

The Family.

MINE.

I CLOVELY held within my arms
A jewel rare;
Never had one so rich and pure
Engaged my care.

But the dear Master came one day
My gem to take.
"I cannot let it go," I cried;
" My heart would break."

"But, Master, it is my treasure,
My jewel rare;
I'll safely guard and keep it pure,
And very fair."

"And where the heart's rich treasure lies,
The heart will be;
Your jewel will be safe above,
Gone before thee."

Close to my heart, that morn, I held,
Tears falling fast,
An empty casket; the bright gem
Was safe at last.

-The Examiner.

TOIL AND SLOTH.

RIGHTLY viewed, work is the guardian of morality. As water that does not run must breed poisonous vapours, and houses unoccupied become unclean, so the mind of an idle man will become a resort for evil thoughts and morbid imaginings.

No educator is so successful with his pupils as work. Toil not only gives strength of muscle, sinewy limb, and ruddy look, but it gives conscious power of endurance, daring for enterprise, ease in difficulty, power to help others; facility comes more by doing than by any other means.

Perhaps no joy in life is purer than the joy that comes from having "done something." The man who is born to a possession never enjoys it as the man does who has gained it by labour.

Work and effort have their relation to spiritual health. Our hours of difficulty, not our hours of indolence, are our seasons of soul-strength and joy.

"Life is not an idle one,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom
To shape and use."

Soul rest can only make sham. Soul strife only can make saints. In Christ there is conflict, but not condemnation. The ideal Christian life is to be a soldier, not a sleeper.

but what he does is not very manifest. The bee works quietly, and for a very sweet end.

To serve a short time and fill it is far better than a long and idle life. The minister was right who, when told "he might live five or six years if he gave up work, but only three years if he persisted in preaching," replied at once, "I prefer three busy years for my Master to fifty years of leisure."

THE TEENS.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHAT do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer, When we go to business, or to college. Girls will say, When we go out into society, or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

I know that it does not seem so to most people, for boys and girls are more unnoticed at that age than at any other. The baby and the big brother or sister get all the attention, while Master Knee-breeches and Miss Ankle-skirt are crowded into the corner.

But the life of Jesus, as told in the gospel, makes much of this time of life. The only thing that is said about Him after His babyhood until He was thirty years of age was "when He was twelve years old."

The Jews regarded this age as the turning-point in life. Until the boy had passed twelve, he was called a child; after that, a man. He must then learn his trade, put on the phylacteries, begin to study the Talmud or holy books, be called to account for breaking any of the laws of worship, take the name of Ben Hattorah, or son of the law, and go up to the great feast at Jerusalem—which was about equivalent to joining the Church.

Now those old Jews were wise in making so much of the time of going into the teens. A portrait painter once told me that a picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out.

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window; and was severely hurt; but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she; and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Every body said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

After the melted iron is poured into the mould, it is left for a while that it may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for then the surface of the great iron globe, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mould, is cooled, and the shape is set. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mould in which our souls are shaped for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty or indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, you remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle, then let her drift slowly toward the centre of the narrow sluice until the skiff's nose was in smooth water which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with eye, and nerve and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly as a water-snake. Ask your guide why he was so careful at the beginning, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right he can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "go!"

Boys and girls entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost frighten you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very centre of what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strongest resolution. Vow to yourself, and to God who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip. —James M. Ludlow, D. D.

MAKING BABY GOOD.

OLDER children are looked up to and copied after by their younger brothers and sisters. If they realized that often it is their own fault if the little ones are cross and disagreeable, I wonder if they would set to work to rectify it as Bertie did in the following story taken from the Morning Guide.

Bertie, Tom, and baby were playing together, not in the pleasantest way, though, for baby could not always understand when his turn came and when it didn't, or why it couldn't be his turn all the time, so he took turns when he ought not to, and became cross if anyone tried to prevent him.

Bert was the most patient boy in the world, and, boy like, he began to think baby a little tyrant, which he was, without meaning to be, and to rebel against his frequent interference.

