Our Joung Kolks.

The Cherister's Last Hymn.

"Is my boy beginning to feel tired?"
"Tired, oh, not not tired! The child spread his weak fingers out upon the coverind, and turned his dark, wistful eyes to his mother as he speke, "Im not nearly tired yet, mother; are you?"
"No, dear."
What a fragila little thing to

What a fragile little thing he looked, lying there in the evening twilight, so pale and thin, with his golden curls all pushed away from his temples, and his large eyes gazing cornestly out of the window !

Everybody knew Claude Davenel was dying; he knew it himself, and his mother knew it as she sat there watching him. All the villagers knew it, and many an eye was wet as the name of little Claude was whis-

pered among them.

He was everybody's favourite. He was the pet of the school master, and of the boys too; he was the clergyman's favourite, and not one boy in the choir envied him his sweet voice.

Claude had taken his illness on a chilly autumn evening, when the choir was practising in church. One of his companions, Willie Dalton, complained of a sore throat, so that he could not sing, and he sat down sold and sick in his own place. Claude took off his comforter and wrapped ground his friend's neck, and when the practising was over he ran home with him, and then put on his comforter again as he went back to

his own home. Willie was sickening for the scarlet fever, and poor Claude caught it too. Willie recovered; but poor Claude had taken the disease in its worst form, and though the fever had left him, he had never been able to the state of the sta to recover his strength, and he had grown weaker and weaker, and wasted away.

And so it was that on this calm Sunday evening he had been drawn up close to the

window, to listen to the church bells slow-ly ringing out and calling people in.

Claude could from the window plainly see the church he loved so well standing there in the centre of the village, and towering over the cottages as if it would protect them from every evil. He could see the steeple rising up to the leep blue sky, topped by the lazy weathercock. He could see the ivy-coloured belfry, with its tiny window peeping out of the green-

The bell stopped; and Claude's eyes grew more wistful as the sound of the organ fell upon his ear. That stopped too, and then all was still. He closed his eyes until he heard it again; and then he opened

them, listening intently.
"You are sure you are not tired,
Claude?"
"Oh, quite sure, mother."
"They will be coming out of church in a

"They will be coming out of church in a few minutes, and then you must go to bed. I think the Doctor would scold me if he saw

He put out his wasted little hand to take

hers, and gently stroked it. "They are coming out now mother," he said, after a minute's pause. "Lift me up a little, mother dear: I want to see them. I can hear the boys' footsteps on the gravel -hift me a little higher, mother—they are coming this way. I can't see them, but I can hear them—they are coming down our street. Mother, put your hand out and wave my handkerchief to them."

She did as he desired her, and waved the handkerchief once or twice and then drow

The trampling of feet had stopped under his window, and there was alow murmur of

Another moment and there was a gentle tap at the door, and Willie Dalton slipped

"Mrs. Davenel, we want to sing to Claude." The question had been whispered, but

Claude heard and caught at it ongerly. "Oh, do I do I Mother let me hear them -just once more." o poor mother nodded her head sadly.

"It can't hurt him, Willie, and he likes The boy cast a loving blance upon his friend, and then went quietly out of the

There were a few minutes of silence below, and then the choir boys sang Claude's favourite hymn:

My God, my Father while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, Oh teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

He listened intently when it came to the fourth verse,

If Thou should'st call me to resign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine, I only yield Thee what is Thine; "Thy will be done!"

He clasped his hands together and gently began to join in. When the hymn was ended his mother bent down over her son. His head had fallen back upon the pillow, and the color had fled from his checks.
"Hother, he said." write 'Thy will be

done! over my grave when I am gone."
So the little chorister died. He is buried in a spot near the path to the choir vestry; and till those choir boys had given place to others, they used to sing each year the same hymn, at Claude Davenel's grave, on the evening of the day on which he died.— Childrens' Prize.

Reason Why.

"Why were you not at Sanday school this morning?"

