

Our Young Folks.

ONLY.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of hope and love:
And the angels smiled as they watched
above,
Yet little it cost in the giving.

It was only a kindly word,
A word that was lightly spoken;
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a faith beset by fears,
And groping blindly through mists of
tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing;
But its clasp was warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel wings;
But rolled the stone from the hidden
springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given;
Yet either may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest
smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily either is given!

BOYS WE ALL LOVE.

Perhaps the boy numbered in this list of individuals, will not much care if we call him, as we always call the ideal boy, a mother boy. Surely, if he does, there is something wrong in some way down deep in a corner of his heart, a something he would do well to ferret out and most effectually cast out; for never was paid a boy a greater compliment, did he but realize it, than to call him a genuine mother boy.

Be only worthy of the name, my boy, if you would win the respect of all who know you. Sometimes upon the streets of the down-town home village do we meet some certain few of those bright-faced lads that I am proud to call "my boys." But more often do we meet more of them that one involuntarily seeks to shun the sight of, so uncouth and vulgar in their speech and manner that their very presence seems to pollute the air.

Yes! "a mother boy" is the name we would give the sunny-faced, true hearted lad that is pure in thought and deed, and that is always in love with mother and sister. You may safely trust him every time. Of course we know that every boy loves mother after a fashion, else he could not have been one of humanity. But oftentime that fashion appears a strange one indeed to those unaccustomed to his manner of love-making. Did you know that although you are not ashamed to proclaim to the world and ashamed to proclaim to the world and "upon the housetop" if need be, that "my mother is the sweetest, prettiest woman in the universe," that many of your companions are? And can you think it smart or manly to feign indifference to the truest friend ever a boy had on earth? Ah! but if you do you make one of the saddest mistakes of your life, and that heart must have gone all wrong for the time being, at least.

The mother boy can hardly be classed as "rare." And yet the lads that openly demonstrate love for and great pride in mother and sister, are comparatively few, as numbered with the great world full of boys of all classes and ages. We do not meet them every day, perhaps. But when we do chance to meet one how quick we single him out, and how involuntarily one's heart goes out to him in admiration. For while "all the world loves a lover," the lover we always love best is the boy that first worships his mother. Safely he may be counted genuine, and such a good husband he will be for some one some day.

Just over the way is the home of one of those devoted pair, mother and son, and it is a pleasure to see them together.

Benny, the great, broad-shouldered, handsome fellow of more than twenty-one, pets and caresses the little silvery-haired woman he calls "little mother." And everybody says of him "that Benny Brown is one of the best of boys. Just see how he loves his mother, and how kind he is to his sisters at home or abroad." And all that know the boy feel perfect faith and confidence in him.

Some say "He's just naturally good and can't help it." But how we wish that they were all "just naturally good," and not able to help it? What a different old world this would be.

Watch a boy closely with his pony or dog. There will be found a sure index to his character there, for the true inwardness of his heart will branch out; and the actions of his dumb companions will tell the story of kindness or abuse.

Not so soon, though, will you learn the truth from the dog, or from the pony, for all know that a dog will caress the hand that strokes him, and in the self-same moment of the given blow, if allowed to.

But the pony that is maltreated and abused stands always on the defensive. Not in a manner of retaliation, but he shrinks from, and by every means seeks to evade the always expected lash or torture in some form. You cannot abuse him one moment and find him your best friend the next.

I could tell you such a long story of one such an abused little specimen of horseflesh, owned by a boy that called himself a Christian, and the son of Christian parents.

This pony had been lashed and scolded, neglected and half-starved, until even kind words and gentle pats would almost set him wild with fear. Such a tiny bit of a horse he was, too, and so pretty and nice. It brings the tears just to think of him.

No doubt you will be as glad to know as was I, one day, that his master grew tired of him, longed for some other style of diversion and pastime for awhile, after making his life a burden and a terror to him for a couple of years, and sold him, fortunately, to one who knew enough to appreciate him, and who possessed a humane heart.

