

Our Young Folks.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street
Two childish figures with aching feet
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day,
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care
For the little, ragged, shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas-jet
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From the gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold,
"It's not very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't
cry."

The garment was small and tattered and
thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs
of two
Would double the warmth and half the
pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,
In homes overflowing with comorts and
joys;
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Pour gifts of service, and gifts of gold;
Let them stretch to households manifold.

A DISCONTENTED DAISY.

A little white daisy grew in a corner
of a large field; there were plenty
of other little flowers growing near it,
and to all of them came the same sweet
sunshine, the soft rain and gentle breeze;
but hard as it may be to believe, this
daisy was anything but contented and
happy.

"Why am I such an ugly, plain little
flower?" it would say; "if I was
only blue like those pretty corn flowers,
or yellow like the dandelions, or pink
like the ragged robin, I am sure I should
be so much happier."

"Silly little flower, be content," the
others would answer; "if it had been
good for you, you would have been differently
made; but God saw fit to make
you a daisy."

"I wish I was anything but a daisy,
then," the foolish little flower would
answer. "I never give pleasure to any
one but very little children, because I
have no pretty colour."

A party of children at this moment
came into the field; they were all ages
and sizes, and ran about merrily gathering
the wild flowers. With the merry
children was one little girl, who looked
very pale and ill, and was lame, so had
to be helped about by her sister's arm.

"Oh, Rosie," she cried to her sister,
"how lovely these flowers are; but I
would rather have a daisy than all of
them."

"Well, Katie darling, we will look
for some," was the answer; "I cannot
think why we don't see any."

The daisy heard this and was surprised.
"Fancy their wanting me!" it
thought. But almost before it had
time to stand erect on its stalk so as
to attract the attention of Rosie, a child
running about recklessly put her foot
upon it, and nearly crushed our poor little
daisy to the ground.

"Every one wants to kill me," it murmured
to itself, as it slowly rose up from
the pressure of the child's foot. But at
this instant, Rosie, who had been anxiously
looking about in every corner of
the field, suddenly discovered it.

"Here is a daisy, Katie," she called
out, "but such a poor, miserable little
thing, it is hardly worth picking." Katie
came close.

"O, Rosie, it is quite worth gathering;
try and get the root, please, and
then we will put it in a little pot." The
daisy quivered all over with delight at
this prospect, and Rosie dug it up, root
and all, and put it into Katie's hands.
The lame girl looked very happy as she
went home with her flower held closely
in her hands, and the daisy thought to

itself, "I have really given pleasure to
some one at last. I must not complain
any more. I now can see that it was
good for me even to have been made a
daisy." And presently were heard the
voices of Rosie and Katie, singing:—

God has given each his station,
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly home and labour,
All may have His precious grace.

TRAINING OF EMPERORS.

Every day in summer, as well as winter,
the Princes rise at 7 o'clock and
take breakfast, consisting of tea and rolls,
three-quarters of an hour later. Never
more than fifteen minutes are allowed for
this meal.

Punctually at 8 o'clock lessons begin.
The Princes are generally instructed separately,
but in some branches the two
older brothers are brought together. Crown
Prince William is very diligent,
and far ahead of the others in
most of his studies.

At 9.45 a lunch is served of sandwiches,
red wine and "Fuerstenbrunner" mineral
water, it is generally used at the
Emperor's table. After lunch studies
are resumed for a short time, followed
by riding lessons. If the weather permits,
these are taken in the open air; otherwise
a menage erected expressly for the
purpose, serves for their equestrian
exercises. The little Crown Prince rides
his white horse, Abdul, a birthday gift
from his father.

Sometimes a drive in a pony carriage
takes the place of the ride. This vehicle
is drawn by a white pony whose harness
is hung with silver bells.

The Princes dine with Major von Falkenhayn,
or their tutor, Herr Kessler at 1.15 o'clock.
Soup, fish, a roast, potatoes and other
vegetables, dessert, fruit and cheese form
the bill of fare. About 2.30 o'clock the
boys go into the park to play. Generally
on these occasions the Crown Prince may
be seen on a tricycle, which was also a
birthday gift from his father.

