidable troop, under a daring, dashing captain, was scouring that region of country in quest of rebels, spreading terror wherever it went.

Observing the remote situation of the church, and excited by the belief that meetings of rebels were being held at all times and places, the captain concluded that the one in question was of that character. Accordingly the troop dashed up and surrounded the building in a trice.

"Ah," thought they, "we have a nice nest of 'croppies' here." They were drawn up in battle array, ready to make an onslaught the moment the congregation should rush out.

The captain immediately dismounted, and with threatening manner marched into the church. It was a fearful moment. The audience were almost panic-stricken. Men, women, and children were ready to fly. The fate of all seemed to hang upon the slightest incident. The captain stalked down the aisle, casting force and rapid glances right and left. Just at this crisis one of the elders, a man of venerable mien, called solemnly to the minister, "Pray, sir!" Whereupon Thomas Campbell, in response to the call, and with deep and unflinching tones, began—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." (Psalm xli), and so forth unto the end of that heroic psalm.

He had not uttered the first verse before the bold captain paused, profoundly impressed with the solemn and sublime tones, bent his head, listened reverently unto the close, then bowed, and quietly retraced his steps. He sprang upon his horse, and away dashed the terrible troop, o'er hill and dale, as the rejoicing congregation continued their praise unto Him who had, indeed, been their refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

This troop was notorious. The horses were well trained for the service of rebel fighting. On hearing the word "croppy" (rebel) they would rear and throw their feet furiously forward. They were terrible in a charge. Many feared them even more than they did their riders.

Curses of Pope Pius.

In the late article of Mr. Gladstone on Pius IX., he eulges, in a paragraph, some of the curing words which the Pope uses with unparalyzing lips. He says, "It is hardly possible to convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the wealth of vituperative power possessed by this really pious pontiff. But it is certainly expounded with that liberality which is so strictly enjoined by the gospel upon all the rich. The Italian Government and its followers, variously in their various colors, are wolves, perfidious (ii. 83), Pharisees (i. 254, 300); Philistines (ii. 222); thieves (ii. 84, 65); revolutionists (i. 365, and *passim*); Jacobins (ii. 150, 190); scoundrels (i. 324); liars (i. 305, ii. 166); hypocrites (i. 341, ii. 179); dropsical (ii. 66); impious (*passim*); children of Satan (ii. 268); of perdition, of sin, (i. 375); and corruption (i. 34); enemies of God (i. 283, 332, 380); satellites of Satan in human flesh (ii. 326); monsters of hell, demons incarnate (i. 215, 332, ii. 404); stinking corpses (ii. 47); men issued from the pits of hell (i. 104, 176)—these are the conductors of the national press; traitor (i. 193); Judas (*ibid*); led by the spirit of hell (i. 311); teachers of iniquity (i. 340)—these are evangelical ministers in their 'diabolical' halls; hell is unchained against him (ii. 387); ven's deepest pits (i. 363, ii. 179.) Nearly if not quite every one of these words is from the Pope's own lips, and the catalogue is not exhaustive. Yet he invites children, and not children only, but even his old postmen and policemen, to keep a watch over their tongues. To call these flowers of speech is too much below the mark, nay, they are themselves a flower-garden; nay, they are a Flora fit to stock a continent afresh, if every existing specimen should be extinct." — Christian Register.

With reference to future events, prepare for the worst, but hope for the best. To distress our minds with imaginary fears before a trouble arrives is (as the Spanish proverb words it) "to feel our evils twice over." Why should we call in superstitious ills, and destroy the duty and happiness of the present time with superfluous fears of futurity?

A POPULAR English Nonconformist minister was residing with a farmer in Glasgow, while on a visit to that city, whither he had gone on a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society. After dinner, in reply to an invitation to partake of some fine fruit, he mentioned to the family a curious circumstance concerning himself—viz., that he had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape, or indeed any kind of green fruit. The fact seemed to evoke considerable surprise from the company; "a cautious Scotchman, of a practical, matter-of-fact turn of mind," who had listened with much uneasiness, truly remarked: "It's a peety but ye ha' been in Paradise, and there might na' ha' been any faa."

The Evangelistic Movement in London.

