

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

YOU!

This civilization was built for you. This century was born for you. This hour was pre-arranged for you. All the ages have been conspiring to erect a platform for you to stand upon at the present moment. All this for you. For you. "D. L. Moody was first awakened to an interest in spiritual things, while sitting drowsily in Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, by some one suddenly rousing him, and telling him that the sermon meant him."

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

When a man's business is not just the kind of business which a man's business ought to be, he usually remarks: "Business is business." All kinds of rascalities are buried beneath that phrase "Business is business." Whenever and wherever "business is business" keep your eye open. Dr. Talmage remarks: "Some time ago, in the city of New York, a young man in a jeweler's store stood behind the counter offering gold rings to a customer. He said, 'Those rings are fourteen carats.' The lady replied, 'I want a ring of sixteen carats'; and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk, 'Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?' He replied, 'I cannot deceive anybody.' The head of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said, 'You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations.' Who was the young man? A hero! Who was the gentleman representing the firm? He was a deacon in a Brooklyn church!"

SHAKE HANDS

Shake hands! Get into the hand shaking habit. The habit is a good one. Shake hands! Shake hands with everybody. Shake hands with the people who are neglected. Shake hands with obscure people. Shake hands with the little folks. The following authentic story shows how Dean Farrar appeared to a small boy who regarded him as nil mortale: "I was never in the Sixth," he explained, "but Dr. Farrar came to review the lower school form in which I then was. As he came in, in his silk gown, with that stately form, oh, I did feel small! 'Go on, —,' he said to me. I went on and got through it. When the review was over, he stopped and talked to us, among others to me. 'Where were you born?' he asked. 'In India, sir,' I replied. 'Ah, I was born in Bombay myself.' We had quite a talk, and then he shook hands. I was proud of myself. I didn't wash that hand for two days."

GOLD BUGS

Certain men are gold-mongers. They think gold, talk gold, dream gold, clutch gold and breathe gold. Gold in the teeth of such a man must be absolutely at home. God save us from the golden idolatry. Beecher once said: "I heard a man once say, 'If I could stand and receive dollars over a counter, I would not like any better heaven than this world.' I do not think it would take much to make that man happy."

MOCK HUMILITY

If you love praise, say so. Don't lead people on to tell you how handsome you are and then look surprised when they assert that you are nothing less than Apollo. Away with your mock humility. I will have none of it. Personally, I like to be complimented. I don't detest praise. Somebody writes concerning Oliver Wendell Holmes: "One evening he was the guest at a banquet given by a Boston club, to which I had been kindly invited. When he arose to make a speech they cheered and applauded to the echo. His face was radiant, beautiful. After he sat down I said to him: 'Are you not tired of cheers and applause, after all these years of triumphs?' 'No,' he replied, 'they never cheer loud enough; they never applaud long enough to please me.'"

THE DAYS OF YOUTH

Time is but brass at seventy. It is silver at sixty. It is gold at forty. It is radium at thirty. Youth possesses all the elements of prophecy. Youth is the seed time of life and the foundation period of character. "When the worn-out slanderer and voluptuary, Dr. Wolcott, lay on his death-bed, one of his friends asked if he could do anything to gratify him. 'Yes,' said the dying man, eagerly, 'give me back my youth.'"

THE JEW

The Jew has proven himself a true and genuine patriot. A citizen without a land, he has always been loyal to the land which has crowned him with the privilege of citizenship. When Renan said: "A Jew will never be a citizen; he will simply live in the cities of others," he was simply flying in the face of the facts of history. The Jew is human—has heart, soul, emotions, affections, enthusiasm and sentiment like unto us all, and is susceptible to all those influences which engage and captivate. The Jew has never proven false to the nation which has honored him with commercial opportunity and political recognition. The Jew is human. Treat him in a mean manner and you produce a mean man. Treat him like a man and you produce a patriot. "Wherever the Jew has found a friend in his country the country has found a friend in the Jew."

A Prayer

This solemn appeal, from the pen of Neil Munro, the well known Scottish author, was read in the churches of Glasgow on a recent Sunday.

Lord, from this storm-awakened isle,
At this dark hour on land and sea,
Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath bell
Go up our prayers to Thee.

For the long years of sanctuary
We tender thanks, O Lord!
For peaceful fields and sacred hearths,
And the unused sword.

