

Feast," "Advent of Christ," "The Resurrection of Christ," "Paul's Shipwreck," and "The Transfiguration," by Raphael. Love this Word, and at last you shall receive the kiss of immortality, and be raised to a coronation never known on earthly thrones of glory and of power.

He is a free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides;
There's not a chain, that hellish foes con-
crate for his
harm,
But he casts it off, as easily as Samson his green withes,
He looks abroad into the varied field of nature,
And though poor, compared with those whose man-
glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys His, and the
resplendent rivers
His, with a propriety which none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired, can lift to
Heaven his unpresumptuous eye and say,
My Father made them all.

HOW TO HEAR.

Ears! what a blessing! Their beauty never sung by poets—but how deformed the human face and head without them! The ear, it is God's chosen channel through which to send the saving truth. "Faith comes by hearing." The eye may be closed and the scene is shut out, the head may be turned and the vision has vanished; but the ear is open still, and the sounds pour in—the message still comes into the mind. The ears! how they catch the tender tones of love, gather in the melodies of the human voice and receive the outburst of nature's orchestra in the footfalls of the storm, the rumblings of the thunder and in the deep bass of old ocean's roar. Ears! what a blessing! "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear," lest the blessing be lost.

Ears! what responsibility! what peril! The devil competes with God for this open war to the mind and heart. Slander's voice, the lying tongue, the obscene thought, the blasphemous utterance, crowd this easy road to the soul. The gate is open, the bars are down, the ditch is bridged, and no obstructions hinder. What easy access, what ready entrance, and the vile feet fearlessly tread the way and bear to the mind words of sin, which, like seed, spring up a harvest of briars to wound, and of thorns to pierce the soul. "Take heed, therefore, how you hear," lest the evil come in and sorrow surplant gladness, and sin take possession of the man.

But we write now about how to hear a sermon—a discourse from human lips about eternal things. We must prepare to hear. If the minister must prepare to preach—"study to show himself approved"—so must the hearer prepare to hear. In order to hear well the man ought to begin the day before. The body should be rested from former drudgery. The panting frame cannot profitably hear the precious truth. The mind should be divested of previous thought. The crowded mind cannot welcome the glorious truth. The mind should be in a state, not of emptiness, but of restfulness—in a state of receptivity.

To hear well the man must come in time—not too soon, and grow weary and impatient in waiting—not too late, and lose the introduction. The steps of a well-arranged discourse are short, and the ascent is easy at the beginning. The late comer is forced to take some long and rapid strides, and becomes tired before he catches up with the thought. The thread—the end of the thread of the discourse is not easily found, and the whole sermon becomes a tangled skein, and to him it is a fruitless and profitless effort.

Reaching the house of worship on time, he is attentive to the speaker; his body erect, his eyes to the front and his mind upon the theme. He sometimes runs ahead and anticipates the speaker, and preaches the sermon to himself. The good hearer will also show his appreciation by manifest sympathy with the speaker, by an occasional nod—not of sleepiness, but of approval; and now and then the fall of a tear or the utterance of a glad "amen." He will show a great anxiety to be instructed, to be led into the truth. And in his whole demeanour there will be evident a worshipful, prayerful spirit. The good hearer helps the preacher. A few earnest, anxious, prayerful hearers can put life and force into the speaker, and one conspicuous, careless, indifferent person present in the congregation can put enough ice into the pulpit to freeze "a live coal from off the altar." "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear"

Our Young Folks.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THREE LITTLE BOYS.

BY E. H. S.

Three little boys talked together,
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
The first little boy said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden.
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at a circus,
And I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace;
"That the prettiest thing in all the world,
Is just my mother's face."

SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT.

A lady was walking quietly along a city street not long ago, when a door flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of double-shuffle all around the curbstone, and then raced the streets in great haste, for it was evident from the books under his arm that he was going to school. She was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys are, when just before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it a pine shaving and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving, he dived and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long slimy banana skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do, but that one glance of the boy's clear gray eyes made the lady's heart warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger; and when one is a hurry, it is a great bother to go over the same ground twice; but the "somebody else" might slip. And so, for the sake of this unknown somebody, the hurrying boy came back, and it may be saved the life or limb of a feeble old man or a tender young child.

LOOK UP.

In crossing a rushing stream do not look down. Everything there is swirl, and change and roar. Your head grows dizzy; your heart grows sick; your eyes burn and turn and grow dim. You fall. There is nothing stable to make your foot firm and bring you peace. Look up. If it is day the blue sky is quiet and sure. If it is night the serene stars smile quietly down upon you with their steady light. You are soon over safely on the other side.