The evangelistic work in London, associated with the names of Messrs. Moody and Eankoy, is similar in its main features to that which has been so successfully carried on in the other large towns of the kingdom. We have immense gatherings of people, fervid evangelical addresses, effective singing of Gospel hymns, large meetings of enquirers, and encouraging spiritual results. The deep but calm excitement produced by the labors of the two American brethren is very different from sensationism, is something which ordinary observers and writers are puzzled to explain. But those who know anything of the power of the word and Spirit of God are at no loss for an explanation. The people who flock to the evangelistic services are made willing to hear, and Mr. Moody is enabled to declare the truth in a spirit of faith and prayer. The same spirit is manifested by the thousands of Christian friends who sympathize with his anxieties and assist him in his labors. People need not wonder then at the blessed results of these labors, if they believe in the efficacy of the divine word and promises. So far from being astonished at the spectacle of thousands coming under the power of the gospel, we should rather wonder that the gospel is faithfully and constantly preached to great multitudes in the land with but little success.

Mr. Moody is in many respects a model of a true evangelist. His weapons are faith, prayer, and the word of God. These he uses, so to speak, with a simplicity and energy which have all the effect of a striking originality. It is not your artificial, but your simple man that is commonly the most original and powerful. The greatest results are often produced by the fewest and simplest means. When prayer and the word of God are simply and sublimely relied on by men of noble purpose, the moral and spiritual effects are such as far surpass ordinary expectations. But Mr. Moody, while armed with the invincible power of prayer, and relying on the penetrating "sword of the Spirit," has a gift of "utterance" which further qualifies him for the great work that has been assigned to him in the vineyard. He is by no means an eloquent man, as the world counts eloquence, he is not learned, he is not intellectually great; but he has a power of direct, pointed energetic speech which is equal to genius, and sets him quite above the ordinary orator in the high art of swaying the hearts and consciences of men. There is not a preacher of the day, perhaps not excepting Mr. Spurgeon, who may not get useful hints from him, in regard to the means of managing vast audiences for good, and bringing the gospel to bear, in the simplicity of its divine power, upon the minds and hearts of all conditions of men.

The power of sacred song, represented so well by Mr. Sankoy, has been strikingly displayed in this remarkable evangelistic movement. Hymns, which are vehicles of gospel truth, and are wedded to popular music, have long been highly useful in the work of evangelising masses of men. But Mr. Sankoy has cast a new light on the efficacy of such means of reaching the hearts of the people. The hymns he has selected are certainly not all of great merit, but most of them are highly effective in their way; and the music to which they are set, if not always scientifically good, is yet admirably adapted to its purpose of gaining the popular ear. Above all, the music and deep feeling with which they are sung have given these compositions a power for good which cannot be accounted for by such intrinsic merits as they may possess. Here lies the chief secret of Mr. Sankoy's power as an evangelist in his own sphere. Whether, therefore, his hymns are to keep their ground in our evangelistic meetings, or are to be supplanted by others of a higher kind, the churches would do well to see that the service of sacred song is conducted with all that high spirituality of tone which is expected in the faithful preaching of the gospel. The services of Mr. Sankoy are just as well fitted as those of Mr. Moody to give useful lessons to all who are truly interested in genuine evangelistic work.

There is such a thing as the overwhelming nature of success in a work like that which these American evangelists are prosecuting with such indefatigable ardour. Meetings attended by 15,000 or 20,000 people are apt to become almost unmanageable, or to overstrain the physical powers of those who conduct them by speech or song. When more than 4,000 or 5,000 persons are gathered together it is difficult, and for most men impossible, to address the audience with effect. The very multitudinousness of huge miscellaneous gatherings is also apt to be adverse to that depth of feeling in individuals which the experienced evangelist anxiously desires to produce. More waves of human sympathy may be mistaken for something deeper and more lasting. Hence we almost regret the necessity of opening such a vast auditorium as the Agricultural Hall for evangelistic purposes. When it is completely full the voice of the speaker and singer is painfully strained, yet thousands but imperfectly hear. When it is only half filled, though the audience approaches 10,000, the impression is produced that the movement is subsiding, and "the fashion of the thing is passing away." Then the crowds that pass into the inquiry-rooms, even if all who join them be undoubtedly sincere, can hardly be thoroughly dealt with on accounts of their numbers. We do not well see how a different course could have been followed than that which has commended itself to the excellent men who have done so much to prepare the way for the labors of the American evangelists; but, on obvious practical grounds, we would much prefer for evangelistic purposes four or five meetings of 4,000 people, to one immense gathering of 20,000.

