

Our Young Folks.

My Prayer.

BY P. T. BLISS, AUTHOR OF "ONCE FOR ALL," ETC.

More holiness give me,
More striving within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin.

More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord,
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word.

More purity give me,
More strength to overcome,
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longing for home.

The Lighted Shrine.

Why is it that an upward glance
At stars in evening's sky,
Has such a power to fill the soul
With deep solemnity?

Is it not that their light is sad;
For diamonds cannot boast,
Or fabled gems, a look more glad
Than has their glittering host.

Is that when the evening meets
The world upon its way,
And darkness covers from our sight
The trifles of the day;

That rising then in countless ranks,
Like some great company,
They fling around earth's narrow bound,
Light from infinity!

While from the vast, uplifted shrine
Their myriad voices cry,
Above, afar, around, there ascends
God's Hallelujah!

JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carved there, but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
I've all to pieces, which I want to seek.

"Some day," we say and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of paradise.
Some day, some time a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like in each breast.

Strong Children.

"Freddie!"
"What is it, mamma?"
"Come and sit down by me."
Fred walked across the room in a reluctant sort of way, and seated himself at mamma's side.

"Freddie," she said, "you are unhappy. Tell mamma what the trouble is."
Yes, it was an unhappy face that was raised to meet Mrs. Long's eye; misery had made a little temporary home in the puckers on the forehead, and wretchedness looked out of his dark, gray eyes.

couldn't help it, mamma, but I have liked to hear the boys praise me so; a week ago when I went head in place of Bertie Adams in geography, and he burst out crying. I heard Tom Neal whisper, 'What a cry-baby! I'm glad our heroines has gone above him! I'd like to see Fred Long cry!'

"I heard a little scream"—there was a suspicious choke now in Fred's voice—"and Bertie didn't get up, so Will and I found he had fainted away."
Here Fred stopped altogether, and mamma thought she heard a little sob; but his face was so buried in her dress, she couldn't see, and soon he went on:

The Soul's True Sun.

Were the sun to be blotted out of the heavens, every leaf and flower would wither, and life would cease. Without sunshine earth would be a desert.

Jehovah is the sun of the soul. Without His beams all is not merely darkness, but death. His love is the sunshine that gladdens and revives us. Where that love is shed down, all is peace; where that love is withheld, all is sadness, and terror, and gloom. Life is not life when this love is hidden. In his favor is life. The favor of others may cheer us for an hour, and make us forget our weariness; but it leaves the soul as heavy and dark as before. It does not comfort, it does not quicken, it does not lead to life.

Yes, it contains life for us, the true life of the soul, and he who findeth this favor findeth life. The possession of that favor is blessedness. Nor is this favor hard to find. It does not have to be bought. It is freely given. We have but to take it. Like the sunshine, it is around us, and we have but to give it entrance. God sends us the good news of it in the gospel of His grace; and he who simply receives that gospel is at once put in possession of the divine favor, the whole free love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Hence the apostle says, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." (1 John, iv. 15.)—H. Bonar, D. D.

Antiquity of Man Overstated.

"It is most unsafe to reason as to the climate required by extinct mammals, especially in contravention of the evidence of contemporaneous existence afforded by the occurrence of their remains. Even the hippopotamus of the English caves and gravels may have been protected by a coating of fat like the walrus. The elevated land of Post-glacial Europe, if it were clothed with forests, would have precisely the climatal properties which we know in America and Asia favor the intermixture of the animals of different latitudes. Age, a that so-called Palaeolithic implements are not found over the boulder deposits of North Britain is merely a consequence of the fact that they are in the main limited to the chalk and flint districts, a circumstance which, as already hinted, throws grave doubts on their being even so ancient as usually supposed, and gives them a local rather than a chronological character. Further, in Eastern America we know that the higher civilization of the land immediately preceding the Moler period was accompanied by a milder climate than that which now prevails, and that this occurred after the Glacial period. I must, therefore, reject this supposed later Glacial age intervening between Palaeolithic and modern man, and maintain that there is no proof of the existence of man earlier than the close of the Glacial age.—Leisure Hour.

Some Old Dutch Proverbs.

Persistence will obtain good cabbage and lettuce, where otherwise nothing but thistles will grow.
The ploughman must go up and down, and whatever else may be done, there is no other but this long way to do the work well.
Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost it is a good time for the fox.
Fools always will ask what time it is, but the wise know their time.
Grinl while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of God's Providence.
The dawn of day has gold in its mouth. He that lags behind in a road where many are driving always will be in a cloud of dust.
Never set your feet in a dirty and crooked path for the love of money. It is a work that will bring bad interest if you wish to suck honey of thistles.
You will need a long spoon if you wish to eat with the devil out of the same dish.
Patience and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at the mouse's nest, the mouse shall not escape.