In crossing Time's raging flood on the narrow foot-log of the years, do not look to the past. Your feet will slip. Do not look down to the changing, fretting, boiling feelings, passions and desires in your own heart—you will grow dizzy and fall. There is no steady bank, no firm rock there to fix your eyes upon. Look up. The sky is blue and the stars are bright and shine with a steady glow. Look to Jesus. Our help is in Him. Take your weary eyes from off the changing waters and swirling floods. Lift them up to "the hills from whence cometh my help." Think less of self and more of Christ. All attempts to walk over safely to Eternity without Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," will be in vain. We slip, we fall, we are swallowed up in the floods—we are lost forever. Look up, not down. Look forward, not behind. The outlook to the skies is ever open and brings sweetest rest.

An ancient philosopher asked a friend to visit him and see his garden. When his friend came he found the philosopher walking in a little high-walled space in the rear of his house. When he found that this was the garden he was disappointed. But the philosopher said to him, "Despise not my garden; for though it is not very long nor very wide, it is wondrous high." It reached to the skies. Look up!

A GOOD CUSTOM DYING OUT.

The excellent custom of having the children and young people of our Church commit portions of Scripture and hymns to memory seems to have utterly died out. It is true they are asked for the golden text at Sabbath school, but even that is rarely ever thoroughly committed. It is more often read from the lesson paper. Some people discourage the practice, claiming that the child should not be filled with what it cannot understand and digest, etc. This is certainly a mistake. We fully believe the former custom of having children commit portions of the Bible and choice hymns of the Church, to be wholesome mental discipline as well as spiritually profitable. The youthful mind, stored with divine truth so tersely expressed in the English Bible, has a storehouse of comfort to draw from in time of need. These verses are the weapons of the Holy Spirit to combat Satan. Should misfortune or sickness overtake an individual whose mind is stored with this precious truth, how comforting to have such to meditate upon, when perhaps his strength will not allow a friend to read to him! A man is frequently in situations where he has no reading, no one to converse with, nothing but his own thoughts. How happy if, like David, he can have the truth of God to meditate upon in the watches of the night! By all means, brethren, let us encourage the children to follow in the good old way of learning the Book of God. Offer prizes, books, money, promotion of any kind, so as to induce the youth of our day to store their minds with the imperishable, everlasting truth of God. If heathendom can spend a life in learning the precepts of Confucius, and Mohammedans commit every word of the Koran, cannot Christians give time enough to the learning "by heart" the "law of the Lord, which converteth the soul?"

TWENTY-FOUR GOLDEN RULES.

Some one has prepared the following rules for boys and girls, which are certainly worthy of very careful study. The young readers will find it very profitable for them to cut out these rules and put them where they can be often read. With an earnest and persistent effort to obey them there is no doubt but they will tell favourably on their future lives. Some of the eminent men of the past in early life adopted such rules, to which in after years they attributed, in a large measure, their great success. I am sure at least of this, that no one ever adopted and followed carefully rules like the following, whose life was a failure. Success in its truest sense is doing right, and no one succeeds really who does not do right. I shall never know the number of boys and girls who will cut out these rules and carefully put them away in some book or drawer with the resolution that they shall be the rules of their lives. But I do know that there is One whose eye watches over all, who will know and put His blessing upon every one who endeavours to follow these golden precepts. Then, too, in keeping them to the best of your ability you will know that the smiles of heaven are upon you. Here are the rules:

1. Respect and obey your parents.
2. Love your brothers and sisters sincerely.
3. Never speak evil of one another.
4. Never strike, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal.
5. Be strictly honest, even in the smallest matters.
6. Save what you can, so that you may be able to give to the poor.
7. Do not mock the deaf, the lame, or the blind.
8. Always address the aged with proper respect.
9. Do not dirty or injure your clothes.
10. If you find anything, return it to the owner.
11. Avoid the company of bad children or companions.
12. Never be cruel to any living thing.
13. Do not covet what is not your own.
14. Try to improve at school every day.
15. Guard against low and vulgar language.
16. Eat with thankfulness whatever is set before you.
17. Never chew or smoke tobacco or any other narcotics; nor drink any intoxicating drinks.
18. Be exact in your behaviour at all times.
19. Put your clothes and playthings in their proper places.
20. Avoid eating any kinds of unripe fruit.
21. Always answer distinctly, correctly and modestly.
22. Shun all kinds of gaming as great evils.
23. Become the young disciples of Jesus Christ.
24. Pray daily to God, and by your service praise His holy Name.