

Our Young Folks.

An Open Secret.

"Anemone! Anemone! Who stole your prett' leaves - in three, And gromped them round your little feet In three again? Who left the sweet, faint breath of Spring upon your lips, Her flush upon your petal tip? Who brings you on this April Day From far-off Sun-land, beams of May, And warms the shivering baby shoots That hide among your tender roots? And, when the north wind came last week, Who doffed his frock to your leafy cheek, And turned the flying frost he blow Across the lily to balmy dew? And who? - 'The shock her dainty head (Or did the wind pass by?) and said: 'The 'frail Anemone' has friends." "And who?" - But there the story ends. - Mary A. Lathbury, St. Nicholas for May.

A Word to Boys.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of those wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way:

You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a mainly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself - just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing during all his life? - J. G. Holland, St. Nicholas for May.

A Little Mother.

There's a funny little creature in a buff satin dress, who likes to live in our houses, though I must say she isn't very welcome, and we try our best to drive her off.

Not but what she's pretty enough, but she has a most unlucky fancy for making her nursery in our furs and woollens. When we find bare places in our muff, and tiny holes in our flannels and broadcloths, we have a good reason to be very much vexed with Madam Tinea Pellionella (I wonder how she'd like the awful name, if she knew it.)

You see this little mother is a bit of a fly, not more than a quarter of an inch long. We call her a moth, and she glues her minute eggs to the hairs of furs or woollens that she finds hanging up in the closets, or packed in trunks, unless the trunk is perfumed with camphor or tobacco - which she hates. After the eggs have been there two or three weeks, they burst open, and out comes the baby. It isn't a buff fly like its mamma, but a tiny white worm, and it proceeds at once to build a house for itself.

These little fellows know everything as soon as they're born, which is very convenient, as they have to build houses for themselves before they are two days old.

This is the way they go to work. The little builder reaches around till he finds a long hair - long to him, I mean - which he cuts off close to the cloth. This he lays lengthwise of his body, and then gets another and lays it by its side, fastening them together by silk threads, which he spins as he works. Thus he goes on, cutting, spinning and weaving, till he has a house large enough to cover his body and turn round in.

All this time he has not eaten a mouthful, and he never does till his house is done. When he does eat, he eats those tiny pinholes you've seen in cloth, for he eats the solid cloth, and not the loose hairs he builds with.

He's a wise fellow, too. If you have a costly broadcloth by the side of cheap woollen, the cunning little mother will settle her babies in the broadcloth, and leave the coarse woollen for less dainty babies than hers. That isn't because she is malicious, but merely because there's less oily matter in the best cloth. And the baby himself, though he wanders around to other goods, won't touch anything common while he can get fine clothes to eat.

When he begins to eat, he eats so much that he soon finds, as you children do, that he's too big for his clothes. Now, when that happens to you, mamma just buys you a new suit, but the poor baby-moth has to make his own suit. What do you suppose he does? I will tell you. He just cuts a slit in his coat, or his house, and proceeds to put in a new piece, to patch it in fast. It's no small job for him either, it takes him a week; but when it's done he has no more trouble about it, he just goes to eating again.

When he has eaten enough, he shuts up the end of his house, and hangs it to safe or wall, where he thinks he will be safe. Shut up in the snug, dark nursery, a very mysterious thing happens. Wings develop, legs grow, and after a while the house bursts open, and out comes a tiny buffan fly, just like the mamma who first glued the eggs to the broadcloth. - W. A. Johnson.

When the 100,000 members of the American Board of Home Missions, organized. Of these about half are ready on the stations, and only awaiting orders to commence operations.

Sabbath School Teacher.

For the Presbyterians

THE RELATION OF PARENTS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALEXANDER JACKSON, D.D.

(Concluded.)