While the Emperor and Empress were
at the Marble Palace at Potsdam, the
Princes walked or drove over there at 4
o'clock every day to see their parents and
younger brothers and returned home at 6
o'clock, after having taken some milk and
rolls. Upon their arrival supper was
served; on alternate days warm and cold.
Till 8 o'clock the Princes romped about,
then they are bathed and go to bed. So
one day passes like another. On Sunday
morning there is service in the palace,
or the Prince drives over to the Garrison
church.—Harper's Young People.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

You hear so much in these days of a
public career for girls in which may be
gained fine plumage and (whether we do
or do not desire it) notoriety and in a
very few instances, fame. I wish I could
show you another picture of a life of
blessedness that I can see. How many
of you who have a father and mother,
have ever taken the trouble to learn
of their wishes or plans for you? Has it
occurred to you that they may be looking
forward with pleasure to a few
months or years of loving companionship
with "Daughter?"

How many have been the sacrifices
they have made uncomplainingly, in order
to give you the advantages so many of
our fathers and mothers were unable to
procure for themselves. Shall they not
have the pleasure of enjoying them now,
through you?

I can never forget the impression I
received, many years ago, by hearing an
old, white-haired lady speak of the unexpected
return of her daughter from the school
where she had gone, first as a pupil,
and afterwards had remained as a
teacher; "Oh! how I do thank God, that
we are to have Fanny this summer. He
only knows how very hard it has been
for us. For twelve long years, for her
sake, we have spared her, but now she
is coming home, and I can scarcely bear
the joy of the thought of having Fanny." As
I heard the tremble in the voice and
saw the tear-dimmed eyes, I thought that

blessed indeed were the Fannys with such
mothers. Give up the "career" girls; let
the "mission" go or seek it nearer home.
Can you afford to pay its price, when
that price adds to the debt you already
owe to one who has given all and
asked no return? You can not always
have father and mother, and you will
never regret when they are gone, that
you gave them a little of yourself; and
you, yourself, will be sweeter, purer,
nobler all your life for biding a short
time in the quiet home, within the circle
of the blessed influence of "mother."

WHAT A SIMOON IS.

"Perhaps the Asiatic type of cyclone,
known as the simoon, is the most remarkable
phenomenon of the earth," began
Col. Samuel Knapp, who is at the Laclede.
"In my travels about the world I have
never as yet observed any such
appalling scene as that of a simoon
sweeping its course in the distance. Cyclones
in the Western Hemisphere are usually
accompanied by great masses of clouds
and drenching rainstorms. The simoon
of Asia is quite different. I have stood
on the Arabian desert where my eye could
sweep the distant horizon in every
direction without encountering one
object to vary the monotony of the scene.
Over this vast sea of glowing sand it
seemed as though not so much as a
breath of air was straying. In such
dull, oppressive moments, the natives
perceive the first premonition of the awful
simoon. Such knowledge was of little
avail, however, for on that wide, limitless
stretch of inland sea, like the great
bosom of the ocean, one place was as
safe as another.

"The great sand storm would come
and sweep its way without any definite
path and with no prospect of any sudden
variation from its course. Here we have
a storm heralded by fierce winds, clouds,
lightning and thunder. On the great
desert of Arabia, the simoon is heralded
by nothing more than a small, dark
speck in the distant sky. As this
approaches the atmosphere becomes stifling
and oppressive to an unbearable degree.
The speck in question does not develop
into a sky mantle of clouds, but its
destructive force is none the less diminished.
It sweeps a path equal to its
width, and carries with it numberless
pillars of sand that are constantly rising
and falling, like a forest of swaying
topless trees. I never was in one, but I
have stood on the desert when one was
passing in the distance, and it reminded
me of the shadow of a cloud passing over a
sunlit plain."

SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in
the Lord Jesus, was baptized and joined
the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five
years ago, and I have never been
sorry for what I then did; no, not even
once.

I have had plenty of time to think
it over, and many temptations to try
some other course, and if I had been
deceived or made a gross blunder, I would
have made a change before now, and I
would do my best to prevent others from
falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself
up to Jesus to be His servant was the
very best day of my life. Then I began
to be safe and happy; then I found out
the secret of living, and had a worthy
object for life's exertions, and unfailing
comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a
bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart
and overflowing spirits, I plead with
him to consider whether he will not follow
my example, for I speak from experience.

