

Our Young Folks.

Mamma's Instructions.

First, take up the baby and give her a kiss, (it will all go wrong if you don't do this). Then give her a bath from her own hot eyes, and kiss her again if she cries.

Then dress her up quickly, charmingly neat. Put stockings and shoes on the pink little feet. And when she is finished all lovely to see, Then kiss her again for me.

Then give her a seat in her little high chair. Put fasten her in with tenderest care. And feed her with milk from her own shining cup. Then kiss her and take her up.

Then get out the blocks to amuse her awhile. Until she is tired she can't even smile. Then hush her, and when she is silent she lies. Kiss her on folded eyes.

Then lay her down softly for fear she should wake. But before you come out, look you can take. And if very quiet her breathing should be. Kiss her again for me.

The Little Bear.

The Little Bear is a small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the great bear was much older than the little, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there must have been a real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of a dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper for the bear's body. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who "flourished" (as the school books call it) about 350 years before the Christian era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years.

But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phoenicians were as celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English-speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail."

Admiral Smyth gives some particulars about the two stars in the little bear called the "guardians of the pole." "Records tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—'which many do call the Shaftes, and others do name the Guardas, after the Spanish tongue.' Richard Eden, in 1554, published his 'Arte of Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'stares,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the month of the 'borne,' as the figure was called." (The pole-star would mark the small end of the borne.) "How often," says Hervey in his "Meditations," "have these stars beamed bright intelligence on the sailor, and conquered the keel to its destined haven!"—Prof. R. A. Proctor, *St. Nicholas for March*.

"Budge's Story on Noah."

Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad, that he was sorry he ever made anybody or any world, or anything. But Noah wasn't bad; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drowned but Noah, an' his little boys an' girls an' doggies, an' pussies, an' mamma cows, an' little boy-cows, an' little girl-cows, an' horses an' everything; they'd go in the ark and wouldn't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark; cookies, an' milk, an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—O, yes! plum pudding an' pumpkin pie. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drowned, so he talked to folks and said: "It's going to rain awful pretty soon, you'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark." An' they jins' said: "O, if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops; and other folks said: "We ain't afraid of rain—we've got an umbrella," and some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it did rain though, an' folks went in their houses, an' the water came in; an' they went up stairs, an' the water went up there; an' they got on top of the houses an' up in big trees an' up in mountains, and the water went after them, everybody, only just except Noah and the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days and nights, an' then it stopped; and Noah got out of the ark, an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted, and everything in the world was all there; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, no Kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, no nothin'. Now, tell us 'nother story.—*Helen's Babies*.

If God sends thee a cross, take it up and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, alight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not.—*Quarles*.

LORD CASTLEREAGH and Sir Thomas Remilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their berration of intellect on the ground that they were unimpaired in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow!" it was non-observance of the Sabbath.

Sabbath School Teacher.

Bible Classes.

How should Bible Bible classes be managed? Is a question which the Rev. Edward Eggleston discusses, arrived at the conclusion that "the true method is the method by development, wherein the teacher draws out the sentiments of the class, makes them think for themselves, and keeps them engaged on the lesson. The teacher must control the drift of the lesson. Do not allow the lesson to be diverted from its main purpose without good reason. Study what the rest of the school study. Stick to the rich Gospel themes. Let there be a moral discipline and a preaching of Christ in every lesson. Avoid stiffness, as you would death. Let the teaching be conversational in manner. Always be courteous. Hear every answer or remark patiently and treat it respectfully. When you ask a question of the class, get your answer, if possible. Use a black board in every lesson. Let the class purchase all the maps and models that are needed. Appoint certain members to investigate certain points in the next week's lesson and report. Put your soul into your class. Shake hands with every member at the close. Visit your scholars. Get all the social hold upon them that you can, and you will solve the great question of the retaining of the older scholars. Above all, strive to bring them to a knowledge of Christ."

REV. DR. RANDOLPH, Secretary of the Philadelphia Sabbath School Union, gives the following "advantages of the International Lesson System. 1. It puts within the reach of teachers and scholars better helps than ever before. 2. It enables the teachers to help each other. 3. It enables the heads of families to keep a particular line of Bible truth before the household. 4. Gives to pastors an opportunity to render the school the most important and direct assistance. 5. Enables the scholars to continue the study when unavoidably detained from school. 6. Greatly assists the superintendent in the management of the school, supplying place of absent teachers, etc. In the country at large, 1. Sunday-school workers become mutual helpers. 2. The attention of the world called to Bible truth. 3. Use of secular as well as religious press in teaching the truth. 4. Promotes fraternal feeling between denominations and sections of the country.