We hope that the work of these honoured Americans in London, will fittingly crown their wonderful labours in Great Britain. They have had excellent support from thousands of Christian workers in this vast metropolis, and without such local assistance their efforts could not have been either so extensive or so successful. But they have also met with discouragements and opposition in various quarters. They have been nothing daunted, however, by

the hostility of open enemies, or the criticism of like-warm spectators. The secular press, on the whole, has treated them fairly and even handsomely. The most dangerous criticism has been provoked, not by themselves, but by injudicious friends. Some remarks made by supporters on the platform have not always been in the best taste, or inspired by ordinary Christian goodness. There is no use to say the least, in denouncing these Christian ministers, or leading men in the churches, who refuse for various reasons to countenance the meetings by their presence. The true policy for those on the platform, or specially connected with the meetings, is to attack nobody, but to speak kindly and charitably of all while heartily attending to the great work of bringing the gospel to bear upon the hearts of the people before them. We believe that to be the policy which Mr. Moody has adopted, both in theory and in practice. We are also certain that that gentleman will fail not, as hitherto, to certify any mistakes into which he or his friends may occasionally fall. With that humility which is the companion of heavenly wisdom, Mr. Moody constantly seeks to learn by experience and to profit by his own errors. Yet his errors have been wonderfully few and small, considering the immense amount of care and labour daily heaped upon his shoulders, and the numberless temptations that spring out of the very success of his work. Our hope is that the mighty work in which he is engaged will prove the beginning of a national movement that is destined to bear precious fruit through many generations.—London Weekly Review.

Worldly Cares.

A REVERIE.

"That you may be free from worldly cares." Ministers in the Presbyterian Church, says a writer in the London Weekly Review, will recognize the above quotation. It is a clause in the contract ordinarily made by churches with their minister; made in the presence and by the authority of the Presbytery, and signed in behalf of the congregation by the office bearers. Following close upon this significant expression is the promise to pay a specified sum as stipend. Of all the ministers who are compelled to live on the amount specified in the contract, how many is it true that they have been, and now are "free from worldly cares," I wonder? That taunting clause I think I have seen on every page of every book that I have opened since the beginning of the year.

It seemed to be written all over the coal bill, at the head of which I discerned a name that is attached to my contract with the church. It blazes out from the bill of the grocer, from the bill of the baker, from the bill of the butcher, and from the bill of the shoemaker, and from the less significant bill of the tailor, and from the more significant bill of the doctor. "That you may be free from worldly cares." One half of these bills for 1874 have been paid out of the salary of 1875, and by an economy that will be closer and more severe than we thought possible a year ago. And yet there these taunting words stand like some frightful ghost, and will not "down at my bidding,"—"that you may be free from worldly cares."

Well, if this is freedom from worldly cares, I think I would like to have a little worldly care, to see if it is not easier borne. My people, who have no such exemption, are able to pay their bills, and spend from two or three, or four times the amount of my salary; and that too when times are harder than they have been for years. I suppose that is the kind of thing they call "worldly care." At least, it is the thing from which I am free, to my great and perpetual annoyance.

If this is freedom from worldly care, then, oh for worldly care! I think I could preach better if I had a little more of it. I wonder if my brethren in the ministry are relieved of worldly cares after the manner of my own experience.

Hints for Young Authors.

"Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle, thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to 'Lalla Rookh' in a week although living out of the world in a writing-box in the penk. Planché produced his burlesques at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. The author of 'Caste' and 'School' was one of the slowest of workmen. Even Albany Fonblaque often wrote his articles in the Examiner six times over before he thought them fit to go press—and sometimes ten times over. Hepworth Dixon, it is said, wrote and re-wrote his 'Two Queens' eight times. That exquisite trifler of Kinglake's, 'Eothen' was re-written five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' and kept like that, to be taken out for revision & a corrected almost every day. And that is the way in which good, honest work—that is to be read to-morrow and the day after to-morrow—must be written.

The Free Presbytery of Edinburgh has adopted a report denouncing theatrical amusements as most injurious, and has resolved to issue an address to the congregations, warning them against the evils of theatres.

A GERMAN periodical cites the following Jewish law and proverbs to prove the great interest felt at all times by the Jews in the education of the people:—'If Jerusalem was destroyed, it was because the education of the young had been neglected.—The world can only be saved by the breath of the school-children.—Even to rebuild the temple the schools should not be closed.—Study is preferable to sacrifice.—A scholar is greater than a prophet.—Honour the teacher as your father.—His latter has merely brought you into the world, the former shows you the road to eternal life.'