

The Young People

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All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

One brother has suggested that the subject of our 'Study Course' for next year, be "Our Articles of Faith."

What do you think of the suggestion?

Prayer Meeting Topic—July 6.

The Father's Care. Psalm 103:13, 14. Malachi 3:17. Luke 15:22-24.

The Father Remembering and Pitying.

The loving God never forgets his people. However long and toilsome the way, the Father reminds his people of his perfect knowledge of their trials: "I know their sorrows." Not for a moment does he forget our weakness; "he remembereth that we are dust." Mothers may forget their helpless babies, "yet will not I forget thee." Knowledge of our weakness begets in the great God an unspeakable compassion. The context in Psalm 103:11-18 seeks celestial standards with which to measure God's kindness and forgiveness. We get a vision of his compassion through the image of a father's pity over his suffering children. From childhood the writer of these notes knew by heart the beautiful text, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him." But a personal experience of deep sorrow gave to the words a wealth of meaning they had not before possessed. A bright and beautiful little daughter was seized with a paroxysm of pain in my arms, lingered in much suffering and unrest for six weeks, and then went to be with Jesus. Many times as I watched by her cradle I could have wished that the pain were mine and not hers. One day as I stood looking at the little sufferer, my heart moved with unutterable tenderness and sorrow, this precious text flashed into my mind, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." I seemed to get a vision of the heart of God that has kept me often since from calling in question his love and goodness. If our Father's pity is like that, it will never fail us.

THE FATHER REMEMBERING AND SPARING.

The conversations about God's goodness and expression of loving fellowship between one believer and another are kept in perpetual remembrance before God. Who can ever forget the bold picture drawn by the prophet? Jehovah leans over and listens to the pious conversation of those who fear his name. He will not forget them when he separates the righteous from the wicked, but will graciously spare all such truly pious souls.

THE FATHER RECEIVING AND REJOICING.

When the lost son comes back home he finds such a welcome as he had not dreamed of receiving. The pitying Father, who spares all who speak of him with reverence and gratitude, will receive with great joy the returning prodigal. A robe is given instead of rags, and the kiss of welcome assures the penitent son of forgiveness for past sins and is the pledge of untold blessings in the future.

Who can withhold pity from the heathen who have never heard that God loves us? Who of us will bear to them the good news of the Father's great gift and his loving care? JOHN R. SAMPEY, in Baptist Union.

Louisville, Ky.

The Christian Young Woman in the Home.

BY MRS. JOHN H. CHAPMAN.

The position of the average young woman in the home is one of peculiar favor and at the same time one of subtle temptation. Love and ambition induces the mother and sometimes other members of the family to desire for her every advantage in the way of culture, inclines all to seek for her the attractiveness that comes of fashionable attire, and all too often induces sacrifices that are unwholesome in their effect, both upon the daughter herself and upon those who share with her the magic home circle. The strange part of it all is that the daughter seldom knows until middle life has been reached, just how much these sacrifices mean, and sometimes is even ignorant that they have been made at all. The reason for this is apparent.

Every advantage gained simply brings the daughter in contact with larger demands, and is apt to make her feel that all she has had is as nothing in comparison to that which has been denied her, and as the growth of possibilities continue on into the field occupied by the multimillionaires, there are few young ladies who may not consider themselves much abused by contrast with those more fortunate.

Add to all this a fact not always appreciated by male members of the household, that in every home there is a ceaseless treadmill of toil which discourages by its very

continuity, a beginner's efforts at household industries.

The mother, too, knowing how impossible it will be for the daughter to escape these cares in later life, often inclines to excuse her more than is for her good, and so, while occupying a position with endless possibilities for usefulness the average young girl has temptations to selfishness far in excess of the child or the older woman.

Now I feel sure every young woman who reads this is expecting a lecture on the performance of household duties, but I have none for you, partly because I believe you have heard all that I could say a thousand times, partly because I believe your own good sense should guide you here, and partly because I know that the average young woman is recreant to duty, more often in another direction than in that of idleness or self-indulgence.

There are indeed many cases where self-denial on the part of the daughter would be in a far greater way a deprivation of the mother. It might be a duty to accept an indulgence for the sake of the joy the mother would experience in the daughter's possessions, a pretty garment is often a great delight to the mother than to her child, and to appear as charming as possible in the eyes of the home-folks is certainly a worthy ambition.

All the questions of what the daughter should or should not accept or do must be so variously answered in individual cases that "a stranger intermeddled not!" But there is one duty that faithfully performed can sweeten life in every home let it be ever so lowly, and that neglected can blight all the joy of the most favored in wealth and culture. It is that pointed out by Paul when he says, "Rejoice always, and again I say rejoice" (Col. 4:4). Favored among women is the mother who possesses a happy daughter. Most young women look out upon life with covetous eyes for every joy. The widening circle of indulgence only increases the number of desirable things that lie just beyond, and too often murmuring and complaint occur where there should be grateful content.

Dear young woman, the surest way to add to the household joy is to be yourself joyful. Better to let your mother hunger for bread than to let her see that the effort to give her bread has destroyed your happiness,—better to let her bend her back to weary toil than to relieve her at the expense of your own cheerfulness. Better neglect her when ill than to let her feel that the service you render is a burden to you. When pleasures that are legitimate come your way, take them with joyful appreciation, and when some are denied believe that One wiser than you is planning for you and rejoice in what is yours.

