

Our Young Folks.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear, and cold, Even the same old song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is told, And to our lips is held the cup of strife; And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed, Youth has but dreams, and agonizing fond Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,

Whose night with wild tempests storms is rife; And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair, Amid the broken treasures scattered there Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair, And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife; And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief, Of mortal anguish finding no relief? Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel leaf, Three Angels share the lot of human strife, Three Angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way; Love, Hope, and Patience from our spirits' stay; Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day, And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal Until the earthly fades in the eternal,

K. P. M. S.

"Pray Father."

A little Indian girl, seven years old, was wasting away with consumption. She had heard the missionaries preach, had been a constant attendant upon the Sunday-school, and for several months had given good evidence that she was a lamb of the Saviour's flock. Her father, a proud, hard man, had once professed to be a Christian, but for some time had been a backslider, whose case was regarded as almost hopeless.

The little girl had been falling rapidly for several days. One afternoon when she seemed better, she begged that her father might be called. He came. Then looking up to him with her bright sunken eyes, she said—

"I want to be carried out of doors, father. I want to go back to the brook once more. May I go?"

He could not refuse, and without saying a word, he wrapped her up, folded her in his arms, and carried her out through the yard across the meadow, down to the little brook that wound its way over sand and pebbles, among the sedges that skirted the banks. She watched them a moment, and then, turning away her wasted face, she said, earnestly—

"Pray, father."

"Oh, I can't darling," he said, hastily. "But do pray, father; do pray," she pleaded.

"No, no! how can I? No, no!"

"Father," she said, laying her little thin hand upon his arm, "father, I am going to heaven soon; and I want to tell Jesus Christ, when I see him that my father prays."

The strong man's head was bowed, and there went up from the brookside such a prayer of repentance, and confession, and supplication for forgiveness, as must have thrilled with joy the courts of heaven. Soon her freed spirit had fled on the wings of joy and faith, to tell the Saviour, "My father prays."

The Boy's Resolve.

I would like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they that drink strong drink dim the eyes, and whiten the cheeks, and enfeeble the frame—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may be able to think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind and often destroys it—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a peaceful heart, and a quiet conscience, that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a quiet home, and happy fire-side, where I could rejoice with loving brothers and sisters, and parents. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to go to heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory forever. But they say that strong drink keeps many from entering into heaven, and casts them down to hell—therefore, I will not drink at all.

Good Advice to Young Men.

To any young man casting the horoscope of his destiny we would say—aim high. Whatever may be the chosen pursuit of life aspire to the highest and most exalted position. Let not the impelling motive be altogether mercenary, but from a nobler impulse—a desire to rise as high in the scale of intellectual attainment as the most successful cultivation of your God-given talents will permit you, and from a laudable ambition not to fall behind your competitors in the general emulation of the life-struggle.

Cultivate personal and moral neatness. It is the perfect formation of your character in which your success in life very much depends. Comparatively few have an adequate appreciation of systems, order and thoroughness in details of life.

The Australians appear to have a decided hunger for land, although they have a good deal more territory at present than they can do justice to. The people of New South Wales, encouraged by the success of their migration for the annexation of Fiji, have begun to plead for the admission of New Guinea to the possession of Queen Victoria.

Hats Off.

Off with your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats on in the presence of ladies, and if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself, or be mortified when a guest or a stranger happens to be in the parlour. Habit is stronger than anything else, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right, on all occasions, is to get in the habit of doing right. Good manners can be put on at a moment's warning.

Flying for Refuge.

There was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering over his head, as it said, "Deliver up that bird, that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man, take the poor little creature, that puts his trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never! —Duncan Matheson.

"It's Very Hard."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour's labour; to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother as she sat at her knitting, "to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless; to have sight and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings." —Child's World.

The Story of a Little Princess.

I suppose there are some little Canadian girls who have often fancied that it would be nice to be a queen or princess. When they are obliged to learn hard lessons, or to wait upon themselves, or when they have to wash the breakfast cups, and sew up long seams, they think how delightful it would be to live in a palace, to have lords and ladies in attendance, who would anticipate every wish. I remember very well some of my own idle day dreams on this theme.

Well, my dears, in point of fact the little queens and princesses have any thing but an easy life. The children of the royal families of Europe are under tutors and governesses long before and long after our little folks here are busy in school. They have to learn thoroughly a great many things which are not thought necessary for you, and they live, in the matter of eating and drinking, much more simply than you do. As for sugar candies and sweetmeats, I presume almost any of my young readers have a great many more of them than the palace people ever have at the same age.