A good reputation is a good investment;
but the only way of securing a
permanent investment of good reputation
is by putting a good character at interest.
"A good name is rather to be chosen
than great riches;" but it is often easier
to get a character that shall be the basis
of a good name. A man may inherit his
father's riches, but a father cannot bequeath
his character to his favorite son.

Teacher and Scholar.

Oct. 1, 1893. } THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL. } Rom. 1:8-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.—Rom. 1, 16.

This epistle was written at the house
of Gaius (Ch. xvi., 23), a citizen of Corinth,
I Cor. i., 14, and was sent to Rome
by the hands of Phoebe, a deaconess of
Cenchrea (Ch. xvi., 1), a port of Corinth.
Paul was about to set out for Jerusalem,
with a contribution collected for the
poor saints there (Ch. xv., 25 f.), towards
the close, as is usually supposed, of his
third missionary tour, A. D. 58. The
church at Rome had been already many
years in existence, Ch. xv., 23. Its
foundation is unknown. Though Paul had
never visited Rome, he was acquainted
with believers there (Ch. xvi.), some of
whom may have gone from scenes of his
missionary labours. The church seems to
have been largely Gentile, v. 13; Ch. xi.,
13; xv., 15, 16. Hoping soon to pay
them a short visit, Paul writes this as
a preparation for it, aiming to furnish
them with a comprehensive statement of
evangelical truth. The central thought
is justification by the sovereign grace of
God. In Chaps. i.-xi., the doctrinal part,
are unfolded successively the need, i.-iii., 20,
the nature, iii., 21-iv., the results, v.-viii.,
and the application, ix.-xi., of such justification.
In the remaining chapters, which
are practical, are enforced, on the basis
of this, duties towards God, the Church,
the state and society. Personal references
and greetings close the epistle.

1. Paul's deep interest in the Roman
believers. His interest finds expression in
thanks for the wide proclamation of their
faith. The central position and importance
of Rome naturally caused the progress
of the gospel there to be widely known.
Paul's joy shows that there was something
worth telling in the faith of these
believers. His joy would be all the
greater, in that the report would open
the way elsewhere to the gospel, I. Thess.
i. 8. His interest is again seen in his
anxiety to visit them. God, who alone knew
his secret devotions, is called to witness
that, on the occasion of his prayers, he
made it an unceasing matter of request for
God to bring to a successful issue his
ot-made purpose to come to them. This
longing to see them was not for personal
gratification, but had its root in what
was a further evidence of his interest,
the desire to strengthen them in knowledge
and character by imparting the graces of
the Holy Spirit. With fine Christian
courtesy Paul suggests that thus there
may be mutual animation and strengthening,
each stirred up by the faith of
the other to receive the comfort of the
Holy Ghost.

2. The spring of this interest his
service of God in the gospel. The mention
of the object of Paul's proposed visit naturally
leads to the thought here expressed
that his interest springs from a desire
to have some fruit (Phil. iv., 17) of his
labours in the gospel amongst them. This
desire in turn springs from a deep-seated
recognition that he is under obligation to
all mankind to declare the gospel unto
them. This feeling of obligation, however,
is not due to anything they have
done, but again springs from his unal-
tering sense that he is God's servant (vv. 1, 8;
Acts xxvii. 23) rendering a sincere
service in the gospel of His Son. This
service, which Paul never forgot, and in
which he gloried, was the ultimate spring
of that interest, which made him ready,
so far as lay in him, to preach the gospel
to those at Rome also.

3. This service due to a sense of the
gospel's divine worth. Hinting at the scorn-
ful treatment the gospel had received at
seats of culture, Paul in giving the reason
of his zeal for it, passes to the subject
of the epistle. It is a divine power,
fitted to inspire calm confidence, not
shame. Its aim is salvation, the restoration
to man of the ability to realize his
true destiny. Its extent is universal, all
believers share in it. The order of its
preaching is to the Jew first, John iv.
22; Luke xxiv. 47; Acts i. 8. In evidence
of its divine power the gospel reveals a
peculiar kind of righteousness. This is
a condition of man in which God regards
him as righteous; but it is not the ordinary
righteousness of actual obedience (Ch.
iii. 21, 28; iv. 6). From first to last it
is connected with faith. Being such, God,
not man, is the author of it (Ch. x. 3);
and faith in Him, as had been already
announced (Hab. ii. 4) becomes the channel
of spiritual life.