"Mamma!" shouted he, "come and make baby play fair"; and then, when mamma arrived on the scene, he added, more thoughtfully: "I don't see why God couldn't have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

Mamma looked amused rather than shocked; indeed, it was Master Bert who looked quite shocked when she quietly replied:

"Judging from your work since you began to make him, baby would not be much improved if you had made him just to your own liking."

"Me make baby?" and Bert looked very much mystified.

"Yes; you have been helping to make him ever since God gave him to us. God only made him a baby; it is you and Tom who, more than any one else, make him either a good or a bad baby. Look at him now."

As directed, Bert, who was standing with his hands behind his back, wondering what his mother meant, cast his eyes upon his little brother, and saw him standing in exactly the same position, his hands behind him, trying to look as much like him as possible.

"Push your hat on one side of your head," said mamma.

Bert did so, and baby immediately did the same with his hat.

"Whistle a little," suggested mamma. In an instant, as soon as he had heard the sound, baby too was puckering his little lips, doing all he could towards producing a whistle.

This irritated Bert, who turned and said, "Stop mocking me!" and gave baby a push. The reply was a scream of remonstrance and an angry push from baby.

"See, you are making him still after your own pattern. He is just a small copy of yourself. Now try making him another way. Put your arms around his neck and kiss him."

Bert obeyed, though rather unwillingly, and baby's face at once cleared, and Bert got a loving hug and kiss from him.

"I told you he wouldn't be cross if you were not," said Tom, who had been an interested listener.

"He will be just what you boys make him. He is only acting now by imitating you boys and others, and as he is most with you, you are really making him."

"Well, Tom," said Bert, after a moment's thought, "let's not make any more cross into baby," and Tom agreed.

I WAS GOING TO.

CHILDREN are very fond of saying "I was going to." The boy lets the rat catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A boy wets his feet and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before and she was going to mend it, but forgot it. And so we might go on giving instances after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loner and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house and keep him out. Always do things which you were going to do.

WHY HE GAVE WILLINGLY.

MACAULAY wrote about a church collection to which he had contributed:—"I alighted my sovereign upon the plate the more willingly, because the preacher asked for our money on sensible grounds and in a manly manner."

We have no doubt that the way in which the wants of the church are presented has very much to do with the results of a collection. If the money is not asked for on "sensible grounds" and in a "manly manner," there will not be a large and hearty response.

If the people look upon the church as a beggar, they will treat her as a beggar, and give their pennies for her benefit. If they look upon her as the noble benefactress, bestowing more than she asks; they will give her dollars for her use.—Presbyterian Journal.

PERFECT HEALTH.—Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, says that perfect good health will always be injured by small doses of alcohol.

SELY OR SOULS.—"A minister to be successful must get rid of all personal ambition; it is a long road for a man to get to the end of himself but a minister has to do it.—Moody.

NOTES BY "PHILO."

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

In speaking on this subject on one occasion, the objection was raised that ministers ought, in the days of active labour, to provide for their old age as other men have to do. And although this objection may not often be heard as a reason for not contributing to the above-mentioned fund, yet no doubt it is cherished in the minds of not a few. But those who bring forward this objection, honestly enough no doubt, have probably not given the matter that consideration it deserves. Our theory as a Church in regard to its ministers is, that they should devote themselves wholly to the spiritual work in which they are engaged; they are not expected to devote themselves to making money. If they do so in any effective way, it is very soon brought forward as a reproach against them. And probably in the case of the great majority, they have neither the inclination nor the opportunity to do this. And even if they had, they could not do so to any very successful extent.

But ministers are subject to temptation like other men. And if the Church should say, as in fact it does to far too great an extent, that ministers should give themselves to whatever means of making money was open to them in order to provide for their old age, then the temptation would be very strong, and it would become perhaps a duty in addition to their spiritual work to endeavour to engage in some business or speculation which would enable them to do so. And probably the very persons who object to contributing to this fund would be the first to complain that the ministers were neglecting their proper work and taking up their attention too much with secular affairs—that they were trying to make money, to heap up riches, instead of giving themselves to the work of the gospel.

