

Our Young Folks.

THREE ERAS.

"Mow! Mow!" How now? Kitty's in the apple bough. What a pretty face and face! Peeps from out its hiding place. Can't get up! Can't get down! Kitty, Kitty, what a clown!

Scratch! Scratch! Lift the latch. Mice inside for puss to catch. Softly, shyly, in the gloom. Yellow steps on velvet foot. These they scampers, she heard! Puss, puss, how absurd!

'Purr! Purr!' Don't stir! Mice are not afraid of her. While she does see them glide Round about on every side, Now in fiddle, now in strife, Poor old Tabby, such is life!

BIBLE ENIGMA.

- A town where the Israelites were gathered in the reign of Rehoboam. A prophet who saw a vision concerning Judah and Jerusalem. The man who brought myrrh and aloes to Jesus. A god of one of the enemies of Judah. One of the six cities of refuge. A valley where the Philistines encamped in the reign of David. A son who assisted to assassinate his father. The name of a captain who was appointed over the tribe of Simeon. A prince who gave David a good character. The queen who made a feast for women. One who saw God would not do wickedly. A tribe which were obliged to live in the mountains. The father of a man who was slain before the altar. The last letter in the name of one whom Paul called his own son in the faith. The elders of what city went to fetch Jephtha? The father of Aminadab. Name of the prince of destruction in the Hebrew tongue. One whom Paul baptized. An altar erected in the land of Canaan.

THAT THRIFTY LITTLE ARCHITECT THE WREN.

Of all the motherly little gentry prominent in bird circles, none find more cordial entrance into our hearts than those famous musical trillers the wrens. Their life seems a perpetual song. All manner of pleasant privileges are gladly accorded them, and no country home seems quite complete unless their merry twitters are heard, as fitting in and out, eyeing with curious interest and confidence the ways and manners of their neighbors of the human household, they devote themselves to the charge of their own quaintly constructed habitations. If they are fortunate in finding a foundation already laid, they are not slow in accepting the situation provided, and with busy thrift complete the snug home, and deposit the small white eggs, sometimes half a dozen, often ten. These measure seven lines and a half in length, by six lines in breadth. What a crowded, busy home!

A line is the twelfth part of an inch. This family of feathered friends are burdened with a long, inharmonious, scientific name—Trogodytes—but it expresses a pretty shyness for which they are noted; strictly, "a diver into caves." Wrens have a decided fancy for building in retired corners, in crevices and niches, removed from prying curiosity. Themselves so hidden, they fancy they are not observed, but their glad songs reveal the secret. It was so at the Brigs farm one summer not long ago. The merry couple hopped about, never knowing the interest their coming had excited, or how their fittings were watched to note where they would build and rear their brood. After much peering about in odd corners, an old hut, one that Tim the gardener had tossed to the wall, was spied out, and directly there was a deep consultation. It had been caught by a depending branch and at once fierce unusual attractions; crushed and crumpled as it was, it proved to them a most charming country home. It so chanced that a branch, blown by heavy early winds, had cast about the old grey felt its wealth of twigs, and when the leaves unfolded, lo, there was an arbor fit for a fairy queen. The happy pair flew in and out, walking ready for summer cares, and not many weeks passed by before the birdlings were rejoicing in the breath of spring. Snuggly they cuddled up together on their bed of feathers, hungry enough and devouring all the dainty bits that both father and mother could supply. When this little company had quite grown up, they took to wing on their own account, travelling to see the sights, and the old folks at home re-impaled and prepared for a second brood, who in turn looked out upon the world and in due time sang their own love-songs and ministered to their own nestlings.

When winter comes it is not unusual to find small companies of wrens socially gathered in one nest, trying to keep each other warm. It is supposed they may be one summer's family, and usually that would count up to a score or more. Considerable chattering and flurry accompany their night arrangements, and even after they are fairly settled, one and another, with a droll assumption of care, will peep out from the nest door to see that all is right, a sort of self-constituted night-police. The entire length of the wren is somewhat less than four inches, and Mamma Wren is a trifle smaller than her liege lord.

In color a rich reddish-brown prevails, lighter somewhat on the under surface of the body, and again darkening into dusky hues upon the quill feathers of the wings and tail. The legs, toes, and claws are light brown. The beak is rather slender, slightly curved and pointed. In their structures wrens always try to build a dome-like home. Their architectural designs are, however, almost always modified by the selection of place and materials at hand, but they instinctively arrange to shield the family from rain, and secure protection from enemies. A side or elevated entrance is essential to their plans.

There is no winter in their hearts; even when the frosty days come on, they have songs of gladness; good cheer and a hearty content, is the burden of their daily carol.

THE KIND HORSE.