Queen Victoria's daughters have all been very carefully educated indeed; and as for Queen Victoria herself, why, when she was a little girl, there seems to have been no end to the things that were expected of her ladyship. It was not until she was twelve years old that she understood she might become Queen. Being only the niece of the reigning monarch, William IV., who had no children, but who might possibly have them, her wise mother did not want Victoria's head elated with dreams of a crown she might never wear. However, she one day discovered it by what we might call an arranged accident, for a genealogical table was slipped into her history, and there little Miss found it. She took it up, so her old governess told the story, and reading it, said:

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought. I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess," replied the governess.

"Now," said the child, after some moments of thought, "many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulties. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility?"

The princess lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, and then putting her little hand into her teacher's, she said:

"I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand all better now. I will be good."

You see the little princess felt that a great responsibility and a great estate involved preparation on her part. She studied hard, because she had a place in the world to fill. Now, though you and I have not been called to sit on the throne, we have our every day work to do; and if we do it well, we shall be as honorable and honored in God's sight as if we wrote princess or queen before our names. —Christian Union.

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Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXVIII.

FOLLOWING THE LAMB

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 35, 37.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—John iv. 29, Jev. i. 5.

With vs. 35, 36, read 2 Cor. v. 5, 37, compare Iva. xiv. 19; with v. 40, compare Matt. iv. 18; with v. 41, read Dan. ix. 26, with v. 42, read Eph. ii. 20; with vs. 43, 44, compare John xii. 31, with v. 45, read Deut. xviii. 18, and Ez. xxvii. 23.

GOALS. TEXT.—These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. —Rev. xiv. 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is leader and commander of the people.

The acorn whence the oak grows, the fountain whence flows the first rill that at length becomes a mighty river, may represent to us this beginning of the Christian Church. Many new questions have been raised as to the place of the Baptist. This is certain that he called men's attention to sin, the need of repentance, the coming of "the kingdom," the appearance of the Messiah. He came in "the spirit and power of Elias" (Mal. i. 17), before Jesus, to turn many to the Lord. He gave distinct form to the general impression that the Messiah was coming; so fulfilled Mal. iv. 5.

After the delivery of his message to as many as were present (v. 29), he utters "the next day" (vs. 35, 36), the concise, emphatic, renewed call to his disciples. He had borne this testimony the day before (v. 29), apparently without results. But if the first efforts fail, we are not to give over on that account but to repeat it. "Lamb upon him." Jesus is "the lamb," innocent, pure, fit, and intended for a sacrifice; "the lamb of God," coming from him, given by him, appointed by him for this very thing, the Passover-Lamb for Israel (Isa. lvi. 7). The Saviour was not only spotless in character; he was given of God for a sacrifice (Matt. xxvi. 42). This he made clear at the first call (v. 29), "that taketh," &c.

So we ministers, teachers, and all of us who know him, are to lift up Christ, and if the first effort is not successful, we are not to be cast down. The Baptist had a success the first time so far as we read. He was patient. He did his duty. He did not lift up himself, or Judaism, or his new party, but Christ. Though it led men to leave him, he pointed to Jesus. What was he, what are we for, but to glorify Him?

V. 36. This time it is spoken to but two hearers; but it is a most successful sermon. The "two disciples," who, familiar with John's teaching, and sharing the general feeling of the best Jews, were eager to know more of the Messiah, understood him to point out that Great Person. They approached Jesus with a respectful desire to introduce themselves. This was a memorable step to the two. John, the writer, was one of them, but, after his modest way, he does not name himself, only his brother. Those were great days! He counts them, one by one. Probably in the interviews between Jesus and John (Matt. iii. 13-17; John i. 29), it was arranged that the disciples should join Jesus; this is the Baptist's way of bringing it about.

The disciples did not approach Jesus for the purpose of looking at him, but of joining him; not indeed then knowing all that will come of it (they were "called" in a formal way, afterwards Matt. iv. 21) but as one sometimes joins a congregation, in a general hope of some good, not knowing the life that is to come to him through the word and knowledge of Jesus. He gives them opportunity to say what they want, "What seek ye?" They hardly know. They ask after his abode, thus inviting intercourse. They wished to talk with him at his home. He, the Master, whom they owned as such, "Rabbi" (explained to Greek readers), welcomes them frankly. "Come and see." It was evening, or late afternoon, about four o'clock—John remembers the very near to the last day of his life—or if the Roman way and ours of reckoning from midnight to midnight, it was ten in the morning. This is less likely. All the rest of the day they spent with him.

V. 40. About himself, one of the two, John is silent, the other, Andrew, is particularly mentioned; and his relationship to Peter is given to introduce a decisive act of his. "He first findeth" John perhaps set about finding his brother James (see Mark i. 18). He hastens to tell Peter. His brief simple speech (v. 11), has a tone of excitement, elevation, and great, exulting animation. "We have found! He has learned something worth telling! That very evening he tells Peter; perhaps that very night brings him to Christ.