"I did not have my new hat," said a hitle girl that loved dress very much.
"I did not get up in time to get ready,"
said one that is not very in lustrious.
"I have a leasen" spiid one

I did not know my lesson," said one

that would not know my
that would not study.
"I had lost my book, and was all the
morning hunting for it," said a caroless one.
"I was playing, and forgot it," said a
thoughtless hav thoughtless boy.
"I was too cold," said a little girl with

Warm clothes and good shoes.
"My teacher is hardly over there, and I thought it was no use to go," said one who Wanted a teacher

"I went to the country and did not get back in time," said an indifferent girl. "I was sick," said a boy who had eaten

all the cake his mother had. I stayed at home because it rained, Maid one with a good umbrella.—Children's

John and the Postage-Stamp.

John was a boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lives on a small rocky farm among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelore from the kitchen wood-bex, and saw t'at the postage-stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp t show that it had done its duty and was henceforth useles. "The portmacter missed bis aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as now. I'll use it myself." He moistened it at the nose of the tea-

kettle and carefully pulled the stamp oil.

"No," said conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one

letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can earry another," said John,
"because, you see, there is no mark to
prove it worthless. The post-office will not

"But you know," said conscience, " and that is enough. It is not honest to use " a second time. It is a little matter to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John,

faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it; that is enough; and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."
"Yes," cried all the best part of John's

character, "yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will

John tore it in two, and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory. I hope he will grow up and he a good man and a follower of the Lord Jesus.

Good Enough for Home.

BY AUNT MARJORY.

When I mot Mattie Simmons at her cousins in Philadelphia, last winter, I thought her one of the nestest, prettiest, prightest girls I had ever seen. She would come into the breakfast-room in a nicely fitting dress, a jeanty white apron with pockets in it, and a primress tie, with a smiling face to set them off. Whenever you must her, her toilet was comme il faut,

and hor manners were levely.

But lately I paid a visit at Mattic's own home. What witch-work had wrought a change in my darling? She were the most shipshod shoes, the dir grest wrappers, and the most soiled and twisted collars. She hardly took the trouble to say goodmorning when she came down stairs.
"Has there been a fire?" I inquired.

No," was the astonished reply. " Has Mattie s trunk coon lost, or have burglars got into her closet?'

"Then, Mattie dear, where are all your pretty clothes gone?"
"O, they are all in the house. I think

Why, certainly not."

old things are good enough for home, Aunt Marjory. A great many young ladies are of Mat-tic's opinion. They consider anything fit for father and mother to see. They take no pains to be beautiful and attractive in the household. And then they are surprised

when their brothers think other boys' bistors meer than themselves. A girl's dress and a girl's behavior at home can hardly be too carefully designed. There is a brusque candor about home-folks too often, that makes it harder to be good there than to be good on a visit. But the daughter is the silver clasp of the family circle, and she should never forget

that it is her privilege to look pretty, well as hor duty. The Seventh of Romans.

The seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans has come into unusual prominence of late, owing to the singular treatment which it has received from the advocates of the "Ingher Life." It has been spoken of in a tone of depreciation, and even of dislike, singularly inconsistent with that sur-render of heart and mind which they profess to give to other parts of Scripture, so that in some companies and somes places it has been called "the miserable seventh of Romans." Mr. Moody, who seems to have an observant eye on all the phases of modeln error in the Church, in one of his late discourses, aimed a passing blow at those who are accustomed to use these words, by quaintly remarking that "those who boast of having got out of 'the miserable seventh of Romans' often require to be sent ick to the beginning of the chap-

The dislike which is evinced to this chapter is that it confesses sin—sin which, as this official now), made an argumen Dr. Horatius Bonar well says, "No longer | haughty, high priestly, arrogent style. says, " It furnishes a key to an experience which would otherwise be mexplicable, the which would other these be the appeared it, solution of difficulties which, without it, would have been a stambling-block and a mystery. It is God's recognition of the saint's inner conflict as an indispensable process of discipline, as a development of the contrast between light and darkness, as an exhibition of the way in which God is glorified in the infirmities of the saints, and in their contests with the powers of evil. * * * It accounts for the inevil. * * * * It accounts for the in-ner warfare of the forgiven man, and gives the apostle's experience as a specimen of the conflict."

