

Our Young Folks.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I was but a little lamb
From the Shepherd straying,
When I heard within my heart
Some one softly saying:
Follow Me, follow Me,
I will safely guide thee,
Through the stormy ways of life
Walking close beside thee."

Never turning from that voice,
Never disobeying,
Let me know that unto me
Christ is always saying:
Follow Me, follow Me,
I will safely guide thee,
Through the stormy ways of life
Walking close behind thee."

Early to His loving care
Shall my heart be given;
For each step I take with Him
Brings me nearer heaven.
"Follow Me, follow Me."
Is the Saviour saying
Unto every little lamb
Who from Him is straying.

CATCHING CRABS.

The little son of a sea captain who accompanies his father on his voyages, tells of the amusement he had at Terre del Fuego in watching the dogs catch crabs. The dogs on board the ship are not up to the trick, but the native canines are very expert in securing their crab dinners. The beach there is stony and when the tide is out the crabs hide themselves in the sand under the stones waiting for it to return. At low tide the dogs come to the beach, and with one fore paw turn over a stone to which a crab is clinging, and knock him off with the other paw. They have to be spry or else the crab will get so tight a hold on the stone that he cannot be dislodged. A green dog is likely to get a nip from a crab's claw when he undertakes this feat, and then how he yelps! The captain says he never has seen this performance except at Terre del Fuego. But we once heard of a Prince Edward Island dog which digs clams with his paws, though we cannot certify that he ever attempts to open the shells.

CHOOSING A CALLING.

Find out early what nature designed you to be—whether a lawyer, doctor, preacher, trader, or mechanic—and strive assiduously to qualify yourself for the discharge of the duties of your calling. Be careful not to mistake a hasty impulse, a shallow temporary liking for a real bent or deep love for a vocation; and on the other hand, when you have pursued any business for some years, and found that it has many difficulties, trials, and perplexities of which you had not dreamed, do not hastily abandon it for another—thus throwing away most of the knowledge and experience acquired—with the expectation of finding your pathway in the latter strewn with roses without any thorns. All callings that are worth pursuing are alike in this—that not one of them is easy. Only after repeated failures following the most earnest and persistent efforts to succeed should a change be made. Remember, too, that those kind of businesses which pay best in the long run, are the slowest in beginning to yield a return. Success in them is like the growth of the aloe—for a long time slow and imperceptible. For years you perceive no change; then all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis and it shoots up a stock ten, or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers. Stick, then, if possible, to your chosen calling, lest it be said of you, as of a character in Owen Meredith's "Luelle," "With irresolute finger he knocked at each one Of the doorways of life, but abided at none; His course by each star that crossed it was set, And whatever he did he was sure to regret."

—Harper's Young People.

Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—Leighton.

"SIDE SHOWS" AT THE FAIR.

The Art Galleries fill a superb building that is unmistakably classic in architecture. Surmounted by a grand dome supporting a winged statue, the front sends out a beautiful pillared portico, which is repeated by smaller doorways of similar kind. Around the whole run great galleries, forty feet wide, presenting surfaces for molding, sculpture and mural paintings. Leading up from the Lagoon are steps and terraces, upon which a number of square pedestals support groups of sculpture.

Standing apart from the other large buildings, the Palace of Fine Arts need not harmonize with them. It is of impressive simplicity in its lines, and attains grandeur by a few commanding features. Two wings of not dissimilar effect emphasize the beauty of the main portion.

In the opinion of many, this building should be made a permanent memorial of the Fair. It is the least dependent upon others of all that have been grouped within the park. Within are galleries admirably adapted for the safe preservation and convenient exhibition of memorials of the great Fair. Architects agree that but little labour and expense would be necessary to convert the whole into a fire-proof, durable and beautiful monument to the great Columbian Exposition.

We cannot even barely mention a ten-thousandth of the features, each of which some boy or girl will pick out as "the best thing of all." But let us run over just a few of the "side-shows," outside of the classified exhibits.

Here will be found ancient and modern villages imitated; a captive balloon; settlements of foreign nations; a wheel 250 feet in diameter for whirling people up into the air on revolving chairs; a great tower ascended by an electric spiral railway; a panorama of the Alps; an immense swimming building with tank; a great company of trained animals; an artificial-ice toboggan-slide; Japanese bazaars; Bohemian glass-blowers; an African savage settlement; a great glass-factory in operation; a Moorish palace; a volcano panorama; a 100-mile-an-hour railway, where the cars are driven by jets of water and slide on films of water; gondolas and electric launches plying upon all the waterways; an Esquimo village; a steam-engine, in the power house, twice as large as the celebrated Corliss engine, but using oil for fuel; all the state buildings; a hunter's camp; a complete Indian village; a dairy; the largest cannon that the Krupp works have ever built; a moving sidewalk, part moving slowly enough to step upon, and part carrying the passengers quickly along. Most of these amusing sights are in a strip of eighty acres called the "Midway Pleasance." And the Children's Building? Certainly, you shall hear about that—but at another time.

