

Our Young Folks.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This nursery rhyme so familiar to our childhood's years is another illustration of the truth of Solomon's axiom that there is nothing new under the sun. The original is in the Chaldee language, and was a hymn sung at the feet of the passover by the Jews as commemorative of the principal events of their history. It is found in Sopher Hagadolah fol. 28. The subjoined is a translation which I found in an old magazine, and the accompanying interpretation is that of P. N. Liebrecht of Leipsic, 1781:—

- I. A kid, a kid, my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
II. Then came the cat and ate the kid, That my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
III. Then came the dog and bit the cat That ate the kid That my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
IV. Then came the staff and beat the dog That bit the cat, that ate the kid, That my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
V. Then came the fire and burned the staff That beat the dog, that bit the cat, That ate the kid that my father bought, For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
VI. Then came the water and quenched the fire, That burned the staff, that beat the dog, That bit the cat, that ate the kid, That my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
VII. Then came the ox and drank the water, That quenched the fire, that burned the staff, That beat the dog, that bit the cat, That ate the kid, that my father bought For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
VIII. Then came the butcher and slew the ox, That drank the water, that quenched the fire, &c. &c.
IX. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher, That slew the ox, that drank the water, &c. &c.
X. Then came the Holy One, blessed be he And killed the angel of death, that killed the butcher, &c. &c.

The following is the interpretation:—

- I. The kid, which is one of the purest of animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it is purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.
II. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
III. The dog, symbolical of the Babylonians.
IV. The staff signifies the Persians.
V. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.
VI. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.
VII. The ox, symbolical of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.
VIII. The butcher denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
IX. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.
X. The Holy One will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

T. T. J.

SOMEBODY'S OLD SHOES.

PART I.

Christmas was coming and the sun was trying hard to shine and give his additional brightness to the cheery season. In London he found a dense yellow fog, and he and the fog battled all the Christmas Eve, whilst busy people were trotting about in the streets, their arms full of parcels, and hurrying on anxious to get a great deal of pleasant Christmas work over, before the lamps were lighted.

In the North of Germany the sun peeped out; there was deep snow on the ground, and a biting cold wind, and there were grey clouds telling of more snow to come. Clear as the sun was not wanted, and as the afternoon went on he travelled away towards Australia, where were flowers and summer.

In the North of Germany is a queer little old town, with strange crooked streets, and houses with the upper storeys projecting far over the lower ones. In one little street, which was so narrow that opposite neighbours could almost have shaken hands out of a window, lived a shoemaker and his family. This particular Christmas Eve, they were very busy, and although they lived in this tiny street, and although they were very poor, they were busy because it was Christmas Eve.

In Germany, however poor people are, they contrive a present of some sort or other and a Christmas tree for the children. All the family were in the kitchen with the exception of the mother; she was in another room preparing the Christmas tree. The

shoemaker, with his leather apron on, and somebody's old shoe wedged in between his knees, was working away with his two long needles before the fire.

All the children were gathered about the stove, some on the seats beside it, and some on the ground beside their father, the eldest and the youngest together. Lieschen was quite a little mother to the rest, and now she sat in the far corner of the stove seat supporting herself by one foot raised to the stove before her. Asleep in her arms was Karl, the youngest child, the Finchen (the baby). But Lieschen was a busy little maiden, and while her arms circled round the sleeping child, her hands were working with her knitting needles, and she was knitting stockings as fast as a little machine.

Gretchen, the next in age, was in the opposite seat, busy with some yet unfinished Christmas present, with her back towards the rest and evidently wishing no one to see her work.

There were two little ones very close to her, with rosy cheeks and expectant eyes; clearly both of them would give a good deal to see Gretchen's work. There were three little girls younger than Gretchen,—Annenchen, Klarenchen, and Mariechen, and then the two little boys, Ludwig, who was sitting open eyed and open mouthed on the floor beside his father, watching his stitches in somebody's old shoe, and the kindchen in Lieschen's arms.

"There, it is finished—it is finished," cried Gretchen, holding up and waving triumphantly a funny little bit of needle-work.