Here is an example to us. Silence about divine things is a native quality in some; but it is not necessarily a virtue. We should, in the proper way, at the right time, to the right persons, reveal what we have found. Peter was brought to Christ in this way. No miracle, or word of Jesus, or sermon, but a brother's earnest word brought him to the Redeemer. At this point, we ought not to overlook some deeply interesting points that come out in the study of the narrative. Peter was not the first in time of the disciples, but Andrew. Jesus was singularly gracious and conciliatory "Come and see." He is "the same yesterday," &c. His home must have been of the lowliest. Any high hopes of Messianic splendor would be checked. Andrew could not have had much knowledge, but as much as he has, he hastens to impart—an example to us.

We now come to v. 43, with its

INVITATION TO PHILIP.

The time "the next day;" the occasion, our Lord's going forth into Galilee; the means, a simple word, "follow me;" and this circumstance regarding him, he was (v. 44), a townsman of Andrew and Peter, who had probably taken Jesus to their home. All belonged to Bethsaida. There is no evidence of his having been taught by the Baptist. But he must have had much intelligence, however gained, and Jesus been in some way, prepared to follow him. His seal appears in his addressing Nathana-

el. His intelligence is seen in the form of his testimony, "We have found him," &c. (v. 45). He describes him as the subject of prophecy. He was a layman, a plain man, but he knew his Bible. He is an example to us. He believed it. It does not hold forth Christ as the Saviour, as really as the New Testament, though less clearly. He describes him also by his human relationship—"Jesus of Nazareth," where he was brought up, and according to his reputed birth, the "Son of Joseph." He speaks as he thinks, erroneously indeed, but in good faith. His way of putting it was a stumbling block to Nathanael, as the early and crude words of young converts will sometimes be. Hence the need of knowledge and of prayer for guidance. He inquires, "Can any good thing," &c. (v. 46). Some indeed, on insufficient ground, read this: "Some good thing may come out of Nazareth." In either view the place was in bad repute. Yet Jesus lived thirty years in it! Philip's next word was wise—like the Master's, "Come and see." No reproach, or rebuke, or taking airs on him as a superior and enlightened person. He does not fear the result of personal examination. He believes, therefore speaks.

The lessons here are so many and so obvious, that we do not need to dwell on them. (a) Jesus is still calling disciples. Are we hearing him? (b) He calls in various ways. How is he calling us? (c) He receives the ignorant and teaches them. Are we learning of him? (d) He would have us bring our friends. Are we doing it? (e) He is to be presented on scriptural grounds. "Him of Moses," &c. Are we so presenting him? Do we know our Bibles? (f) Even though we may make mistakes, we may be useful. (g) We are not to be deterred by slow, timid, or even unfriendly reception of our approaches. Are we saying like Philip, "Come and see?"

The one all-important point on which teachers should ground their pupils is, that Jesus Christ "takes away sin." He does not merely show how we, by imitating him, may put it away. He does far more than set an example. He is a sin-bearer. To enable him to take away sin, he must take it on him. He did this when he took our nature. Hence he is, though innocent in himself, treated as a sinner and made to suffer. Hence his Father's face hidden, and hence it was fit, though men did not know it, that "thorns" should be on his brow. They stand well for the "curse" (Gen. iii. 17), and he was "made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13).

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The Baptist—his place—object—power—why called Elias—his message—his description of Jesus—its meaning—his selfishness—Christ's first disciples—Andrew's course—his success—John's humility—the question to Jesus—its purpose—the reply—why days named in order—the hour—ways of reckoning time—Philip's call—Christ's route—the word to Nathanael—the effect of it—his second word—its result—the lessons to us—in what way we should imitate—and the temper in which we should meet the slow or unbelieving.

A Nice Girl

Though that class is by no means extinct, still they are not so numerous as might be wished. There is nothing half so sweet in life, half so beautiful or delightful, or so lovable, as a nice girl. Not a pretty or dashing girl, but a nice girl. One of these lovely, lively, good-natured, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, domestic creatures—not within the sphere of "home," diffusing around the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dwelling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera, or the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through the drawing-room. The nice girl may not even play or dance well, and know nothing about using her eyes or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active. She is not given to sensation novels, she is too busy. In public she is not in front showing her shoulders; she sits quiet and unobtrusive at the back of the crowd most likely. In fact it is not often we discover her there. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes to superintend the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, who buttons the boys' shirts, and feeds the chickens, and brings up the parlour and sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the "elegant?" Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

Her maiden toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done; and how elegant and neat her dress and collar! Not presenting her cheek and brow like a "fine girl," but an audible smack, which says plainly "I love you ever so much." If you covet any thing, it's one of the nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen or see about dinner, and all day long she is up and down, always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, or read, sing old songs or play old tunes to her father and mother for hours together; she is a perfect treasure, is the nice girl. When sickness comes it is she who attends with unwearied patience in the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such a fair hand.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of nice ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew of a "nice girl" who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are other more costly, far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we go by. It is she whose daily graces that we like to rest.