But the chief object we have in view in noticing this subject, is to enter our pro-test agents the use of language which we think is dishonoring to the Word of God. If one man may be permitted to call the seventh chapter of Romans a "miserable chapter," another man may claim, the right to say the same thing of the fity first Psalm. They both describe states of feel-Psalm. They both describe states of feeling which are paintul, they both utter the language of humilation and shame, but they are "miserable" only as they represent the misery which springs from an. And they both end with thanktuines and joy of delivered souls. The theory which depreciates them as substantial parts of God's Holy Word must be wrong.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXVIII.

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ight]_{0}$ REVIEW OHNISY REJECTED. $\left[rac{\log t}{47+55}
ight]_{0}$

Сомии то мемову ув. 17, 5%, PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Balaum, Num.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With vs. 47, 48, rend Ps. n. 2; with v. 40, read Acta iv. 6; with v. 50, read Isa. xlix. 6; with vs. 51, 52, read Matt. xx. 28; with v. 58, read Matt. xxvi. 8, 4, and 1 Kings xix. 4.

Golous Text.—He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griof.—Isa, lni. 8.
Central Thorn.—Christ came unto His
own and his own received him not.

The miracles of Jesus not only attracted notice, impressed the people and showed his tender and compassionate nature, but they formed a foundation for the belief in hm as the Messiah. The raising of Lazarus thereafter to be, Christians. This is the markable miracle in itself. The social position of Lazarus gave it some interest.

"mystery that had been hid from the position of Lazarus gave it some interest."

"mystery that had been hid from the position of Lazarus gave it some interest."

"mystery that had been hid from the position of Lazarus gave it some interest." "The Jews," i.e., the party opposed to Christ, were the spectators of it; they could not challenge the evidence of it. It was done in the neighborhood of Jerusalem and so attracted unusual nonce. It decided many waverers and confirmed the well disposed toward Jesus. Hence the early and decisive movement it occasioned among the Jewish leaders, and of which our lesson gives the account. The interest of the lesson is in this, that it unfolds the illegal grounds of the Hebrew leaders' rejection of Jesus, and shows that he did not suffer death in a moment of spasmodio popular fury, but as the result of premeditated malice, and deliberate conspiracy. The nation of the Jews, by its chiefs and by its common people, crucified him (Acts ii. 28).

The ruling body of the Jews, not including the Roman power, was a council of seventy (one) men, twenty-three making a The name, Sanhedrim, is Greek, and therefore comparatively modern among the Jews. The council though claimed to be in succession to that of Numbers xi. 16, 17, probably took shape after the return of the captivity. It was composed of priests, scribes or lawyers, and elders, and its number is alleged (not proved) to have been seventy-one (the seventy according to Moses example, the one for Moses himsolf). Some allege that seventy-two was the proper number of the elders. Its presi-dent was often the High Priest, as in the cendemnation of Jesus (Matt. xxvi. 62). It sat in a hall of its own, sometimes in the High Pricat's house (Matt. xxvi. 8, 4), had a vice-president, and sat in a semi-circle in front of these officers. Faulty tribes, prophets or priests were tried by this court. Hence it was summoned to deal with Jesus. He was treated as a false prophet. So were-Peter, John, Stephen, and Paul at a later time. Jewish authorities declare that the death-power was withdrawn from this court forty years before the fall of Jorusalem, an unintentional corroboration of John xvai. 81.

The prime movers in collecting this meeting were chief (loading) priests and Pharisees. They expressed alarm at their own helplessness and inactivity, and the growing copularity of Jesus. "This man doth many miracles." Out of their own mouths they are condemned. Are they true miracles? Then why do ye not be-lieve in him? How does he effect them? Are they false? Then why not expose him? To the council an argument is urged which deserves notice (v. 48). "The Romans will come," etc. Why they were there! Yes, but in no great force, only enough to keep the country quiet, not in evewhelming numbers as afterwards. Their idea was, or they affected to believe, for they ware not sincere, that Jesus was setting himself up as a head and popular leader, that his followers were becoming sufficiently numerous to attract Roman notice, and to look like a national revolt, which would provoke their conquerors utterly to root them out ("take away," see Matt. xxiv. 30), and destroy whatever life the nation still retained. But he disclaimed all kingly power (Luke xii. 14). and if he wrought miracles, what fear could there be even of the Romans? It is a good specimen of the effort to evade evil by sin. It hastens the calamity it was meant to avert. Not now but later, and in punishment from God for this sin, the Romans did this very thing

effectually.

