

## Our Young Folks.

### THE SPIDER-WEB.

Whenever I see  
On bush or tree  
A great big spider-web,  
I say with a shout,  
"Little fly, look out!"  
That web seems so pretty and white,  
But a spider hides there and he's ready to bite."  
So if any one here  
Drinks cider or beer,  
I say to him now  
With my very best bow,  
"Have a care of that lager or cider;  
For there hides a wicked old spider;  
And it fills him with joy  
To catch man or boy  
And weave all about him with terrible might.  
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite.

### NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort; and not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven; and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

### A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit or deny it; and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—  
"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.  
"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.  
"Then why not say I did it?"  
"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."  
The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school re-assembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said—  
"Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs," and he burst into tears.  
The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy, smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:  
"Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon: we are both to blame."  
The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done; so still, they might almost have heard Ben's big-boy tears dropping on his book, and as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.

The Prince of Wales denies that he intends visiting the World's Fair.

By anticipation we suffer misery and enjoy happiness before they are in being. We can set the sun and the stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity when the heavens and earth shall be no more.—Addison.

## British and Foreign.

Of the twelve largest cities in the world three are in Japan.

Mexico has public bath houses in every town, however mean it may be in other respects.

The death penalty has just been resumed in Switzerland. For twenty-five years it had been abolished.

England and the continent of Europe are suffering from a severe cold spell, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow.

A chair of Hygiene will shortly be endowed in Queen's College, Belfast, by a prominent merchant of the city.

At the Manse, Lochwinnoch, on the 23rd ult., in his 50th year, died Rev. Robert Zuille Gillfillan, M.A., B.D.

The Rev. John McNeill says that Edinburgh is centuries behind the age because it does not have a Town Hall.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation granting amnesty to Mormons who have forsworn plural marriages since 1890.

In thirty years the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Ireland has changed; then it was 22 to 78, now it is 25 to 75.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the system of phonography named after him, celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth in London on the 4th inst.

The death is announced at Colombo, on the 26th ult., of Mr. A. M. Ferguson, at the age of 77. He was editor and proprietor of the Ceylon Observer.

Rev. Dr. Scott maintains that during the last thirty years the moral, social and religious condition of the working classes has immensely improved.

The veteran Henry Russel, composer of "Cheer boys, cheer," "A life on the ocean wave," "Woodman spare that tree," and other songs, on the 25th ult. entered his eightieth year.

Mr. Wm. Wood, C.A., who married one of the daughters of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, died on the 15th ult., aged 80. An elder in St. George's he gave much aid to its financial work.

The Earl of Kerry, who comes of age on 14th January, is the eldest son of Lord Lansdowne, and the heir to 145,000 acres scattered over nine counties, and having a rent roll of 53,000 pounds.

Glasgow U. P. Presbytery have granted to Wellington congregation liberty of moderation in a call of a colleague-successor to Rev. Dr. Black. The two salaries will be equal.

The largest Baptist church in the world is that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Its returns for this year give a membership of 5328. There are 23 mission stations in connection with it, supplied by 136 lay preachers and others. In the 27 Sunday and ragged schools there are 8001 children, with 592 teachers.

### "THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST."

We stood by a rugged pathway, my unclothed soul and I,  
And watched the throng to the Judgment sweep triumphant or trembling by;  
For I thought that the call had sounded to the everlasting birth,  
And there came at the awful summons the fruit of the travail of earth.

Not, as my thought had pictured, a silent and shadowy band,  
Came they from the land of shadows, wearing the crown or the brand.  
But each as the life had left him—from desert, from mine, or from wave,  
From the field of battle-carnage, and from quiet churchyard grave—  
From the forest's black recesses, from the bone-bleached mountain pass,  
From the slime of the reedy river, from the depths of the still crevasse—  
From the hidden dark of the jungle, from the Arctic's frozen thrall,  
Came the dead of all the ages to answer the trumpet call.

