

## Our Young Folks.

### AN OLD SAW.

A dear little maid came skipping c-c-t  
In the glad dew day with a merry shout.  
With dancing feet and with flying hair  
She sang with joy in the morning air.

"Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!"  
What a croak to darken the child's delight!  
And the stupid old nurse, again and again,  
Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

The child paused, trying to understand,  
But her eyes saw the great world, rainbow spanned;  
Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,  
And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind; don't listen, O sweet little maid!  
Make sure of your morning song," I said;  
"And if pain must meet you, why, all the more  
Be glad of the rapture that came before.

"O, tears and sorrows are plenty enough,  
Storms may be bitter and paths be rough,  
But our tears should fall like the dear earth's showers  
That help to ripen the fruits and flowers.

"So gladden the day with your blissful song,  
Sing on while you may, dear, sweet and strong!  
Make sure of your moment of pure delight,  
No matter what trials may come before night."

### BURDETT'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. O, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master—Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes you say, "God knows it." That's right; but He is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to tell big stories!—If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like glue to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I Won't" just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells us anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.

### HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him, that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You would have to let me ride him sometimes," said his brother.

"Why would I? You would have no right in him if he were mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't."

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening to them and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:—

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

"The other said: 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you would not," was the reply

"Yes, I would."

"But I would not let you."

"I would not ask you."

"You should not do it."

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will." And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said, "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

### ANOTHER STORY OF A LIFE.

No one ever spoke of Phyllis Hendrick as one of the Hendrick girls! No one ever said, "There is one of the Hendrick sisters passing." She was Phyllis to everybody who knew her. "Trust Phyllis to do it; she can always be depended upon." So the gentle woman grew to fill a place in home and Church life. In the mission school she was appointed to visit the slums, because Phyllis could go anywhere. She never made a failure of any undertaking because she was always true to the best she knew. "I have met a woman whose dress and deportment was perfect." People like to be called perfect, so I ventured to ask, "What was her dress?"

"Oh, only some quiet, unobtrusive stuff; but she wore it like a princess."

"That," I answered, "was Phyllis Hendrick."

"But what is the secret of her success," was asked by one who noted the influence of her quiet life over the lives of others.

"Unselfishness!"

"If Phyllis ever thinks of herself it must be in her dreams," her sister laughingly said.

"Why are you always so happy, Phyllis? You are better than a tonic to have about one."

Phyllis laughed. "I believe I am always happy, and why should I not be? If the clouds are sometimes dark, I know the light is shining behind."

"But don't you ever grow tired, dear?"

"If I do I shall have all eternity to rest in. I want to meet my Maker with something more than a blighted head of wheat in my hands. The life He gave me is His, and He meant that I should spend it in His great harvest field. Even the feeble strokes tell, and my life is one, but I mean to keep on striving for Him."

"You should be a missionary, Phyllis."

"I should be just where God has placed me, for there my life-work lies. There are no longings for a broader field, for the whole world is His, and missionary work can be done anywhere."

### WHAT AM I FIT FOR?

There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must try. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men. In either case his aid is needed in the vast and diversified field of labour presented by a great and growing country. The head and the hand are equally requisite in every branch of science and business, in all the pursuits of actual life. If the man who is merely expert of hand stands or seems to stand on a lower level than he who plans largely and wisely, let him not repine at that, for on the plane where his capacities have placed him, there is less of responsibility and anxious care than in the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellects. Having found his true place in the great commonwealth of industry, let the young man cling to it, and not allow himself to be tempted by plausible stories and dreams of sudden wealth, into speculations for which he is not fitted.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Oct. 4,  
1891.

CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS.

[John xi.  
21-44.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life.—John xi. 25.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

The references to the New Testament give us a glimpse of a happy Jewish home. The members of the family were a brother and two sisters. There are various circumstances that give the impression that they were living in comfort. The members of the family were devotedly attached to each other. Jesus visited this affectionate home, and His presence there was greatly appreciated. Between the time of the last lesson and this He had returned to Galilee, and was at the time of Lazarus' death at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, about thirty miles distant from Jerusalem. While he was absent Lazarus had sickened and died. The sorrowing sisters had at once sent a messenger to Jesus, but He did not at once go to the home of the mourners. He remained for two days longer in the place where He was.

