

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 comforts 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 present 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 romp 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 Knoop, 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 Hemispheres 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. 1-17.

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 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 the 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 unalloyed 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 scornful 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.