"Let me see. Oh, Gretchen I let us see," cried the children.

"Greedy children, it is not for you; let go."

"What is it?" said the shoemaker, looking up from his work.

"It is a collar for poor little lame Hedwig, father. Lieschen, where are the warm gloves you made for her? Let us go at once and give them."

"Take the gloves from my blue box, Gretchen, and carry them with your collar to Hedwig, and tell her I send all my greetings to her."

"But come too, Lieschen; you must want to see her joy when she gets them."

"Go, my child, with Gretchen to see Hedwig," said their father. And Lieschen paused for a moment and evidently was thinking of the pleasure their gifts would afford the little lame girl, for a smile passed across her sweet quiet little face, then she said, "Father, I cannot go. Mother is busy, and I must take care of the children, and must finish your stockings."

So she remained in her corner, continuing her work, whilst eager, busy little Gretchen tied her hood round her face, and got herself into a queer little jacket which her mother had made and which kept out the cold splendidly. Outside it was a number of rabbit skins sewed together, and inside catskins. There were two or three of these little jackets in the family, and it never entered the children's heads to think they looked peculiar; they only knew that they were delightfully warm.

The father looked round, and smiled and nodded to Gretchen as she went out at the kitchen door, singing all the while a merry song.

"See, my children," said the father to the little ones, "what it is to be kind, however small the kindness. There is no one thing in this world that does so much good as kindness; it does good to those who do it and to those who receive it. Yes, Ludwig, my boy, you will always be kind whenever you can, won't you?"

"Father," said Lieschen by and by, "have you nearly finished those shoes of somebody's?"

"Nearly, my child; perhaps, when they are finished, you could take them home, for the good pastorin (clergyman's wife) wanted them home before Christmas Day, and perhaps she might pay for them and that would be any useful to us."

"I will take them, father," said Lieschen, and then the kindchen, little Karl, woke up and demanded all her attention; so she put down her knitting, and began to sing to him a wonderful little song, all about the history of the old shoes her father was mending, and which she composed as she went on. And the other children clustered round her, and laughed and danced and applauded her song, and the shoemaker smiled over his work, and once or twice joined the chorus of laughing children.

By and by, the kindchen fell asleep again, and Lieschen's song came to an end, and the children began to get impatient for the Christmas tree to be ready; but their attention was again turned by the return of Lieschen, who was brimful of news about Hedwig, and the way the gifts had been received.

Hedwig was a little deformed child, who in addition to her deformity had lately hurt her foot very severely, so that she could scarcely walk at all. Lieschen and Gretchen had always been very fond of their little friend, and were ever ready to do her any little kindness in their power.

"Only think, Lieschen," said Gretchen, "there was scarcely any heat in the stove, and Hedwig's mother is going out to-night for a night's work at the schloss (castle), so poor Hedwig will be all alone. The pastorin had been to see her in the afternoon, and stayed a long while with her to talk. She told her all about the prisoners' Christmas tree which they are to have this evening, and asked Hedwig if she could walk as far as the prison to see it. Of course she could not, poor Hedwig, but she says it will be next best to think about it all."

At this moment the mother came in, and the children rushed to her, clamorous for news of the tree; but she said she was tired

and it must be time for coffee, and after that, they would light up the tree.

Whilst coffee was getting ready, Lieschen whispered to Gretchen, "Gretchen, couldn't we, you and I, borrow butcher Stein's little sledge, and take poor Hedwig to the prison to see the prisoners' tree?"

"Lieschen! On Christmas Eve, and our own tree just ready; what would the mother and the others say?"

"Well, you know, we should see our tree again, for we never have the things taken off till St. Silvestre Abend (New Year's eve) so we should only miss seeing it a little; and think what a pleasure it would be to poor Hedwig. Father was talking of kindness to-night and saying it did good to those who did it and those who received it. Do come, Gretchen."