Here Caiaphas, who had long been High Priest, and was so then (" in that year," 49, there was much political changing of this official now, made an argument in a reigns, but fights." It is a chapter which was a Sadduce, probably son-in-law of disturbs all professions of perfection, white Annas, greatly in favor of public tranquildistur's all professions of perfection, while we remain in this world, and are not yet, ity, "things as they were.") "Ye know delivered from the body of this death. It contains a street which is competed to its competence of the week of seasonity of his competers, particularly rival Pharisees, he being a Saddine "law in the members which wars against the law of the mind." As another against the law of the mind." As another says, "It turnishes a key to an experience say; "It turnishes a key to an experience of the meant to forest-life objection, thus, "You says, "It turnishes a key to an experience who may not be a traitor or mean any evil. But do ye not see the evil of which he may be the occasion? Better that he be cut off than the whole nation. It is expedient for us to make away with him."

There are two kinds of expediency. That which submits to some evil (not moral) for

a great good. It is expedient to cut off a hand to save the life. Of two such evils we are to choose the less; of two moral evils choose neither. That which does evil that good may come. Caiaples (and priests generally) favored this. He had no true idea of that atonement which his words unconsciously describes. He was simply arguing his case and carrying his point, arguing his case and carrying his point, and he was stimulated in his zeal by his being high priest, and afraid of the power shipping from his and his follows' hands, in consequence of the miracles of this Josus who assailed the party so fearlessly. It was noble in Christ to give. It was base to sell an innocent his for self preservation. It was wrong to do any injustice even for a untional object. We have the Evangelist's comments on his words. The events, which fell out quite differently from his

too, for he contemplated also "all the children of God scuttered abroad," all the

true Israel, Jews and Gentiles. It is a most natural reflection from the point of tune and of view from which John wrote. It is a piece of that selema irony which meets us 1.. so many cases of retri-butive justice. It is of the same order with Balaam's prophecy; with the reed, the robe, the crown and the inscription on Christ's cross. Truly he was a king, "the King of the Jews."

And his counsel prevailed. They resolved from that time forth to watch the first opportunity to compues the death of Jesus, and in fact required that his whereabouts should be reported. He was prac-tically an outlaw from that day. What Caiaphas uttered in ignorance, and in selfish and unprincipled policy, let us look at as John could see it. The innocent has died for the guilty. One man suffered to save a nation, and not a nation only, but the whole family named after' him, then and tiles, is the propitation for the sins of the whole world, no exception being made against any man of any race, color, age or chine. He gathers into one (mystical) body all the children of God, he the head, they the members (Eph. u. 18, 14). He is "in the midst' not only of the thieves on the cross, but of all prophecy, of all history,

of all goodness, of all good men, of the whole family in heaven and mearth.

Yet the Jows' council deliberately rejected him. So do men still and under like like influences. They could not keep the county of the place of the p power and own Jesus. The pleasure seeker cannot indulge and own Christ. The unscrupulous politician, the tricky lawyer, the dishonest merchant cannot own Christ and prosecute his objects. So to gain his points he puts him aside and in the end looses himself.

There is indeed a baseness low r even than this, when men confess him, call him master, like Judas, and kiss him, but their hearts go after their covetousness. Which is worse before G.J., the audacity or the hypocrisy, we need not inquire. Either is soul-destroying.

We learn from this lesson:

I. How little power miracles by them-

solves have to turn men to the Lord. Lrom Lazarus' grave to this council-chamber! See the words of Christ (Luke xvi. 8). Se it is now. More evidence is not the want of the world.

II. How falsely men reason when they

are pleasing themselves. They slay Jesus to keep things quiet, and his blood is on them and on their children in an awful manuer. It is never expedient to do wrong.