Pony became accustomed to kindness and care after awhile, and forgot to tremble and jump every time he was spoken to, and the new master, unlike the old one, did not forget that pony's supper hour meant just as much to pony as did his own supper hour to him.

But many and many a night did pony lie down in his uncomfortable stall for the night, without one morsel of supper—"they" told me just because his cruel master "forgot" and "didn't care if he did."

Does anyone believe the Creator loves the sort of Christians that delight in inflicting pain upon helpless animals? And do you think that any one who loves all God's animal kingdom could ever list this class of boys among those numbered as "Boys we all love?"

—Nellie Hawks.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT.

On one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of L—. Dinner was just over, and I was left in the commercial room with but one other gentleman. We had not been long in conversation, before a youth was ushered in who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message and was on the point of retiring he was asked the question: "What will you take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select; rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered, and mechanically said, "Brandy, please, sir," which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, Mind your own business! Duty seemed to say, Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin. I waited until the brandy appeared, and just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak: "My boy, before you drink that brandy, I should like you to hear what I have got to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered to you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply.

Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment that that which this gentleman has been kind enough to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that and drinks of a similar nature, fill our prisons, poorhouses and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks than from any other cause;" and, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I say correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it."

Then speaking to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months afterwards, I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets, I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed on me. When we met he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, my boy," I replied; "you seem to know me, but for the moment, I don't remember you; have you met me before?" He heartily, and with boyish sincerity said, "Yes, sir; don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, and I think something I said to him prevented him from drinking a glass of brandy. Was it you?" "Yes sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't want the brandy, but I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Band of Hope at our Sabbath school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it."

"A word in season, how good is it."

—Geo. W. Armstrong.

London, Ont.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

If there is a portion of the community that is more sensitive to reasons of humanity, and that is more shocked by cruelty than any others, it certainly is women; and I would ask every reflecting Christian woman whether her happiness, her taste or her sense of the beautiful demands that she should encourage a traffic which insures the wholesale destruction of birds. Hundreds of thousands of them are brought into the market from Canada to Florida, and from the eastern coast of the United States to the Mississippi and beyond; and the traffic increases from year to year, and will increase just as long as fashion demands the sacrifice. I long ago made up my mind that fashion was a thing not accessible, that to preach to fashion was love's labour lost; but I am perfectly sure that if thoughtful and humane Christian women would set their faces against this evil it would be greatly diminished; and, as all fashions are like tides that come and go, it seems to me we should at least have a vacation in the destruction of birds. We have laws for the protection of fish and deer, of plovers and quails, of nesting birds, and I think there ought also to be a law for the protection of birds of plumage.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A few years ago, as the story is told in the English papers, the Princess of Wales went to the Holy Communion accompanied for the first time by her eldest son. She gave him that morning a little manuscript book containing texts and verses of hymns, which she had copied for him, "hoping," as she said afterwards, "that they might help him to keep closer to the cross."

After his death, as she was stooping over him to lay some flowers on his breast, she saw upon a little table close to his bedside, the book, bearing marks of long and constant use.

The Princess told this fact to Canon Fleming, adding with tears streaming down her eyes, "I could not but feel that Eddy had clung to the cross."

The woman who, in her grief, told the story of her dead boy, because she knew that all other mothers would be glad with her, is the daughter, the wife, the mother of king and prince. Yet the little worn book which gave her a hope that "Eddy had turned to the cross" is of more value to her now than that proudest of earthly crowns, which he lost in dying.—Youth's Companion.

PRINCESS MAY'S RELIGIOUS SINCERITY.

Princess May is a regular attendant at church and a constant communicant. She is extremely tolerant in her views. All she asks is that whatever religion a person professes, he shall act up to it, and not make it a sham. She reads her Bible every day, and no matter how many duties she has to perform, or how many things have to be got through, the chapter is always read.

Teacher and Scholar.