Life. Serious.

Gentlemen, this universe, up to the edge of the tomb, is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career, a man has but one chance. Even if you come weighted into the world, as Sinbad was with the Old Man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth and right on. The wandering, squandering, dissipated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth, and the universe might be searched, probably in vain, for such a spring. Waste your youth; you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws. It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but, on the other side, these are the truths of bliss; for by this very law through which all character tends to become unchanging, a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk, and is delivered once for all from its torture and unrest. It has passed the bourne from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law, is the keeper of His sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of His hand. Himself without variableness of shadow of turning, he maintains the irresolvableness of all natural forces, one of which is the insufferably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good as well as bad.—*Joseph Cook's Lectures on Infidelity*.

True Wealth.

We dedicate our other talents to God, but what of money? Has He nothing to do with that? or is it to be the one talent wrapped up in a napkin and returned as it was given? It has been very useful in its way; it has furnished handsome houses, and bought choice specimens of art; paid for sumptuous entertainments, and made Christian women look very fashionable in their expensive dresses. It has built exquisite conservatories, brought orchids and exotics from distant lands, and helped the followers of a crucified thorn-crowned Saviour to surround themselves with beautiful sights, musical sounds, and sweet fragrance, before they get to the promised land, it has encompassed them with domestic enjoyment and abounding comforts. But what of the Master's increase? Is money too sordid a thing to present to Him? Is there no bank for the gold and silver which pays interest beyond time? No investment for eternity? When the servants are called for, can it be that the stewards of wealth, God's wealth, will not pass muster?

Oh, Christians! Christians! the bridegroom is coming, the judge is at the door! Will you show Him your accumulated treasures, your luxurious houses, your costly jewels, your well-filled coffers, and satisfactory balances and say, "There is thy talent?" or will you point to the blood-washed, white-robed soul—once lost and outcast and miserable—and say, "I found them in the streets and lanes, in the highways and hedges, and compelled them to come in, that Thy house might be filled?"—*Extract from a little book published in the year 1869.*

The Church in the House.

The other day in one of Mr. Moody's meetings an aged man stood up and asked prayer for the conversion of his wife. "How long have you lived together?" said the evangelist. "Thirty-five years," was the reply. "What! all that time, and she not converted yet!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, and the words produced such an impression on the heart of the stranger, that he immediately requested the applications of the people for himself.

The incident was a striking one, and if we knew all the effects that followed on the preacher's exclamation, we might perhaps discover that it went with power to the consciences of multitudes for whom, at the moment, it was not specially intended. For it must be confessed that in these days we are making far too little of "the church in the house," and while neglecting to use the means which centre in the family, we are looking for the conversion of the members of our households, as the consequence of efforts put forth by others elsewhere. We are delegating our duties to others. The wife is content if she can only get her husband to accompany her to the church on Sabbath. The husband thinks he has done his duty when he requests the prayers of a meeting for his wife. Parents send their children to the Sunday School, and expect they will be converted through the teacher's influence; and the brother who is constant in his labors at the mission school never thinks of speaking to his own sister concerning her soul. Of course, in speaking thus we shall not be considered as hostile to Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings, the value of these agencies it is quite beyond our power to estimate; but still, they should be the allies of, and not the substitutes for, home efforts. The family is the fountain-head of human feeling, and all that is holiest, truest, and most tender in our nature gives its influence to intensify the force of the exertions which are there put forth.

Yet how sadly this central agency is neglected! We will venture to say that the old man to whom Mr. Moody spoke was not the only husband in the vast assembly who never had an earnest and affectionate talk with his wife on spiritual things. There are too many such in all our congregations. May the Master Himself unstring their tongues, and help them to speak words in season for Him!

How little use is made of the family altar! In most households, we fear, the domestic worship has dwindled into a service for the morning alone, and even then it has become a thing of form and custom, without either interest or life. There is little in it to arouse the attention or to move the heart, and the thought of securing the conversion of any member of the household through it, is seldom present to the minds of any who engage in it.