An Obscure Minister.

Thomas McOrie was deposed and excommunicated, therefore thrust out of the synagogue for conscience's sake on the 2nd September, 1806. The Court of Session decided that he and the portion of the congregation which continued to hold by him had forfeited all right to their chapel. The case was decided against them in March, 1809, and the decision has no doubt been ever since registered among the archives of the Court as a valuable precedent. The poor people who suffered by it were not numerous, and we use the right phrase when we say that they were poor; and so in providing their deposed and excommunicated minister with another chapel they had to just content themselves with an obscure building that lay hid among old and blackened tenements at the foot of Carrubber's Close. Rarely has there been a preacher or congregation less generally known.

"There now," said the late Dr. Andrew Thomson to a friend, after listening at a subsequent period to one of Dr. McOrie's discourses, "There now is something far beyond the compass of a minister in our Establishment!" What would have been thought of the man who would have said as much in the year 1810 of the deposed minister who preached in Carrubber's Close? (McOrie had then been fifteen years a minister in Edinburgh.)

Late in the year 1811 his "Life of Knox" was submitted to the public. Shaking his servant John by the shoulder, Professor Dugald Stewart inquired what book it was that had so wonderfully captivated his fancy. "Why sir," said John, "it's a book that my minister has written, and really it's a grand one." The Professor brought it with him to his room, to try what he could make of John's minister's book; and when once fairly engaged found it impossible to withdraw himself from it as John himself had done. He finished it at a sitting, and waited next day on the author to express the admiration he entertained for his performance. The Edinburgh Review—at this period beyond comparison the most powerful periodical in Europe—took up the biography of Knox in the same spirit with Dugald Stewart.

McKenzie has been praised for the shrewdness he evinced in at once placing among the great masters of undying song at a period when at least nine-tenths of his contemporaries thought of him as merely a clever ploughman who made very passable verses, considering that he was but a nautigant man. Lord Jeffrey was equally happy in marking out the proper place of McOrie. He rose at once into eminence. The University of Edinburgh honoured itself by conferring upon him his degree, the first ever extended in Scotland to a Dissenting clergyman.

What may be termed the romance of the Doctor's life closes when the obscure and persecuted preacher of Carrubber's Close, known only beyond the narrow circle of his friends, when known at all, as a narrow-minded and illiberal sectarian, takes his undisputed place among the literati of his age as a great master of public opinion, as successful above all his contemporaries in removing long cherished prejudice and misconception, and as singularly sagacious in seizing the events of the remote future in the imperfect and embryonic rudiments of present occurrences, or in partially developed modes of feeling and thought.—Hugh Miller.

Early Home Influence.

"Much has been said of late—and too much cannot be said—about the importance of religious education—not religious instruction merely, the two are widely different—for children. Important, however, as must ever be held to be the school training of our children, viz., that of the bearing of 'Home Influence' upon the formation of the shape which they are gradually taking for eternity. Indirect, as well as direct, education goes to fashion this; and of the two, probably the former has the greater influence. Looking back on our own lives, can we not see the truth of this? Was it events and incidents, or direct personal teaching—things said, done, left unsaid without thought before you, or things said and done with the especial relation to you—that lodged in the little fellow plot of your heart and memory; and rooted there and grew, unnoted may be—even unsuspected—by any; taking nurture from the common showers and sunshine of every day? Was it the sermon or the Scripture lesson that most took your sharp, childish attention, that sank deepest in your childish memories; or was it not rather the things you noticed about you—the home ways and sayings, the things you saw that were done without any thought of you; the things you heard that were said with no idea that you were taking them in? I think that latter will generally be felt to be the greater influence. This being the case how careful should parents, teachers, servants—all who, unconsciously to themselves in a great degree, are yet sowing seed by word and example in the tender soil of youth. If the mother, above all, be the one who most will influence the growth of the child's mind; if it be true that 'she who rocks the cradle rules the world,' yet, O father, coming home at night after work; O, elder brother or sister, from school; and servants busy constantly about the little ones—ought you not to set a watch upon your lips, a sentinel upon your life, if not for your own sake, yet for the sake of the little open-mouthed listener, the little open-eyed observer and mimic, whom you are influencing for evil or for good?

How to Talk Well.

"I wish to become a good talker. When in company, especially with gentlemen, I am very reserved and taciturn. I know my weakness, and almost tremble at the thought of going into society or among strangers. What shall I do to accomplish my desire?"