A friend of mine told me a story a little while ago which interested me so much that I want to tell it to all my little friends. This gentleman owned a fine horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice, and follow him about like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks; and it was during this time that Mr. C. became interested to see how much the horse knew, and how kind his sympathies were. An old cat had made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and had laid there her little family of five kittens to bring them up under good tuition, I suppose. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into his manger, and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding, and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast. But when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens; and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last, pining to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who, I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This, Mr. C. told me he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go and get breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language and been willing to listen to it.—Western Christian Advocate.

INDIANS AND ISRAELITES.

A correspondent of the Phrenological Journal, writing from the South, gives the following statement:—

"Among the points of resemblance which seem to give plausibility to the theory that the American Indians are descendants of a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, is a custom of theirs agreeing in its main features with one described in the book of Leviticus. According to the Indian usage, the nearest of kin had a right to slay the murderer wherever he found him, during the interval that elapsed from the time the deed was done till the Green Corn Festival; but if the murderer eluded his pursuers up to that time, and then effected an entrance into the sacred circle of the dancers, he was safe from the Avenger of Blood. This Avenger had it also in his power to grant the murderer a respite. An old white settler, who lived in this country before the Indians left tells a story of one who was thus respited for a fortnight, at the end of which time he was to meet the Avenger of Blood, at a designated spot, to be put to death. Every day during the interval the doomed man approached the rendezvous and sang his death song, recapitulating his deeds of prowess and his immortality of glory. At nine o'clock on the fair spring morning of the appointed day the victim and executioner appeared under the shining green leaves of the beech, in the heart of the doxy forest glade. The white hunter had concealed himself near, and looked on eagerly, half expecting the victim to sue for mercy, or the stern or cut-throat relent from his purpose; but, no! the first placed himself at the right distance, crossed his arms on his breast and looked calmly in the face of the Avenger, who, coolly taking aim, shot him through the heart!"

JUDGE NOT.

"What a morbid, disagreeable, unsozial man! How parsimonious of his words! He seems afraid that he shall make himself too agreeable."

"Stop, my friend; if you know what I know about that poor man, you would pity him, instead of finding fault with him. He has just returned from a consultation with his physician with regard to his eyes, which have been troublesome for some time. He will soon be stone blind. Do you blame him for being taciturn and thoughtful? He must soon sit in the dark. Judge not."

If that letter to your friend is not answered immediately, you conclude that he has forgotten you. But his family are sick, and one dear little boy has just been laid in the grave. Your friend cannot answer your letter just yet; he must wait until the first quiet has passed over, but he is just as much much your friend as ever. How often does the possession or want of external graces bias our judgment of individuals, and how often we find ourselves mistaken! Judge not.

Ed. judged that devout Hannah was drunken when he saw her lips moving as she offered her prayer to God.

"Can there any good come out of Nazareth?"

"Paul, thou art beside thyself. Much learning hath made thee mad." How often do we misjudge the dealings of Providence with us! All these things are against me," we say, when the event that we bewail is found to be not only the way to happiness, but the path to promotion. "Joseph is without doubt reeve in pieces." "I shall go down to the grave of my son

mourning." No, Jacob, you will do no such a thing. "God's ways are not as your ways." So cheer up, old father. Joseph shall become governor over all the land of Egypt. Your eyes shall see his glory. He shall nourish your old age. He shall save all your family alive, and become the benefactor of his race.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble senses. But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

UGLINESS LEADING A WOMAN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

My friend, Dr. Buddington, told me (Rev. Dr. Newton) that a young woman came to see him once about joining his church. He asked her what made her first think of wanting to be a Christian. She said it was because she found she was growing so ugly. She looked in the glass one day when she was very angry, and was fairly frightened to see how ugly she looked. She found that the bad tempers that she was giving way to were making ugly marks upon her face. She was afraid to think what this would grow to, by-and-by. This led her to think what a dreadful thing sin must be. Then she prayed to Jesus to take away her sin, and make her a Christian. This young woman was right. What she said was true. There is nothing that will help to make us look ugly sooner than giving way to bad temper.—Evangelist.

NOT MEASURED BY ABILITY.

There are many who faint when they look on almost any duty or good work, because they are so consciously unequal to it. Why, if they were not unequal, or felt themselves to be equal, they had better for that reason decline it; for there is nothing so utterly weak and impotent as this conceit of strength.

Brothers, the day is wearing away; this is a desert place; there are hungry perishing multitudes around us, and Christ is saying to us all, Give ye them to eat. Say not, We cannot, we have nothing to give. Go to your duty, every man and trust yourselves to him; for he will give you all supply, just as fast as you need it. You will have just as much power as you believe you will have.

Suppose, for example, you are called to be a Sabbath school teacher, and you say within yourself, I have no experience, no capacity, I must decline. That is the way to keep your incapacity forever. A truce to those cowardly suggestions. Be a Christian, throw yourself upon God's work, and get the ability you want in it.