A Century editorial says of this exhibition: "Those who have time to see only its general aspect will have seen the very best of it." A government report is quoted as saying: "This exposition stands alone. There is nothing like it in history." And to the boys and girls of America we can say that to see the Fair intelligently, and with time properly apportioned, will be an education more liberal than can be acquired in any college in the land.

One great difficulty will be the impossibility of seeing more than one drop out of the ocean offered. Remember, if you go, that you will have to select the few things that you wish most to see. Then go resolutely and see them. Never mind the gilt gingerbread; find out the very jewels that you wish to make your own. If you love art, see the pictures and statuary. If you love machinery, go see the wheels go round.

It will be a good lesson to draw from the Fair, that all its magnificence is the result of an idea—the idea that the world was round; and that the man in whose honour the people are there gathered was for years believed to be a visionary and a crank.

Which brings us back to the homely wisdom of David Crockett: "Be sure you're right; then go ahead."—Tudor Jenks, in May St. Nicholas.

'AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.'

I.
"For the love of me!" she murmured with a breath of perfumed fire,
Curved arm about columnar throat, hot heart on hot heart crushed.
"What are legions, gods, or peoples, in the strength of my desire?"
(While to hear her Nile flowed softly, and the desert wind was hushed.)
"Prove me love above all living! let my whisper drown war's thunder—
Weigh mine eyes against thy corslet's shine, my finger 'gainst thy sword!"
Reason recoiled—the conqueror yielded and a world stood mute with wonder
As fell a fame to deathless shame at history's dark award.

"For the love of Freedom!"—So they sang at every flashing stroke
Of the knife that drank the blood of bravest, purest and most fair;
When a nation groaned and struggled 'neath her own self-carven yoke,
When Iscariot kissed Barabbas, and when hatred twinned despair.
When the spy was on the hearth stone—when age and bloom of maiden
Were shieldless 'gainst the tyrant's power to work unspoken things;
When "Liberty, thy name's blasphemed!" she sighed whose voice low-laden
With a million captives' anguish still through Time's deep arches rings.

"For the love of God!" they muttered, as with sentence slowly passed
In softly moulded phrase they sent the doubter to his doom;
When the mangled martyr languished in his darkness dungeon-cast,
Or the prison gate but opened on a passage to the tomb.
When the forecast of God's anger was the "question" and the stake,
And the token of God's mercy was the gentle strangling cord—
When the flowing sea-tide choked the witch's breath for Christ's sweet sake,
And the weapons of His warfare were anathema and sword.

II.

"We have changed all that." Ay? Have we!
Is there never peoples' leader
Sells their cause with base betrayal for a woman's kiss today?
Is there never from the close-knit ranks of honour a seceder
While a woman smiles triumphant as he falls beneath her sway?
Search the courts, where vice is stripped—the fanes where pastor's voice uplifted
Calls in vain to upland pastures from the reeking marsh below;
Ye have chained the bolts of heaven, fixed the sounds by soft winds drifted—
Bind ye now the tides of passion from their fierce and whelming flow!
"Down with wealth! away with rulers!" (says our demagogic teaching,
"And the People's holy cause is gained—oppression's sands are run!"
When the striker's child lies dying—starved—with work for hand's out-stretching,
Does the father find a thousand lords more merciful than one?
When the shrinking wretch is haled to sudden doom untried, unshriven,
Does his cry invoke mob justice or the sacred name of Law?
When the patriot's(?) tools are knife and bomb can we take as patriot leaven
The creed which stirs to darker crimes than slavery ever saw?

"But Faith at least?"—Well—yes; the sun has set on axe and cord,
And Law has laid her finger on the flood and on the flame.
But while feud and strife are kindled on the meaning of a word,
And our spirit's rancour blossoms for a vesture or a name
While the arm of force is needed to restrain from active wrong,
Can we claim that altogether we have probed the Christian heart?
Or that ashes of spent fires do not smoulder fierce and strong
While our young con differing gospels, and our dead must lie apart?

III.

