

"Good-bye, God Bless You."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech,
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so;
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chère,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a coney takes your hand
At putting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in its place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle action,
And in your heart of hearts appears,
To work its gracious function;
And all day long, with pleasing song,
It lingers to caress you;
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye, God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause,
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said, "Good-bye,"
And asked our God to bless me.

Manly Young Christians.

We want to have an honest word with those who are already avowed followers of Christ, and with those who are not. We would ask the first class: "Are you as earnest and enthusiastic in his service as you should be?" The second: "Are you ashamed or afraid to enter that service?" In attempting to show what should be the answer to the latter question, we shall indicate the vital principle suggested in the first inquiry, and, therefore, we may talk at once with those who have as yet made no decision for Christ.

Let us have a chat with this gentlemanly young fellow of, perhaps, eighteen, who lays aside his book courteously as we address him, but whose face clouds perceptibly when we tell him that we want to talk with him about Christ. "It's very kind of you, but really I'm afraid I'm not a promising subject; I'm not likely to 'get religion.' To tell the truth, the whole idea of sanctity and meekness and 'turning the other cheek,' and all that, is very distasteful to me. But I beg your pardon; I'm afraid you'll think me rude." Well, we are sorry to hear these sentiments, but we have hope of our young friend, because he is so much of a gentleman; we want him to be more—a follower of the only perfect gentleman, the Lord Jesus Christ.

What shall we say to this boy—if we dare call him a boy? He is fenced round by so-called "taste"; he is spirited; he detests cant; he has

high ambitions; he is afraid of being "narrow." (He doesn't know quite what that means, but he has heard confessing Christians called "bigoted" and "narrow.") All things considered, he is not easy of approach. Perhaps something may come from asking him what book he has been reading. "Ah, that is *The Life of Gustavus Adolphus*," says our friend, with flashing eye. "He was a regular old brick, wasn't he? I was just reading that place where he did up Wallenstein." "Yes," we reply; "how inspiring it must have been to have seen his great army kneel in prayer upon the battle-field, and then, rising, advance to the encounter singing, in grand chorus, that rugged old hymn:

'A mighty fortress is our God!'

There was nothing weak about that—was there? Gustavus Adolphus was a soldier and a Christian. Simply because you are not engaged in mortal combat, or in exhibitions of physical strength and courage, do you think it would be weak to be a Christian? "You put it rather squarely," is the reply; "but the days of chivalry and prowess are past. A fellow is expected nowadays to be a goody-goody boy, emotional and soft-spoken and meek—" We interrupted him here: "You play foot-ball, perhaps?"

Our friend is surprised at this question, but he straightens himself, and we can almost see his muscles swell under his coat-sleeve as he says, "Yes, indeed. It's a fine game." "If you could play once against the Princeton College team you would find in one of the rushers a worthy opponent, a good 'blocker,' a fast runner, 'a sure tackler,' a fellow of splendid physique, with a handsome, manly face. That rusher is not what one calls a 'goody-goody' boy, he does not seem 'emotional,' he is not exactly 'soft-spoken'; perhaps the man he tackled so hard in the game might not think him 'meek'; yet he is a sincere, earnest Christian. He stands up before the students of his own and other colleges, and talks in a straightforward, manly way about Christ, urging them to surrender their lives to him, and to become his servants. There is no cant about this plain speech. Have you ever heard what a speaker in one of Moody's meetings said to some young converts?

"You may not have heard it. 'Young men,' said he, 'now that you have put off the old man, do not suppose that you must put on the old woman.' Here is your mistake, young man—you confuse matters. You assume that the experience and emotions of a dear saint who has passed happily through a life of hardships and trials, would be the standard for you religious life. You disparage the Church of Christ because it contains hypocrites. Are there not traitors in every army? On the whole, you are unintentionally 'narrow' in your own view of Christ's cause. Professor Drummond said to the students of Yale: 'We come, young men, to offer you a religion for young men—a strong, ennobling faith. We do not ask you to surrender your manliness and ambitions, but simply to take the one way to make them efficient for good in the world.' So we ask you, young man, to abandon the 'taste' that makes you only inactive and critical, to come out—fairly, squarely, like a man—on the side of Christ, to rejoice in doing his work, to be a knight of the nineteenth century, the champion of the right, a conscientious, consecrated citizen. With Gustavus' battle-hymn upon your lips, fight the good fight, keep the faith, and finish the course."

Because our talk has been with a boy, we would not have the girls think either that we have them less in mind, or that their responsibilities are lighter. The influence of pure, noble, high-minded

women, is the hope of our republic. With you, too, girls, rests the duty of Christian profession and Christian life. Your words weigh heavily with young men. A careless or flippant remark from you tends only to confirm such a youth as we have described, in his dangerous views. You have plenty of work to do. Every Christian girl, as far as circumstances permit, should belong to the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union—that active department of the great W. C. T. U. Through this excellent organization you can bring your influence to bear with greater effect against the great danger which menaces our national prosperity. God grant that our young men and women may realize the all-importance of rallying to the standard of the Cross, and carrying it forward into the unknown future of our country!—*Bishop Vincent, in "Our Youth."*

Perseverance.

A LITTLE girl, being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright: yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once, and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant, which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig, which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little, tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone around the twig; but it did not seem to think of this, and went on dragging and tumbling in the same old way. Finally, it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance; and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterward, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant; and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

Secrets.

It is not safe to listen to anything that you must not speak to mother or father about. It is not safe to read one page of a book that must be pushed behind you, or under your apron, when some one enters the room. Show the book to mother, and abide by her judgment, even if it is so enticing, and some of the other girls are crazy over it.

Share your secrets—and you may have some very happy secrets—with the one who loves you, not only best, but wisest. Still, you know that some things are best kept to yourself: a disappointment that nobody can help—wishing for something that nobody is ready to do for you, or give you.

Keep your "blues" to yourself—your ill-temper, your headaches, your dislike of people, the faults you see in them—let those disagreeable things be well-kept secrets.

Your Father in heaven knows all your secrets. Are you glad? Tell him when you cannot tell anyone else.—*Sunday School Visitor.*