But the idea of being away when their own Christmas tree stood ablaze and brilliant was too unheard of and dreadful a suggestion to be entertained for one moment in Gretchen's mind; and no more was said until they rose from the table to clear away the cups and plates, and Lieschen again whispered to Gretchen, "Father has very nearly done those old shoes of somebody's—I forgot whose they are—and he will want you or me to put on the rosettes. You must do it because I am going out; and don't tell anybody where I am or what I am doing unless they particularly want to know."

"Are you going to take Hedwig in the sledge?" "Yes." "Dear Lieschen, oh, don't go," and Gretchen's eyes were wide with sorrow that Lieschen should miss the tree.

"I have made up my mind," and Lieschen was already tying her brown hood round her pretty little quiet face, and then she got into her little rabbit-skin jacket, and opening a box at the back of the house, took up a handful of straw, which she pushed into her wooden shoes to try and make them more warm and cosy for the poor little feet which she pushed in after it. She then made her way down the stone passage, with the sand sprinkled on the floor, and trotted out and down the old little streets with determined steps. Even the wooden shoes, which generally made such a clatter down the streets, fell silently now upon the deep carpet of tumbled snow.

Muffled in the rabbit-skin jacket, with her brown hood, her two long thick tails of brown hair plaited down the back, and her wooden shoes, Lieschen would have looked a strange little figure enough had she appeared in Toronto, but in that old German town there was nothing strange about her appearance. There were plenty of other children with funny dresses contrived to keep out the cold and with long plaited tails of hair and wooden shoes stuffed with a bit of straw. Butcher Stein willingly lent Lieschen the little green sledge. It was like a funny little humpy dumpy deformed chair on rockers. Lieschen knew well enough how it was to be managed though, and trotted along the snowy streets in business-like fashion, pushing the little green sledge before her as she went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNIFORM LESSONS FOR 1873.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 and Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27 and May 4, 11, 18, 25.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for June 1, 8, 15, 22 and July 6, 13, 20, 27.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for Aug 3, 10, 17, 24 and Sept. 7, 14, 21, 28.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26 and Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes entries for Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 and 29.

The Christian Leader draws this graphic picture of the minister "who never smiles." "He is a man of ability and of no mean acquirements. He preaches well, and his life does not belie his doctrine. But he has the habit of taking a severe view of nearly all questions and of everybody's conduct. He is very serious. He maintains an impregnable rigidity, an immoveable solemnity. The conviction grows on his mind that he believes with an unparadonable sin. He sometimes preaches about cheerfulness, but it is always in a way to make it seem the most solemn of subjects. In a word, he has allowed himself to become an embodied moral cloud, casting an unwelcome shadow over every home he enters, and moving about his parish a grim extinguisher of light and joy, when he should be the inspirer of both."

STAND UPRIGHT.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

That was a remarkable command which Paul gave to the poor cripple who was hovering on the outskirts of his audience at Lystra. "Stand upright on thy feet! On whose feet? On those poor dejected and hitherto useless limbs? Yes; or them—for he never could have any other to stand on. Even so, my reader, you can never have any other will or mental faculties of any kind to use than those which God gave you. You have the natural ability to repent and choose Christ. You must do the repenting and believing or else die as you are and be lost. Paul did not hit the cripple; he stood up himself. The poor fellow would stand up, and God gave him the power. He made the effort, and God made the effort successful.

Is not this about the exact process in conversion? The sinner is never saved while he sits still; but when he moves, the Divine power is applied, and the Divine grace is "sufficient for him."

What a sweep of meaning there is in the command, "Stand upright!" Stand erect before God and man. Instead of lying in guilt and uselessness, rise up and stand where the Lord would have you! When you give your heart to Christ you have the right to be erect, for you are engaged in the noblest and manliest of all duties—serving God. You have a right to stand, acquitted and unshackled, with the handcuffs and irons of condemnation taken off. To you belongs the liberty of the sons of God.

Standing for Christ implies decision. O how many seem to get half way up, and then go back and mumble along—half-cured which signifies not cured. A half-conversion is no conversion. The secret of so many weaklings in the Church is that so many were never truly regenerated. But when one obeys the Divine call heartily, and exercises genuine faith in the omnipotent Jesus, he can stand erect, and face the fiends of hell.