Be joyful. We hear an endless round of admonition to "make others happy," and this is well, but do not forget that the sum of human happiness is not complete without the contribution of your own heart's joy.

Yes, I know that some Christian young women have real sorrows to bear, some have irritating trials that prey upon happiness like ravenous wolves, but our Master knew that if only the care-free smiled this world would 'rejoice in tribulation,' 'rejoice always, and again I say rejoice.' Enjoy your home, make much of its beauties and forget its shortcomings, enjoy your parents, your brothers and your sisters and let every home tie be not a burden, but a joy, and then whether your lot is cast in wealth or poverty you shall be a blessing in the home.

Chicago, Ill.

Illustrative Gatherings.

SELECTED BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTINGTON.

Suggested Scripture: I Pet. 5:7; Psalm 55:22; II Cor. 6:18; James 1:17; Phil. 4:6; Matt. 6:28, 29; Matt. 6:31, 32.

For looking backward through the year,  
Along the way my feet have passed,  
I see sweet places everywhere,  
Sweet places where my soul had rest.  
My sorrows have not been so light  
The chastening hand I could not trace,  
Nor have my blessings been so great  
That they have hid my Father's face.

Every regenerated soul sets out on its voyage with an invisible Captain on board, who knows the nature of our sealed orders from the outset, and who will shape our entire voyage accordingly.—A. J. Gordon.

The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life or death  
His mercy underlies.  
I know not where his islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

—Whittier.

Mamma Brownhair asked that it might be a haven of rest and peace, that when, in days to come, Bonnie should come to this spot with burdens of happiness or sorrow, here her prayers might be heard and answered.

Bonnie herself could only utter a sincere thanksgiving for her happy birthday, while Blue eyes asked God to bless Bonnie and the little room.

As months passed, each birthday or Christmas added some new treasure for wall or bureau, and some of the first ones had to be removed, but the child over the secretary, feeding the chicken on her toe, never lost her place, and seemed no more weary of it than were the little children whose eyes opened upon her each morning.

Perhaps the front bedroom, with its grown-up furniture, missed its little sometime occupants, and was lonely; but it never told, and no one ever knew.

And now, to prove to you that this is not a story-book story at all, but that the Brownhair's are only the plainest kind of every-day people, I will just confess to you that the curtains are getting dust-begrimed, and the matting is wearing in places, and that Bonnie and her mother are looking forward to a common, prosy house-cleaning when Bonnie's vacation comes.—Sunday School Times.

One Girl's Secret.

"Mother, may I go out visiting this afternoon!" asked little Agnew Mahew.

"Yes, you may. You may go to see Ella, or to see Louie, which ever you like."

"I'd rather go to Louie's," said Agnes, quickly.

"Why?" asked Aunt Esther, who was sewing by the window. "Hasn't Ella a great many dolls and beautiful toys? And, then, there is a pony-cart."

"I know," said Agnes, "but it doesn't matter how many nice things she has, just as soon as we begin to play she begins to wish she had something different, and it unsettles my mind so much. But when I play with Louie, if we want anything that we haven't got, she can generally think of something else which will do as well; or else she says that we can do without it very nicely. She's lots cheerfulest about doing without things than Ella is, and it's much more fun to play with her."

Aunt Esther looked across Agnes at her mother, and smiled.

"The same old truth," she said. "It's the spirit within that makes the world without fair or dark."

"What is 'spirit,' mother?" asked Agnes, presently.

Her mother thought a minute.

"Well, dear, it's the way we think in our hearts. If we have happy, thankful thoughts, they give us a contented spirit, and that makes the world bright for us. Nothing else can."

Agnes nodded her head very wisely.

"Yes, mother, I believe that's just the truth. Louie's got a contented spirit, and she enjoys it a great deal more than Ella does all her dolls and her pony-cart and everything. Besides, it makes her just lovely company for us other girls to play with."—The Wellspring.

The Tale of Polly Wog Wog.

This is the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog, Who lived in the midst of the country of Bog, Of brothers she numbered one hundred and four; Of sisters two hundred—or possibly more; No matter. Whatever the total might be She never was lacking for playmates, you see. So hide-and-go-seek and pom-pom-pull-away She played in the mud and water all day; For water and mud were the young Wogs' delights— They frolicked there, dined there, and slumbered there nights.

Miss Polly was vain—though we hardly would call Her face or her figure attractive at all. Like most of her family, be it here said, She was seven-twelfths tail, and the rest of her head. Yes, Polly was truly exceedingly plain— But the tail was the thing that was making her vain! Her father cried, "Shame!" And her mother cried, "Fie!" Her brothers said, "Goose!" And her sisters said, "My!"

And dreadful misfortunes would happen, they vowed, To the girl who was acting so silly and proud. But the more they entreated and threatened and warned, The more their advice and their efforts were scorned, And Polly went wiggling and wriggling about— Such airs! You would think she was some speckled trout!

But, O! she encountered a terrible fate, Which just as a moral I'll briefly relate: She kept growing ugly! But that's not the worst— She swelled so that one day she suddenly burst! And, alas, she was changed to a common green frog, What an end to the tail of Miss Polly Wog Wog!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in The Churchman.

Polly's Dilemma.

There's something that I've thought I wish you'd explain to me, Why, when the weather's warm, There's leaves on every tree, And when they need them most, To keep them warm and nice, They lose off half their clothes And look as cold as ice.

—Selected.