Behind this carefully written note in which there is not a dot wrong, we can see the precise and pains-taking young girl who, most of all things, likes to be correct in all she does. She is so afraid that what she says will not be just right that she says nothing, and she is so anxious to say something that her own silence increases her embarrassment. And yet she is worth a dozen of the thoughtless rattle-brains whom she envies. We cannot tell her how to become a talker. She will always be more correct than fluent. But we can give her a suggestion or two. 1. Go into company, and keep on going into company. It will not seem so dreadful when you come to know how many mistakes other people make. Charlotte Bonte's "professor" lost his fear of the girls he had to teach when once he heard them giggle. Do not fear mistakes. Make up your mind sensibly that no one learns to do anything except through the school of imperfect efforts. Be willing to do poorly on the way to doing better and then will. 2. Cultivate the habit of thinking much about a subject, and as little as possible about your manner of expressing your ideas. If you watch your words, others are apt to observe them; if you give your whole attention to the matter of what you say so will they. 3. Remember that after all a silent and reticent woman is not a disagreeable object. Good listeners are scarcer than talkers. If you become an appreciative listener you will fill the best place in a conversation. In talking it is more blessed to receive than to give. By so doing you get instruction and give your companions the pleasure of giving it.—Christian Union.

The True Economy.

The question is not, how cheaply we can manage to keep soul and body together, but how can we bring both body and soul to the highest condition of vitality and power? To live is something more than to exist. How can we live most and best? How can we feed intellect and affection, conscience, sympathy, imagination, reverence, as well as the physical system? All pinching and restricting of diet is injurious in the long run. The bean-man, the bread-man, the one-meal-a-day-man, the man who goes mousing about the world intent only on cheapness, never makes the scales of power kick the beam. He wastes more than he saves. He checks an income instead of stopping an outgo. The man who makes the most ado over the petty prudencies of life, and perpetually obtrude their parsimonious practices on public notice never amount to anything, or do anything of account. Man wants all he can use, assimilate, organize, reproduce. The things that strengthen and beautify his essential manhood, that enrich his sentiments and refine his sensibilities, that ennoble his intellect and enlarge the scope of his being and the horizon of his possibilities, belong to him by right, as the crown and purple belong to royalty.

Every man ought to aspire and labor to live generously, and have a comfortable and tasteful home, and surround himself and his family with everything that tends to increase health and happiness, and create an atmosphere of intelligence and refinement. Beauty, elegance, art, society, music, are our birthright. It is not waste to spend what one has for things that foster a noble pride, heighten self-respect, beautify the body, and cultivate the mind. It is true economy that spends something for books and pictures, for occasional glimpses of nature, and the entertainment of the stage. The charities and humanities are not luxuries, that the poorest man on earth should deny himself of them. The loving, trustful, adorning sympathy that forgets its own wants and meagre resources, and breaks the coldest thing it has on the head of the one beloved, is not a recklessness to be censured, but a devotion to be commended for its divine nobility. Saving may be unlike an ant and a beaver-like, but sacrifice is God-like.—W. T. Clarke, in Herald of Health.

Beauty and Attractiveness.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, in his delightful little book entitled "Normandy Picturesque," gives the following picture of female health, which we commend to the attention of the pale, nervous and feeble women and girls, who have persuaded themselves that beauty and attractiveness consist in being entirely unfitted for the duties and enjoyments of life. It is not only a picture of health, but its study may aid in giving health to some who are rather proud that they are, so far removed from common people so as to be destitute of this very valuable article. To deliver the women of America from the mistakes under which they are labouring, with regard to their obligations to themselves and others in the matter of health, is a Christian duty which must not be neglected by the press, and concerning which the pulpit should speak out. Mr. Blackburn says: "Picture yourself a bright figure that we once saw upon the shining shore, a Norman maiden, about eighteen years of age, without shoes or stockings; a picture of health and beauty bronzed by the sun. This young creature, who had spent her life by the sea and amongst her own people, was literally overflowing with happiness; she could not contain the 'half of it, she imparted to every one about her (unconsciously, and 'that was its sweetness); she could not strictly be called handsome, and she might be considered very ignorant; but she bloomed with freshness, she knew neither ill-health nor ennui, and happiness was a part of her nature."

We hope that many women who read this article will look on this picture, and cease to destroy their own health, crush their own spirits, and uplift themselves for happiness at home and abroad any longer; and that parents will earnestly set about training their daughters in such a way as to give some hope of a reasonable share of health, and of capacity for enjoyment.

Presbytery of Paris.

An adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Paris was held in River Street Church, on Wednesday, 25th ult., at 10.30 a. m., for the purpose of ordaining to the ministry and inducting into the pastoral charge of the River Street congregation, Mr. John Anderson, late of Glasgow, Scotland. The Presbytery was constituted with prayer and praise. There was a good attendance of ministers. The minutes of last meeting were read and sustained. The Presbytery then proceeded to hear the trial discourses of Mr. Anderson, who acquitted himself in a manner most creditable to himself and satisfactory to the Presbytery. The examination of Mr. Anderson in Systematic Theology and Church History was searching and thorough, and in these, as in all the other exercises, he showed himself to be a man of ripe scholarship, of extensive and varied attainments, and of clear and powerful grasp of mind, and the manner in which he acquitted himself in every part of his trial won golden opinions from the members of the Presbytery, and is a bright augury of his future usefulness and success as a minister of the Gospel. The River Street congregation was to be congratulated in securing the services of such a man as Mr. Anderson to take the place of their late devoted and accomplished pastor, Rev. J. Robertson. The examination of Mr. Anderson occupied the presbytery until 1 p. m., the hour of adjournment. At 2 o'clock the Presbytery resumed its session and after the usual devotional exercises, proceeded to ordain and induct Mr. Anderson to the pastoral charge of River Street Congregation. A large congregation assembled to witness and take part in the solemn services. Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of Glenmorris, presided. Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Mr. Pleasant and Burford preached an appropriate and effective sermon from John xiii, 85. Mr. Dunbar then put the usual questions to Mr. Anderson, and the congregation, which being satisfactorily answered, the Presbytery, by prayer and imposition of hands, solemnly ordained Mr. Anderson to the Gospel ministry, and inducted him into the pastoral charge of the congregation, and gave him the right hand of fellowship. At the close of these deeply interesting and so solemnly impressive services, the newly inducted pastor was accompanied to the door by the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, where, by the cordial grasp of many a loving hand, he received a hearty welcome from his people.

The Presbytery then resumed, and Mr. Anderson having signified his willingness to sign the Formula, his name was added to the roll of the Presbytery. After the transaction of some routine business, the Presbytery adjourned, to meet in Knox Church, Ingersoll, on the 8th Tuesday of February, 1875.

Thus ended the services of the day, which will linger in the memories of many long, and upon which, especially upon the young pastor and his flock, many a devout heart sought the blessing of God.

The congregation, in order to celebrate the induction of the rev. gentleman, held

A SOIRÉE

in the Town Hall in the evening. Tea was served in the room underneath the hall from 6 to 7.30 o'clock. The tables looked exceedingly well, and for the hour and a half mentioned they were well patronized. Notwithstanding the large number who partook of supper, there was an abundance left over, and doubtless the poor amongst us will not be forgotten. By the time that half past 7 arrived, the main body of the hall was completely filled, and later in the evening the house may be said to have been packed. The Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Brantford, occupied the Chair, and it is needless for us to tell those who know him, that he discharged his duties admirably. The platform we noticed the Rev. John Dunbar, of Glenmorris; Rev. Mr. Inglis, of Ayr; Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Mr. Pleasant and Burford; Rev. Mr. Grant, of Ingersoll; the Rev. Mr. McMullen, of Woodstock, all members of the Paris Presbytery; the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Toronto, and the following ministers of the town: Rev. Mr. Farries, Presbyterian; Rev. Thos. Henderson, Baptist; Rev. W. H. Allworth, Congregationalist; and Rev. John Philip, Wesleyan Methodist.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Thos. Henderson, after which addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Farries, Henderson, McMullen, Grant, Allworth, Cameron and Philip, all congratulatory to the newly inducted pastor, and the minister of the town each extended him a warm expression of welcome amongst them. The Rev. gentleman was then introduced by the chairman, and made a few well chosen remarks, appropriate to the occasion. He was followed by Dr. Wm. Clarke, now Principal of the Ladies' Presbyterian College, Brantford, but until lately one of the leading members of the River Street Congregation, who expressed his warm sympathy of joy with the congregation on this occasion. Several excellent selections of music were rendered by the Choir between the addresses, Mr. Rowell presiding at the organ. Highly complimentary remarks were spoken during the evening of the Rev. James Robertson, late pastor of the congregation, which were endorsed by all. It was also stated by the chairman that the call to the Rev. Mr. Anderson was a unanimous one, there not being one dissident in the whole congregation. The meeting was closed by the Rev. Mr. Alexander pronouncing the benediction.

We again heartily congratulate the River Street Congregation on their securing for their pastor one who comes so highly recommended as Mr. Anderson, and we welcome that gentleman to Paris, not only as a Christian minister, but as a citizen. The amount realized was \$125.00.

A Prayer.

O, that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always be
From over-speaking foolishly;
That no vain thoughts might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word and deed, and thought,
Glory may be my God brought;
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eyes
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry!
Wealth, Lord, and purity may hurt,
And make it clean in every part,
And when I clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.
—Thomas Adie, D. D., 1866.