Fathers and mothers should advocate their children in the principle of systematic giving for the cause of the Redeemer. Money is required for maintaining the public worship of God, for the printing and circulation of Bibles, religious books and tracts, and for the support of Home and Foreign Missionaries. Almost all the schemes of our Church are in a languishing condition from the want of funds. The kingdom of Christ might be extended with greatly accelerated speed, if the gifts of old and young were duly increased. In all our Sabbath Schools collections should be taken up weekly or monthly for missionary purposes. The parents should see to it that their children contribute willingly, freely and heartily according to their ability. In many of our Sunday Schools, it is amazing how small from year to year are the amounts raised by the young for the schemes of the Church. This to some extent may be the fault of the superintendent or teachers who do not sufficiently explain or interest the young in the objects for which the collection is taken up; but the parents are chiefly to be blamed, for they are unwilling to give the children the money required. Those who are properly instructed in the principle of giving to the cause of Christ in the days of their youth, will in all likelihood, become liberal contributors for all good purposes in after life, and thus enjoy the approbation of Him who "loveth a cheerful giver." John Bunyan says: "A man there was - some called him mad; the more he gave, the more he had." Giving to the Lord, says another, is but transporting our goods to a higher floor. A certain young man in Glasgow, in beginning business for himself, resolved at the outset that he would give the tenth of his income from year to year for charitable and religious purposes. In the course of time he became very rich, but all along he kept to his promise; on a certain day he was giving a large sum for missions; an intimate friend, who knew that he always gave largely for good objects asked him how he could afford to contribute so much? His reply was, that while he parted with his money in handfuls, the Lord returned it to him in shovelfuls. One great reason why so many of the rich in this age give so little to the cause of God, is that they were not trained to it in their early years. The matter of systematic giving on the part of the children who attend the Sunday School, needs the attention of parents, for when can this habit be more easily formed, and the mind be more easily influenced by little acts of charity, implying a spirit of self-denial than in early childhood. Indeed it is impossible to over-estimate the value of a habit of increased and intelligent liberality.

Parents should pray for the Sunday School. In family prayer this subject is seldom mentioned. Godly fathers and mothers pray for their children, both in secret and at the family altar, but not for the Sunday School. How very seldom anywhere is the subject mentioned at the throne of Grace. This is a point of the deepest interest, and the attention of believers should be directed to it more than it has been. Prayer should be offered for those who teach in the Sunday School, and for those who are taught; then we might expect the blessing of God in a larger measure to rest upon the efforts of this class of Christian workers, and the children become like olive plants round the parental table. "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James v. 16. How unutterably momentous then is prayer for the Sabbath School children, both in the closet and at the domestic altar. Parents should spread their desires, hopes and fears before Him who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you." Our Heavenly Father bestows upon us not only spiritual blessings, but sometimes the very temporal mercy we ask of Him. As an illustration of this it may be mentioned. There was a pious and devoted mother who died about a generation ago, in the North of Scotland, she had four sons, and ever since their birth till her death, she was daily praying to the Lord on their behalf, that He would not only regenerate their hearts, but in due time, make them ministers of the Gospel. There was a delay of years, and God seemed to tarry. The mother died, and during her lifetime no apparent saving change had taken place in any of them. But such prayers and tears could not be in vain. No; they availed much, for in due time God poured out His Spirit on her seed, and His blessing on her offspring. A few months after the decease of this pious mother an evident change had taken place in each of her sons, and singular though it be, they all became ministers of the Gospel. Oh that there were more such praying mothers in our day for the children at home, or who attend the Sunday School, then we might expect gracious results from this noble institution, that has proved to be a blessing to many a child for whom no one cared.

There was a father who had three children. He appointed seasons of special prayer for them, to use his own favourite passage of Scripture: "He travelled in birth for them till Christ was formed in them the hope of glory." God answered his prayer. He saw them all rejoicing in the hope of future blessedness; for thirty years he was a glad father. It was evident from the tears of joy, and his heart-felt gratitude that this was the daily subject of his rejoicing before the Lord. The parents, especially the mother, owing to the great influence she exerts over the susceptible nature of her child, becomes almost the author of its character as she is the nurse, guardian and educator of her tender charge. It has been frequently remarked by the all-wise God, that the daily performance of her maternal duties she should experience an increasing and perpetual delight in her offspring, and in so doing often abridges