Thine be the praise! And now when
quakes
The world, and trials come,
O God! preserve inviolate
Our sacred island home.

O! had we died untried, unproved
And missed this hour of stress—
Praise be to God for this last gift.
The joy of steadfastness!

Where'er our people be to-night,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunder-bolted deep,
Or bivouacked by the guns—

Treading the mire of a foreign land,
Or guarding our native coasts,
Be Thou our Shield and Comforter,
We pray Thee, God of Hosts!

NEIL MUNRO.

INSPIRATION

Inspiration is the greatest miracle in human experience. It is the touch of the divine. It is fabric woven out of threads which are purely spiritual. It is the best evidence of an unseen realm. It has in it all the power of pure force and all the subtle moods of spiritual energy. When Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, was approached by a newspaper reporter and asked for a copy of one of his sermons, his answer was: "I might as well try to give you a copy of chain-lightning!" Some person asked Henry Ward Beecher "how long" he preached. His answer was: "Until the flash comes!"

AN IDEAL HOME

An ideal home is the castle of a genuine love, the tower of an enthroned friendship, the citadel of every pure joy, the walled city of every sacred relationship and the round-table of social communion and all the highest forms of human intercourse and intellectual exchange; for here we may find a woman's heart, a husband's strength, a father's wisdom, a child's awakening consciousness, an infant's smile and the kindling touch of a neighbor's loyalty.

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam;
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

BUILD A HOME

Build a home. Let that home be the centre of all beautiful influences. Invite your friends into it. Let the poor always be fed at your door. Let every window shine with the light of human sympathy. Make your fireside a refuge for the broken hearted. It was said of Emerson that when his children told him that the subject given out for their next school composition was "The Building of a House," he said: "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away."

THE MAIN ISSUE

There is always a main issue. There is always a cause which is uppermost, an agitation which is supreme, a question which is cardinal and a problem which is pressing. The biographer of William Lloyd Garrison, writes: "He returned to Boston and established the Liberator. This was in 1831. Supposing that he would have a certain ally in the churches if he could but win them to consider the question of slavery, Mr. Garrison became an itinerant missionary and waited upon clergyman after clergyman. Being of the orthodox faith in those days, he began with the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. 'No,' said the divine, with a shake of the head; 'I have too many irons in the fire already.' 'Then,' was the solemn reply, 'you had better take all the rest out and put this in.'"

YOUR WIFE'S ADVICE

You may know more about your own business than your wife does, but, as a rule, there is one thing on which she can advise you. She is usually a good judge of human nature. Julia Ward Howe says: "To my husband Parker often spoke of the excellence of his wife's discernment of character. He would say, My quiet little wife, with her simple intuition, understands people more readily than I do. I sometimes invite a stranger to my house, and tell her that she will find him as pleasant as I have found him. It may turn out so; but if my wife says, 'Theodore, I don't like that man; there's something wrong about him,' I always find in the end that I have been mistaken."

BLOOD AND THUNDER NOVELS

High wrought fiction produces a dangerous type of mental intoxication. When a youth is mentally intoxicated he is living in an unreal world. No young man ever brought reality out of unreality. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

KIND DEEDS

Kind deeds are like white shining diamonds on black velvet. Kind words are like flowers that bloom in the crevasse of a rock. Kind thoughts bless both the thinker and the one who is the object of tender thought and kind regard. Remember what Robert G. Ingersoll said at the grave of his brother Eben: "Were every one for whom he did a kindly deed to lay a single bloom upon his grave, then he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers."

THE HARDEST YEAR

The first years of married life are apt to determine the destiny of a family. The hardest year in the establishment of a home is very often the first year. Learning to live together is the greatest problem in life. Two wills, two natures, two temperaments, two souls—coming into contact. What an opportunity for tact, consideration and fair play. How many biographies have been written in blood. Such was Shelley's. "She can't bear solitude and I can't bear society. The living chained to the dead," muttered the great poet. The greatest tragedies are the tragedies of the home life.

TOLSTOY'S CONFESSION

Begin easy and you will end hard. Begin hard and you will end easy. Hard times are produced by people who insist on having a good time. Pleasure is a splendid result but an exceedingly poor pastime. In order simply to enjoy yourself in life you must pay the price of all that which enters the lists for the achievements of purpose, ambition, noble endeavor and the possibility of fame. And what a flimsy reward comes to the mere pleasure seekers in the end.