

for the great priests and religious teachers of their day which characterised at this period the simple and pious Gahbons, they were awe-struck to find him, calm and happy, in so august a presence. They might, indeed, have known that he was wiser than his teachers, and transcendently more great; but hitherto they had only known him as the silent, sweet, obedient child, and perhaps the incessant contact of daily life had blunted the sense of his awful origin. Yet it is Mary, not Joseph, who alone ventures to address him in the language of tender reproach. "My child why dost thou treat us thus? see, thy father and I were seeking thee with aching hearts." And then follows his answer, so touching in its innocent simplicity, so unfathomable in its depth of consciousness, so infinitely memorable as furnishing us with the first recorded words of the Lord Jesus:

"Why is it that ye were seeking me? Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

"And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them." They—even they—even the old man who had protected his infancy, and the mother who knew the awful secret of his birth—understood not, that is, not in their deeper sense, the significance of those quiet words. Strange and mournful commentary on the first recorded utterances of the youthful Saviour, spoken to those who were nearest and dearest to him on earth! Strange, but mournfully prophetic of all his life:—"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

And yet, though the consciousness of his Divine parentage was thus clearly present in his mind—though one ray from the glory of his hidden majesty had thus unmistakably flashed forth—in all dutiful simplicity and holy obedience "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

WHEN YOU START, GO!

THAT is more than everybody does, though one would at first suppose otherwise. Why any one should start and not go is a mystery hard to explain, yet such is the fact in many instances.

Lest our readers imagine that we are speaking in riddles, we will say that the illustration that we have in mind is to be found in the case of those people who make several stops before they get away from a house where they have been calling.

There is Amarantha Spriggs, for instance. She is just old enough now to pass for a young lady, and to be called "Miss." She has many excellent traits, for which her friends admire her, but she has one habit which is a cause of annoyance to every one on whom she calls. That is, she starts to go, and then stops. It would probably be thought impolite for her to spring from her seat and rush out of the house as if it were on fire. No one could wish her to get out quite so speedily as that. If she would gently rise and say, "Good-by," and gracefully walk out of the parlour into the hall and through the opened door into the street, it would be all that could be expected.

But that is not her way. She says she "must go." Then she rises and remains standing for several minutes in conversation. Then she slowly moves into the hall, where she stands again and talks a little more. Then she gets the door open and finds something more to say. Then she steps out on the "stoop," as we New Yorkers call it, and has a little more to say. She is comfortably clad in outdoor costume, and does not feel the cold; but her friend is kept shivering on the steps without any protecting wraps, while Amarantha finishes her last long tedious tale.

O, Amarantha Spriggs, and all ye thoughtless ones that are like her, why can you not remember two simple rules of common politeness? 1. Say what you have to say within doors. 2. When you start, go! Do not keep your friends standing in the cold, at the risk of pneumonia, while you are saying "just one thing more."—*Classmate.*

A SAD MOTHER.

MRS. LEWIS was a widow. Tom was her only boy, and he was twelve years old, a manly little fellow. How his mother loved him! and how she planned and worked, hoping all the time that in the future Tom would be her comfort and stay!

But now Tom was growing bad very fast. Some bad boys had gained an influence over him, and his mother talked and reasoned with him in vain.

What did he do? O, he was learning to smoke, to break the Sabbath, to hang around street corners, and to disobey his mother!

Every one of them downward steps, you see. Poor Mrs. Lewis, how troubled she felt! One night she sat late over the fire, thinking and praying about it all. Tom was asleep up-stairs. But he had bad dreams and woke in a fright.

"Mother, mother!" he called.

But his mother did not hear. Then Tom hurried down-stairs. But his mother was not in her room. Now he was frightened in earnest. Where could she be? And suddenly the thought came, "What if I should lose my mother!"

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room and looked in. There she sat, her Bible in her lap, tears upon her white face.

"Mother! what is it?" cried Tom in real distress. "What has happened?"

"O, it is my boy!" cried the sad woman. "It is my dear boy. I am losing him, and it breaks my heart!"