So if you are put in charge of any effort or institution; so if you are called to any work or office in the Church, or to any exercise for the edification of others—say not that you are unable to edify; undertake to edify others, and then you will edify yourself and become able.

No Christian will ever be good for anything without Christian courage, or what is the same, Christian faith. Take upon you readily, have it as a law, to be always doing great works—that is works that are great to you; and this is the faith that God so clearly justifies, that your abilities will be as your works. Make large adventures. Trust God for great things. With your loaves and two fishes he will show you a way to feed thousands.—Dushnell's Sermons.

UNIVERSITY TUTORS IN ENGLAND.

For the practical business of teaching the classics and mathematics no method has been hit on more satisfactory than that of the best private tutors in the English universities. One of these gentlemen takes, perhaps, four pupils. He meets A at 9 o'clock. They sit at the same table; A does his work under his teacher's eye; they study together. The interest and the eye of the teacher quicken the pupil. The teacher shows the pupil the best way to study. At ten o'clock he gives A his directions for his private study, and meets B alone for an hour, as he has met A. At eleven o'clock he meets C. At twelve o'clock he meets D. And at some other hour in the day he meets them all; and they all work together for an hour. The teacher is thus able to consider the personal need of the pupil, and to give him the full advantage of such consideration. The pupil is able to ask the teacher just what he wants, and to show him just what are his difficulties. At the same time, all the pupils meet each other in study and recreation, compare notes, and go forward with the stimulus and sympathy of companionship.

New we venture to say that the first of the academies or high schools of this country which will adopt some such course as this, giving to every four boys whom it fits for college one teacher of the first and best ability, whose chief duty it will be to see that they go through their last two years of preparation thoroughly well, will be the school or academy, which will, at whatever charge, receive the best and most promising pupils, and will receive the largest number of them. With a certain steady demand for superficial and almost worthless education, there is another demand for education of the very best type, the results of which may be relied upon. With the increase of the country in wealth, there grows up the determination to have that done in the best way which is done at all. And in proportion as the young men and young women learn that there are ways in which that can be done in two years which they now do in four years, they, and those who direct their education, will certainly insist upon the change.—Old and New for July.

These three characters of grace form three excellent tests of character, of the genuineness of our religion. It is internal; we felt its power within us, on our hearts? It is assuaging; it is renewing us into the likeness of Jesus Christ, into the image of God? It is diffusive; it shall work begun in us, and on us, which shall in length "sanctify us wholly?"—Dr. Guthrie.

SUMMER FOR THE CHILDREN.

Every summer I look from my window upon a fashionable summer boarding-house, and I wonder whether the mothers of those little men and women, who through the piazzas on summer afternoons dressed in all the abominations of silk and lace, fine linen and cloth of the most delicate texture, had a thought for the children's good in their choice of a summer resort. When these warm spring days, tawdy enough in their coming, this year, remind *pater* and *mater familias* that some place must be selected in which to spend the mid-summer days, let them heed the children's good in their choice. If the consultations are held by the evening lamp after the children have gone to bed, do not let them be forgotten. If the As and the Bs and the Cs are going to the most fashionable and gay watering places, let your own health and that of your children be heard protesting. Do not your exhausted nerves cry out, Enough, enough? Must late hours, highly seasoned food, and all the evil of the winter be allowed to spoil the glorious summer? No—give yourself a season of repose. Though the reaction may be stupid, if the first suffering or it be endured, the after-health enjoyment will repay. A few weeks of quiet companionship with your children will not be regretted by them or by you, and a real "country place," a farm with its pastures, its meadows, and its orchards, will develop body and mind. It is often asserted that farmers do not furnish wholesome food, that the place for fruit and milk in abundance is a city; but it is not true. The average country living is at least as likely to be healthful as the average city living, and the added outdoor exercise and increased vitality will take of indigestible compounds better than your indoor city life could do. A dyspeptic can eat salt pork in the woods.

REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL AND CHARLES ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The appointment of Professor Campbell, at the late sitting of the Supreme Court of the Canada Presbyterian Church, to the Chair of Church History and Apologetics, in Montreal College, rendered necessary his separation from the congregation of which he had charge in Toronto. The consideration of this separation came up at the meeting of Toronto Presbytery last Tuesday week. Messrs. Patterson, Durand, Dunro, and Davidson attended the meeting of Presbytery as delegates from a meeting of the congregation of Charles-street Church, and presented the following resolutions which had been adopted by that congregation:—Moved by James Brown, seconded by C. S. Patterson, "Whereas the General Assembly did at its last meeting appoint the Rev. John Campbell, M.A., the Pastor of this Congregation, to the chair of Church History and Apologetics in Montreal College. And whereas he has accepted the appointment, be it therefore resolved: That while acquiescing in the decision of the Supreme Court of the Church, we desire to place on record the high estimation in which Mr. Campbell, the first Pastor of this Congregation, is held by the people of his charge, and our sincere testimony to the faithfulness of his ministrations among us. Mr. Campbell has been identified with the formation and progress of the congregation from the commencement of the Sabbath-school established in 1857, by Mr. Brown, in his own house, and continued in the Town-hall at Yorkville until the school-house was built; and which led to regular Sabbath services in the Town-hall, and to the organization of the congregation and the building of our Church. His labors and ministrations have been constant and zealous, the only intervals of separation being while pursuing in Scotland his studies for the ministry, or while temporarily discharging duties similar to those to which he has now been called. The progress of the congregation to its present position as regards the membership of the Church, the attendance at the Sabbath-schools, and the prayer meetings and services at the Davenport Road Station, leave abundant testimony to the extent and success of his labors. While recording our regret at the separation from Mr. Campbell as our pastor, and the affection and esteem felt for him by all the congregation, we feel that the cause of the Church is served by his promotion, and have pride as well as pleasure in the reflection that in the pastor of our young congregation those attainments and qualifications have been found which have pointed to Mr. Campbell as the person to fill the important office he now assumes, and that so much of his earlier years, as well as the first years of his ministry, have been spent among us. And we pray that the blessing of the great Head of the Church may attend him in his new sphere of duty."

By appointment of Presbytery, Rev. Mr. King, M.A., preached the pulpit vacant last Sabbath.

During distress God comes; and when he comes it is no more distress.

That cannot be healthful piety when there is no activity in doing good.

The only effectual knowledge of God is the private experience of the individual soul.

Communion is the fountain of conformity. Live with Christ, and you will soon grow like Christ.

The plainest and best instructions are of no avail, unless there be an understanding heart to receive them.

Suffer not yourselves to be detached from simplicity in Christ by any pretense of superior knowledge and wisdom.

MODERN ISCARIOTS.

We do great injustices to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all wickedness. He was only a money-lover—did not understand Christ—could not make out His worth. He did not want Him to be killed; he was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed.

How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves in like manner? But Judas was a common, selfish, middle-headed fellow—his hand always in the bag or the poor, though not because he cared anything about them. Notwithstanding he did not understand Christ, he believed in Him a great deal more than the most of us do. He had seen Him do miracles—thought he was able to shift for himself—and that he might as well make something for himself out of the affair. He had no doubt that the Saviour would come out well enough; all he thought of was the thirty pieces of silver.

Now, that is just the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He does not hate Christ, but he can't understand Him; he does not care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business, but takes his own "little job" of it at all events, come what may. And thus, out of every class of men, you have a certain amount of bag-men—men whose main object is to make money; and they do make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by wight and force of money itself, or what is called capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all the produce to himself, except the laborer's food. That is the modern Judas' way of "carrying the bag" and "bearing what is put therein."—RUSKIN.

LOSING ALL.

A few years ago a merchant failed in business, and went home in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined; I am beggared. I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead as if his brain was in a whirl.

"Ah!" said his wife; "I am left." "All, papa!" said his eldest boy; "here am I." "I too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arm round his neck. "I'm not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with, papa," said the eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about," said the second boy. "And your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promise," said grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus, who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me!" said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost my all. What are the few thousands, which I called my all, to these more precious things which God hath left me?" And he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah! no, there are things more precious than gold and bank-stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strown about the deck as worthless as the merest rubbish.

"Life, life!" was the prayer. "Some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water!" was the prayer. "Bread, bread!"—it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.

The loss of property must not cloud the mind with a wicked forgetfulness of the greater blessings which are left behind. No man should despair; for no man has lost his all until he has lost his integrity, lost the mercy of God, and lost his hope of heaven at last.—"Our Paper."

THE TONGUE OF SLANDER.

The tongue of slander is never tied. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drops honey and sometimes gall. It is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it "loves a shining mark." And it is never so voluble and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the noble, soil the reputation of the pure, and break down the reputation of the brave and strong.

And how much of this vile work is done in one way and another in society. Perhaps men and women often slander without meaning to, though we think this is rarely done; for it is a fact that wicked work forces itself painfully always on our consciences, whereas the holier and diviner our work, the more it is done in beautiful and peaceful unconsciousness. So it is written: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." Be this as it may, it is done to the hurt and agony of many a soul. It is done by a look sometimes, by the curl of the lip, by the wink of an eye, by an insinuation, a phrase of suspicion, by the dexterous and malicious handling of a rumor—in a thousand ways are men and women stung by the poisoned arrow shot from the devil's tongue of slander.

What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see. And yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse, tendency towards chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is a weakness, vacuity, immaturity. Education and refinement are no proof against it. It often holds most cruelly where these have attained their best results. These often only polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy to do its death-work.—"The Churchman."