

## Our Young Folks.

### JACK'S LESSON.

Jackie didn't like his lesson.  
Hated spelling worst of all;  
Such a fuss about a letter,  
If he wrote, "I play at ball."

Who would care, except a teacher,  
For a tiny fault like that?  
Down went pen and off flew Jackie,  
For the postman knocked rat-tat.

Ha! a letter, too, for Jackie,  
Come from Brighton. Uncle Joe  
What he needed for his birthday  
Straight by post would like to know.

No more grumbling now for Jackie.  
Paper, pen, he called for quick.  
"Dearest Uncle," wrote while smiling,  
"I do think you are a brick!"

"Rabbits I am very fond of—  
The new sort that's rather rare;  
Mother sends her love, and Susie;  
Can you let me have a pear?"

"Now, good-by, your loving Jackie."  
Off the letter went at once,  
But next week upon his birthday,  
Puzzled was the little dunce.

By a small brown-paper parcel,  
Coming from his Uncle Joe,  
With some common pears inside it—  
Three-a-penny ones, you know.

"Stupid Uncle Joe!" he shouted,  
Stamped his foot and tore his hair,  
Till his teacher softly whispered:  
"Jackie, how did you spell pair?"

Very red turned Master Jackie,  
Nothing more had he to say!  
Uncle Joe had taught a lesson,  
And—the rabbits came next day.

### EXACTNESS.

Nothing makes the soul so pure as the endeavour to create something perfect; for God is perfect now, and whosoever strives for it, strives for something that is God-like. True painting is only an image of God's perfection—a shadow of the pencil with which He paints, a melody, a striving after harmony. Whatever you do, do it slowly enough to do it well. One clever girl can do almost everything she attempts to do, but she rushes. In cutting a pattern, she heeds not if she cut not exact; so in all things, and her life is a comparative failure. Learn in youth a habit of painstaking. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well" is a maxim we must learn in youth if we would in maturer years be good workers. Let each action be a work of art, a striving after perfection.

### THE CALICO'S STORY.

Once I was very tiny, and covered all over with a brown coat. I had many brothers and sisters. We lived in the sunny South, and were kept huddled close together in a strong bag.

One morning the people who lived in the house, were up earlier than usual, and I heard the master say, "Tom, you may plant that cotton-seed to-day." That was my name, and I wondered if it were better to be planted than to be tied up in a bag. But while I was thinking Tom poked me with the others, and I was soon put into a little bed close by a rolling river.

I loved to listen to the water as it laughed on its journey to the sea.

I longed to see it, but my coat fitted so closely that there was no chance to hope for such a joy.

I began to feel larger and larger, until one morning my snug coat split, and I popped right out of the ground.

Wasn't I happy then. I had a green body and two green leaves. I stretched my head higher and higher, and after a while three beautiful blossoms grew on me. I think I must have been vain, for all my pretty petals left me to go with Mr. Wind, I could not get over this loss, but mourned each day until to my surprise, the little bolls left by the blossoms burst, and cotton as white as snow and soft as silk did me honour!

The cool wind fanned me, the sunbeams came to warm me, and the dear old river lulled me to rest. I did not want other friends, but all too soon I found I had them.

"Come, childer," I heard Aunt Chloe call, "we must pick the cotton." And the "childer" did come, a dozen woolly heads and twice that number of shining eyes. One little fellow cried out "Oh," did you ever see nicer cotton?" and in an instant all my white was held in little black fingers. Next, I was riding in a basket on top of Tom's head; then in a cart on my way to the "gin." I breathed a heavy sigh as I left the field and said, "Good-by, old body and leaves. Good-bye, old river!"

When I got to the "gin" a machine took from my downy grasp many little fellows dressed in brown coats. They looked just I did before I went to "bed" in Mother Earth.

My next trip was "in a bale." I was loaded on a big ship which sailed on a great sea. I liked this ride for it made me think of the dear old river.

By and by the ship stopped.

I was carried to a large house where I heard buzz, buzz. I was not much alarmed, for I felt I might just as well be resigned to my fate!

So many strange things happened to me that I wondered what would be the end of it all. I was cleansed and twisted and spun and woven and bleached, and was surprised to find at last that I had become white cloth.

One thing I enjoyed about this was that a dear old river rushed along and turned heavy wheels that made the spindles buzz and the shuttle fly.

My next journey was through the printing machine. You know I was white, but this machine sent me under a roller which left bunches of little red cherries, and left the green leaves close to the stems. A third roller left brown twigs just where all the stems and leaves ought to hang. Prettier bunches of fruit you ever saw!

Now, my white was almost gone, but what was left was made black by a fourth roller.

I went under these rollers so fast—a mile in an hour—that I could not see much, but I know cherries were cut into the first roller and they had red dye on them; the leaves and stems were cut into the second roller, and they had green dye on them; the twigs were cut into the third, with brown dye on them.

I used to wonder if some of the leaves, stems or twigs would not get in the wrong place, but not once did they make a mistake!

After I left the black dye roller I was dried, folded and sent to a noisy city where I was placed on a shelf.

One day a little country girl came in to the store with a basket of eggs. She asked to look at me, and don't you think she gave all the eggs which she had hunted for eight yards of me!

Then I was made into a dress with such a pretty waist with soft lace ruffles in the neck and sleeves, and gave much joy to the little girl who always liked to be well dressed.

On her way to and from school she used to sit upon a log to rest. Here I used to amuse myself by watching the plants which were growing around it, but which were unlike my old self because they did not live in such a warm country. But what I enjoyed most was a river which flowed near by and sang the same song as my old friend.—Youth's Companion.

If we regulate our conduct according to our own convictions, we may safely disregard the praise or censure of others.—Pascal.