There were eyes with rapture lighted, there were cheeks with horror paled,  
There was guilt with a red hand dripping, and purity virgin-veiled.  
There were lips yet curled with the laughter that was choked when the death-stroke fell;  
There was joy for the winning of heaven and anguish for terror of hell.  
And each bore the mark of the slayer—of fever and famine and fire,  
There were glorified wounds of the martyr, who smiled at the funeral pyre.  
There were scars of the patriot soldier, who through death won his crown of fame;  
And the ball-riddled breast of the traitor whose breath paid his forfeit of shame.  
There was a bruise of the midnight collision, there was victim of levin and storm,

And the stern signet stamp of the frost-king on the rigid, inanimate form.  
There was bane of the bowl and the reptile, brand of axe and of rope and of knife—  
Of each thief that had entered and ravaged the frail habitation of life;  
And a woful and grisly regiment, with a swift and silent tread,  
Marched under the grim commander who marshals the hosts of the dead.

But not for the terror nor pity did I and my awe-struck soul  
Give heed while the ghostly column sped on to the final goal.  
For each phantom carried (and breath came hard and blood ran slow at the sight),  
The sum of his deeds in the raised left hand and a burning torch in the right.  
And the blaze of death's torch illumined, with a just and an awful glare,  
As never the light of life had done, the black and the seeming fair.  
And oh, what reversal of verdicts! for not with the sight of the past  
But to cleared and pure-eyed vision are all things made known at the last.  
And the veils were drawn that had hidden the secrets of faces and hearts;  
And revealed at once and forever stood the "Truth of the inward parts."  
From the greed-stricken soul who gave grudging each coin of his hoarded store,  
From the fair, soft speech of lip-service that failed in fulfilment's hour,  
From the hypocrite, prudent-pious, who would prate but who would not pray,—  
From tyranny masked as justice—the cloaks were stripped away;  
No more lurked in darkness the poison of the liar's tainted breath;  
And the kiss of the sweet betrayer was known for the seed of death.

But the torch of the spurned and the guilty shed hope on the sin and gloom,  
The coward who blenched in the battle bore his brother's felon-doom.  
There were forsworn lips that had solaced the widow's need and grief,  
And the heaven-blest cup of cold water was held in the hand of the thief;  
The deserter, false to his colours, could point to his captain's life  
Saved once at his deadliest peril in the hottest storm of the strife;  
And the trampled daughter of sorrow lifted eyes whence the dews of shame  
Were wiped by Divine compassion, her love and her tears her claim.

Then I turned to the shade beside me—"Oh soul of my soul!" I cried,  
"Knowest thou thy place or fortune, with the lost or the glorified?  
When the great account shall be given, and thou bringest thy deeds in thy hand,  
On which side of the solemn balance will thy record of judgment stand?  
When the roll is called wilt thou answer when the pardoned are summoned by name?  
Or, when thy torch is kindled will it flare on the path to shame?"  
I turned—but the shade had left me—I stood in the dark alone;  
The light, and the throng, and the turmoil of joy and of fear, were gone.  
Was the vision a dream or a forecast? Who knoweth?—And who dare say  
What deeds shall bear the shining of the torch of the latter day?

ANNIE ROTHWELL, in The Week.  
Kingston.

## Teacher and Scholar.

Jan. 29 } THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD. { Zech. 1v  
1893. } 1-10.

The preceding vision, (that of last lesson), gave assurance that the religious head of the nation was reinstated. The present gives assurance that Zerubbabel, the civil head, is also God's anointed. It discloses the inexhaustible source of grace, through which the church is to shine, enlightening the world. It is designed to give the people confidence in their ruler, and to encourage him amid the formidable difficulties with which he has to contend.

1. The Vision. Some little interval probably separates this from the preceding vision. The angel comes again. Zerubbabel is stirred to keen attention, as one awakened out of sleep. The golden candlestick with seven lamps which he sees, clearly has for its basis, the seven-branched lamp of the Mosaic tabernacle. This lamp, (Exod. 25, 31.), with its artificial light was needed for the windowless tent. But in addition it symbolized the whole church or people of God, (Rev. 1, 12, 20), precious as gold, enriched with the oil of the Spirit, and set to shine as a light in the world. Matt. 5, 14; Luke, 12, 35; Phil. 2, 15. The seven lamps on one stand, indicate not merely multiplicity in unity in the people of God, but also perfection, which as yet finds its reality only