I. The Bereaved Sisters.—In the hour of their deepest sorrow the sisters manifested the same characteristics that they displayed on another occasion. Martha, the eager and alert, went out to meet Jesus as He drew near to the village, while Mary, the quiet and meditative, remained in the house. The salutation of each was the same, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." This was not the language of complaint or reproach; it was more of wistful regret mingled with hope and faith, for she adds: "But I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." She had faith in the power and in the love of Jesus. She knew that He who had healed the sick and raised the dead was able to do so still. It is sometimes argued that Jews had no definite belief in the resurrection of the dead, but there are frequent allusions to this belief in the Old Testament Scriptures. In Martha's answer to Christ's saying, "Thy brother shall rise again," "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day," we have an evidence that the Jewish people cherished this belief.

II. Jesus the Comforter of the Bereaved and the Sorrowing.—To comfort Martha Jesus uttered this profound and glorious truth: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." He is the Author of spiritual life. He raises the soul from the death of sin to newness of life, joy and peace. Christ is the life of His believing people. He is the life of all that is good. Then, having power and authority over all things, He is able to restore bodily life, and it is His voice that will raise the dead from the grave at the last day. It is faith in Christ that brings life to the soul. Jesus adds: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." This accords with Christ's previous saying: "He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life." It is a present possession, and the death of the body does not separate the soul from God, but brings it nearer. There is no break in the continuity of life. He brings this truth immediately home to Martha by the pointed question, "Believest thou this?" Her answer is a strong and clear confession of her faith, "Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." Martha then went back to her home and told her sister secretly that Jesus had come, and that He had called for her. Martha was desirous that Mary should have the same comfort and hope that Jesus had imparted to her. It was best to whisper Christ's invitation to her that she might have the opportunity of meeting Jesus quietly without the presence of strangers. Sorrow, while it desires sympathy, also courts solitude. Jesus was still outside the village, and remained there until the two sisters had met with Him. Mary, with characteristic intensity of feeling, cast herself at the feet of Jesus, and expressed her thoughts in the same form that Martha had done. It is said that at the sight of the weeping sisters, and their neighbours who had by this time gathered around them, Jesus "groaned in the Spirit and was troubled." It is rightly explained that the former expression implies indignation, and the latter means that He gave visible manifestation of His indignation, because He saw that sin was the cause of sorrow and of death. Then, not that He needed to be informed, but rather an intimation that He was ready to accompany them to the grave, He said: "Where have ye laid him?" The shortest verse in the Bible follows, one that has brought unspeakable comfort to unnumbered sorrowing hearts, "Jesus wept." All who beheld the touching scene were deeply moved. The Jews were impressed with the depth of Jesus' love for all the members of that family, and they began to think that One who had been able to give sight to the blind could have saved His friend from death.

III. Lazarus Raised from Death.—At length the grave, hewn out of the solid rock and secured by a stone placed against the opening, is reached, and Jesus commanded that the stone be removed. Martha, probably shrinking from the sight the remains would present, thought that after four days in the tomb the process of decay would be advancing. In response Jesus appeals to her faith, reminding her that if she believed she should see the glory of God in the mighty work He was about to accomplish. In obedience to Christ's command the stone was removed. He begins His great work with prayer. His was always true prayer in that it was in full accord with His Father's will. It was therefore always answered. His prayer on this occasion was for the benefit of the people, that by His work they might be convinced that He was the Messiah. Then in loud and clear tones He said: "Lazarus, come forth." The dead man heard His voice and obeyed. He came out of the tomb with his grave clothes on him. These Jesus commanded to be removed, and Lazarus, alive again, is restored to his family and life's duties once more.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The home into which Jesus comes is always a happy home, and no home from which He is excluded can have true blessedness.

Into the homes where love dwells, as into all, disease and death enter.

The one great and true Comforter in times of deepest distress is Jesus Christ, who wept tears of sympathy for the bereaved sisters of Bethany.

Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life. He alone can raise the soul dead in trespasses and sins to the life of holiness and the life of heaven. His voice will call forth the dead from their graves on the resurrection morn.

THE sudden changes liable at this season result in cold in head, followed by catarrh and perhaps consumption and death if not speedily treated. Nasal Balm almost instantly relieves cold in head, and never fails to cure catarrh in its worst form. It has cured thousands of others it will cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price (50c. or \$1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.