Hence the Church wisely and properly seeks to relieve the ministry from this temptation and from this necessity, by urging them to fidelity in spiritual things, assuring them of such help as they may require when no longer able to labour. They cannot, therefore, and they ought not, and in most cases they do not, give themselves to the work of making money. When they do, they invariably fall in the spiritual element; and when they do not, and cannot, how else can they be provided for than by such a fund as the Church is endeavouring to establish? The objection, therefore, referred to is not one that can be used by any one who takes a right view of the work of the ministry.

OTHER FUNDS.

It is too much lost sight of that the efficiency of the Church depends on the efficiency first of all of the pastorate. It is the pastors who instruct the people. It is they who gather them into the Church and lead them forward in Christian enterprise. All the funds and undertakings of the Church necessarily depend for prosperity on their fidelity. Hence the propriety and duty of the Church to have a well-equipped and well-provided pastorate. Now, in the judgment of some, the Church has too much burdened herself with other undertakings before adequately providing for this. It is quite true we are to love our neighbour as ourselves, but we are not to love our neighbour better than ourselves. And while we are to provide him with the gospel, we are first to provide ourselves. The sentiment which leads us to provide for others is Christlike and Christian, but our good sense need not be sacrificed to sentiment. And both reason and Scripture instruct us to provide first for those of our own household. It is to be hoped, therefore, that both the Augmentation Fund and the Aged Ministers' Fund will receive more attention from the Church than those other undertakings equally scriptural but not so immediately necessitous. The raising up of money from every quarter for college endowment has no doubt interfered with the prosperity of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. The poorer of the people ought not to be called on to endow learned institutions till they have provided for their own families and for their own pastors.

COLLEGE FUNDS.

Undoubtedly the unpromising condition of the College Fund at the present time, which is to be regretted, arises in part from the unsettled condition of the mind of the Church in regard to the colleges. Principals may flourish their logic on the floor of the General Assembly and silence the voice of the pastorate, but they cannot prevent the Church from thinking that the college question is not in a satisfactory condition and is not in its final condition. And on this account there is not that enthusiasm in advocating the cause of the colleges there otherwise would be. And it is worthy also of noting here that it does not improve the temper of the Church to have electioneering tracts distributed, speaking in rather offensive terms of those who do not at once succumb to the dictates of the jingo who have determined to appoint Dr. Proudfoot to the professorship. Every day, and the judgment of an increasing number of presbyteries, demonstrate that this appointment will still further weaken, at least Knox College. The Monthly professes to speak for the students in this matter, but it speaks only for some. Such monthlies might be tolerable if they gave voice to the independent sentiments of the whole body of the students. But when they do not, their purpose is not so apparent. Many of the truest friends of the students have not yet seen the necessity or the benefit of these collegiate publications, in the light of the above fact.

But apart from this question—it is very questionable whether it is in good taste for the students, who write perhaps for some dozen of their fellows, to take the position of advising the Church on this question. No doubt things are getting turned upside down very much at present, but we have not yet quite arrived at the time when the students, to whom the Church pays all deference and honour that is due, are to instruct the Church as to who should be appointed to the professoriate. There is a modesty that becomes student life however conscious of ability the student may be.

BRANDY VS. MILK.—The last annual report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the insane, contains the following suggestive and instructive paragraph:—"The greater my experience becomes I tend more to substitute milk for stimulants. In very acute cases, both of depression and maniacal exaltations, where the disordered working of the brain tends rapidly to exhaust the strength, I rely more and more on milk and eggs made into liquid custards. One such case this year got eight pints of milk and sixteen eggs daily for three months, and recovered under this treatment. I question if he would have done so under any other. He was almost dead on admission, actually delirious, absolutely sleepless, and very nearly pulseless."