her personal indulgences and natural rest. The beneficial influence of the mother has often been the means of her sons and daughters avoiding those paths that lead to everlasting ruin. How affecting is the tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is to be blamed in games that are being played. She admonished me too against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have attained in life I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother." Let Godly parents consider these interesting, instructive, and striking facts, and be encouraged and stimulated to pray earnestly for the conversion of their little ones, and send them regularly and punctually to the Sabbath School. The great danger of parents in the present day is to substitute home-teaching for the School. There is no duty that devolves upon any human being, more direct inalienable and untransferable than that of a father or mother to educate their children both religiously and intellectually, and the thought of delegating it to any other class should never for a single moment be entertained by any parent. The mother's care is of the utmost importance to her offspring, and to transfer it exclusively or principally to any other class is a dereliction from duty, which may be followed by the most painful results, for what constitutes the centre of every happy home but the devoted heart of a good and loving mother. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of the mind, lifts the little hands and teaches the little tongue to slip in prayer, she watches over her children like a guardian angel, and protects them through their helpless years, when they are not aware of her cares and anxieties. The Sabbath School was never intended for home education, but merely to supplement it. However well taught and trained the children may be at home, their gathering together in the Sunday School is useful for the co-operation in which it engages them with others. There is no antagonism between the family and the school, the one should help the other. The father or mother who ignores or neglects the religious training of their little ones is certainly laying up for themselves many sorrows; such may live to reap in their old age the fruits of their folly and indifference. On the other hand those who never weary in home teaching will in due time reap a delightful and abundant harvest; they may see their beloved children exalted to good repute, possessing a competent portion of worldly comfort, high integrity, wide-spread friendship and beneficial influence, "blessed and made a blessing." In looking over any community a person may greatly wonder at the difference between well trained and untrained children. How kind, affectionate, and attentive the former are to their parents, whereas it is generally the very opposite with the latter. As a man sows so shall he reap, and this principle has been strikingly verified in the conduct of children towards their parents. Fathers and mothers should avail themselves of every opportunity and advantage for the religious instruction of their little ones, both at home and in the Sabbath School. They should do their utmost by kind instruction, example and prayer, to train up their children for Christ and Heaven, and then you may realize the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it; His favour which is life, and His loving kindness which is better than life, and at the resurrection of the just, you will be amply rewarded, for then you and your seed may expect to enjoy the blessedness of heaven throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

Do You Visit Your Scholars.

"I? Why I am the teacher of the class, not the pastor. If I had thought that one of the duties of a Sabbath-school teacher was to visit the scholars, I should never have taken the class." Well that is one of the duties, and a very important one. In every essential respect you are the pastor of the class, as well as the teacher. Just as a congregation expects the minister to visit them, and grumbles if he does not, so does your class expect you to be enough interested in them to visit them now and then, and ought to complain to your face if you do not.

Doubtless there are many teachers who have taught for years, and yet have never thought of visiting their scholars, except in cases of emergency. When a member of the class was very sick, or when something unusual occurred, then the teacher went.

That there is need of teachers visiting their scholars, and knowing them at home, seeing how they live, what the influences are around them, is beyond all question. That the affection of scholars may be doubly secured in this way is the experience of many teachers who have systematically visited. The scholar nearly always thinks of the teacher after he has shown a more of the teacher after he has shown a more of the teacher generally is a better one.

And in addition to the favourable impression made upon the mind of the scholar, the teacher will, as a general thing, secure the affection of the parents. They will feel that the teacher is really interested in their children. A bond of union and of helpfulness is at once formed. The parent is made an assistant in the good work. The object of the teacher is now seen. Often the parents will be induced to go to the church; their souls may be saved. The visit is the entering wedge. It cannot be over-estimated in its influence both upon children and their parents. If you find it impossible to visit your class, then arrange to have your class visit you. Have them come together. Make your home just as pleasant as possible for them on such a gala day. Inquire after their brothers and sisters, day. Inquire after their fathers and mothers. If you can, give each one a small bouquet of flowers to carry home. It will do no harm to you, for one day in the year, to be a child again.

Put your hearts into theirs, and see how quick it will grow warm through a child's love. If your class is made up of rich and poor, have them together. Pay special attention to all. Ask one as many questions as the other. Never make the poor child feel that he needs more attention because he is poor. Treat all alike.

The great point to be attained in such visiting is to secure the affection of the class, that every scholar will give you his or her confidence, and, in this way, you can the more easily win them for Christ.