Then as to domestic instruction, we have heard one gravely say, that "he would rather teach a class of ragged boys, than attempt to speak to his own children about the Gospel of Christ." The words made a very painful impression on our hearts, and we could not help repeating the old lamentation, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." There is no voice so powerful with a daughter as her father's entreaty, and no words will find their way so effectively to the heart of a son as those of his mother. Why then should they allow others to rob them of the joy of leading their loved ones to the Lord?

The truth is, that in regard to this whole subject a false sentiment has been allowed to grow up among us. We seldom or never think of a soul's conversion except in connection with some sermon, or some inquiry-meeting, or some agency outside of the house; whereas, if Christians were as they ought to be, they would look for the blessing as the special result of home influence. And then when young people came to make profession of their faith, we should hear them say, "My mother led me to the Lord," or "could not resist my father's entreaty," or, "I was drawn by the sweet influence of my father's life." No doubt we welcome conversion when it comes, and bless God for it, no matter what has been the human instrumentality in producing it; yet the household is the natural place for its production; and even though in times of revival we are delighted to hear of large and enthusiastic meetings, we cannot allow the family to be forgotten.

When Peter speaks to the wives of unconverted husbands he does not ask them to bring their cases out in public, or even to make expostulation with them, but he says that "if they obey not the Word, they also may win without the Word be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." Thus the influence of home life is ever the most potent; and when example, precept, and prayer are twined together in one threefold cord, they make a band of love which cannot easily be broken or resisted.

So let us begin at the home. Let the reading of this article be the starting-point of a conversation on spiritual experience in every household into which it enters. Let each family be for the time resolved into an enquiry-meeting, and in the hour when daylight is fading, and night has not yet set in—the time when confidences are most thoroughly exchanged, as we sit among "the shadows dancing in the fitful fire-light"—let us talk with each other about the things which concern our peace. Thus the home will become a sanctuary, and the earthly Bethel will be an antechamber to the heavenly.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

MAN'S love to his God is like the changing sand; His is like the solid rock. Man's love is like the passing meteor with its fitful gleam; His is like the fixed stars, shining far above, clear and serene, from age to age, in their own changeless firmament.—*Rev. J. McDuff*.

An illustration of the truth that if the mills of God grind slowly they grind sure, is found in the fact that eighty-nine descendants of the Huguenots banished from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, returned to that country in 1870 as officers in the German army. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again."

Keep the Children Happy.

Invent every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, in the evenings. Never mind if they scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand against, if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff froresides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone into the water, it goes on and on through a man's whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may waken the remembrance for a time, but each toned upon the chord of memory will awaken the old-time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ready cheeks laid up to yours, when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Thomas or the songs of Nils; when you would gladly have dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more.

Then play with and pet them; praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a taste for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveller or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits and chickens and pigeons, and down to the creek fall to see the fluster mill in full operation. Have them gather you mosses and grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is over all the earth; and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joy.—*Golden Rule*.

Seek the Sunshine.

A good effect of the blue glass excitement will be to make the people seek the sunshine. Says an exchange:

"It is known to every person pretending to education that an animal or plant deprived for many hours of all access to fresh air would perish by a kind of suffocation. It is much less generally known that neither animal nor plant can flourish, or enjoy health in darkness. Certain blanched flowers and vegetables are obtained by the very process of rearing them in a darkened cellar, but their whiteness is itself a disease, and indicates the destructive effect produced by lack of the vital element of light. Bright, clear, full sunshine for many hours daily is essential to real health."

The South Pole.

A writer in *All the Year Round*, describing Ross's stormy experiences in the Antarctic regions, thus sums up what is known of the neglected Pole:

"Whenever the gallant commander got south of sixty degrees or so, then the battling with ice began again and again. He once touched as we have said, the seventy-eighth parallel of latitude, and in all probability no human being has ever made a nearer approach to the South Pole—less by three or four hundred miles than the approach which has recently been made to the North Pole. What we know of the South Pole then, is simply this—that nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it; that icy barriers are met with, quite eclipsing anything that is known in the North Frigid Zone; that mountains have been seen (one shooting forth volcanic flames) loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond fifty-six degrees of latitude; that no vegetable growth except lichens, has been seen beyond fifty-eight degrees of latitude; and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond sixty-six degrees of latitude."