III. God has all men's hearts in his hands, and makes the ways of the wicked serve his ends.

IV. It is awful to reject Christ, even though high authority and church councils approve of it.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The state of public feeling-occasion of -significance of this miracle-the council-name-number -- duties -- autiquitycalled—addressed—Caiapha's office-sect-tone-argument-error - the ovangelist's reflection upon it—parallel cases—underlying truth—double work of Josus—meaning of "gather"—conclusion reached—criminality of it—folly of it—imitations of it and further lessons to us.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

Do you pray daily for the missionary work at home and abroad?

Ane the heathen in a perishing condition? is a question discussed in the Baptist Missionary Magezine, and is answered in the affirmative.

"THE Gospel for the World," is the title of a sermon recently preached by T. D. Woolsey, D.D., and should be given to the world at once.

HAVE you given all for Christ? If so you will delight to do all in your power to support the missionary cause.

Some of the Jews in London evince a spirit of inquiry as to the teaching of the Scriptures respecting Christ, and some of them have embraced the truth.

On June 28th, five persons united with the Presbyterian Church at Rio Claro, Brazil, South America. Cheering news is also heard from St. Carlos. Protestantism is gaining favor all the time.

Anong the Mohammedan converts, rereived by the Presbyterian missionaries in Persia, was a soldier, who stated that 200 men in the army thought as he did, were holding secret meetings in regard to the Christian religion.

THE number of persons belonging to the Moravian missions is 69,822, and divided as follows. Esquimaux, 2,745, Indians, 1,844; South Americans, 9,829. African Negroes, 55,750, natives of Australia and Thibet, 154.

RECENT investigations as to the number of missionaries and converts in Japan, gave the following result: Greek Caurch, one missionary and 8,000 converts; Roman Catholics, forty missionaries and 20,000 converts; Protestant, seventy missionaries and 200,000 converts.

THE late Dr. Soudder of India, when he war endeavoring to excite an interest in the missionary cause mong children of America, received the following note from a little girl: "My dear Dr. Scudder, I send you to cents. When you want any more money write to me."

DR. GRORGE E. Post writes to the N. Y. Evangelist, that the alarm, which has provailed in Syria with regard to the threatened closing of the Protestant schools, has passed away. All mission schools in the neighborhood of Beirut are presperous, and are carried on without interruption. The Protestant Missions in Palestine and Syria, he reports, spend. 5,000,000 piastros Syria, he reports, spendro, 1000,000 phastics annually; the Jesuits have expended, on one building in Beirut, 2,000,000 phastres in one year, and will spend on it -> much more. The Greek, Roman Catholic, Jesuit v of thom, put a now meaning into in one year, and will spend on it - much la which he uttered unwittingly. Jesus more. The Greek, Roman Catholic, Jesuit did die for the nation in a deeper sense than he knew, syl and in a wider sense spend in Syria yearly, 1,000,000 piastres.

The recent detention to Protestant books by the customs authorities at Sartander is believed to be part of a coercive scheme to drive Protestants out of Spain. This plan, inspired by prominent persons in Madrid, is being executed by the clergy and civil Governor, who hope by inducet pressure to expel resident American evangeleal minis-ters. The impression also provals that the Madrid Government hopes to conciliate the Papal Numero and the Moderates with this underhand persecutions, while apparently pursuing a liberal pulicy regarding public worship.

The Venom of Wit.