Tom never forgot that night. For the first time in his life he caught a glimpse of his mother's deep love, and kneeling by her side, he promised God and his mother that he would be a good son from that hour.

And he was! That was the turning point in his young life. He saw that mother's love was better than fun, be it ever so funny, and he vowed that mother's wishes should be his law from that time.

Tom is a man now; and, boys, we wish you to know what a grand man he is! And his mother—what a happy woman she is!

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

KING GEORGE the Fourth, wishing to take the Sacrament, sent for the Bishop of Winchester to administer it. The messenger having loitered by the way, a considerable time elapsed before the Bishop arrived, and some irritation had been manifested by the King. On the arrival of the prelate, his delay was complained of, and its cause explained. His Majesty immediately rang his bell, and commanded the attendance of the messenger. On his entering the room he rebuked him sharply, and dismissed him from his service. Having done this, he addressed the Bishop thus:—"Now, my lord, if you please, we will proceed." His lordship, with great mildness, but at the same time with firmness, refused to administer the Sacrament whilst irritation or anger towards a fellow-creature remained on the mind of his Majesty, who, suddenly recollecting himself, said, "My lord, you are right;" and then sent for the offending party, whose forgiveness and restoration to favour he pronounced in terms of great kindness and condescension.

The Maiden's Song.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

ONLY a song that a maiden sang,—
But its melody filled the evening air,
And touched the heart of a wanderer,
Lone and forsaken, standing there.

It brought to his mind the bygone days,
When a child by his mother's knee he stood,
While she told him of the better land—
The home prepared for the pure and good.

He had wandered far from his childhood's home;
That mother's lips were sealed by death;
He stood by her side as she neared the stream,
And prayed for him with quivering breath.

He promised then in that solemn hour,
As he sadly pressed her chilling hand,
When at last the voyage of life was o'er,
To meet her again in the better land.

But the wide, wide way, was the easiest road,
The narrow path seemed hard to gain,
The tempter said, "To-morrow will do,"
'Twas strange that to-morrow never came.

And now that song floats out on the breeze
From girlish lips, untouched by care,
"When life's fitful storms are o'er,
On the happy golden shore, meet me there."

It seemed to him 'twas his mother's voice,
Calling her child from that other shore,
Where she promised to wait by the river of life
Till his ransomed spirit had drifted o'er.

As he wended his way down the village street,
An earnest prayer that was heard on high,
Came from the depths of a sin-sick heart
That longed from the paths of sin to fly.

The maiden sang sweetly, joyously on,
And the melody filled the evening air;
The passers-by heard the glad refrain,
That broke from lips untouched by care;

But they heard not the song that was sang above
As the ransomed host caught up the strain,
For none but God and the angels knew
That a soul that night was born again.

Grafton, Ont.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A LOOKING-GLASS one-half the length of the body will show the whole figure.

Fraunhofer made an instrument for use in optics by which he could draw 32,900 lines in the space of an inch.

When the sea is blue in colour, it is deep; but when appearing green, it is shallow water. Only 100-thousandth part of the rays of light penetrate to a depth of 300 feet, hence the bottom of deep water is in total darkness and deepens the apparent colour of the surface.

A soap-bubble film is only about three-fourths of a millionth of an inch in thickness.

Ten of the mountains in the moon are five miles high, and eight, three to four miles. Three of the hollows, or valleys, are three to four miles deep, and many are two miles.

Schroter claimed to have seen mountains in the planet Mercury ten miles high, and in Venus, one twenty-two miles high, another nineteen, and two, eleven miles high.

When a body has fallen 189 seconds, the speed will become uniform, and acquire a velocity of 6,100 feet per second.

Sound passes through water at the rate of 4,708 feet per second. Under water, the sound of a bell can be heard at a distance of 45,000 feet.

The organ was invented by Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about B.C. 100. The lyre of the Greek was the same as the modern harp, and the viol, or vielle of the middle ages, our violin. These, with the flute, are said to have been known to the Romans. The piano was invented by Zumpi, of London, England, about 1766.