A soldier in one of our hospitals picked up the tract "Will You Go?" He threw the tract down again. He took it up once more, thought over it solemnly, and then pencilled on it—"By the grace of God I will try to go—John W., Company G, 10th Regiment." That night he went to the prayer-meeting, read his resolution, asked prayer for his soul and said to his comrades, "I am not ashamed of Christ now; but I am ashamed of myself that I have been ashamed of Him so long."

Nor did the rest of the cripple of Lystra stand up. He absolutely "leaped" out of his infirmity, and walked off joyfully. Good friend, don't be afraid of tumbling to the ground again. Don't be nervous about "holding out." Eternal love will uphold thee if thou only trust it. You will be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation. There is One who is able to keep you from falling. The less you think of yourself, and the more you think of Him, the firmer and the stronger you will be.

There is another application of the word "stand" which we commend to you. Every truly converted man should make open confession of the Saviour. When Jesus gives converting grace, he demands confession of him. The person who expects the Saviour to acknowledge him, and yet refuses to acknowledge his Lord "before men" is a self-convicted coward who has no right to expect grace to help in times of need. Stand therefore, openly for Christ. Stand up gratefully, as one who has received such precious blessings from the Saviour that you rejoice to make it known to others. Stand humbly, with reliance on that arm which never forsakes the soul that clings to it. Stand with a solemn determination that, with the help of God, you will never be a cripple again. There was pity in that converted negro's description of his decided adherence to Christ when he said, "I as got safe by do go back corner. I mean to go all dejourney home; and if you don't see me at de fust of dem two live gates up yonder jes look to de next one, for I shall be dere."

This is the season when we may hope for spiritual results to follow the Week of Prayer. This is the season when special services are in progress for the awakening and conversion of souls. In our congregations are hundreds of cripples who have never walked—cripples "from their mother's womb," like the sufferer at Lystra. God's voice to them is, "Stand upright on thy feet!" He commandeth them to repent. He offers to them grace. Holding on to sin keeps them crippled. But the moment they "look to Jesus" in simple faith, their feet and ankle-bones will receive strength.

Reader, if you are one of these guilty lingers, the voice is to you; and when you obey God, you will be on your feet, healed and happy.

POLITE INSOLENCE.

Polite insolence is an art which is very extensively cultivated in this enlightened nineteenth century. That it is cultivated to some purpose is evidenced by the delightfully graceful manner in which every little Jack-in-office can insult those whom he has no desire to propitiate. There are very few living people who have not, at some period of their existences, been wounded to the quick by one who has brought the art to a high state of perfection. They must have chafed at the studied impertinences to which they have been subjected—impertinences all the more difficult to bear because, being covered by a flimsy veil of mock civility, effective retaliation is rendered all but impossible. It is difficult to describe in what polite insolence consists. It is not what is said—though frequently what is said is disagreeable enough—so much as the manner in which things are so enunciated. The adept in the first place implies that you are too mean and paltry for him to have close intercourse with; and, in the second, that you are guilty of impertinence in approaching him at all. Therefore, if he condescends to hold any communication with you he adopts a supercilious tone, a satirical smile, and completely ignores the major portion of