The moral results of reading are large, even though only secular books are read. Thomas Hood said: "A natural turn for reading preserved me from the moral shipwrecks so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage." We met a father of four boys and two girls in the public library of his village a few months after it was opened. "This is a great thing," he said; "I know where my boys are evenings now." They were at home reading with their sisters.

## THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE BIBLE.

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman: it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. . . . The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen, showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which coloured English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural than the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of a feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-letters in the "Epithalamion," he adopted the very words of the Psalmist, and he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sunbursts with the cry of David: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered. Like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression, that with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of the shopkeepers of to-day.—Green's "Short History of the English People."

### CHARACTER.

Character grows, for the most part, insensibly, as the life grows at first. Now and then it gets notable impulses which we can mark, but commonly, it grows imperceptibly, like our bodies. It drinks in food, like the tree, from both earth and sky, and from hidden sources in both, and, like it, shows its whole history on its bows and branches from the first. The sunshine and the storm, the cold north wind and the soft south, the knife or the neglect, write themselves all over life, in its knots and gnarls, or smooth branches, in its leaning this way or that, in its stunted barrenness or broad shadow, its bending fruitfulness or its woody wantonness—not a leaf but leaves its mark, not a sunbeam but has told on it, not a rain-drop but has added to it. The same tree that is soft and spongy in a fat swamp, with its heavy air, grows hard and noble on the hillside. Spitzbergen forests are breast high, and Nova Scotia hemlocks mourn their cold, wet sky in long, weird shrouds of white moss. The influences round us are self-registering. Our spirits, like the winds, unconsciously write their story in all its fulness on the anemometer—life; slowly in light air, quickly in storms, all goes down. Little by little, the whole comes in the end. Single acts may show character, but they seldom form it, though some are supreme and ruling. It grows ring by ring, and the twig of this year becomes the bough of next. Our habits are another name for it, and they grow like the grass. The man's face lies behind the boy's, but it comes out only after a round of winters and summers.—Dr. Geklie.

## Teacher and Scholar.

Aug. 13th, 1893. } PAUL AT JERUSALEM. { Acts xxi., 27-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For unto you, it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake.—Phil. i. 29.

The voyage of Paul and his companions was continued from Miletus to Ptolemais, with change of vessel at Patara. From Ptolemais they made their way by land to Jerusalem. At various halting places they were able to have fellowship with disciples, and prophecies became more explicit of the dangers awaiting Paul. At Jerusalem he gave to James and the elders a particular account of his work. As there were many Jewish believers at Jerusalem still zealous for the ceremonial law, who had heard exaggerated reports of Paul's attitude to Judaism, the elders proposed to Paul, that to conciliate them he should associate himself with four men who had to discharge a vow, and assume, as was sometimes done, the cost of the sacrifices legally required of them. This would show that he did not despise the ceremonial usages. Paul, while asserting the freedom of the Gentiles from all such obligations, had no hesitancy in complying with them himself, and so at once fell in with the suggestion.

1. The attack. Having purified himself, and entered the temple, he announced to the priests the interval, seven days in this case, until the completion of the purification (v. 26). The time was almost expired, when an attack was stirred up by Jews from Asia Minor, in whose capital, Ephesus, Paul had laboured so long. Having earlier seen with Paul Trophimus, a Gentile Christian from Ephesus, they unwarrantably assumed that Paul had conducted him into the inner court of the temple. Gentiles were admitted into the outer court: but it was death for them to pass into the inner, which was fenced off by a balustrade of stone. The assertion that the temple was being thus polluted would rouse the Jews to frenzy, and their hatred would be embittered by the sweeping charge that Paul was teaching everywhere against everything Jewish, a charge which though false had a semblance of truth. The tumult extended to the whole city. Laying hold of Paul and dragging him out of the temple, whose doors were immediately shut for fear of pollution, the Jews commenced to beat him, with the intention of inflicting the death penalty.

2. The rescue. Tidings at once reached the Roman commander, Claudius Lysias (ch. 23:26), who was stationed at the castle of Antonia. This was on a rock at the northwest angle of the temple area. It had a tower overlooking the temple, and communications by which the garrison could at any time enter the temple court. The commander, or military tribune, had a band of one thousand men, from which he ordered out a force of soldiers and captains sufficiently large to intimidate all opposition. This arrested the action of the mob, who knew too well the consequences to run the risk of collision with the Roman troops. Paul was rescued and bound by chains to a Roman soldier on either side. The commander took him for a noted desperado, and assuming that he must have been guilty of some offence just now, attempted to find from the multitude what he had done. The excitement made the attempt fruitless. Besides it would have been hard to state the alleged crime in a way that would justify any action against Paul. The commander, accordingly, ordered Paul to be brought into the castle barracks.

3. Endeavour to conciliate. The mob followed with such shouts as had greeted Paul's Lord thirty years before (Luke 23:18; John 19:15). When the stair leading to the castle was reached, they pressed so hard, that either Paul was lifted off his feet by the throng and so carried along, or he was carried by the soldiers to protect him against further outrage feared. Anxious to get speaking with the people Paul requested a word with the commander. The Greek language, which Paul spoke, showed the commander that he had been mistaken in identifying him with the Egyptian adventurer, of whom it seems to have been well known that he could not speak Greek. Josephus has two references to him. He had collected a multitude on Mount Olivet, many of whom he deluded into believing that he was the Messiah, and that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down at his word. Felix attacked and scattered his forces. He escaped into the desert between Egypt and Palestine, with a small number, the four thousand assassins (sicarii) mentioned here. They got their name from a short dagger (sica) carried by them. Paul received liberty to speak, and showed his zeal for Christ by telling to the people in their native Aramaean the story of his conversion.