Miscellaneous.

CHLOEOTRA'S NEPHEW. The British are said to be about to remove the monolith usually known as Chloetra's Needle, from Egypt to erect it on the Thames embankment. It was presented to the British Nation some years ago, and is a companion to that at Paris.

It is officially announced in Maine, that any woman who has been ordained to preach for any recognized religious denomination, on proof of such fact and proper commendation by any one person, well known to the Governor, will be appointed to solemnize marriages in any part of the state.

PHILIP BURNHAM is said to have replied to Prince Gortchakoff when asked by him whether he really wished the German Government to anticipate a French war of revenge by declaring war itself, that such a course would appear to him as unprofitable as if he were to fall upon Kullin and despatch him at once to obviate any danger of being assassinated thirteen years hence.

FINGAL'S CAVE is a grotto on the north-western coast of the Island of Staffa, Argyshire, Scotland. It is probably called after Fingal, the legendary hero of Gaelic poetry. It is formed by lofty basaltic walls, and extends back from its mouth 227 ft.; its breadth at the entrance is 42 ft.; at the inner end 22 ft. The sea is the floor of the cavern, and is about 20 ft. deep at low water. The main arch has been compared to the aisle of a great Gothic church. The columns of the side walls are of stupendous size, and there are stalactites of a great variety of tints between the pillars. It is easily accessible, except at extreme high tide, by small boats. The irregular grouping and the fragmentary condition of some of the columns impair the symmetry of their appearance. There are several other remarkable caves in the island of Staffa.

UNITED STATES EXPOSITION.—The preliminary work for the Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 is making rapid progress. Thirty one of the leading nations of the world have accepted the President's invitation to participate. The intention is to open the buildings to the public on May 10th, 1876. The chief building is the permanent Memorial Hall, to be used as an Art Gallery. It is 365 feet by 210 feet, and is constructed of granite. The Industrial building, which is the main Exhibition Hall, is 1830 feet by 464 feet, in a series of pavilions. The Machinery Hall is to be 1402 feet by 360 feet, with an annexed 908 feet by 210 feet, and is to cost \$542,800. A Horticultural Hall 386 feet by 108 feet of beautiful design for a permanent structure, and an Agricultural Hall 820 feet by 510 feet. These five principal buildings are contained in an enclosure of 296 acres in Fairmount Park, to which the railroad lines are to lead.

BURMA.—The latest news in the *Hampson Times* is to the effect that the war panic is on the increase. Many of the merchants are sending their goods back to Rangoon, and all are willing to receive payments at from seven to ten per cent discount. They have got the news at Mandalay that their coming visitor, Sir Douglas Forsyth, is the man who blew the Kukas from their guns, and the Burmese are correspondingly impressed with the terrible nature of the coming man. The Viceroy of India has sent a letter to the King of Burmah, acknowledging the embassy of His Majesty, and stating that he had sent an experienced officer, Lieut. Adamson, to settle the boundary question amicably with the king himself. The letter was delivered by Capt. Strover, Political Agent at Mandalay. The king having read the letter, turned to the agent and said: "Strover, I am glad the Viceroy has decided to send Sir Douglas Forsyth here, as it is well that no differences should exist between two such mighty powers as the British and Burmese Governments."

The Sultan of Zanzibar has landed in England. His visit is connected with a treaty for abolishing the Slave Trade.—The son of Coffee Calcilli, late King of Ashante has arrived in England, by the steamship Ethiopia. He is about fourteen, is intelligent, and is to be educated according to the terms of the treaty of peace.—A terrible earthquake, destroying villages, life, and property, and succeeded by an immense tidal wave, has lately been experienced in New Caledonia.—The steamship Vicksburg, of the Dominion line, with sixty-three of her passengers and crew including the captain, were lost on the 1st inst. The ship sailed from Quebec for Liverpool on the 27th of May, struck solid ice off Newfoundland, and foundered immediately.—Six million feet of lumber with mill, stables, granary, and warehouses, were burnt on the 14th inst. at Rockland, Ont., twenty-eight miles from Ottawa; loss nearly \$850,000.—Six South American towns were destroyed by the late earthquake in the Andes, and thousands of lives were lost.—Capt. Nares with his brave companions in the *Alert* and *Discovery*, sailed for the Arctic Sea on the 20th of May.