St. Patrick's Biographers

The laborious ingenuity of biographers has rarely been more signally exemplified than in the accounts they have given of the saint whose memory was revived by the Irish festivities last Saturday. Where he was born and when he was born is not very clear. The most trustworthy of his chroniclers inclined to the belief that Drumbarbon, or near that town, was his native place, and that he was born somewhere between 377 and 387 A.D. Historians, again, have thought it necessary to murder his father and mother, and not only to discredit him with a great number of brothers and sisters, but to state explicitly whom they married and what became of their children. It is not surprising that the creative genius which could enliven the somewhat heavy pages of an ecclesiastical memoir with murder and marriage in this way should find little difficulty in throwing in a few miracles. A most interesting illustration of how this may be done may be obtained by comparing two accounts of the same circumstances in the life of St. Patrick - one given by himself, and the other by the Rev. Alban Butler, in the "Lives of the Primitive Fathers, Martyrs, and other Principal Saints," published in 1798. "One day," says this reverend historian, "a great stone from a rock happened to fall upon him, and had like to have crushed him to death, whilst he had laid down to take a little rest. But he invoked Elias, and was delivered from the danger." St. Patrick himself in his "Confessions" says that he had a nightmare, "Cum memor ero quamvis fuero in hoc corpore." He felt as if a great stone had fallen upon him, and he was unable to move a limb. "How it came into my mind to call out Helios I know not; but at that moment I saw the sun rising in the heavens, and whilst I cried out 'Helios! Helios!' with all my might, lo, the brightness of the sun fell upon me, and straightway removed all the weight." It would be very curious to have St. Patrick's own account of his spiritual conflict with all the demons of Ireland. He kept his adversaries off for awhile by violently ringing his bell, but they were rapidly overcoming him, when, in a last frantic effort, he threw his bell at them, which put them into such a fright that they turned tail and fled out of Ireland, and never came back for seven years, seven months and seven days. To silence the cavils of sceptics the bell was long after shown, and may be now for aught we know, positively cracked by the fall.

The Rev. Mr. Macrae's attack on the Confession of Faith.

It is really a thousand pities of the Rev. Mr. Macrae, of Gourkoek. He has signed the Westminster Confession of Faith as the confession of his faith, but he does not like it, yes, does not believe it - so he has told his Presbytery. Well, one would think the proper course for one occupying such a position would be to retire from the Presbytery of which he is a member, and the Church of which he is a minister, in virtue of his having appended his signature to the Confession. That would be an honest thing to do. Every one would believe in the sincerity of the Rev. Mr. Macrae if he said, "I signed the Confession of Faith some years ago, and, having signed it, had a congregation confided to my care and a seat accorded me in the Presbytery. Now, I do not believe the Confession any longer, and I feel bound, therefore, to give up both my congregation and my status as a minister of the U.P. Church of Scotland." But Mr. Macrae has done nothing of the kind. A course attack on the venerable document which he once solemnly affirmed was the Confession of his Faith, and which his fathers loved and revered next to their Bible, is all we have had from him. His Presbytery, we observe, have administered a sharp rebuke to him to study both the Confession and the Bible a little better. It is to be hoped he will profit by their counsel, and avoid for the future meddling with matters which are too high for him. Attacks like his on the Confession always suggest to us the idea of a child dashing its clenched fists against a granite cliff. The cliff is nothing the worse of the attack - but the child is a sore sufferer for its tenacity. - Belfast Witness.

The Jews in Palestine.

Mr. William Knighton writes to the Times: "During the early part of this year I was in the Holy Land. Everywhere, from Dan to Beersheba, I saw evidence of the renewed energy and activity of the Jewish race. As a people the Jews are flocking back to the land of their forefathers in great numbers from all the countries in Europe. In Jerusalem and its neighborhood particularly every plot of ground for sale is eagerly bought up by them. The Jews are a wealthy race. The Turks who nominally govern their promised land, are greatly in want of money. Would it not be possible for the Jews to issue among themselves a new Turkish loan on condition that they should obtain the right of governing their own land under the guardianship of the great Powers of Europe? Would not many wealthy Christians be ready to assist them in this matter if the leaders of the Jewish community undertook it with some degree of vigor? A Republic or a sacerdotal Government might thus be established in Jerusalem, nominally under the Turks still, but really under the guarantee of the great Christian Powers of Europe - a Government which might be of incalculable benefit to Palestine, in which scarcely a farthing of public money is now spent for its improvements or for the development of its magnificent natural resources."

Are We Dissenters?

There are, according to the most recent estimates, 107,000,000 of Protestants in the world. These are scattered over many lands, speak many languages, and are so pleased as to gild, and, if they will, command the world.