in the head of the church. The oil by which the light is maintained, is specially prepared from the olive, (Ex. 27, 20), in the Old Testament, a characteristic symbol of the Spirit of God. The light is not the natural knowledge of God, but one furnished over and above nature, a reproduction of the light of Him, who is the light of the world. It refers also to divine saving grace in general. The vision reminded Zechariah, that the handful of Jews in Jerusalem, was at this time a light preserver for the whole world, and the instrument through which saving grace would be indicated to all. The candlestick seen by Zechariah had, however, features peculiar to itself. Instead of requiring daily to be supplied with oil by the priests, it has a bowl, a reservoir of oil, upon the top, from which seven pipes (R.V.) are conveyed to each of the seven lamps. The number indicates the complete supply of oil afforded. On the right and left of the bowl stand two olive trees. On these Zechariah discovers (v. 12) two fruit bearing branches, the olives on which spontaneously discharge their golden oil into two golden pipes, (R.V. spouts), through which it is poured into the bowl and thence reaches the seven lamps. This distinctive feature would suggest to the prophet that the supply of the light-giving oil was continuous and inexhaustible. It flowed from a living fountain.

II. The Explanation. The prophet would at once think of the general significance of the Mosaic candlestick, but the peculiarities observed here lead him to ask an explanation from the angel. He is told that this is the way Jehovah of hosts takes of saying to Zerubbabel—Not by might (i.e. an army) nor by power, but by My spirit. The greatness of the task and the weakness of his resources might well discourage Zerubbabel, at whose command lay no great world force. But above the might of earthly armies, higher than the greatest power of physical strength, is the Lord of hosts. His spirit is the source of every enlightening action that glorifies His name. He is the fountain of grace, His stores of divine knowledge, of holiness are sufficient for all spiritual activity that is to be put forth. The vessel of the lamp may be small, but so long as the channel, connecting with the living fountain is kept open, there need be no fear that grace will be awaiting for any actual duty. To Zerubbabel the difficulties in the way might well seem a mountain, huge, insurmountable. There were difficulties from the total lack of all political independence and uncertainty regarding the attitude of the Persian king, difficulties from the avowed hostility of surrounding tribes, and from apathy among the Jews themselves. But in the power of God's spirit they will all be overcome. Every mountain and hill shall be made low. Faith holding fast unto God by his promises, can say to the mountain,—Be thou removed, and it shall be done, Matt. 12, 20; 21, 21. Ultimately, the headstone, for whose hewing and carving the Lord of hosts has made himself responsible (Ch. 3, 9), will be brought forth and placed in its right position amid the loud acclamations of the people. Their shoutings, "grace, grace unto it," will express their joyful acknowledgement that the work has been carried on and completed by the gracious power of Jehovah, and will form an earnest prayer that His redoubled favour will be shown to the finished work, and the stone kept long in its place. The completion is a new beginning. In plain language the Lord then states that Zerubbabel is to have the honour of not only commencing, but of completing the temple. With the blindness men often exhibit to contemporary great men, his countrymen might look on him as weak and incompetent, thinking that no great work would be done by such a man. But the Lord of hosts by fulfilling His promise, will give a distinct proof that He has commissioned the interpreting angel to declare this prophecy. To the ancient men who had seen the first house, it might seem the day of small things, when the foundations of the temple were laid, Ezra 3, 12. But who that seeks to accomplish anything great despises a real beginning, even though small? The result will justify the day of small things. Those seven eyes, which see everything on the earth (Prov. 15, 3; II Chron. 16, 9.) which were directed towards the stone (ch. 3, 9) will rest with joy on Zerubbabel, plummet in hand, fitting it into its place, as the headstone of the temple (see R.V.). The universal perfect providence of God, will continue to be exercised on behalf of this stone, until the work, which God's spirit has aroused Zerubbabel to undertake, is completed. More generally by the positive communication of God's grace all obstacles are overcome and the establishment of His kingdom effectually secured.

### Lessons:

The people of God are golden light bearers to the world.

Light bearing is conditioned on continuous living union with the fountain of light.

All work for which God's spirit is pledged is sure of success.