

# Our Young People

## Patience.

Topic for May 27.—"Have Patience."—Matt. 18 : 21-35.

"The Lord direct our hearts into the patience Christ."—St. Paul.

### While We May.

This poem might be divided into four parts, for four Endeavors to read in the meeting.

The hands are such dear hand !  
They are so full ; they turn at our demands  
So often ; they reach out,  
With trifles scarcely thought about  
So many times ; they do  
So many things for me, for you—  
If their fond wills mistake,  
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail tips  
That speak to us ! Pray if love strips  
Them of discretion many times,  
Of if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes  
We may pass by, for we may see  
Days not far off when those small words may be  
Held not as slow or quick or out of place, but dear,  
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go  
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,  
And trying to keep pace. If they mistake,  
Or tread upon some flower that we would take.  
Upon our breast, or bruise some need,  
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,  
We may be mute,  
Nor turning quickly to impute  
Grave fault ; for they and we  
Have such a little way to go—can be  
Together such a little while along the way,  
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find !  
We see them, for not blind  
Is love. We see them but if you and I  
Perhaps remember them some by and by,  
They will not be  
Faults then, grave faults to you and me.  
But just odd ways, mistakes or even less,  
Remembrance to bless.  
Days change so many things yes, hours :  
We see so differently in sun and showers.  
Mistaken words to night  
May be cherished by to-morrow's light.  
We may be patient, for we know  
There's such a little way to go.

—New York Independent.

### Have Patience.

BY BELLE M. BRAIN.

The words of the topic occur twice in the parable assigned for our study. They are used in the first place by a servant who owes his lord the enormous sum of ten thousand talents—about \$12,000,000, in our money. Having nothing to pay he prays, "Lord have patience," and at once obtains an answer exceeding abundant ly above all he asked or thought. Moved with compassion, his lord looses him and forgives him his whole debt !

Regaining his freedom, he soon appears not the role of debtor, but of creditor. A fellow servant who owes him the small sum of one hundred pence—about \$15—has nothing to pay, and falls at his feet, crying, "Have patience." But he will not. Utterly devoid of compassion, he unmercifully casts his fellow servant into prison. What a pitiful spectacle ! He whose debt of \$12,000,000, has been cancelled at a

stroke, deals harshly with one who owes him the beggarly sum of \$15.

Yet we must be careful how we criticise this unmerciful servant, for we ourselves are so often guilty of this selfsame sin. We plead with God to have patience with us, and for Jesus' sake He freely forgives our inconceivably heavy debt of guilt. Then we go from his presence and exact from our fellow men, and even from dumb brutes that have offended us, the full penalty of their transgressions. We refuse to have patience with them, yet the wrongs they have done us in comparison with our offences against God, are but as a drop of water to the boundless ocean.

"Ye Have Need of Patience."

We have need of patience in our daily intercourse with our fellow men, for the lack of it casts shadows over homes, bruises tender hearts, blights precious lives. Yet, as a rule we do not regard impatience as a very serious sin. We think of it more as a weakness, excusing it "in ourselves" on the score of nervousness and ill-health, or perhaps attributing it to our environment, forgetting that we are to "run with patience the race that is set before us," no matter how trying the circumstances, and to "be patient toward all men," no matter how exasperating they may be.

We have need of patience in our work for the Master—patience with those for whom we work, patience with our fellow workers, and patience in waiting for results. The seed-sower in the physical world does not reap an immediate harvest—"the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and has long patience for it." Neither do we, as a rule, reap quickly in the spiritual realm. Many a child of God must work long and faithfully with no apparent results. For all such there is a precious word of comfort in the epistle to the Hebrews : "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

We have need of patience in prayer, for God does not always give a speedy answer to the petitions of His children. George Muller tells of continuing in prayer ten, twelve, and even twenty years for specific blessings that eventually came. The psalmist says, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

Religion is, not by accident or chance, but by its own very nature, the happiest of all lives. Just so far as it ever grows sad or gloomy, it grows irreligious.

## Religion.

There is religion in everything around us ; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart ; it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches ; it does not rouse up the passions ; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man ; it is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the great Spirit which prevades and quickens it ; it is written on the arched sky ; it looks out from every star ; it is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind ; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage ; it is spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the un-sleeping ocean ; it is the poetry of nature ; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation—which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality, and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—Ruskin.

### "Fret Not Thyself."

The little sharp vexations,  
And the briers that catch and fret,  
Why not take all to the Helper  
Who has never failed us yet?  
Tell Him about the heartache,  
And tell Him the longings, too ;  
Tell Him the baffled purpose  
When we scarce know what to do ;  
Then, leaving all our weakness  
With the One divinely strong,  
Forget that we bore the burden  
And carry away the song. —Phillips Brooks.

### Truths of Every-Day Life.

Real superiority does not come from the class to which we belong, but from ourselves.

That which most truly makes one a gentleman is repose of character.

One who can give the impression of quietude has always a certain power over others.

Whatever we say vehemently we may expect the after thought of the world to discount.

The intellect is never quite comfortable under a conviction it has reached otherwise than calmly.

The intellect is a great sticker for ceremony, refusing to come to a conclusion except it may march, keeping time in orderly process.

Whenever any shade of emotion enters into a conviction the intellect sulks and is jealous.

Jesus was never in a hurry.

When one walks with eternal truth he need not haste nor fret.

Those who bewail religious progress are like a fond mother who weeps over the little clothes her children have outgrown.

When Goldsmith said : "Whatever is new is false," he should have added : "Except it grew out of the old."—Rev. Frank Crane.