The greatest nations, the most powerful and progressive, the most free and enlightened, are Protestant. Of these 107,000,000 of Protestants, 34,500,000 belong to the Presbyterian Church, and are grouped in more than 20,000 congregations, served by about 20,000 clergymen. The Lutheran Church, owing to its almost complete resemblance to the Presbyterian, and which numbers 20,500,000 of Protestants, may fairly be added to the world-force of evangelical Presbyterianism. The whole strength of the Presbyterian Church for work and warfare on the earth would then be 55,000,000 Protestants. This is the largest section of the Protestant world a section in comparison of which any of the other denominations is small indeed.

This immense Presbyterian Church has the largest number of theological colleges, by far the most extensive of curriculum of theological studies for its ministers; the greatest and the most wide spread missions of Protestant truth in the world. She has done more for human freedom and good government and the rights of conscience than any of the other religious bodies, or, perhaps, than all of them put together. The theological scholarship of her divines is confessedly high, and she contains in her pulpits the most powerful preachers of the age. She occupies the first place in education. The wealth of her people may be imagined, when it is considered that in America alone £2,500,000 yearly are her income.

It appears, therefore, that the largest Church of the Protestant world is Presbyterian. If we relied on the argument from numbers, it would appear that our Episcopalian brethren are in reality dissenters. Is it with pride I say this? No, but in humility and gratitude. For our high position implies corresponding obligations under our King and Head. And how glorious the thought that we march in line to the conquest of the world, with 55,000,000 of men; that our sword is the old Pauline theology, of historic renown on the battle-fields of the world; that our King is no earthly potentate, whether civic or ecclesiastical, but the Lord Jesus; and that our meteor flag has borne the breeze of the battle for eighteen centuries, and that it never gleamed and advanced more gloriously than it is doing now. There have been defeats and even disasters, but along the whole line there is progress, for the shout of a King is heard among us.

What a power for aggression! And there is need. Was there ever a sadder sight than the present condition of English Protestantism? Strange it is that statesmen and even ministers are unable to learn the lessons which God is teaching them. And what is the condition of the world? Its population is now estimated at over 1,400,000,000. There is work for our Church. Let her gird herself for the task, and draw from her enormous resources. Men are wanted, and God has them to give. Money is needed, and of all its hidden treasures Jehovah is the Keeper. The prayer of faith will bring out into view the men, and extract the gold, and secure the blessing. - The Presbyterian Churchman.

Meanness.

Economy is an excellent thing. That is, it is very comfortable to be able to say to one's self, "I will do without this, that, or the other luxury, rather than run the risk of being a beggar in my old age," or even to find it possible to live without what is usually deemed a necessity, rather than to run into debt. But exaggerated economy, or rather meanness, is something which must render its possessor wretched, and something too selfish to forbid themselves anything they desire. They covet rich food and fine dress, ease and idleness, but they begrudge to those who minister to their wants their well earned price, and always forget that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

From the lips of such people you hear nothing but complaints. Every one is over-reaching them. The dressmaker has sent in a frightful bill; the cook has no right to such wages; the abominable landlord thinks no rent too much for his house; it is impossible to have anything done without being cheated. In fine, they want all that people have to sell, and have within their souls a miserly desire to get it for nothing. Always accusing other people of their own vices, they save their conscience, and when they do get something for nothing fancy themselves happy. But it is only a fancy. They can never know the pleasant warmth that fills the heart when a generous action has been done at its prompting. Never can they feel the pleasant independence that follows liberal and ungrudging payment of those to whose toil or trouble one is indebted.

Life is a constant battle to them, and many a spendthrift is happier than those who forget that they have no right to economize at the expense of other people, and who ever wittingly takes money off another to add to his own purse is, at least at heart, a thief.

The ocean is to be sailed over - not fathomed.

Mr. Bruce, of the Mahatta Mission of the American Board in Western India, says he has been employed the past year, principally in street preaching, which he finds to be the most hopeful method of reaching the masses. Every morning he goes to some frequented place in Satara and gathers an audience by singing one or two hymns. The audience - sometimes collected slowly, sometimes quickly - range from forty to seventy-five, occasionally reaching a hundred or more. Those who were preached to in this way are mainly of the middle and lower classes. At first he was very much annoyed by the noisy demonstrations which some of his hearers would start; but this annoyance has been almost entirely removed, and the result of the experiment has been such as to encourage Mr. Bruce to continue this method of work.