what you say. In addition, he suddenly brings you up short, and summarily ends the interview. For the rest, without actually saying so, he informs you that you are a fool, a "cad," or something equally degraded. He evades every question you may ask him, and declines to afford you the information required. When you draw near unto him it is his sweet will to keep you waiting until you are thoroughly tired out, and then, perhaps, to walk off as if he were ignorant of your existence. He is equally audacious when he is merely a "go-between." He eyes you complacently as you lack the toes of your boots out at long delay; then, when he has asserted his dignity in this respect, he asks you who you are and what is your business, in a manner which evidences that he deems you some poor devil who has come on something little better than a begging mission; and, lastly, having thoroughly scrutinized you, he remarks, with an air of indifference, that he does not think there is any use in your waiting, for the big wig is out, engaged, or too transcendent a mortal to trouble himself with your petty concerns. As you depart, thoroughly vexed, and longing for an opportunity of revenge, he warms his coat-tails before the fire, feeling that he has successfully vindicated his claim to be considered a master of the art of polite insolence. It is noticeable that in all this nothing absolutely rude has been said—no vulgar expression been allowed to escape. The conversation, reported word for word, would seem nothing remarkable, and but little calculated to aggravate either of the engaging parties. It is comparatively free from the coarse insult of the half-educated "cad" who has suddenly found himself elevated above his original humble sphere. The latter, by careful study, and founding his style upon a good model, may acquire the art, but it will take him a considerable time to do so, and the probability is that, unless he commences when he is comparatively young, he will never make anything but a clumsy blaglor.

To be successfully politely insolent, a man must be tolerably well educated, and possess plenty of self-confidence, and have cultivated his powers for some considerable time. It is not too much to say that careful mothers and fathers, in many instances, give hopeful youths many lessons when the learners are but young. The latter are taught to assert their self-importance and, as doing this generally lowers that of others, their plastic minds quickly acquire the fundamental principles of the art. As time goes on they receive many valuable lessons. They see and admire the politely insolent demeanor of their fellows, and conclude if any one wants to appear a highly-cultured gentleman, he must act likewise. They, perhaps, are, more times than they care to remember, politely insulted themselves, and this, while urging them onward in their upward flights, causes them to vent their rage upon others who come within reach of their influence. Of course, it is not every man who takes kindly to the politely-insolent way of doing things. All are, to a certain extent, contaminated by their surroundings, but some rise superior to the grosser developments of the miserable examples which are set them. These are the higher-natured men. Those who fall victims to the vitiating precepts are the narrow-minded, the selfish, and the weak. Some coarse-natured mortals take a positive delight in wounding the feelings of others. These indulge in the pastime of being politely insolent merely because they derive a certain amount of pleasure from it. Others are the victims of a hankering to be considered greater than they are. These adopt the practice, as they imagine it is a means to their desired end. They feel, perhaps, that they have not the ability to rise by the exercise of their own merit, and so they place themselves in a false position, endeavoring to extort an unwilling homage from others. A third class are simply helpless, and, being to impotent to think for themselves, or act in defiance of the custom of the majority of those by whom they are surrounded, adopt, in defiance of their better instincts, what they conclude must be the proper course to pursue.

There has been a material increase in the adepts of the art of polite insolence during the last ten or fifteen years. A middle-aged man, who contrasts society as it now is with what it was in his younger days, cannot fail to be struck with the alteration for the worse which has taken place. It would appear that, as the middle class grow wealthy, they become less like true men; and that their aspirations increase at a greater rate than even do their riches. It is from this middle class that the devotees of the art of polite insolence mainly spring. Well educated, possessing plenty of money, there are yet those who look down upon middle-class people from heights of superiority. Thus, the latter are led to ape a splendor which they cannot attain, and slight those who are beneath, and those who are really upon terms of equality with them. Thus it is that there are more mistrust, jealousy, and suppressed hate entertained by middle-class people, one for the other than can be found amongst any of the other sections of the community; and thus it is that the middle class is regarded with dislike both by those above and below it. To put the matter plainly, cultured snobbery and hollow pretentiousness are the bane of the middle class, and, until matters are remedied, that class can never command the respect which its talents and intrinsic merits deserve, and can never be that compact and united body which it ought. It behoves those who have charge of the education of the youth of England to see to this.—Liberal Review.

If the intelligence we have of external objects were to be got by reasoning only, the greater part of men would be destitute of it; for the greatest part of men hardly ever learn to reason; and in infancy and childhood no man can reason; therefore, as this intelligence of the objects that surround us, and from which we may receive so much benefit or harm, is equally necessary to children and to men, to the ignorant and to the learned, God in his wisdom conveys it to us in a way that puts all upon a level. The information of the senses is as perfect, and gives, as full cognition to the most ignorant as to the most learned.