The sting of the sarcasm lies in the in-

tention of the speaker, and one may trast the best of the pleasantries over which succeeding generations have made merry were uttered with enough good humor to take most of the venem out of them. There was surely a genial smale on the face of M. d'Aargenson when he congratulated his ignarant penlaw on approprient as ignorant nephew on appointment as a librarian to the king, and observed that he now would have a fine opportunity to learn to read. And perhaps Gen. Quintus foilius smiled when he hazarded a little jest with the great Frederick at a time when his the great Frederick at a time when his majesty was not ... a laughing humour. Just before engaging the French at Rezoback, the King said to the General, that if he were beaten, he should fly the country, go to Venice and turn doctor. "Your majesty would keep to the profession of assassin?" growled the old soldier. Of the same quality perhaps was the reply given to the Czar Nicholas, when he asked the painter, Horace Vernet, whether with his liberal ideas, he would undertake to do a battle scene_representing a victory of Rusbattle scene, representing a victory of Russians over Poles. "Why not, Er?" exclaimed the latter; "I have more than once painted Christ nailed to the cross." Illuminated with a gracious smile must also have been the lamous retort of the profect's wife upon Napoleon. She had been an object of gossip, and Napoleon meeting her at a state ball, rudely addressed her, "Well, madame, are your sound of me as ever?" The poor lady had presence of mind enough to answer, "Yes, sire, when you are politic." Upon which the Emperor turned about abruptly, and illustrated the littleness of his mind by depriving her hus-band of his place three days later. And the alleged impertinences of the celebrated Abernethy must have been relieved with a grim humor and bonhowir that took away much of their grossness. The "ake of Norfolk, who applied to him for treatment, probably enjoyed as well as needed a herois diagnosis, for he notoriously paid but little attention to his porser. "Did your grace over try a clean shirt?" asked the old dostor, and what freemasoury of good fellowship is implied in the very terms of the question! It is difficult to draw the line botween what is permissible in conversa-tion and what is not. Reflections on the moral character of anybody while that person is present, are unpardonable, however brilliant may be the wit in which they are wrapped. Of counce there is a further rule which is very comprehensive—namely, that nothing should over be said that will in any way give pain to any persea within hearing. But as human nature remains as it has been from the beginning, men can hardly be expected to refrain from a thousand and one ways of suggesting to each sand and one ways of suggesting to each other that they are fools. -Tinsley's Ma-

Scottish Sturdiness Sixty Years Ago. In the fiercest period of Peninsular war,

the pressure for substitutes grew intense. The bounty to be dispensed for one was occasionally as large, if not larger, than the bounty paid by government for enlist-ing into the army. On a particular occasion, in a small town, I knew of fifty pounds being given for a substitute. A substitute was in earnest domand. Alvertisoments were issued. Nobely would go. Thirty pounds were issued. Rousely would go, Thirty pounds were offered. Forty pounds wore offered. At length the offer rose to fifty. A poor man of middle age presented himself. Sandy Noble, for such was the name of this true-hearted verson, was by trade a cotton-weaver. He was a widower, with a grown up family, but they had left with a grown up family, but they mad few him to pursue their own course in life; so he was, in a sense, desolute. The wages realized by his peculiar species of labor had materially declined, and he was new only able to make both ends meet. Not even that. He had become responsible for a number of petty debts, caused by the number of petry deets, caused by the long and expensive illness of his lately-deceased wife. These debts hung round his neck like a millstone. The thought of never being able to liquidate them was dreadful. One day, as he sat on his loum, meditating on the state of its affairs, a neighbor came in to announce the intelligence that fifty pounds had just been offered for a substitute. Making no remark on this piece of news, Sandy, when alone, took a slate, and calculated that fifty pounds would clear him. His mind was instantly made up. For two days and a night he worked with desperation to finish the web he was engaged upon. Havin, created his task, and settled with his employer (the father of the present writer,) he walked on to the secretary of the insurance club, and coming in the nick of time was then health accounted as the ratime, was thankfully accepted as the ra-quired substitute. The militia authorities were in a fume about the delay, and a sorgeant had been despatched to bring the man who had been balloted for, otherwise he would be treated as a desecter. As the recognized substitute, Sandy, in a few qu'et rocognized substitute, Sandy, in a few quast words, pao fied the sergeant. "Jist gio me half au hour," said he, "I'll be ready to gang wi'ye." The half hour was given, and devoted to a noble act of integrity, and devoted to a noise act of integrity, such as we hear, is rarely r presented in matters of this nature. With the fifty pounds in his pocket, Sandy went from one end of the town to the other, paying debt after debt as he went along—fifteen and sixper se to one, three pounds eleven and three ence to another, and so on, not leaving a single challing undischarged which all was ever, he mounted a small bundle on the end of a stick, and in a calm, self-satisfied mood, he trudged away with the sergeant to tealquarters. The name of Sandy Noble deserves to go down in the roli of honor.—Chambers' Journal.