Blue Glass.

Much general interest has recently been awakened by the alleged discovery of the remarkable medical properties of the rays of light as transmitted through the medium of blue glass. Gen. Pleasanton first communicated the discovery to the public in a small book and through the press. His knowledge was the result of personal experiment in which he had received great relief and benefit by subjecting himself to the influence of the blue rays. The effect upon himself was such as to convince him that these rays possessed curative qualities of great power. He tried it upon plants and upon animal life. Grape vines are alleged to have been influenced by it to an extraordinarily rapid and vigorous growth, and the same effect was produced upon young animals exposed to the blue rays. The theory that these rays possess superior chemical powers to the others, and develop a greater amount of heat, and are especially stimulating to vegetation, has been prevalent among the French savans.

The experiment is easily tried, and is inexpensive. Some place an alternate pane of blue glass in their windows inside of the other glass, which answers very well, and most favorable results are reported from the trial in this form. Or the windows may be glazed with the blue and plain glass alternately. A southern exposure is most favorable to the success of the experiment. A sun-bath of an hour or so a day in the blue rays, gradually, but rather speedily, produces amendment and ultimate cure, according to the testimony of quite a number who had faith enough in the theory to reduce it to practice. For affections of the nerves, nervous debility and prostration, it is recommended.

Our Duty to Missions.

(From an editorial in an American Exchange of Feb. 23, 1877.)

It efforts and sacrifices are demanded of us to relieve the distressed, or to promote the interests of religion, our inquiry should be, not whether the contemplated labors will assuredly all of the desired purpose, but simply, "What does Christ require?" Do His precepts and example authorize the sacrifices?

The believer who habitually acts in conformity with this principle, will suffer no obstacles, however formidable in appearance, to keep him from the performance of his duty. He is not deterred by the prejudices and plausible objections suggested by worldly prudence; he stops not to calculate the consequences of an action; for these he is not accountable, but for his works and for the motives which govern him in performing them. With his eye on the command of his Lord, and not on the effects which may result from his actions, he girds on the Gospel armor, takes up the cross, and advances with a fearless step to the discharge of duty, leaving the consequences with God. In this course he is encouraged by the assurance that he will be rewarded, not according to his success, but according to his works. To this course of life he is drawn by the power of divine love; thus he is invited and allowed by the honors of immortality, an eternal weight of glory, the inheritance reserved for him in heaven.

Woman in India.

In India a woman is looked upon as a thing, which can be bought, beaten and abused. The birth of a daughter in the house is looked upon as a calamity. One of the most frequent forms of abuse among the people is, "You father of a daughter!"

A Hindu wife must never speak to her husband in public; when on a journey, she must walk several paces behind him; must never, except on their marriage day, eat with him; and on that day, as the marriage procession marches through the street, she must support the train of her husband's dress. In one of the Hindu sacred books, it is laid down that "by a girl, or by a young woman, or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done even in her own dwelling-place, according to more pleasure;" and "a husband must be revered as a god by a virtuous wife."

In another of them the following abominable passages occur:—

"Woman's sin is greater than that of man."

"Falsehood, cruelty, bowchery, folly, covetousness, impurity, and unmercifulness, are woman's inseparable faults."

"Women are they who have an aversion to good works."

"Women have hunger twofold more than men; cunning, fourfold; violence, sixfold; and evil desires, eightfold."

"Through their evil desires, their want of a settled affection, and their perverse natures, let them be guarded in this world ever so well, they soon become alienated from their husbands."

"Let not a woman be much loved; let her only have that degree of affection which is necessary. Let the fulness of affection be reserved for brothers and other similar connections."

"Let a wife who wishes to perform sacred ablution wash the feet of her lord, (husband,) and drink the water; for her lord to a wife is greater than Shunkara or Vishnu," (the names of two of the Hindu gods). "The husband is her god, and priest, and religion; wherefore, abandoning everything else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband."—*Dr. C. S. Valentine, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church*.

Literary taste in Children.

I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bed-time some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby" and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper-scraps in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bed-time routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The rollicking four year old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low wind of the Western Sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve,"—sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the other child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies,—a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation,—just as German children who grow up in an "atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and explain similes and allusions.—*From "Letters to a Young Mother," Scribner for March*.