Aug. 27th, 1893. } PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA. { Acts xxvi., 19-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—1 Cor. i., 24.

After Paul's appearance before Felix, he continued in prison, though allowed considerable liberty, throughout the two following years, after which that governor was recalled. Festus who succeeded was besought by the Jews to cause Paul to be brought to Jerusalem, their intention being to kill him by the way. But Festus, a cynic and a sceptic, while willing to conciliate the people, was desirous to do right. He summoned those who wished to accuse Paul to meet him at Caesarea, where he tried Paul's case himself. His wish to please the Jews by sending Paul up to Jerusalem to be judged, constrained the apostle to take the case out of his hands by appealing to Caesar. Shortly after, King Herod Agrippa II. came down, with his sister Bernice, to Caesarea. He was a son of the king mentioned (ch. xii., 20-24). He was King of the territory beyond the upper Jordan and Sea of Galilee. His sister, Bernice, was noted for her beauty and her profligacy. Festus laid Paul's case before the king, at whose wish a hearing was given to Paul. The apostle commenced with a courteous reference to Agrippa's knowledge of the Jewish law, and after expressing his own attachment to it, went on to relate the story of his conversion.

I. Continuation of Paul's Address. Paul recognized in the heavenly vision, a personal manifestation of Jesus Christ, and accepted the commission given. He tells how, in fulfilment of this, he commenced labouring at Damascus (ch. ix., 20), and then went to Jerusalem. His work in Judea was later (Gal. i., 22). The mention of the Gentiles, so unwelcome to the Jews, (ch. xxi., 21, 22) is reserved to the last. The message, in delivering which he fulfilled his commission, was that of repentance turning from sin to God, and in evidence of its reality doing deeds corresponding to it, which would show a change in heart and life. This was the cause of Jewish attempts on his life. In his preservation to the present, he recognizes that God has been upholding him, enabling him to continue testifying to all ranks without respect of persons. In doing so Paul declares that he is stating only what the Jewish Scriptures had foreshown, viz., that the Messiah should be subject to suffering (Ps. xli.; Is. liii.), and that He, first rising from the dead, should proclaim light to Jew and Gentile. The prophets had foretold the unending kingdom of the Messiah, and also His death. The harmonizing of these prophecies was effected by rising from the dead.

II. Impression made on Festus and Agrippa. To Festus, as to the Athenians, a resurrection appeared incredible, and the idea of it is absurd. Unable longer to contain himself, he burst out in impatient surprise with the loud exclamation: Thou art mad! (R.V.) Paul appeared to be acting under infatuation, and the reputation he had for scholarship made the governor conjecture that study had really driven him insane. Paul answered with courteous self-possession, asserting that his words, far from being the fancies of a disordered intellect or the exaggerations of an excited mind, are true and sober. With courageous confidence, Paul refers to the King himself to bear him out in this. The events connected with the origin of Christianity were not secretly wrought. Paul is convinced that Agrippa not only knows about them, but knows the evidence on their behalf to be too great to make believe in them a charge against a man's understanding. For the truth of his statement, that the Jewish Scriptures foretold these things, he appeals to the King's belief in the prophets. Agrippa's reply (R.V.) is not necessarily jesting or sarcastic. He turns aside Paul's question, perhaps to avoid showing how much it had moved him. The answer is a real recognition of the intense sincerity and ardor of the Apostle, whose assertion seems to himself so indisputable, that with little persuasion he would sweep the King along to the same point of conviction. Paul's reply (R.V.) is an earnest, respectful wish, that whether little or much persuasion were needed, the King and all others present might become such as himself excepting for his chains.

III. Vindication of Paul. By rising up, the King gave the signal for the others to do so, and closed the assembly. A private conference was held, at which it was agreed that Paul, in the course he was pursuing, was doing nothing worthy of death, or even imprisonment. Agrippa declares that he could have been set at liberty, intimating however that the governor had now lost control of the case, through Paul's appeal.