Freedom handcuffed, truth in shackles, license running wild and riot—
Such the record of the bye-gone, turn the pages where we will;
Dare we boast—our fingers ruffling our own history's leaves unquiet—
That no whisper from the olden throws its echo round us still?
Oh ye peoples! take the lesson of the ages in their passage—
Not by worship of man's idols can the world's salvation come;
Break the image—raze the temples—give your ears to truer message,
Lest your prophets cease to warm you, and your preachers' voice be dumb!

Annie Rothwell, in The Week.

Teacher and Scholar.

June 4, 1893. } REVERENCE AND FIDELITY. { Eccl. v. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—Rom. xii. 11.

This book consists of meditations on human life and society, placed in the mouth of Solomon. The name applied to him, translated Ecclesiastes, probably means a public teacher of wisdom, or a "debater," who sets forth the conclusions to which experience or reflection had brought him. Except in the earlier chapters, there are no clearly marked subdivisions, and connection of thought is often difficult to trace. The view taken of life is for the most part dark. All is vanity. The book, however, is not pessimistic. God remains the moral governor of the world. While experience may seem to conflict with this faith, as it did in the case of Job, it cannot overturn it.

I. Reverence in worship enjoined. The place of worship should be approached with the reverence due to it as God's house, Ps. cxiii. 5. To keep the foot was to walk in the right way of reverence and obedience, Ps. cxix. 101. In the East, the outward symbol of the reverence due to a holy place, has ever been the removal of the shoes, Ex. iii. 5; Josh. v. 25. This reverence is shown by inward hearing (i.e. obeying) rather than by outward sacrifice, offered in the ignorance of a foolish heart, which thus does evil unknowingly Prov. xxi. 27. Sacrifice in itself is not prohibited, but apart from an obedient heart, it is simply a godless superstition. Comp. I Sam. xv. 22; Ps. xl. 6f.; I. St. Reverence requires careful watch of the utterance before God. Thoughtless multiplication of words, (Matt. vi. 7) is to be avoided. Nor is utterance to be hastily given to the thoughts and wishes of the heart before ascertaining that they are lawful objects of prayer. This is enforced by two motives, a sense of God's heavenly majesty, and the foolishness apt to characterize a multitude of words. Manifold cares during the day are apt to project themselves into the night, producing a feverish, dreaming condition, with disconnected fancies; these fitly picture the wishes represented by the multitude of words in the fool.

II. Warning against rash vowing. The vow, though not obligatory (Deut. xxiii. 22) was provided for in the law, Lev. xxvii. From the imperative character of a vow once incurred, great need of caution is urged, lest it be inconsiderately or ignorantly made. Once made, there should be no want of promptitude in performing the vow, for delay is partial disobedience. To defer, is indication of a foolishness, not pleasing to God. To neglect fulfillment, is disregard of truthfulness, violence to conscience, and thus the infliction of deep moral injury. Watchfulness must be exercised, lest the mouth, by thoughtlessly uttering a rash vow, involve the person (the flesh) in sin, or necessitate application to some authorized teacher of religion (the angel or messenger, Hag. i. 13; Mal. ii. 7; Rev. i. 20) for mitigation of the vow on the plea that it was an error. The rashness which extricates itself by dishonesty, justly incurs God's anger and provokes His punitive justice. A reason for what precedes is professedly given in v. 7, which is obscure. Rash vowing seems to be connected with rash speaking, both being made a result of multitude of dreams, and words, and vanity, (R. V.) in contrast to which the fear of God is urged.

III. Evils of love of money. Political disorders (probably of the writer's time) are graphically set forth. The poor are oppressed. Justice is refused. The lust for money causes tyranny to prevail. Yet this is not to be cause for marvelling. Two widely different explanations have been given of the reason which follows. Many taking marvel as equivalent to 'be dismayed,' understand the assertion to be that the high earthly tyrants are not supreme God, higher than the highest, will in the end punish wrong-doing. Others find here the reason why unjust oppression is not to be wondered at, the same corruption found among the high officials, prevails among those in still higher positions. The next verse as it stands would indicate that all, even the king, need, and should share in the profit of the earth. But according to R. V. (margin) it would contrast the despotic government with that of a king devoted to and encouraging agriculture. Apart from the oppression caused by the love of money, it is in itself unsatisfying to him who gives himself up to it. He who clings to wealth has no real fruit of it. Increased prosperity brings increased outlay. Beyond the poor satisfaction of looking at his wealth, knowing it to be his own, the owner has little special advantage. The cares and anxieties of the wealthy, often preventing slumber, cause them to contrast unfavourably with the labourer, who, whether able to procure much or little food, sleeps sweetly, as the result of toil.